

# *Affectionately Yours*

The Andrew Wylie Family Letters

Volume I  
1828 - 1859

Third Edition

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Volume I  
1828 - 1859

Third Edition 2011  
Edited by Jo Burgess

Wylie House Museum  
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317 E. 2nd St.  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401



Andrew Wylie  
1789 - 1851

# THE ANDREW WYLIE FAMILY LETTERS

1829 - 1859



Margaret Ritchie Wylie  
1891 - 1859

# CONTENTS

Preface	iii
Introduction	v
<b>The Letters</b>	
1829	1
1835	3
1837	5
1839	7
1840	9
1842	12
1843	18
1845	20
1846	24
1847	32
1848	43
1849	52
1850	63
1851	89
1852	120
1853	136
1854	153
1855	176
1856	196
1857	200
1858	207
1859	228
<b>Appendices</b>	
A. Genealogical charts	254
B. Samples of handwriting from letters	256
C. Chronology of selected events, 1829 - 1859	261
D. Glossary of Names	265
<b>Index</b>	279

**PREFACE**  
**THIRD EDITION**

The first edition of this publication (1995) was made possible by an Indiana Heritage Research Grant from the Indiana Historical Society and the Indiana Humanities Council. Elaine Herold, a Wylie House Museum volunteer was the primary editor and Bonnie Williams, then Curator of the Museum, was the project director. They were assisted by several other volunteers. The second edition, published in 2002 saw the addition of an index and a few other minor changes. Since that time, the Museum has acquired a collection of some 100 letters from the Andrew Wylie family, passed down from his son, Andrew Wylie (1814-1905), and many hundreds of letters from the Theophilus A. Wylie family that were passed down from his daughter Louisa Wylie Boisen. This third edition of *Affectionately Yours*, Volumes I and II includes most of the letters from the former and a few from the latter collection. We have not standardized the spelling, capitalization, or punctuation because the original editors chose not to do that, feeling it added to the character of the letters to leave them as written. This may make it challenging for today's readers, but we hope you will understand that 19<sup>th</sup> century correspondents often spelled phonetically, threw in punctuation when and where they thought of it or left it out altogether, and saved time and paper by abbreviating many words. We have included in the Appendices a few images of actual letters so that you can see some of the original handwriting.

The letters in this first volume range from 1829, the year Andrew Wylie (1789 - 1851) moved with his wife Margaret and their growing family from Washington County, Pennsylvania to Bloomington, Indiana, through 1859, the year that Margaret passed away. The twelve Wylie children scattered to many parts of the country and even to foreign lands as they grew up and married. These letters between those grown children and their father give us insight to both the family and the times. How fortunate it is that so many were preserved and handed down. The original manuscripts are housed in the Indiana University Archives and at Wylie House Museum. Many of them have now been scanned for preservation purposes and are available online at <http://dlib.indiana.edu/collections/findingaids/>

We invite you to read Volume II of the Wylie Family Letters (1860 - 1918) and to visit Wylie House Museum at the corner of Second and Lincoln Streets in Bloomington, Indiana. For more information: 812-855-6224; [libwylie@indiana.edu](mailto:libwylie@indiana.edu); <http://www.iub.edu/~libwylie>

## INTRODUCTION

Andrew Wylie, the first president of Indiana University, usually is remembered for his public, academic achievements. But the letters that he and members of his family wrote reveal a different record — an account of family, social, and economic life in early Indiana. Indeed, this record suggests that the Wylies and their contemporaries drew no rigid boundaries between “public” and “private”; private concerns — the extravagance of a daughter-in-law, the health of a son, the daily trials of life in what was still a “frontier” state — loom as large in the Wylie correspondence as the public responsibilities of maintaining a fledgling university.<sup>1</sup>

The letters that follow provide an exceptionally accessible and uniquely personal portrait of life in antebellum America, a world far removed from our own. In many respects, this world is easy to romanticize. At a time when “traditional” values seem everywhere under siege, the Wylies’ correspondence reveals people who firmly embraced their religious faith, placed primary importance on family, and self-consciously created a network of correspondence that linked together a far-flung circle of kin. Andrew Wylie emerges as a loving husband and devoted father — a patriarch to be sure, but one whose authority was tempered by considerable empathy and affection.

But the Wylies’ world also was a world of uncertainty, even danger. Their letters speak of the difficulties of communication and travel; bad roads (a problem in much of the early nineteenth-century United States, but one that was particularly acute in less settled regions) might delay long awaited family reunions; news of distant family and friends might take weeks, even months, to arrive. More significant was the precariousness of life itself. Infant and child mortality remained high; epidemics of measles and scarlet fever took their toll. Adults, as the Wylie correspondence makes clear, remained vulnerable to outbreaks of cholera, typhoid, and unspecified “fevers.” No cure existed for “consumption” or tuberculosis, one of the nineteenth-century’s most virulent killers; Andrew Wylie’s son John eventually would succumb to the disease.<sup>2</sup>

The relative frequency of such events did not make them any less painful for those who experienced them. Andrew Wylie worried constantly about his John’s condition, one sorrow of many. Three of the elder Wylie’s sons — William, Craig, and Samuel — died before he did (John survived him by nearly four years), and he took Samuel’s death especially hard. “My heart sinks,” he wrote to his wife, Margaret, upon learning of “Sam’s” impending demise. “So will yours when you read what I can hardly write. God support us under this heavy stroke. The Lord gave & he is about to take away: in all events blessed be the name of the Lord.”<sup>3</sup> For Wylie, as for other nineteenth-century Americans, religious faith provided a crucial source of comfort, but it did not entirely assuage his grief. After Samuel’s death, he began to “feel the weight of years” and to “eat not with the relish I once enjoyed.”<sup>4</sup>

Uncertainty was not confined to matters of health. Small-town life in Bloomington, Indiana exhibited few of the dramatic changes that altered the landscape of antebellum America — the erection of huge textile mills at Waltham and Lowell, Massachusetts, the transformation of once-proud artisans and yeomen farmers into semi-skilled wage laborers. But the Wylie correspondence provides evidence of subtle but equally significant transformations. A minister and an academic, Andrew Wylie could expect a peripatetic career, but the exigencies of an increasingly urban and commercial economy -- an economy that offered new opportunities both for success and for failure -- required his sons to pursue their vocations away from Bloomington, even outside the state. If the Wylies’ letters reveal close-knit family ties, their very existence demonstrates the physical distance

between family members.

What historians and social scientists call “geographical mobility” did not necessarily bring success; young men who left home to seek their fortunes might be disappointed. Hampered by illness and an inability to attract a reliable clientele, John Wylie’s attempts to establish a medical practice met with resounding failure, despite his father’s relatively generous financial assistance. “My life has not been a happy one,” he wrote the latter in 1849. “Circumstances have not conspired to wed me much to the world — Prosperity hath not shown upon me nor lifted me up...”<sup>5</sup> John’s troubles pale in comparison to the debilitating conditions and declining standards of living faced by many members of America’s emerging working classes, but they demonstrate that middle-class status — a status increasingly synonymous with “white-collar” and “professional” occupations — was neither easily achieved nor maintained.<sup>6</sup> Like many of his contemporaries, John remained on the margins of middle-class existence, confronting both the ever-present possibility of downward mobility and the personal reproach that greeted “failures” in a culture that placed responsibility for success squarely on the shoulders of individuals.

Andrew Wylie’s concerns about his daughter-in-law Caroline’s “extravagance” reveal anxieties of a different sort. In fearing that her “expensive & shewy ways of life” would bankrupt his son Andrew, economically and spiritually, Wylie expressed views that many of his contemporaries would have seconded. The same factories that imperiled the livelihoods of the nation’s artisans and mechanics produced newly affordable consumer goods in dazzling profusion; many Americans — raised on the virtues of frugality and simplicity — viewed the advent of an emerging consumer society with a good deal of ambivalence and suspicion. These concerns also reflected gender and generational tensions. Caroline Wylie, we might surmise, saw things rather differently than did her father-in-law; Andrew Wylie himself recognized that saving and spending were matters on which he and his children disagreed.<sup>7</sup> And definitions of “extravagance” were always subjective, never absolute; a piano (what one historian has called “that seldom-played symbol of the Anglo-American bourgeoisie”) graced the Wylies’ Bloomington home. Yet Andrew Wylie’s misgivings indicate his distrust of a society that was growing increasingly secular and materialistic, a society in which one’s personal worth increasingly depended on the ability to buy and display “fashionable goods.”<sup>8</sup>

All of this is to suggest that antebellum America hardly was a “traditional” society, but one undergoing profound social and economic change. Nineteenth-century Americans looked to their futures with hope, but also with fear. The Wylie letters open a window into a fascinating but complex past.

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<sup>1</sup> The correspondence reprinted here includes letters written by several members of the Wylie family and their friends. This essay focuses on correspondence between Andrew Wylie and his son John, because the latter provides an especially rich source for understanding the issues and tensions that animated nineteenth-century American society.

<sup>2</sup> See Jack Larkin, *The Reshaping of Everyday Life, 1790 – 1840* (New York: Harper, 1998), esp. 72-85; and John Mack Faragher, *Sugar Creek: Life on the Illinois Prairie* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1986), esp. 88-95.

<sup>3</sup> Andrew Wylie to Margaret Wylie, December ? 1850.

<sup>4</sup> Andrew Wylie to John Hosea Wylie, January 4, 1851.

<sup>5</sup> John Hosea Wylie to Andrew Wylie, June 15, 1849.

<sup>6</sup> See, for example, Sean Wilentz, *Chants Democratic: New York City & the Rise of the American Working-Class, 1788-1850* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1984), esp. 107-142; and Stuart Blumin, *The Emergence of the Middle Class: Social Experience in the American City, 1760-1900* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989), esp. 66-107.

<sup>7</sup> Andrew Wylie to John Hosea Wylie, November 25, 1848; and December 3, 1845. Andrew Wylie’s oppositions to Caroline’s proslavery views may have increased his opposition to her “extravagance.”

<sup>8</sup> Andrew Wylie to John Hosea Wylie, December 8, 1847; Paul E. Johnson, *A Shopkeeper’s Millennium: Society and Revivals in Rochester, New York, 1815-1837* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1978), 19. See Daniel A Cohen, “The Murder of Maria Bickford: Fashion, Passion, and the Birth of a Consumer Culture,” *American Studies* 31 (Fall 1990): 5-30, for a useful discussion of these issues.

1829

*Andrew Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Washington, Pennsylvania*

Phila May 25<sup>th</sup> 1829

Dear Margaret

I arrived safely in the city on Thursday morning last about 4 hours before the meeting of the Assembly. I have enjoyed perfect health since I left home & had a very agreeable journey, neither dust nor rain greatly to incommode us. I lodge with Ambrose White an Elder of the 1st presbyterian church, where I am very comfortably situated. We have the prospect of a long & tedious session before us, full of business. John, Ellen & Jane [Ritchie] arrived in the city two or three days ago. They are all well. I have not had time yet to call & see them, only I met with John in William's store. William [Ritchie] is not yet married, but it is talked of.

Please let Mr. McKinnan know that on my way down I received the following information from Mr Hoff, namely, that Dr. Baxter president of Washington College Virginia wishes to leave his present situation on account of the slavery which prevails there. He wishes to move to a free state, & Mr. Hoff who is well acquainted with him thinks he would accept of the congregation & College at Washington. He possesses considerable wealth a[nd] a great salary would not be necessary. Mr Hoff says he is a very superior man.

This moment Wm has come to see me & to engage me to perform the marriage ceremony for him & his loved one tomorrow evening!!

I am not yet fully determined whether to return directly from the meetings of the Assembly or to take the route through New England as originally designed.

I should like to receive a letter from you.

I hope you are all well. You & our dear children are much on my heart & I try to bear you there before a throne of grace. There is no help or safety for us but from thence. I have felt more sensibly than ever since I left you the importance of living near to God & drawing all our comforts hopes & consolations from his mercy in Christ Jesus as promised in the gospel to the penitent & believing. May we feel our need of Christ more & more & live by faith upon him. We have much reason to bless God for all his goodness to us & to our family. There is one thing that we ought to desire for them above all earthly good, that they may become the subjects of divine grace & the King of Eternal life. Give my love to them all, & believe me to be in the bonds of the tenderest & sincerest affection your loving husband

A. Wylie

Mrs M. Wylie

New York July 8<sup>th</sup> 1829

Ever dear Margaret

If you feel as I do you are anxious & not a little impatient for the hour when we shall meet again. A letter from you would have afforded some relief, but I have looked & looked but received none. However I shall not return like for like in this case but shall, once more, resort to the only expedient left me as a poor substitute for the pleasure of a personal meeting, that of talking to you by letter. The business of my agency goes on so slowly on account of the difficulty of finding people at home that I begin to doubt whether I can leave this place before Monday next; in which case I shall not be able to reach home before Friday or Saturday following: & if I should go by the way of Erie, which will be much the pleasantest route, I will be detained two or three, perhaps, four days longer.

I know how unpleasant these delays must be to your feelings, but they are unavoidable & I pray the Lord to enable you to bear them with patience & to have you & our dear children in his kind & [portion of page missing] to meet you & them not only [portion missing] before the throne of his grace. Let us unceasingly bless the Lord for all his great distinguished & unmerited goodness to us, & look to him in the exercise of holy desire & humble confidence through Christ that he would continue to bless us & overrule all things for our good & his glory in our everlasting salvation & that of our dear family. Our long separation now I hope will be turned to good account. One thing I am sure it has taught me: it has convinced me that I love you more than I imagined I did while I saw you almost every hour & has convinced me how much I shall need the grace of God to prepare me for that separation which sooner or later death will make between us -- though I hope not a final one.

My sermon on the death of Mrs Brady has been published here, & I am grateful to find that it is likely to do good, as it is sought & read with great interest.

Till I meet you again, which, be assured, will be as soon as possible, farewell, & accept the assurance of my unchanging & most affectionate regard

Give my respects to all inquiring friends

Yours most affectionately

Mrs M. Wylie

NOTE: On Spetember 27, 1829, Andrew and Margaret Wylie and their 9 children left Washington, Pennsylvania, drove 4 2-horse wagon-loads of furniture to Wheeling and boarded a river boat to Louisville. There they were met by wagons sent from Bloomington plus a barouche in which Andrew, Margaret, and the younger children rode. They arrived in Bloomington on October 9, 1829.

-Information from Woodburn History of Indiana University, Vol. 1, p47 ff.

Bloomington June 24<sup>th</sup> 1835

My Dear Margaret,

Through the great goodness of God our lives & health are still preserved. Last week we received your letter by Eliza [Ritchie McKee] which gave us the very welcome account of your safe arrival at Wheeling & of the welfare of our friends generally. It is here, as yet, a time of general health: though we have had almost incessant rains & tremendous floods since within a few days after you left us till this week which has been fair. But now it thunders, the sky is overcast & we expect rain again. Mrs Nichols departed this life last monday week. This was, you know, not an unexpected event. You would, doubtless, like to know how we make out to get along without you. And I am afraid & almost ashamed to tell. The amount of it is, we do the best we can, & that is bad enough. We have Nancy Swift, without whose assistance we could not get along at all. In the house things are broken & lost at a sad rate. The building is at a stand. I am distracted & ready to sink under the burden of so many cares. I wish a thousand times every hour that you were safe at home with us. I feel lost & miserable without you & am so much reduced in flesh & spirits that you would hardly know me. I count the hours as months till you return. I say not this to urge your return. For I tremble to think of the danger by the way. The cholera, as you have, no doubt, heard, has lately broken out with fatal violence at Madison, where as many as from 12 to 20 have been buried in a day. And rumor says it is also at Louisville & other places along the river. I have sometimes the most melancholy foreboding. -- this, you know is my besetting sin, & I strive against it as well as I can. The death of our lamented son William presses harder on me also since you left us, so that my spirits are sometimes quite sunk. Then "I chide my heart that sinks so low" & look around to count the many & unmerited blessings which Our Heavenly Father--blessed be his Holy Name! - still allows us to enjoy--& then again I reproach myself with ingratitude & unprofitableness. Thus wretchedly do I waste my life & strength. Most fervently do I pray, & try to hope, that your life may be preserved, & that you may be kept in health & peace & restored to us once more. But I know & feel that the time will be long. For I cannot think of advising you to come so long as the cholera continues on the river: & to come through in the stage as I did last year would be, for you, out of the question, unless you had some kind & intimate friend for a protector. Even then, I should hardly advise it, for the road, unless greatly improved since last year, is, towards this end of it, scarcely passible. So that, on the whole, I must try & content myself the best way I can, till frost comes in the fall, when, if you live, you can descend the river without danger from cholera. But what shall take place, or what shall become of us before that time, God only knows. Our duty, in the mean time, is meekly to resign ourselves to his most holy will, making it our great & main concern to commit the keeping of our souls to Him, in welldoing as to a merciful Creator, seeking his face & favor with our whole hearts, & encouraging ourselves in the cheerful hope, that whenever & wherever & by whatever means "our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we may have a building of God an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." There, my dear Margaret, might

it please our gracious God, that you & I & all our dear children should meet at last -- after all our crosses, trials & sorrows in this short life-- O the transporting thought! it is too much -- my unbelieving heart will not let me entertain it. This -- alas! alas! is my infirmity. God strengthen my faith & hope! God, of his boundless mercy & grace grant us this great & amazing blessing for Christ's sake! Amen! Amen! Amen! O were his Amen to it, how would my burdened soul bound, exult & triumph. Well, let me say, "Thy will be done"! But I have something to do for the attainment of this end! O what responsibility! -- I never yet in all my life engaged in any thing with so little spirit as this building; & nothing to which I ever put my hands dragged so heavily. But yet it seems to have been forced upon me by necessity. -- Things, too, seem to go against me in the undertaking. At this moment the rain descends in torrents. Craig, poor fellow, is, likely, out in it; for he went with the waggon, this morning to the mill, for boards to cover a lime kiln which the rains have nearly spoiled. Three days ago, John went a black berry-gathering on the old mare without my knowledge. The mare threw him & only came home this morning. Yesterday the luckless fellow (John) fell off the sawpit & hurt his head against a log. He is well enough now; but I was sadly frightened for a while lest he had sustained some serious or perhaps fatal injury. I see, from these escapes, how easy it would be, did a guardian Providence intermit his care, for us to have sorrow upon sorrow. How thankful should we be for safety, health, reason & all Gods other precious gifts & mercies! -- Anderson continues to enjoy pretty good health. If the weather permitted him to be taken out, he would not be any thing the loser by his weaning.

All join me in love to you & all our friends.

Your ever loving & affectionate

husband

Andrew Wylie

Mrs M. Wylie

P.S. Should the cholera cease, & good company offer & should you wish so to do, we, particularly I, would be very, very desirous how soon you could get away from dear friends at Cannonsburg & Wheeling to meet once more a dearer friend in this miserable Bloomington. Yours as ever A. W.

N.B. Should any of our married ladies be disposed to make themselves merry & witty at my expense, now that I am left in the sad predicament of a lonely lover whose dearest jewel is so far away, you can tell them -- I trust from your own experience -- but I know not how that may be -- that 20 years acquaintanceship in the marriage life makes the parties, if they love each other, only the more necessary to their mutual happiness. A. W.

So with one thing & another, I have let my pen run on till my space is all filled. Remember me specially to our dear mother [Mary Price Ritchie].

\*NOTE: It is a question whether the building mentioned is the Wylie house or a new Indiana College building since both were under construction during 1835.

*Andrew Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Wheeling May 5<sup>th</sup> 1837

D[ea]r Margaret,

On this day evening a week ago I arrived at Louisville & immediately got on board "the Swan" a fine boat, ready for Cincin'ti where I arrived on friday afternoon about 3 o clk. I spent the remainder of the day & forenoon of saturday in attending the examination of the students in Cincinnati College with which I was much pleased. I wish Mr Pering had been along to enjoy the boys performances in vocal music! Saturday afternoon I visited the folks at Lane Seminary in company with [Wm.] McGuffey & professor Mitchell. It is a beautiful place & the professors "live at home." Sunday I preached for Dr [Lyman] Beecher & for Mr Mills, a son of the late judge Mills my former teacher. During my stay I became acquainted among other of the Literati with Dr Drake with whom I was extremely pleased. Monday morning I took boat & was safely landed here on Wednesday evening. Yesterday I spent in visiting our friends here who are all well, but all, except Mrs Lyon, seized, more or less, with a panic occasioned by the tremendous shock which has been given to business. She is as merry as a lark: "Pauper coram latrone cantat"\* -- perhaps Craig can interpret this for you: if not, try Sam.

From letters from David [Ritchie] I learn that he intends staying another year in Europe. The people here resemble a flock of wild ducks as the steamboat approaches them on the river, preparing to fly. I would not be surprized if in three years our friends should be all in Missouri -- where John [Ritchie] is on a visit now. Redick [McKee] went up to Pittsburg yesterday to meet Dr Ely before he should embark with his family for Marion City. Those who have gone write back such flattering accounts (lies! of course) respecting the western Paradise that they think nothing wanting to complete their felicity but a residence in Missouri. Fools. They don't know that the place of happiness is within. This morning I take the stage for Washington Canonsburg &c. By accounts they have suffered the affairs of your fathers estate to go into confusion: whether I can succeed in getting your portion--remains to be seen. They sent a deed of certain property for us to sign. Please sign it in the manner required & then send it back directed to John Ritchie, Wheeling, so that I may sign it on my return -- They talk of visiting the Far West--to start about the time of my return: That is, the Doctor [Letherman] & Anne, Redick & Eliza [McKee] & Abigail [Ritchie] & I don't know how many more. The plan is, I think, to go together to Louisville, then for Ab. to go to Bloomington & there await the return of the caravan by land -- but it may all end in smoke or rather talk. William & his wife are expected here shortly. I can't give you an idea of Craig [Ritchie]'s "better half." She surpasses in ugliness & repulsiveness anything in the shape of humanity that any body ever married before, or I hope ever will, till the last of the long line of Eve's daughters has found a husband. In one sense she is, without joking, the last. The marriage however will undoubtedly work for Craig's good: which I prove thus: he must have married for pure love, love founded on excellencies of character that lie deep (out of sight to all but love) & that are likely therefore to be lasting: & thus they will be happy. -- Mr Leake has sold his little place & what will become of him is not known. Had he learned some

trade it had been better.

Give my respects to Theophilus & all enquiring friends, particularly to Mr Pering, kiss Dolly [Jane] & An.[derson] for me: tell the rest to be good & obedient children--& command Craig [Wylie] in the most solemn manner to go no more out at night. He will one day see the reason why--if to his sorrow he should not feel it.

Your affectionate husband,  
A Wylie  
Mrs M. Wylie

PS. Jane's [Ritchie] health is much improved, she & the rest send respects.

\*"A poor man sings in the presence of a thief."

1839

*Letter written to A. Wiley from his nephew, regarding death of Dr. Adam Wylie (IV), Andrew's older brother*

Ripley, Ohio Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> 1839

Dear Uncle

The most unwelcome task that ever imposed itself upon me now becomes a duty -- To inform you of the death of my Father, he died on the night of the 29th of Aug. about 2 o'clk after suffering more than I thought it possible for man to bear, his illness was so protracted and his suffering so intense that it did seem as though Providence had designed to try him in a furnace. But in all his sufferings he murmured not a word. he frequently spoke with confidence with regard to his acceptance with God. About a week before his death some persons standing by his bed spoke of his sufferings, he toald them that he would not exchange his situation for any kingdom on earth, he had a neverfading crown and a house not built with hands eternal in the heavens. At an other time he was asked if he was satisfied to die. he answered yes and more than satisfied, I have a glorious satisfaction, after pausing a moment for he could say but a few [words] at a time he said [page folded] to me. At another time after a night of intense suffering from the gravell (for that was the case of his principal sufferings for the last two weeks) he asked Mother how many gravel fitts he had last night. she toald him she didn't know but that he had a great many. he replied this is not the pain I once so much dreaded thank the Lord. And many other such expressions. Towards the last of his illness he was unable to say anything except when stimulated by the severity of disease, he then would say O Lord how long.

This is by far the severist stroke that Providence has ever inflicted upon us. [What] can be so overwhelming as the loss of a Parent[?] It does seem as if tears should never [cease] to flow.. but for what? Because he is happy[?] God forbid. When love and all the tender feelings of the soul demand our tears, hope, nay more than hope mitigates the flow. Mother seemed for a time inconsolable, she was so far exhausted from fatigue that we feared she would not be able to withstand the shock. We [were] all so completely overcome by fatigue and grief (for hope had sunk into dispair several weeks before the thrilling scene was forced upon us) [that] none of us have been able to recover anything of our ordinary degree of health.

As to Father's Disease Physicians do not agree, it is surtain that his lungs were affected, as he had been afflicted with a very severe cough for more than a year previous to his confinement. it is also surtain that his stomach and degestion organs generally were diseased, as also his kidneys, but as to the primary cause and origine of the disease Physicians have not been able to demonstrate. It is most likely his disease was seated in some of the digestive organs, and his affected, and the Gravel (which greatly intense suffering during the last two days of his illness) appears to have been has been afflicted with it for occasionally. Father was confined to bed about three months.

As if to heap our [page folded] was kept from coming up [page folded] by the extreme illness [page folded] under a severe attack of Purperal [fever]. We would be very happy to [see] you and especially now.

The remnant of our much afflicted family join me in love to you.

Your aft.neph.  
Wylie  
[Adam Newton Wylie]

Andrew Wylie D.D.

1840

*Andrew Wylie to son Craig Wylie, near Louisville, Kentucky*

Bloomington July 1<sup>st</sup> 1840

D<sup>r</sup> Craig:

If you get but few letters from us, do not think we forget you but only that we are busy. I am particularly so. Dodds & Mary have come back from Spencer to which they had removed—not being pleased with things & prospects there. Mary is still in ill-health. They talk of going up to Pennsylvania. If they go--for it is yet doubtful--Elizth will probably go with them.

As to the University I cannot say very confidently. Ammen proves to be a most efficient teacher. If Morrison who will be here in the fall should do his part as well the Faculty will be second to none this side Yale. Foster [Dr. William] seems to be sunk—though still not so low as he ought & would were the community hightoned in their feelings -- He introduced among his charges one too atrocious to mention: it related to William & aimed at fixing a black stain on his memory. Bennet was summoned to prove the unutterable thing--but did not give testimony: the committee having resolved to adjourn to meet again the week before the meeting of the Board. In this matter my patience has been severly tryed & I have need to pray “lead me not into temptation”-- that of doing to Foster what, for my own sake I ought not. I receive letters from Columbia Mo from which as well as from other sources I suppose that they will elect me to the presidency of the University to be established there. But I do not much fancy the idea of another removal--especially west-ward. There are many signs of the tide turning in my favor in this state. But there is no dependence to be put in what we call tides of popular favor -- nor indeed in man in any shape.

I find it difficult to get money--so, if my pamphlets are sold, I wish you to take the money & with it pay Fetter. I hope to be able shortly to pay him off entirely. Mary's journey will cost me something, & there are many ways to take away, & but one to bring in money. You will have to be frugal & depend on yourself chiefly. -- We expect to receive the Equator shortly under better auspices I trust. A periodical is I think indispensable to us. -- The family are in tolerably good health. John has had a slight chill [piece of page missing] seems what the Irish people call “?” Dr Leatherman wrote me lately. He still has some notion of removing to Missouri.

Give my best respects to Mr & Mrs Miller & Bayless & family. Shew respect to the latter they have always been our friends. Of the former I need say nothing. Render yourself as useful as you can: shun vice & the vicious: cultivate the virtues & piety. Study the Bible & pray to God to direct you in all your ways --

Trust in the Lord & keep doing good & so shalt thou dwell in the land & verily thou shalt be fed.

Your afft father  
A Wylie

Mr Craig R. Wylie  
Louisville Ky

*Jonathan Letherman, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana, with a P.S. from Abigail Ritchie*

Selemon November 6<sup>th</sup> 1840

Dear Brother,

I received your Book on Sectarianism. I have red it but once. Mr Leake has had it ever since. Mr Leake rather thinks it holds forth Infidel principles and denys the agency of the holy spirit this I have not from himself but from his wife. But this I know Mr Leake disapproves of it very much so much so that he was at Mr Wralsten to answer it. I understood that Mr W declined it on account of his feble health, he Mr Leake has since writen to Doctor Hodge of Princeton who has undertaken to critize and review your Book. Mr Leake father sais he would not suffer you to preach in his church. I have been thinking for some time past that I would drop you some hints on the above subject. It may be that some of your friends have already writen to you the same thing. We received your letter informing us of the death of your son Craig. He was I believe a very fine young man and very much esteemed by all his friends acquaintences it is so far very good but Mr Wyly if he had a saveing interest in the Redeemer and if his death has been the death of the riteous his everlasting hapiness is sure he is safe, not to be tossed to and fro by Earthly things wich promises very fair but in the end can give no sollid or real happiness. It is true I cannot feal for you in the bereavement of your Son, for I have not as yet felt the feelings that such a seperation produces. It is nevertheless true that God does all things rite, and if it was his will to take your son whom he had given to you, we should acquies We should remember that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away and Godly men have said blessed be the name of the Lord. The health in this region is generally very good with here and there a case of fever John McCulloughs wife on pigoen creek died of a fever last week. So far as I have any knowledge of religion in this section of country is very cold and deathlike, all appears to have been swallowed up by the vortex of political excitement. I have my self attended several of those meetings where 40 or 50 thousand persons were preasent I never before took an active part in political maters I have taken the stump more than once in this county and warned the people against such an unriteous administration yes I spoke as much as my humble abilities would allow me I some times spoke one hour and a half at a time I spoke from principle trying to bring the people back to their own interest and not to suffer such executive power as the preasent president [Van Buren] was grasping at by his office holders the subtresury and the two hundred thousand Malitia in all its barings &c I had a few lines from Harrisburgh yesterday that old Tip [Wm. H. Harrison] as we call him has this state by a small majority say from 3 to five hundred OK New York and Virginia you may rely on will both go for Old Tip little Van will have to march to Kinderhook OK Joseph Lawrence has been elected to Congress by the whigs in this congressional district Aaron Kerr, you know him, Mr Livingston and myself to the legislator we have in joint ballot in the Legislator 13 of a majority over Locofocos [see Glossary] have we not fine in this county and state Now if I had only the tail end of your education how I would prise it. Brother Craig is now keeping store in Canonsburg and doing good business he came from Pittsburgh yesterday he saw Andrew and David and they were both in good health and spirits They are both coming out in a few days to see us Anne my better half told me to inform you that she wishes you and Mrs Wyly to pay us a visit next spring if you should stay no longer than a month Doctor Brown

is stil in the old burgh presiding we have a great number of students new ones, the Colege is still in a flouishing condition Professor Kenada is thought will not live till spring Consumption, cant you send us a good [?]tition we have now only a kind of a one I send both my sons to Mr Leake how is your Daughter marys health and her husband pleas to let me know how Doctor David G Mitchells standing is both as medical and moral man I should like to here from him give me a little history of him if Marys husband is in partnership with him you can easy get the information I wish If Doctor Dodds had com up last spring I think he would have done good business in the old burgh. My own health is very good I have performed a great dele of labor both riding and on the farm my cough has left me altogether almost a merical to myself I am sure more then 50 of the most eminent of my medical brethren told me three years since that I could not live more then six months providence saw fit to spare me a little longer I hope it is for his glory and my good Anne joins me in love to yourself Mrs Wyly and Mary and all the children

Respectfully yours,  
Jonathan Letherman

Dr A. Wyly

Dear Brother

I heard through Jane [Ritchie] there was a letter in Wheeling from you, for myself, but they have never sent it to me. I understood Margaret wished me to go out and spend the winter with you all in Bloomington. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to do so if it was in my power. One thing the season is too far advanced for me to venture, and another and very important one is my funds are too scarce. I talked of going in the spring if Andrew [Jr.] had gone but he gave it up My love to Margaret & all the children I should love much to see them How is Mary's health I am rejoiced to hear you are likely to have peace once more let us hear from you soon Your affect sister Abbe

1842

Andrew Wylie, Sr. to Andrew Wylie, Jr., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Care of Mr. J. Metcalf

Bloomington, Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> 1842

Dear Andrew,

We are in distress for your brother Redick, who 6 days ago got his arm badly fractured or rather splintered just at the elbow by a fall from old Charley. He gets no rest, poor fellow nor allows us, i.e. Mother and me, any. John though a would be physician, till in a manner compelled to it, took no concern in the matter but went off to a Methodist religious row or camp meeting leaving the care of him on our hands, though burdened already. I ask myself, is the fault mine, in that I have treated him with too much indulgence.

As to my removing, I am not unhappy here, nor discontented except on two accounts: first, my daughters while I remain here will have no opportunity of forming suitable alliances. Believing as I do that generally speaking, marriage is a duty as well as the most comfortable for the parties if well matched, I consider my location here unpropitious for them. And 2<sup>ndly</sup> I have no society here, and not that church atmosphere which my spiritual wants require. Yet were I selfish and more inclined to take comfort in what are usually called comforts I know of no place where more of them could be enjoyed than here. Having been at Indianapolis about 5 weeks ago preaching to a handful of church-folks there, the elite of the place, they poured after me such a flood of urgent reasons addressed to my disinterestedness and benevolence chiefly that I was stunned and but for my family and the University, I should certainly have yielded to their salutations to become their Rector.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> prox. at the great Clay meeting I expect to be there again but not wholly to see Clay nor to cultivate the hopes of the little Episcopal flock there, but to preach to them etc. The watchword has been given through all the Presbyterian ranks and hardly any of them dare go to hear me. This is however no worse nor so bad as I had reason to expect and did expect. The standard of morality among them is sadly low and they are too generally given to lying, a vice from which I think the church is more free. The profession of a laye Creed which no man in his heart can believe (such as the Confession of Faith) and which those even who try to thrust it down the throats of others do not believe, as is evident from the fact that they conceal and disguise its horns in all their public expositions of it—has a most unhappy effect on the character twisting it in falsehood.

Boz died not long after you left, in consequence of the hurt he received while under your too negligent guardianship: so John decided after a post mortem examination of the unfortunate animal. I regret it very much as had he lived he would have afforded us a means of keeping in remembrance his former owner. Excuse yourself as well as you can to Mr. Mowry for his murder and remember not to offer Cain's impudent excuse for a similar offence.

From the tenor of your letter I may infer your fixed purpose to be that of keeping yourself free from the responsibilities of matrimony. Well in that matter you can best judge for yourself. Good wives are not over plenty, and good girls are I think scarcer still. And the choices some of your friends have made "is a caution." Yet much might be said on the other side.

Tell Ellen she is a saucy thing for laughing at me for my want of skill in matchmaking,

since I think I had something to do in bringing about her own happy partnership with that paragon with whom her own destiny in life is committed.

Give our love to David and the Doctor and all the rest, not forgetting the Addison family.  
Your aff't father  
A Wylie

Andrew Wylie, Sr. to Andrew Wylie, Jr., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Nov. 22-25, 1842

D<sup>r</sup> Son:

Your letter of the 12<sup>th</sup> inst. filled me with indescribable pain, grief and fear. Pain & grief that you have been so left to yourself as to have acted in the matter as you did, and still more that you still look upon it with the views & feelings disclosed in your letter. I feel it my duty to point out wherein you did wrong that you may yet lay it to heart & repent before it is too late. For, be assured, a holy God is offended & your sin will find you out. You erred 1<sup>st</sup> in "facing" Butler & repeating your question "audibly & emphatically." When he came and sat beside you it was his part, not yours, to begin the conversation & when you did begin it by asking the question which politeness indeed required him to answer, you owed it to yourself to treat him afterwards simply with neglect. By asking him directly or indirectly for an explanation you shewed that you valued his esteem and considered him a gentleman, which his silence and behavior on the occasion shewed he was not. Much more was it wrong, therefore, for you to go back to ask for an explanation, as it carried with it the idea that on consideration you were disposed to grieve the loss of a worthy man's esteem. What, then, should you have done. Why just nothing. I would not have even moved from my position nor taken notice of him in any way after he refused to answer my question. Had he been a friend up to that point or on any other account entitled to high respect from you in particular the case had been different. As it was you let yourself down, from that place of self respect which you should have maintained, by acting as you did. Neither his esteem nor his favor any way was necessary to you. Why then should you show any concern on the subject?

The next thing in which you erred was in answering the question "Will you fight?" as you did. You might have here imitated Butler's silence, & thus treated him and his representative Murray as he had treated you—for in matters of etiquette the law which forbids retaliation will not apply. Had you said anything, it should have been, of course, the truth according to your real & professed principles, which would have been in substance the same with the statement in your letter to me, viz "The whole practice is barbarous & wicked." This was your belief. Why not avow it then. No man can incur contempt justly who in all cases acts up to his principles. Men of [science?] respect him even when they differ from him. You were not in principle a duelist. Why then not have the courage to say so to a duelist? Was it for fear he might think or call you a coward? That you might have guarded against by letting him know that you would in case of attack defend yourself & show whatever courage and discretion you had in that way. I say and discretion for it is no part of courage to seek an encounter with a skunk. What you say in excuse on this point gives me more pain than your conduct itself as it shews your principles

to be not firmly fixed. What if the moral & religious part of the community be “hollow” and “hypocritical” in their professed abhorrence of dueling (which by the way I do not think they are) are you prepared to act on the principle of doing whatever the voice of fashion will dictate? If so, your profession of Christianity, to say nothing of moral honesty is “hollow in the extreme.” To be consistent, then, you must either renounce your profession of Christianity for sake of retaining the smiles of a hollow hearted community of nominal Christians & hypocritical pretending to morality, or, you must, like Lot in Sodom, consent for convenience sake to live in such a community—a thing which under a sense of duty a righteous man may sometimes consent to do—or, leave the community. The latter, with my deliberate conventions of duty & interest, I should do in your case, i.e., on the supposition that the voice of the religious part of the community is at bottom in favor of dueling. Yes, & I would abandon the profession of the law too—anything—everything—life, reputation all earthly good—rather than do what in my conscience & before God, I believed to be wrong, morally wrong.

Thirdly: though this is comparatively a small matter, when Butler delivered the “verbal challenge” even on the principles of dueling, you ought to have known you were not bound to notice it in any way & you should have indignantly spurned Murray from your presence for offering you such an insult in your office. By the way, this piece of conduct in Murray is enough to convince any man that he is either a simpleton or a villain, or, what I suppose from what the history of his agency in the affair shews, is more likely a tertium quid made of equal portions of both the other elements.

On looking over your letter again I perceive what had escaped me, that you seem to found your opinion of the hollowness & hypocrisy of the religious community as it respects dueling on your own experience for you say “My own experience satisfied me” etc.. If by this you mean that the community in & about Pittsburg, the religious part of it especially did not countenance you because you refused to accept a challenge on a former occasion (the particulars of which if I ever knew them are now forgotten) you must surely be mistaken: for from what I understand from various quarters you stand well with the community in which you live both as it respects your profession as a lawyer and as to your character generally. The good people of Pittsburg, on the contrary, will lower themselves much in my estimation if they do not demand of you in the regular way of church discipline a candid & open acknowledgment of what you have done amiss in this thing as the indispensable condition of your enjoying their countenance in future or even continuing to be recognized any longer as a member in good standing in any particular religious society or the religious community at large. You say the whole town is on your side. As against Murray or Butler it may be so, & for the credit of the town as well as your own I am happy to believe it is so; but as it respects your conduct in itself considered & especially considered in reference to its bearings as an example set by a professed believer in Christianity & the son of a clergyman I should be sorry to think that it meets the approbation of the town or any part of the town except the “boys.” These may “tip their hats” to you more than before but if that raises any other sentiment in your mind in moments of sober reflection, than mortification, shame, & sorrow, then I shall be grieved & mortified to think that the pains taken in forming your character to a high sense of propriety & moral purity have been—alas!—in vain.

I proceed to notice a portion of your letter which has filled me with thoughts and fears for your “fate” which I would be guilty of the greatest unfaithfulness to God and to you if I did not lay before you in the plainest manner. You say “as to my own fate, somehow or other I had no fears. I felt as much assured as if the deed was done that my opposer would never return living

from the field & not a hair of my head would be injured.” And there are other expressions in your letter amounting to something like gratitude to God for sustaining you in the course you took. A shuddering & horror came over me when I read these things. You had “somehow or another” this confidence—let me put the thing in plain English—you had preternatural impressions made on your mind that you would be enabled to do—a deed which in your own conscience you know was wrong, a violation of the law of God & at variance, nay directly opposed to the whole spirit of that religion which you had professed & to whose Author you hold yourself indebted for all your hopes of happiness hereafter, i.e., you expected God would keep you safe while committing—murder!!!

On the subject of impressions generally I suppose you may now have no distinct remembrance of what I may have said either in my public or private instructions. I must, therefore, give you my views here somewhat in detail. The Sacred Scriptures, you know, everywhere hold out the idea that help from God may be expected and should be sought for in the devout exercises of the mind going to him in the way of his appointment and in obedience to his most holy will as made known to us in his word:--also that the Evil One, who is said to work in the hearts of the children of disobedience, is permitted to tempt men to sin, & that in doing so he often transforms himself into an angel of light. In what manner this is done, or how far this malignant spirit may be suffered to go we cannot tell. I have always been cautious in speaking dogmatically on such subjects. The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and its own promptings, without any foreign aid, are sufficient to account for the most of the sins which men commit. Yet there are cases in which man has been known to act so very strangely and so far out of his ordinary character that there seems to be a necessity of resorting to the agency of Satan in order to account for it: and I solemnly declare to you that on first reading your letter when I came to the part, quoted above, in which you express your confidence of success or victory or whatever you might call it in the expected encounter the thought forcibly struck me that this illusion was the work of him whom our Savior characterizes as a murderer from the beginning; and the more I have thought of it since, the more have I been confirmed in this opinion. I say, then, it was an illusion of the devil. For it promised you impunity in the ways of disobedience to the commands of God. And suppose it had so turned out as the illusion promised—and you had killed Butler—what now had been your thoughts & feelings? The illusion had vanished & you would have looked upon the scene in another light! The tempter then had revealed himself in another form—a demon driving you into melancholy & despair. Or, perhaps, it might have lasted longer; and once committed to a practice by a covenant sealed in blood, which at first conscience did not justify, you would have been interested in justifying it, & being surrounded with professed duelists into whose company & councils you would have been thrown (vide 1 Psalm i.v.) this you would have found it to be no very difficult matter. And then your return to God and virtue had been hopeless. Or next to hopeless. But if the illusion had been broken--& this is what most likely would have happened—by your opposer’s ball piercing your own breast—then—then—I cannot pursue the thought. But this I say would have in all probability been the result your illusion to the contrary notwithstanding. For these soidisant men of honor take every advantage, & the history of the practice shews that in by far the greatest numbers of cases the most innocent of the parties has been the victim. So it was in the case of Hamilton & Burn and in that of Decatur and Barron & in that Lucas (poor fellow! He was my classmate) and Benton, Lilly & Graves—and every other I can think of. And as to casual rencontres it is almost always the case that the more desperate villain kills; for he is prepared, knows his purpose and selects his time of attack; whereas he

who is most under the government of conscience is apt to be hesitating. Such was the case with Bliss. His antagonist whom he had never injured, was determined to take his life & he did so and without a miracle he could not have failed (acting on his plan deliberately formed) to do so.

I have suffered these thoughts. You will I trust lay them seriously to heart. The men of the world whether in or out of the Church are bad advisers. That course of life which their policy dictates is utterly & in principle different from that of a Christian. I have sometimes said that were I not a Christian I would be in favor of dueling. This perhaps was too strongly expressed. But if this life is the whole of man's existence & this it is, on any other scheme but that of Christianity there are states of society wherein dueling is perhaps a less evil than those it prevents. Yet even on this supposition your duel would have been wrong. For what would have been gained by it? The coxcombs of the army & navy would have been taught by it to be more polite to gentlemen of the bar or gentlemen of the bar would have learned a caution not to speak to coxcombs of the navy or army till they knew they could obtain respectful attention from said coxcombs. A worthy end, & great good truly!

But consider the matter on the true ground of your profession as a Christian. Read Christ sermon on the mount and mark & inwardly digest its [one word] especially what you will find at the close as to the different fates of the hearer and doer of his "sayings"; & then ask yourself seriously whether you have not good reason to fear the former & not the latter belongs to you. The occasion demands it; & your destiny may, & I think does, depend on it. God & man will expect of you some decisive step on the occasion either to repent of the course you have taken or justify it. Whichever you do the public will know & you will see the necessity of learning the use of the pistol, Bowie knife, rifle, and all other sorts of weapons and also and especially to rid yourself of all those scruples of conscience & religious fears of offending God & incur the tremendous doom of the impenitent transgressor which must embarrass one greatly in the use of these weapons. Seriously, I say, on such an alternative that would be your course. And yet with your education you might find it more difficult than you imagine to turn yourself into a Banton or Jackson or even a Butler or Murray. This is the way of the transgressor; & you see it is hard; to say nothing now of the end. Let me exhort you then—and I may not have another opportunity, nothing is more uncertain than life—and, perhaps it is my infirmity, but my mind at this moment is oppressed with dismal fears & forebodings—let me exhort you to be decided in your character. I fear you have allowed the spirit of the world the gaities of fashionable life and the phantoms of ambition & I know not what, to beguile you into the vain imaginations—too common alas, among professors of religion, that a life of faith and piety an honest following of Christ in the way of his self denying precepts is not necessary. Sometimes I reproach myself for not more assiduously inculcating these thoughts in your early education & sometimes for exposing you to the temptations which beset your path. The leading motive which led me into this exile was to find a place more secluded from the temptations of the world where I might bring up my family in the fear of God—away from the vanities of fashionable life--& in the pious hope of happiness hereafter. Ah! How sadly have I been disappointed! Two are not! Doubts hung over their end! Of the rest there is none to comfort me by what I most desire to see in my children, proofs of piety & devotion to God. My God! Wherein have I erred & been delinquent, that they blessing has been withheld from those who are most dear to me. "My tears have unto me been meat. Both in the night & day," & now they flow while I write. But why need I write these things. I am loath to do it. But the thought that I may be penning my last words to you compels me—You are not yet "out of the unpleasant piece of business." No: no. Much must yet be done to repair the past. And

these fellows will have their revenge. I know what such characters are capable of & unless God in his providence & mercy should divert them by finding them other employment, they will dog your path as long as they live. What you should do—further than the general principles above suggested may dictate—I know not. I can only pray that that great & gracious God whom you have offended may yet give you grace to turn to him & have you in his holy keeping.

I read your letter to the family. Sighs followed & the younger ones were happy in not knowing what it meant further than that there was a letter from their brother.

Your afft. father

A. Wylie

The Institution prospers. But the events of life have taken away in a great measure my relish for every earthly thing. All is vanity.

P.S. There is a maxim, respire finem, which is good: I would connect with it another of my own making, to apply when an ill piece of business is over, respire principium; and after revolving in my mind to guess how it was possible for you so far to forget yourself as to make such a beginning as to notice Butler in any way after he received your question in silence I can form no more reasonable conjecture than that you were under some species of excitement from some cause which affected you as intoxication does the drunkard, depriving you of reason for a time.

I've no time to look over my letter to correct it.

1843

Andrew Wylie, Sr. to Andrew Wylie Jr., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Bloomington,  
May 15<sup>th</sup> 1843

Dear Son,

Having an opportunity to drop you a line without cost, though I have nothing special to write, I cannot suffer it to pass unimproved. One thing remains to be said on the subject of our last correspondence which perhaps should have been said sooner: but I knew not well how to say it. The “spirit of a martyr,” which you say you do not pretend to & nothing short of which you intimate could have prevented anyone from taking the course you took, is the spirit of Christianity. Whoever will suffer the course of this world to carry him along with it cannot be a disciple of that faith which overcomes the world. True, the believer sometimes may fail, sadly fail, to carry out his principles: so that God only knows what allowance to make. But it is dangerous for us to make allowances for ourselves—they will always be too large.

Things are here much as when you last saw us. The hard times together with the desire of adding a Law department to the chairs already existent induced the Trustees, at their last meeting, to reduce my salary from 1600 to 1400 dollars, the reduction to take effect from this time. The other salaries were reduced in proportion. Prof. Ammen resigned in consequence. Not wishing to lose him, I mediated between him & the Board; & they agreed to leave his salary as before. This morning he returned from a visit to his former residence near Natchez, having agreed with the people there to return to them in the fall. So we lose him. The main reason of this move on his part is a secret. You must not whisper it. It is this. Last winter he & his wife had a quarrel. It had nigh produced a separation. I, being appealed to first by her—she came to our house late one night on the matter—had to interpose. In clearing up the matter, of course, things became known to me which she, after the matter was settled, felt ashamed & mortified to think I or anyone should know. This feeling she tried to conceal & I affected not to notice. But it was manifest; & I suppose she, being a shrewd woman, was aware of it. In short, she was determined to leave the place & as she rules Ammen, though he knows it not, she effected the object very adroitly. The story would be long, but all together it shews as much generalship on her part as I have ever seen. She was so brought up as to have many of those little accomplishments which a fashionable education gives, but not any of those more useful arts which are necessary in a wife for such a man as Ammen, who has to depend on his labor for support, & who was brought up in those plain old-fashioned utilitarian notions which are seldom inculcated in a fashionable boarding school for young ladies, who if they can thrum the Piano, paint, sing & dance, & do some little nice affairs with the needle, are thought to be well educated. One of the difficulties in this case was, he wanted to keep house, she was unwilling. I have stated the case in part for your instruction. The late scrape in which you were involved could hardly have happened had you been married. Other scrapes, however, might have taken place had you been married & not well married. My serious advice, therefore, to you is that you should—if circumstances allow--& if a woman such as Solomon recommends should be presented—such an one as, upon thorough acquaintance would seem to answer the true primitive idea of an “help-meet” for man—unite her hand with

yours in the holy league of matrimony. It is, indeed, a matter in which the most of professional men are sadly bitten. Yet, I think it better to run that risque than to pass through life in the state of celibacy. Yet, if you are content with it, surely neither I nor anyone else has a right to dictate.—I forgot to mention that our Legislature have made state scrip, money for us, which reduces our salary 25 per cent. However, as I owed the Institution, for lots bought some six years ago, & as scrip would answer in payment, I left my other creditors to wait & paid the last dollar in that way. In another year, should nothing adverse happen I hope to be out of debt entirely. We will do our best to supply Ammen’s place, but I fear we shall not get his equal. Theodore Wylie has been here for some time and as Theophilus was somewhat miffed (though he said nothing) at the Board for what they did—as above stated—in Ammen’s case, he has been suggesting some things to him which, I think, may have the effect of taking him back to Phil<sup>a</sup>. It is whispered that his father’s people want him to assist him etc. and Rebecca is full of the project. So I fear other changes. But such is the world, changing everywhere & continually. All send love to you & David.

Your afft. Father  
A. Wylie

I am compelled to keep John a good deal at work on the farm this summer partly to correct a mistake into which I found him gliding & partly from necessity in order to get along. Next winter I shall, if I can get the means, send him somewhere either to attend lectures or to enter some shop. You gave me once Dr. Addison’s views. Talk with him again occasionally & incidentally & if he suggests anything worth notice, let me know.

1845

*Andrew Wylie Jr. to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Pittsburg Feb.20, 1845

Dear Father,

This paper is already so crowded with inky traces that I fear you will find it difficult to make out what is on it. You are altogether under a misapprehension about my dealings in politics. During the whole of the exciting campaign of last summer and autumn, I was not out a single day, nor did I make a single speech. I am already quite sensible of the folly of such a course, and have not the slightest [?] to pursue it. Monday next I go to the District. I beg Dr Addisons pardon for the unjust suspicion. I knew that you had great faith in him, and knew also that he was the only person likely to speak with you on the subject. It is a matter of no consequence now, however. When I came home I felt that you had shewn no warmth of sympathy with my own feelings, and were disposed to bring forward the dark side of the future, and at this I was disappointed. For myself, I could not endure existence looking habitually at the unpromising signs of things to come, and fancying evils before their arrival. I am obliged to you, however, for the parental concern which dictated your cautions & your fears, and trust you will pardon my own petulance, that you were not as blindly in love with your "belle fille" as myself.

My love to all the family.

Your affectionate son,

Andrew

*John H. Wylie to Samuel T. Wylie, Cincinnati*

Richmond Sept 25<sup>th</sup> 1845

Dear brother.

The "Bloomington Herald" just received, directed by your hand with the question "Why dont you write," reminds me that I have of late been somewhat remiss in the matter of letter writing. And by way of apology I have only to say that I could write you nothing that would interest you & secondly I have not felt much like it -- Father says that my last was a "doleful one" and doleful things are not agreeable especially if they be repeated at short intervals. But in extenuation of this fault I plead that I have felt miserably doleful and must write just as I feel -- Although I halted a long time at home considering the matter of a location, I am now satisfied that I did not halt long enough, and that I suffered the opinions of my friends to have a greater influence over me than (perhaps) they should have had. In this, however I may be in the end mistaken -- I now see another thing which escaped me i.e. When I visited this place the leading men of the city!! (who by the way, with one or two exceptions, are rather small men) advised me by all means to settle here, pointed out the many advantages of the place, the small number

of physicians, gave it as their opinion that I would go immediately into a practice. &c &c But the truth of the matter is about this -- That the town has been going down for the last few years and that these men are using every effort to bring it up again, & in order to [do] that hold out inducements plausible but false to every man of respectability who may be inclined to settle here. In my own case I know this to be so some of these men who appeared so very anxious that I should come here have used their influence to induce other physicians to do the same. And in the spring one certainly and perhaps two or three others are coming. Mr Fiske is a very good man and really believed what he said, and still believes that in a short time I will be The physician of the place--but he knows about as little of the world and of human nature as I -- Perkins the lawyer who was so positive about the matter I find to be a blustering swaggering demagogue-- pretty much such a man as Gorman of your place. The fact of the thing is about this that nature has done a great deal for this place--it is finely situated, has the command of most excellent water power, is healthy &c but it is cursed by a kind of society which will shed its influence over every thing as long as it exists -- At all events it is a kind of society which will never suit me, and to which I dont think I can ever accommodate myself. I should have left it before this had I had the means of leaving & don't think I would stay if I had the practice of all the physicians of the place put together. I had a letter from Ben Gwathmy a few days since, he was just ready to start for Cambrige where he intends remaining about eighteen months or two years, says that he ardently hopes that Andrew will not go East without Irene -- Speaks of Carry [Mary Caroline Bryan Wylie] in very high terms -- says she has become quite celebrated about Louisville. Judge Morrison was here a short time ago -- it was like meeting with an old friend & I suppose he is with you at this time, if so remember me to him.

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloom<sup>n</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> 1845

Dear Son:

Because you do not get frequent letters from home think not that you are "out of mind." No; far otherwise. You are in our hearts and in our prayers daily. I am no less anxious for your well-being than for that of any other of my children and I am sure I feel far more concern for them than for myself. But I can do but little. If I had millions and the bestowing of it would avail I would give it freely. But it is not money that will answer--and if it would, I have it not. I am, and expect to be, poor. To make the end of the year meet is as much as I can do. The funds of the Institution are in a disordered an [sic] precarious state. My last quarter has been due more than a month and nothing can be got. It is very likely that there will be a curtailing perhaps entire suspension of payments for some time. I must therefore act with caution. Your books--which, though you have written me nothing to that effect--I suppose, have been received--and books ordered for Sam--amounting together to \$150 I must pay for in the course of the year. An old debt with interest incurred to Johnston, at first of \$500 is yet to be paid to the Bank of Bedford to which he assigned it: 100 and upwards yet remaining to be paid. The expenses of the family are great. So that even if my salary should be paid it is doubtful whether I could set you on your feet again--unless indeed I should resort to a forced sale of property which in present circumstances

would be to make a great sacrifice. Yet that must be done rather than leave you to pine in prison for to be doing nothing and to be unable to get away is to be in prison. Where you could go to is also a serious and difficult question. I have thought of Lafayette--and other plans. Possibly however your prospects where you are are by this time beginning to brighten. If not you would perhaps do well to try some other employment where you are for the winter which would enable you if not to get out of debt, not to get further in. -- What you have found out respecting the population of your city is true to the letter of mankind the world over With a few exceptions they care only for themselves; to get and to keep are their two main cares. And to some extent this is right. For every man is to himself No. 1 and those who have families must besides care for them. -- I am glad that you have discovered the fallaciousness of those notions with which you set out. I saw that they were too high. You have it may be some further lessons yet to learn. What the Bible says of them that will be rich is confirmed by all experience. All cannot be rich. It may be the will of God that you should be poor: if so be assured that will be the best for you and to submit to it, however hard the lesson will be easier than any other way you can take. Consider this well. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof and all these things shall be added unto you" is the best counsel that can be given to any, to those setting out in life especially. -- We had a long letter from Andrew lately. His Kentucky lands he found to be--gone. He is more of a fool than I think him to be, if he is much disappointed. I had also a letter from his wife lately: she is at her fathers--he in Pittsburg trying, might & main, to bring back his business. He & the rest of you, I know, regard my views on certain things as too severe & old-fashioned. I know they are true. I refer to what is called high-life riches and pleasure & all that. Caroline is one of the loveliest and best of all that I have ever seen of that class to which she belongs. Yet sooner or later she must discard certain notions feelings & views with regard to this present evil world or it will be worse for her & him also in the end. On this subject I have feelings which I cannot express. -- Slavery is an Institution which has in it a blasting withering influence. The Curse is wrapped up in it. I wish my children to keep aloof from it. I fear I did wrong in sending you to Louisville. I should not however do the like again. -- The Quakers have their peculiarities. So have all sects and classes. They have many excellent qualities however. Learn to view them on the side of these. They are clannish. So are the sects of every name. I am somewhat of an Eclectic. I expect to find some good every where and do not hope to find it all any where--not even in The Church for there are silly people & bad people no doubt even in the church. I formed a good opinion of Judge Staunton. Give him my respects--& to his family my thankful remembrances -- On the whole--as to yourself--you must do as you think best. It is hard I am aware to push one's way into any of the professions, they are so crowded. Some succeed beyond expectation and get employment at once, perhaps because they are not choice of their company nor care much where they begin. Young Murphy for instance has got into business more than he can do--but it is in a place where refined feelings must be very unhappy. So, inter nos, I think it would have been with you at Terre Haute where Graf. Cookerly flourishes. Dodds has got one patient, a student with a sore leg--but he will get more bye & bye -- The family are well--all in greese with hog-killing--sausage chopping--fat-boiling. So that it is now getting dark and dinner is not yet. -- Write soon and say more definitely how you are--how much it will require to get you away from among the Quakers &c &c

Your afft father  
A Wylie

My shoulder is not entirely right yet--I doubt whether it will ever be--but it does not hinder me from doing the most of what I have to do with tolerable ease & comfort. A. W.

1846

*Andrew Wylie, Jr. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania to Mary Caroline (Bryan) Wylie, Alexandria, D. C.*

Pittsburg  
January 17, 1846

I had intended to postpone writing to you till tomorrow, when I should have the sweet leisure of a quiet Sunday in which to indulge my feelings and imagination. But, this evening, I thought that your refreshing and loving letter had been already too long without an answer. How hard it is that we should be so long separated. Still, am I infinitely happier even thus, than I should have been without you. It grieves me to be absent from you, yet with what delight do I dwell upon your image and cherish your love. I yesterday wrote to Mr. Pope in a different strain, but it was not serious. I told him my condition was peculiarly pitiable—that I was a widower without the hopes of one—I was deprived of you and yet not permitted to look out for another. I think I told you that he had written to me making inquiry about a new invention for making brick by steam, the patent right of which was owned by Mr. Merrit, a gentleman who you know. Since my return I have witnessed the machine at work and think it is destined to prove eminently successful. During the short time in which I was present it turned out 30 well made and beautiful bricks every minute. This is the only machine of the kind which has yet been erected in the U.S. but I have little doubt that ere long the invention will entirely supersede the old method and make large fortunes for those who obtain the privilege of working it in the neighborhood of our growing cities. I have written encouragingly to Mr. Pope on the subject and should be glad to see him secure the right for Louisville.

When I wrote you last I was not informed of the gossip of our good town, and therefore gave you but little news. Since then I have learned a number of items which may interest you. In the first place, Catherine Wilkins and young Mr. Calhoun are not to be married. It has been broken off. Mrs. W has so announced to her friends, with a request that it should be given out. The cause, his intemperate habits. Between ourselves, I have my doubts whether that be the true reason. His habits are probably as good now as they were at the time the engagement was entered into—at all events he is so far away that they have no means of ascertaining differently. He has never made her the first visit. That looks like insincerity from the first. My own conjecture is this: Catherine, though amiable, is very illiterate, and probably Mr. C is not, in that respect, much her superior. They have written to each other repeatedly, and the bad spelling, bad style, ridiculous matter, etc. have served to dispel that delightful infatuation without which all love must wither and die. In matters of this sort, it is difficult even for two sensible and educated persons so to conduct their correspondence as to lead to the happy result. The parties must always have their friends and counselors, to whom the precious billets doux are submitted. If those billets be ridiculous from any cause, above all should they be misspelled, in bad grammar, or boy-like hand, then the sharp criticism, the witty jest, and the loud laugh will check the rising flow of affection. The lover appears an ignoramus and Cupid, frightened from the nest which he had just begun to weave, spreads his wings and seeks his mother in the clouds.

Another unfortunate affair of the kind, Miss Herrow's beau, Mr. Hoge of New Orleans,

it is said, has disgraced himself. The N.O.'s paper some time ago contained a full history of the matter. I have not read it, but understand the outline to have been something like this: Hoge was a friend of a Dr. Osborn there—intimate in the family. Osborn's wife beautiful, Hoge abused the confidence of his friend and destroyed the peace of the family. Whilst the affair was under examination by her friends, Hoge left the city and came up here. It was reported in N.O. that he had fled, not to return. Under these circumstances, a kind of reconciliation took place between Osborn and his wife. Her friends, mother, sister, brother etc. were almost mad. To allay and soothe their distress, Osborn signed a paper stating that he was satisfied the charge had been made without foundation. A copy of this paper was immediately sent by someone to Hoge and received by him whilst here. Hoge forthwith returned, but kept himself concealed and sent a friend to inquire of Osborn if the affair was to be considered settled. Osborn procured a friend to wait upon Hoge with a challenge. Hoge refused to fight on the ground first that Osborn had already signed a paper saying that the charge was groundless, a copy of which he drew from his pocket; and in the second place if Osborn had signed what he did not know or believe, he had told a lie and could not be recognized as a gentleman. So this Osborn's friend replied that the paper had been signed for the sake of making peace in the family when it was supposed that Hoge had fled forever, that subsequent developments had placed the guilt of the parties beyond doubt; that it was too late for Hoge to seek to get off on the ground that his former friend was no longer a gentleman, and that if the principal was not a gentleman he was. Hoge then utterly refused to fight on any terms or with anybody, intimating that he was a Church member and ought not to be held responsible. To this it was answered that his conscience was too late in speaking, since it had remained quiescent under the crises and now only came forward as the champion of his cowardice.

Thus the affair appears from the controversy in the newspapers and remains at present. The universal impression here is that Hoge is as guilty and that his conduct afterwards was pusillanimous to the last degree. The Herrow family, however, think differently, and contend that time will clear his character and that his behavior throughout was that of a Christian. In the meanwhile, poor Bell is in great distress and has secluded herself entirely from the world, not even going to Church. The match it is said, has not been broken off, and will not be. How can a woman marry a disgraced man! But it is further reported that he has been acting the rascal as to her—that it has never been his intention to marry her. Last spring she was ready to be married and it was deferred at his instance. Through the whole course of the summer she received but a single letter whilst she was writing every week. He has made her believe that he wrote every week and that his letters were miscarried! Again she was prepared to be married last fall, but he made an excuse to go to Steubenville to wait upon his sick father; and whilst there he received important news which made his immediate departure absolutely necessary.

If these things be true what do you say should be done with the man?

This is the brilliant match which everyone was talking of so lately.

This letter I have written in very great haste, and am anxious to get it in the mail tonight so you will of yourself supply any omissions and make necessary corrections. Once again love to the family and 1000 sweet kisses to Carry.

A. W.

Miss Berlin has written home that it will be out of her power to make you a visit till after their examinations. This information may save you the trouble and expense of a visit to Georgetown the present month. Best regards to Mr. Withers.

*Samuel Theophylact Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania*

Bloomington  
Febry 1<sup>st</sup>, 1846

Dear brother,

I believe there is no other such nourisher of brotherly love, as self-interest. It is at least so strong in the present instance, as overcome the inherent failing of the Wylie family—indisposition to letter writing. But lest you should be too much frightened by this portentous introduction, I will cut it short & come at once to the pith of my subject. Feeling the Roving fever burning strong within me and being moreover desirous of finding out by personal observation whether the sun really does rise & set in any other county than Monroe, I have determined to make my start in life on a flatboat and wend my way to that Rome of the Mississippi Valley—New Orleans. If I go, I will start about the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, on a boat of old Crnl. Ketchem's. Now my object in writing to you is to know whether you have any business there which you could conveniently throw into my hands. I should like after I get there to stay three or four months & of course would like to have something to do, to pay my expenses. I'm not the least particular, & would willingly engage in any honest employment. The trip I'm convinced, would greatly conduce to my health & spirits--& I have been rather low in both for some time. I have been attending the Law school again this winter & believe I have learnt more than I did during both the previous winters. Judge McDonald is certainly a profound lawyer—the best it is thought in the state.

I suppose you have heard from John since he located at Richmond. He has been very much discontented since he has been there, though I think from the tenor of his last letter, he is getting to like it better. The Quakers appear in his eyes, the vilest of the vile. He says his friends tell him “if he will only hold on,” he will be sure to succeed—which operation he says is not so easy. He says however if father can only strengthen his finger joints with about \$65, he thinks he can “hold on,” without stopping to spit on his hands; which last operation he says he dare not do, as it would be taken as an acknowledgement that he gave up the contest. He was, I think, too sanguine when he first started in the world, and not meeting with that immediate success which he first expected, he has very naturally become too much dejected. He always inquires for you & Carry when he writes home & would no doubt feel much pleased to hear from you both occasionally. We received a letter from Carry not long since, but I suppose of course you have had later word from her. Dodds you know has located in B. We are all glad to have Mary near us, but much whether he will do as well here as he had begun to do at Corydon. It will at least be some time first. We have eight or ten physicians & some of them very good--& others very popular. Hamill I do not believe is a good doctor, but he is extremely popular & insinuating in his address—the very reverse of Dodds. The advantages of society are nothing to Mary & him, as neither of them are disposed to avail themselves of them. If he succeeds however, it will certainly be better for the children. He is at present at Corydon, having gone there to see about his property, with which he has had so much trouble & expense. As he states the circumstances to me, he will certainly have to loose it. Mitchell was the original owner of the land. Judgments had been obtained against him. With an evidently fraudulent intent he made over the property to his son-in-law, from whom D bought it; & the stat. of limi. not having run out, I can see no chance for him, but the ignorance of his opponents. He has paid over \$500 of the purchase money & has spent \$300 in improving it. The note for the balance due, \$300, is in the hands of an assignee. Our stat.

however allows the same defenses against the assignee as against the payee, so that he will not have that to pay.

If you can aid me any in the way proposed, please let me know by the 1<sup>st</sup> of March.  
My love to Carry & believe me  
Your aff. Brother Sam

*Andrew Wylie, Jr., Pittsburg, PA to Mary Carolyn (Bryan) Wylie, probably Alexandria*

Pittsburg  
Feb. 8, 1846

Your last letter, my darling Carry, was so long in coming and then when it had come contained the disagreeable announcement of your determination not to return till April, that my resolution was formed not to write to you for a week by way of set off. But I have somewhere met with the advice, never to revenge an injury and suppose it may be a politic as well as benevolent principle—at least I have concluded it is best to practice upon it with you. It is Saturday evening after ten, raining and gloomy without, no company with me, the week ended, nothing particular to employ my time—what better reason to sit me down and fancy the scene which is at the present moment to be witnessed around your own fireside, and at the same time indulge my feelings in a sweet and precious communion with one who is dearest to me of all the angels of God's creation? I can for a moment imagine myself in Alex. face to face with you all, but there the delusion fantasm is gone and the reality almost kills me. The only hope which renders my daily life endurable is that which points to your return at some future period, however distant. I shall continue (the Lord granting me strength) to wait in patience for the arrival of that slowly coming hour. Thinking of you, dwelling on you, morning and evening and throughout every hour, nay moment, of the day how sluggishly to me has the past month dragged out its never ending length. But I begin to suspect that I have heretofore written to you in a very impolitic way, however sincerely and honestly. You ask me not to learn to do without you. My letters I should think more enough to satisfy you on that subject. Had I been wiser I should perhaps have feigned a neglect and a forgetfulness whose appearance would have excited your alarm. You have said nothing, of late, about your back. Thought the symptoms were not violent or alarming, yet those spinal affections [one word] and confirm themselves so gradually and insidiously and are then so troublesome and dangerous that it is of the utmost importance to arrest them at the beginning. I beg you, as I love you, not to neglect to adopt and use the proper remedies for a cure.

Our whole population are in the greatest anxiety on the question of the passage through our legislature of a bill to allow the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company the privilege of extending their road through Pennsylvania as far as this place. Philadelphia is violently opposed to any such grant, thinking that it would have the effect of building up Baltimore at her expense. We urge it principally on account of our own interests, and try to prove that Philadelphia has taken a narrow and short sighted view of her policy. The chances are, so far as I can form an opinion, that the bill will become a law by a majority of about 4 in the Senate and 10 in the House. Then we shall have the railroad to connect us with Alexandria, and but one day's travel. Will it not be agreeable? In a few hours to the mountains, and but one day to tide water and without the least fatigue. You and I can then be neighbors and see each other often.

I see Mr. Ellison's marriage announced in the Philadelphia papers—married to a New York lady, a [name] as I understand. A friend of his who boards with us showed me a letter from him written a short time subsequent to the happy day. It was filled with nothing but hearts and Cupids and love and Hymen, altars and happiness. Since my return I have been to church once every Sunday and intend keeping up the practice. It is well enough, probably, to do so. It would be better still if the millions of money expended annually in that way were appropriated to the education and instruction of the people. It is not my intention to rent a pew or select a particular church till after your return. Then you shall decide for us both. Since my last I have not been anywhere to pass the evening from home with the exception of once to Miss Grant's. Mr. Wills requested me to go there with him, otherwise I should hardly have made even that visit. But if nothing happens to prevent, I shall go to see the Beckhams tomorrow after dinner.

I regret that I have made out only to write so dull a letter tonight—would have deferred writing till tomorrow but for knowing that our letters both ways have of late taken 3 days to reach us. Give my best love to all the family.

Devotedly your own

A. W.

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington, March 14<sup>th</sup> 1846

Dear Son.

We are glad that it has pleased the Almighty arbiter of our destinies to restore you to a state of convalescence such as gives promise that we may see you again in good health. Dr Dodds' letter, received yesterday cheers us with this hope. As to the plans he suggests I cannot advise. You must use your discretion & his. I will suggest some things for your consideration. Mr. D. & Sam know the state of the roads. Would it not expose you to the danger of relapse to come home in the stage which goes all night? Would it not be better then for Sam to leave you so soon as you think it safe and come with Dr Dodds and return for you in the buggy or some covered vehicle & so return making easy stages and avoiding the danger of the damp night air? He could ride your horse home & so save stage-fare. Or might not the horse be sold at Richmond: so that should you think of locating at Cincinnati, as I suggested in my last letter— in which case you will not need a horse--the proceeds of the sale will help to pay your debts. Possibly it would be even advisable to sell your books--they can be replaced when you are settled-- rather than be at the expense of carrying them about with you. Probably, too, I may think it expedient myself to go early in the vacation to Richmond to settle up your affairs, that is if you think still of leaving that place. -- I make these suggestions. Dr Dodds Sam. & your other friends at Richmond (if you have any there whose opinion you would value in these matters) can consider them and then do as shall be thought best.

We are all well. We will see that Dr Dodds' family want for nothing till his return.

Give my respects to Mr Fiske. I shall add a postscript which Sam can tear off and hand him.

It will occur to you that your affliction has not "grown out of the ground," but has come from some cause and besides has been sent for some end important to you which without it could

not have been accomplished & whether it shall answer this or not will depend upon yourself. But as of yourself you can do nothing it will be your duty humbly to look to God for grace to enable you to use it aright. David said it was good for him that he had been afflicted; & Jeremiah said It is good for a man that he bear the yoke (by which affliction is meant) in his youth. These truths have been verified in the experience of men in all ages. I am thoroughly convinced of them myself. There are two errors to be guarded against in such cases: the one is that of thinking lightly of afflictions, suffering them merely but not considering them: the other is that of brooding over them in a gloomy desponding way. The one St. Paul calls despising the chastening of the Lord: the other fainting when rebuked of him. See Heb. III. 5. The whole chapter I would earnestly recommend to your prayerful attention so soon as you are so far recovered to be capable of meditation. As to the physical cause of your disease I have conjectured thus: you had, as I saw by a Richmond paper, been requested to make a speech [sic] on some public occasion—you confined yourself too closely while preparing it and so took not that amount of bodily exercise necessary. This of course is but a guess.

We expect Mr D. sometime next week. If however any delay for any cause should detain him we expect he or Sam. will write. All send their love & it would be great pleasure to them to see you reinstated in health which may God grant you soon to be.

Your afft father

AW

Mr J. H. Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to Samuel T. Wylie, "Near Louisville Ky"*

Bloomington July 6<sup>th</sup> 1846

Dear Son.

I am happy to find that you have good sense enough to shew you the propriety of writing home without having been particularly charged to do so; -- & that you seem to have managed other little affairs with a "quantum suff." of discretion.

I shall have your books and things sent by Woodward's wagon to care of B. O. Davis. It starts on Monday next. I am in a hurry preparing to go to convention John goes with me to Indianapolis (where it meets) & thence on to Richmond. He seems to be still getting better: but his constitution has received a severe shock and it will be long yet before he recovers--if ever.

You will be in danger of a thousand things from which no care of mine--nor your own, nor any other mortal can preserve you. Think of this.

As to health: you must take exercise every day & keep the pores clean by sweating washing is good; but it acts on the end of the tube: whereas the sweat goes through and cleanses out the whole channel

But health is not the chief thing, important as it is. You may rise early--take the morning air, avoid late hours & hard eating & drinking and all other things which tend to disease, & yet you may get into ways which are not good, as to the health of the soul. Set it down in your inmost

thoughts that all those things are evil and will prove so in the end which tend to make one forget God.

You will do well to remember that you are poor; have no fortune in prospect and that the people among [whom] you live being wealthy you may not safely imitate their expensive habits. Be plain & decent in your dress: this is enough to please sensible people, and the less you follow such as are not the better.

What remains of the price of the mare--having paid for the corn-sheller--consider as yours: but the other is yours only to use till you come home. Being in a slave-state I suppose you cannot readily get the privilege of working enough for exercise. If so, you must ride.

God bless & guide you in the right way

Your afft father

A Wylie

Mr S Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloom<sup>n</sup> Oct. 9<sup>th</sup> --46

Dear Son.

I understood your penultimate letter just as you explain it in your last, as to meeting you at Cin<sup>i</sup> But I could not get the time, though I intended to go there this vacation. Now it is uncertain. Your mother was taken sick 8 days ago with the bilious remittant fever, & though I do not consider her case very dangerous, yet I think it not likely she will recover long before the time when another session commences, so that I shall not go abroad anywhere. But if she recovers in 10 days I shall probably go to Cin<sup>ii</sup> & [Bottom of page missing]

The speech was itself greatly lauded by Ryors & "id genus omni." 1500 copies are to be printed at Pittsburg. I shall send you one -- I send you my Baccalaureate.

One thing in my former letter you misunderstood. I did not intimate a suspicion that you overrated your abilities. What I meant was this--to speak in figure--the river is crowded with craft, driftwood and ice, from shore to shore, & your boat must must be launched, of course behind such as have been longer afloat--the current will carry you along, slowly indeed, but surely, unless you do something or meet with something adverse. It had been an accident if you had got ahead in one year. At Terre Haute you would have found more patients, but a far worse population than the Quakers; & besides would have certainly had an attack of the Wabash fever, which at R. you escaped; but fell into another disease which has proved adverse to your pecuniary interests--not I hope to your interests on the whole. What you say of Andrew is natural. But he had to go through a long trial under which he had almost given up. So it is necessarily in most of cases.

None can tell before hand what is best. "Time & chance happen alike to all."

The Trustees cut off Judge McDonald's salary entirely and reduced mine to \$1300. It was a matter of necessity. So they said, & I do not therefore complain.

One thing I have seen in so many instances that it may be considered the law in such cases

that when a man is advanced beyond the age when he can readily obtain another place a pretext will be found for treating him somewhat unceremoniously as to salary. The hardest case I ever knew was that of Dr Dunlap. But I have so much reason to be thankful when I compare my state with others, that I dislike any thing that looks like complaint.

Let us hear from you soon

Y<sup>r</sup> afft father

A Wylie

[A postscript of approximately half a page is missing]

1847

*Elizabeth Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana Note: Liz writes interesting letters in a fine hand but does not bother to punctuate. (See last paragraph of this letter and Sam's P.S. in his letter to Liz 12/17/1849)*

Bloomington, Feb' 12 --1847

Dear John,

Well here is the year 47 with a lap full of joy or sorrow for both of us hope however the former will preponderate & that the months that are to come will be more pregnant of enjoyment to me at least than the one that has passed for a more despicable month as to weather & every thing else connected with it, it has not been my evil fortune to endure for some years Was sorry you had such a blue time of it Christmas & hope you spent a happy New Years day on those two days every one expects to be happy & are disappointed if not Christmas was a dull day here nothing going on at all I spent it in the kitchen cooking an extra good dinner & was tormented beyond measure by the boys who must have fired off a thousand crackers at my back besides explosions of other purile fire arms that always came when least expected so that I was jumping & squealling all day & was heartily glad when night ended it. New Years evening Mary gave a large party. It was rather pleasant & things went off pretty well, though some evil consequences have followed since Some of the students put on the negro disguise and gave us a pretty long chivereaux they were bold too, coming on the porch & thrusting their hands through a broken pane for corn-bread their technical name for all kinds of sweet bread stayed an hour or more & would not have left then had we not given them some cake the captain (Trimble) was a firstrate mimic and acted his part so well that I was convinced he was a veritable negro until I happened to see his white hand It was quite amusing their clamors for corn bread & complaints of being slighted by not being invited Some of the Faculty recognised several of them & found out the rest & would have charges brought in & a fuss made. they required them to make acknowledgements & promise never to be engaged in such a disgraceful scene again & Father reprimanded them before the other students they all submitted with the exception of Trimble & Williams these two being gentlemen of high blood would make no concessions or promises & declaired they would do the like again under similar circumstances They left for Green Castle demanded an honorable dismissal from the Faculty failing in getting it the Philomathean Society took up their cause bestowed on them written encomiums & a condemnation of the proceedings of the Faculty which was unanimous they left town like triumphant victors were escorted out a mile or two by a crowd of students & townfolks & a band of music the whole posse every once in a while cheering them & hurraing for G.C. indeed the excitement got so high & wild that they talked of mobbing us though more than a month since it has not quite subsided yet The Faculty of course would not let the resolutions of the Society pass without their disapprobation being expressed & they have not yet decided what to do with them the affair is in statue quo I consider your last to me a very uninteresting epistle after having been to the City & having seen my dear friend Amanda [Ammen] I will not deny I was expecting it with a good deal of impatience & curiosity thinking it would be full of news & pro's & con's & instead it was a dissertation on the miseries of rather

young physicians You did not so much as tell me who Miss Staunton married or if she did well & then you complain of me for not giving you enough of news News is stuff I cannot manufacture & we have a dearth of it here this winter tho I will detail a little bit here that I hope will surprise you Madame Pering has applied for a divorce Buck Jacobs wrote of it to J McCalla, so there can be no mistake about it. She had then gone over to Frankfort on that business accompanied by Greaves of Louisville & with whom she lived before she married P. What poor innocent Mr. P. can have done I can't imagin she gives no reason only says it would kill her to live with him J. says if she gets a divorce it will be through the influence of powerful friends & potent money We thought he almost forced her to accept him from what he was green enough to let fall himself & some other expressions his mother made I never saw a man more elated than he after the match or heard one boast so much of his wife think he must be quite crestfallen now don't pity him one bit had no business to go away there for a wife when there were so many of his former pupils & admirers of a marriageable age here on the spot. As you are in correspondance with Mag & Sam suppose I need say nothing of them got a letter from Sam written during the Holidays gave me a description of the delightful way he was spending them & how reluctant he should be to resume the Schoolmaster I do wish he could be persuaded to retain his present situation when he does leave it it is pretty certain he will regret it when too late He is a miserable penman & has not yet learned to spell every word in the English language two indespensible qualifcations in a pedagogue so that I do not know how he possibly gets along in the enlightened diggings where he is yet he says all his patrons express themselves satisfied with him & hope to retain him for life Tom McCalla was down not long ago saw a Bear Grass lady who said Mr Wylie was quite a Lion no, that was not it either quite a toast among the young ladies & favorite with the old I wish he could secure good grazing ground all his life by marrying one of the former Got a letter from Mag the other day was surprised to learn she was not going to school at all had the idea she was making great progress in accomplishments & knowledge tried music 3 months & did not make one inch could not learn in that time to play one poor little tune & her teacher told her she never would make anything of a musician & had better give it up. she did so, & everything else besides. Says she is improving & bringing out her social & benevolent powers & faculties attends church twice through the day on Sabbath & to hear Mr Gurley at night also S.S. [Sunday School] goes to all the sewing societies. & Kate [Irene] has been to several Public Balls & thinks she'll go to another to be given on the 22nd but will be mistaken in that calculation for while she was off to a dance, Mag sat down & wrote to have a stop put to it using the usual arguments against Balls Promiscuous company late hours danger to health from the change of a hot room to the open air & the time spent in thinking about & preparing for them & the time lost in sleep lassitude & head & sometimes heart aches afterward. I was provoked at Mag for saying anything about it for I am a great advocate for dancing think it "improves the motions" was very desirous K should learn now she has the opportunity Was at a party last night at Dr Hamills where we had the very refined, intellectual & improving plays lost my glove your honor & cross questions thought then what a ridiculous figure we cut so many grown up gentlemen & ladies engaged in childrens sports & with as much glee apparently at least as they How much more graceful becoming & genteel it would appear could we trip it on the light fantastic toe at our gatherings than to practise such silly sports Have had a famous singing Master here this winter taught all the folks to sing by the round notes I am such a poor singer at best that I did not think it worth my while to attend as it would be impossible for me ever to become a delightful vocalist should I try ever so hard & I scorn mediocracy in all things After Mr Bartlett left some of his scholars thought it best to

practice what he taught them they meet round at each others houses S Night I go occasionally & we have it here turn about with the rest McKinney is leader puts on an awful weight of dignity will have no recess or talking & sings away until 10 oclck the married ladies have to leave then on account of their already suffering babes & we do too because they do so you see there has been a new leaf turned since we used to have so much fun attending them Though I anticipated a very dull winter we have been enjoying our social & convivial feelings as much as usual all have had company round though beaux are scarce the few we have are pleasant with one or two exceptions Parvin has left his former law associates entirely & is a hand some gentlemanly fellow invited out on all occasions many a young man has been lost in the ways of vice & sin by the wanton neglect of those who call themselves the better & wiser part of the community P- was in a fair way for being so until noticed by the Aristocracy he became ashamed of his former mess-mates & companions Rebecca gave a party not long ago & was compromising enough to invite me & I was gracious & complying enough to go thought if I did so we would be about even & here the matter ends until her next party I suppose. Susan Emma the last arrived is the prettiest one of the flock so fat & fair so plump & rair with eyes so blue & curly hair too whew! I am actually going into the poetics without being aware no wonder such an inspiring theme.

Murphy & wife are still there intend moving on their farm in a few weeks believe I told you they had purchased the Nichol's farm 5 miles south of town Mr [Daniel] Read too is going to be a gentleman farmer as well as Proff bought J Alexander's farm or rather Mr Anderson's who was out here last fall trying to dispose of all his Ia [Indiana] property & made the sale to Mr R on low terms they will in a month or two design raising every thing that ever gabbled, gobbled, cackled or quacked. I never in all my life put through such a miserable winter (ceppn the convivial evenings alluded to above) have all the work to do save washing the dishes that is Mama's work & these two boys being here are a great addition to my anxiety & trouble if ever I give my consent to

taking boarders again I think I shall have somebody else's head on my shoulders & not my own Have wished a dozen times I could go into the dormant state until Spring though I do not see how I could possibly be spared have not eat a single meal in Mary's house since the girls left because I have all of them to cook for here Mother has the shakes off & on, yet would be well if it were not for them dare not expose herself in the least & has not been outside the yard since the 1st day of last Octr excepting a ride or two in the Buggy We hear occasionally from The. [Theodorus Wylie?] says he is going to raise the tallest corn ever was seen in Illinois is hard at work has no associate but that hairbrained McKelvy who is teaching & studying divinity in Eden T. is not coming back until next winter I miss his daily visits very much he was so lively & gossiping But it is high time I was telling you the news The latest & most surprising I have heard is that I am going to get married to J McCalla some of these days though they have not told me when Or if not to him to Wheeler. Cynthia Dodds has found the right one in a Mr Wright of Vevay brother to the W. of Terre Haute who attended College here some years ago This one was here two or three sessions also took a shiff or two with C & fell in love with her on a very short acquaintance indeed they are to be married in the vacation it will be a surprise to the town for no one suspects it or ever knew she had a beau in all her life. But they say every one has a mate if they can only find them by the by, have you found yours or have you given it up for a season Rumor says E Baugh & Abbot are to be buckled in the holy bands of wedlock do not know how true it is he will be a goose for taking her if it is so for he is good looking intelligent and ambitious and might get some one of the like gifts. he is very devoted in his attentions to her & it is quite likely she has

taken him in as he is young & green in love affairs Valentine's day is almost here & I have heard nothing said about it they run it completely in the ground last year. Every rag tag & bobtail got to writing then & the boys took to writing to each other & girls to girls so that when we thought we had the sentimental & tender effusions of some love sick swain it would come out that it was from one of our own sex Mag said she saw a gentleman from R not very long since who said you were more contented & doing pretty well do hope it is the truth though I heartily wish with you that it was possible for you to get away do not want you to live among such a plodding set whatever you do, don't get like them or marry a Quaker.

Did M tell you that Gadabout Carey was spending the winter home again We have not had a word from either Andrew or her since last fall The Dodds have all divided their property among themselves D gets the lot his shop is on and some woodland they value each share at 1000 apiece he intends building will commence as soon as Spring begins to open gets a case now & then one man paid him 86 dollars the other day. Think they can manage to keep body & soul together after while when Dr Foster goes to Congress may probably do better Tom McCalla has a son & heir. Is a fine little fellow, grows finely they call him Theodore after no one J. Hamill is spending the winter here I like her very much shall regret her when she leaves Give my love to the old people & Kate write soon. All join me in much love & affection for you. Mother has wished some 10 dozen times she had 10 thousand dollars to send you. I join her in that wish

I would not read this over or punctuate it for one dollar so you may well make the pauses as you go along. Jane Owens A Maxwell & Kate Baugh have joined the church this winter Mr Ryors intends resigning the pastorphism of this flock in a few weeks Sophy has learned in this short time since she got her piano to play delectably on it she is a musician naturally I suppose you know Mag has joined The Church she wrote us a long interesting letter on the subject of her conversion.

*Andrew Wylie to Samuel T. Wylie, Cincinnati*

Bloomington Feb. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1847

Dear Sam.

Lest you should think yourself forgotten, I fill up an interval by writing to you. Your mother is still in bad – very bad health -- chills and fever with regular irregularity some times very violent. We have no girl. Poor 'Liz is our only dependence. She is a heroine. But I am sorry she is so oppressed. We have two boarders Charles West & Chris. Graham good boys enough: but in a month or so they will leave, & then no more of that. --New Years night Dodds had a party, the Faculty all at it but myself. I was sick. Williams & Trimble, members of the Senior class & leaders of the Philomathian Society, organized the Society that night as a band of Chivareers -- they blacked themselves &c and cut up capers round Dodds's house, in short the Faculty, finding Williams & Trimble to have been in the affair called them to account. They brought the rest -- some twenty -- to share their fate. The Faculty demanded an apology. It was given such as it was. That of Williams & Trimble was hardly an apology. But the Faculty agreed to accept it with the rest & ordered me to dispose of the case with remarks on the impropriety of such conduct. I did so. Williams & Trimble, offended because the remarks were not postponed

till some distant period when they might not be thought of in connexion with said remarks, demanded an honorable dismissal. It was not granted. They, aided by Millan & some others of the Law Department, threw the Philomaths into a phrenzy. They passed certain resolutions censuring the Faculty & giving Diplomas to Williams & Trimble who went out of town with the mob shouting for Greencastle! So the thing ended. But the end is not yet. Of course I will be made the butt, at which shafts from all who for any reason may think it time to join in, will be aimed. Of course, too, the sectarian opposition will take advantage of it and at the next meeting of the Legislature I expect a scheme for some time in agitation will be pushed into execution if possible to divide the funds of the University among the leading Sects. -- There is no telling what the event may be. The students are quiet now: but there is in some of them a bad spirit.

From 'Mag & 'Rene I hear almost every week. Margaret thinks she can learn nothing, & of course will not learn much. Irene learns well: but has gone to balls: a thing of which I do not approve.

From John I hear nothing lately.

The rest join in love to you. You like not your present occupation. I'd rather clean streets like scavenger than be a dirty pettifogging puppy such as some of these in our Law School will be if they live.

Be an honest man at any rate: be a Christian and then in the end you will find what in this world you will not find -- peace & happiness.

Your afft father  
A Wylie

*Samuel Wylie to his sister Margaret (Maggie) Wylie c/o Judge Morrison, Indianapolis, Indiana, postmarked Mar. 21 [1847]*

Bear Grass, KY  
March 19<sup>th</sup>, 1847

Dear Sister

I have no other apology to offer for neglecting our correspondence so long, but that I am a male member of the Wylie family & of course an antiletter writer by nature- poor nature! How much she has to bear. If a man commits a murder now-a-days it is caused by a natural infirmity- a madness heredity in his family & so for all minor offences. Well she is made a scape goat by all the rest of the world and I suppose I might as well come in for a share of the profits myself. I was hoping too that your kind nature might prompt you to do as you did before and that you would send me two for one, but I have given over that hope and send you this that I may have the pleasure of receiving one in return.

As Sammies are subjects of greater interest to you than any other, perhaps I will be safe in speaking to you myself, your brother Sammie. I have just returned from a social where I have seen wealth without ostentation, education without vanity and hospitality without formality. The more I live among Kentuckians the more I admire their national and individual character; and could I reconcile myself to the life of a pedagogue, I would soon choose me one of her fair

daughters & settle down into that most dray-horse of all characters, the married man. But as I fear I should never live contented as a school teacher, I must still live in single blessedness. You will (if you don't you ought) no doubt give me great credit for living thus in the midst of consuming fires and remaining unscathed. My case certainly presents the anomaly of a heart of butter consistency being hardened by the influence of heat- most hearts would become curd in short order. I have even suffered the rose of Bear Grass to be plucked before my eyes, by the widower Smith Speed [?] who in the course of a few months will place the fair flower in his bosom. I am here jogging along in my "youthful days" in the same old way, teaching school seven hours a day, spending an hour or two in social recreation & devoting the rest of my time to sleep & study. I believe I have pretty well established my reputation as a teacher & have as many of the young [?] under my cair as I want. I suppose my school will be worth \$600 at the end of the year. None of the "Big Kentucky boys" have yet undertaken to give me a flogging, though I have a couple who helped the last teacher they went to, to a treat of that kind. Father tells me that you are still dragging [?] on that old key of yours that you can't learn. I was in hopes you had learnt better by this time. Believe me, you underrate your own abilities & overrate others. As long as you think you can't learn anything, you certainly will not. Why don't you show the same perseverance in this respect which you do in [text missing] If you would, rest assured you would [text missing] with success. You have had no oppo [text missing...opportunity?] & the marble looks rough til the p[text missing...patient?] hand of the master is applied to it. [text missing] you have been trying to study things [text missing...for which?] you were not prepared- have been [text missing] to get along too fast, have undertaken [text missing...too?] much & have consequently failed. Science is a stern mistress & allows more of her tasks to be omitted. She does not allow anyone to spring from the bottom to the top of her ladder, but requires every rung to be trod.

I understand you have been floating through the dance upon a light fantastic toe. Well it is a very graceful and innocent accomplishment if practiced at proper times & occasions. I too have been trying my genius in that way & have appeared in the fashionable dancing parties of L- [Louisville?] without knowing one step from another & have gained the reputation pf being a "natural pacer." How comes it on between you and Sammie- hope he has answered your last letter? When is your session out? When are you going home? I am going to have a vacation shortly when I think I will take a trip up the river. Are there any pretty girls in Ind. Now? Is Miss Laid [?] there? Did John pay you that visit he promised? I think he ought to let [?] to Miss Laid [?]. Give my love to Mrs. Morrison & best respects to the Judge. You have had a fine time living at the Judge's this winter. I expect there is no house in which I have ever spent my time more agreeably. Give my love to Kate & believe me

Your affect. Brother  
Sam

*[Written on the back of the letter, in another hand; no date:]*

Keep this as a relic of our uncle Samuel Wylie-- the funny one of grandfather Wylie's family. He died in Cincinnati Christmas of 1850 greatly lamented by all who knew him. His death almost broke his father's heart. He died trusting Jesus. Grandpa was with him in his illness.

*Margaret "Maggie" Wylie to brother John Wylie, Richmond, Indiana with a P.S. from Jane Wylie*

Bloomington April 4<sup>th</sup> 1847

Dear brother You will no doubt be somewhat surprised and astonished that I have at length taken up a pen to write having been negligent so long, but the reason is that both Rene and myself put all the writing upon poor little Lizzie, who you know always has Jobs troubles to bear, merely because shes the oldest and therefore of course has more cares and responsibilities Her and Maud Ammen often console each other about their being the oldest and all the cares and troubles that devolve upon them because they are the seniors of the family. We have received but one letter from Sam since he's been gone, and that was all about Free Masonry and the reasons why he joined them I recon you know by this time that he is nothing more or less than a Free-mason himself Says the only objections he has to them is that they have too many useless & unnecessary forms too much parade about everything And moreover he says too that at Annans and Yeatmans he receives every possible kindness and attention, they take every pain to make him acquainted and especially so among those with whome it may be his interest to become known Has he written to you lately? I do hope he will succeed there, for Cincinati must be, if all reports are true the very finest place in all this Western country I should think it far preferable to living in Pittsburg Do you not think so too? The very mention of P-- makes me think of Andy & Carry the scamps they have not, if you'll believe me, they have not written so much as a single line to any of us this during winter I wrote to Carry some time since, but she [has] not condecended to reply although I took every possible pains I could to write it with becoming reverence and decency if I had written it as I now write this (but a very bad pen is my excuse in the present case, you will therefore please excuse) she might have passed me by in silence, but as it is I think she owes me a letter and as good a one as she can write too Sam Mcalla went through there on his way to Phila for spring goods and has just returned Well my ever thoughtful mother embraced the opportunity of sending with him to her very dear daughter Carry sundry articles such as a cradle quilt that was made & given to Andy when he was a babe so that it is more than 30 years old (Do [not] know exactly how old he be, but guess it must be some where about there Rene sent a book-mark and Jane sent a pretty little red pinquishion for the "sweet, dear, little rosy cheeked, fellow" to play with spose he is in possession of it by this time and anniahilated too ere this time I hope they will come out, next summer and give a person the chance of seeing the "finest & largest boy in the United States" -- Hope he's not any larger than a couple of fat boys who were here not long since for a shew, sights they were I tell you little bits of fellows about as thick as Old Jake Lowe you know he is our standard of thickness as Dr Hamill is for height bye the bye the Drs have been kept very busy lately going day & night Dr Dodds not except ed. Measles and scarlet Fever have been the prevailing sickness With the last died pretty little Susy Wylie the youngest & sweetest of all Rebecca's children They take her death very hard All of them have had it and are just recovering Two of Prof Campbells died last week, Dodds was employed as their Dr Two of Joe Hendersons Battertons and others too numerous to mention it is also prevailing in the country Mary's children have all been sick with the measles, but none have taken the scarlet fever I am happy to say they have escaped. Mr Jenks one of the trustees you know from Terre Haute told Papy that a great many children there died with it. A most distressing death occured last saturday of a Mr Walker perhaps you knew him he was a stone mason by trade and a very industrious,

honest persevering man. He had been out working too hard, come in the house sit down by the bed, telling his wife he did not feel well laid his head upon the bed and out gushed a profusion of blood which soon put an end to his existence He had broken a blood-vessel which soon ended in bleeding to death His wife was so overcome at the sight that she soon fainted away and was with great difficulty brought too He was an Episcopalian I believe, at any rate he always went to hear Papy. He was buried Sunday Papy officiated and the Episcopal service read in the hearing of a great number for the funeral was a very large one, the largest I ever saw. Is there much sickness up your way? If so I pity the poor Drs for I do think it must be a very laborious self-denying life I hope it will come a good long healthy spell and then you can leave Quakerdom for a while and come down and pay us a visit, for it will soon be a year since you were here, and besides I want you to come down and get acquainted with our sweet little Yankee girls, the best at everything, that can possibly be found they are most excellent teachers, good musicians, fine housekeepers &c &c &c only come down and you will have no difficulty at all in choosing a wife O! it would do your ears good to hear them sing & play They both admire our piano very much, think it a very high brilliant tone. Last week, they with all their scholars, gave, a concert in the college which was most excellent. It is astonishing how quick they have learned all their scholars to sing All were dressed in white upon the rostrum with our piano which they borrowed for the occasion (for their own was out of tune) So to tell you the short and the long of it we had most delightful time "Everything was beauty to the eye and music to the ear" Now I must tell you for what purpose it was got up They want to buy an apparatus for the school, so they charged all the way to ten cents for admission making thereby \$30 which will be a good deal of help you know. All the little girls in town about Jennies age have improved most rapidly under their instruction What an advantage it would be to have a school mistress for a wife What do you think Old Sam Dunn & Mag Batterton were married last week, so that we will all have to quit plaquing Jennie Owens about him for the matter is settled at last. Cousin Mag Maxwell too is to be next week to a minister at Rockville Allen is the name I believe You must sympathise with us in our loss and more especially so will Liz I do not know how she can part with Mag M--for tis hard you know to part with those we love Your aff- sis Mag Write soon

Dear brother John

As Margaret was kind enough to let me write a few lines in her letter I thought I would do so. I have a great many things to tell you so I do not know hardly where to begin or end so I will begin and tell you about my school and our examination. I still go to Mrs Mcferon, but it is vacation now our vacation lasts 4 weeks it passes away very soon with me for I have nothing to do but play and romp our examination lasted too days and it come off pretty well so did our concert now I am going to tell you how many pretty little rabbits we have we have got 4 they are very pretty little things our dog found them up in the orchered one day. I have not got hardly any thing more to say for Margaret told you most everything so I must close my letter for it is most bedtime.

I remaine your affectionate sister.

Jane Wylie [age 10]

*Samuel T. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

Bear Grass Ky. May 30<sup>th</sup> [18]47

Dear Liz

You must regard it as an act of great condescension on my part to answer your letter within a month, as I believe it was more than twice that length of time before you deigned to take any notice of my last. However the ties of nature are stronger than the promptings of whim & I shall therefore for this time not act upon the system of retaliation. Since my last letter to you I have had a vacation of some 8 or 10 days, which I spent in taking a tour through the eastern part of this state. There is no bane so great to me as that of repetition, & as I have written a rather minute account of my trip, to both Mag & John you must be satisfied with a very general one. I left L[ouisville] on board the Cincin. mail boat intending to spend a day or two in C--, hoping to meet with father there & then intending to go up to Augusta & spend the rest of my time at Mrs Elliots. After starting I fell in conversation with a gentleman who was acquainted with the family & who told me Flurray was living 12 miles below Madison & that E-- had moved to Georgetown Ky. I had my landing changed & spent that night with Flurray. Just as I got off the boat, Mrs. Elliot & F's wife got on to go up to Madison--neither party recognizing the other. Flurray I believe always had the reputation of being the ugliest fellow at college, but he was beauty then to what he is now. When I first saw him he was on his wood boat, shabbily dressed -- without hat or hair (being bald) on his head. No description of ugliness that ever I have seen would give you an adequate conception of him unless it is one in Homer. And yet strange to say his wife is one of the prettiest women I ever saw. She was a Miss Pugh of Madison & some relation before her marriage. Verily Cupid is a blind God.

F-- rode up with me to Madison the next morning, where I saw his mother, who intending to start for home on Monday evening, persuaded (didn't take much) me to remain & go with her. While in Madison I saw all my old college acquaintances. I staid all night with Bob C-- & was quite delighted with his wife. B-- I think is rather more sober than he used to be, but I guess is not doing much. I took supper at Hendricks' & was utterly disgusted with the old lady. I could hardly find words to express the violent antipathy I felt for her at first sight & it increased to such a degree, that I actually felt as though I was breathing purer air when I got out of her sight. She was preparing to leave for Mexico. He had obtained a commission as captain or something of the kind. From his own account of himself he is a complete demagogue. I staid in Madison two days & was not sorry to leave it. I took passage with Mrs. Elliot for Frankfort on a fine boat plying up the far-famed Kentucky River--was much pleased with the trip & attracted by the scenery, though the latter did not equal my anticipations, which were very high. After arriving at Frankfort, the capital of the state, (& which by the by will have no comparison with Indianapolis in beauty) we immediately took stage for Georgetown, where Mrs E-- lives. Mrs E-- introduced me to the family as Mr. Gadbury from the South-- come to go to college--with whom she had fallen in at Madison &c&c. (By the way L-- you never make your &c's right, you always make them so -&&& - without the c). After sustaining my assumed name and character for about 15 minutes, Mrs E-- introduced me "in propria persona," much to the surprise of all the family. Then I--yes I--I who here in hospitable Kentucky have the reputation of being an old bachelor in disposition, although only 22--

mark only 22 years old--I actually kissed Miss Lizzie. Lizzie is rather on the Dutch order of

architecture, but as fresh & blooming as a rose bud. Jim has grown to be rather a handsome man & has the reputation of being smart. Elliot has not changed a particle. John is a great big spoiled boy. I staid at E's nearly a week & then took the stage for Lexington. On leaving Mr and Mrs E loaded me with kind messages to father and mother & with pressing invitations for them to come & see them. Lissie was the sweet-heart of my childhood & I was almost sorry that the predilections of early days did not find an echo in mature years. She is brim full of mischief, but has a kind & affectionate heart. By the way I forgot to tell you that when we got there it was midnight & they were all in bed but Mr E--. When we were ushered in the parlor all was dark as Egypt & Miss Lizzie hearing the fuss came running down--rushed into her mothers arms & was covering her with kisses--crying &c &c when she was electrified by the news that there was a stranger in the room, when she made so precipitate a retreat as almost to break her neck over the chairs. When she came back she had doffed her white bridal dress & flesh colored stockings for articles of dress more suitable to the company & occasion - I wonder if that was not the reason of my not falling in love with her. At Lexington I staid a day & night - saw all the old college boys - was delighted with the country &c. Henry Davis & Charley Thomas were very particular in their inquiries about father & desired to be remembered to him. Davis (Henry C) was particularly attentive. He is a kind hearted good fellow but is evidently throwing himself away with drink. He has become bloated. From Lexington I took the cars, which run 8 miles an hour, for Frankfort & thence home by stage.

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington, Dec<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1847

Dear Son:

I have not been in haste to reply to your last letter because I was--& am still--at a loss what to advise. You have certainly been long enough in Richmond to form some reasonable conjecture as to what your prospects there may be: and since you seem decided in the opinion that they are not such as to justify you in making a longer experiment; the next thing is to select a place to which you may go and to remove to it as quickly as possible. Should you go to Cincinnati or elsewhere you must of course arrange matters so as to go with credit. Your dues from delinquent patients, you can to some extent transfer to your creditors, and then the balance needed to square off accounts & to give you something to begin with I will try and furnish you with provided it should not be too great an amount. My salary reduced to \$1200 is barely sufficient to get along with: yet, on a pinch, I think by greater economy in some things, I could help you out of your present embarrassment. The Piano is now paid for and I have almost but not quite enough to pay my store-bills, so that by a great effort I could furnish you with, say \$150. or, if absolutely necessary twice that sum, which would be my whole quarter's salary, by the end of the present quarter ie the first of Feb.y--This I would do freely & cheerfully and with no other sort of reluctance than that which proceeds from the fear lest the relief might beget, to some extent, a disposition to depend on foreign aid, which is always injurious. In your case, disposed as you are to look sometimes too much at the dark side of things, there is, I am aware a danger on the other side, lest for want of a good lift at the time of need, you should sink under the burden. There is a

still greater danger. Persons not sufficiently employed are liable to a thousand temptations from which the busy are free: so deeply am I aware of this danger--I have seen so many ruined by it--that as you value your peace & comfort in life or your hopes hereafter, be "diligent in business," and

if your profession, after due trial, will not afford employment, then seek it in some other. You have many things which ought to give you a fair start in the world--a good education--an exterior not unprepossessing--you write a good sentence without effort-- your name (I may say it without a boast) is without the stain of dishonor:--but your mother says you chew tobacco excessively so as to have already injured your nervous system. -- Things are perfectly quiet now in the University & going on quite as prosperously as usual. It would be important for you, if you go to Cincinnati to practise to carry with you as many introductory letters as you can get, to men of influence. Mr Fiske, for instance, could give you one to Bishop McIlvaine.

All join in love to you.

Your afft father A W.

Dr J H Wylie

1848

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> --48

Dear Son.

I shall be entitled to 300 dollars this day and if it be on hand shall direct the half of it to be left in the hands of Judge Morrison for your use. It is given to you, not loaned— what folly in you to talk of a loan from me! --It is given to you as an extra with some 60 or 70 more which since your sickness you may remember you have received--given on the principle that requires us to help the unfortunate. I place it on this ground, having given you before at least as much as I am able to give my other children on their setting out in life. Still you will find the necessity of studying economy somewhat more than perhaps may suit your habits & taste

It appeared to me, from the tenor of your last letter, that you had not that sense of your dependence on Divine Providence which you ought always to cherish. Perhaps you talked rather confidently--not to say presumptuously--of what you were determined to be, that you might avoid the other extreme to which I had intimated that I thought you prone, despondency. Let it pass however. I do not wish to criticise: but I think I can instruct--the docile--who have less experience From much observation I subscribe to the exact truth of all that the Bible teaches on the uncertainty of human affairs the vanity of riches &c. Take a single instance Of the class with which I graduated W. Hendricks was the lowest in attainments & in circumstances as poor as any. He came to riches & honors, both which have been far from sources of comfort either to him or his family. In our country, of all the countries in the world, it is emphatically true that people cannot bear prosperity. And then what an awful consideration is that which Our Savior has so clearly & forcibly expressed in regard to riches, speaking of them as almost incompatible with the hope of heaven. What then is the course of wisdom. Certainly this, to serve God in the best use of the powers & time and opportunities He is pleased to grant & be contented with whatever He may allot.

Dodds has just got into his new house though not finished. Judge Otto is recovering slowly from a long & serious attack of first chills & then jaundice. There have been other cases of serious illness. We have been blessed with health. Sam. goes in a week or two or three to try his fortune in Cincinnati.

You'd better not send for your money till you hear from Judge Morrison as it is uncertain when we will have an opportunity to send for it. Some trouble among the students. Geo. Buskirk lately knocked down & with his heavy-booted foot kicked a student. Buskirk is a returned volunteer--is a Law student— we have his case under consideration. Such things are however small compared with the recent affair at Yale.

The rest join in love & good wishes to you. Your afft father

A Wylie

Dr John Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to Samuel T. Wylie, Cincinnati*

Bloomington, Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> 1848

Dear Son:

Mr Read informed me the night before you left that you had joined the Free Masons. I feel sorry for your sake as well as my own & for the sake of the family, it is so. You ought, before taking such a step to have consulted me. Whoever attaches himself to any society loses thereby a part of his liberty. I will not say that a secret society may not be necessary in some such state of things as existed in the time of the crusades when no man was safe who had not either power to command others or was not under the immediate protection of such. But in ordinary times there is no need of such reliances or alliances. I would not even belong to the church were it not a Divine institution. I know all the many things that are commonly urged in favor of such connexions & they are frivolous. I have known many who were seriously injured & none who were benefited by them. Among sober-minded people every where it is considered as detracting from a man's character to belong to a Lodge. – Read, who is well acquainted with Ohio, thinks that some one of the thriving country towns in the interior would offer better prospects to you than Cincinnati, principally for that reason that Cin<sup>ti</sup> being the Queen City is resorted to by adventurers from all sides, so that competition has reduced wages in the professions to the lowest point. Should you think it advisable to go to Columbus you would call on Henry Stansburt – or –berry who was a student at Washington under my care, He is eminent as a lawyer & would no doubt be glad to do you a favor. At New Ark you would find your uncle the Rev<sup>d</sup> Wm Wylie, Dr R.G. Wilson & Rev<sup>d</sup> Jno Rea of Cadiz & Rev<sup>d</sup> James Rowland of Mansfield are friends of mine & would receive you with kindness were you to be thrown in their way. Mansfield of Cin Editor of the Chronicle & Prof. Mitchell of the Observatory are friendly but my acquaintance with them is too slight to justify me in giving you a letter of introduction. I have preached two or three times in the Church (called Christ's, I think) & I suppose you would on that account be admitted to an acquaintance with any of them except with a Mr Rose & not much even with him. – I have never said any thing to you about “joining the church” as it is called because it is a matter which though of vast importance, is secondary to that great concern which is private between you & your Creator Lawgiver & Judge, of which you have heard me say much, & which I fear you may be tempted by the anxieties which press upon one just setting out in life as you are, to put off. Be assured there is no wisdom better than that which directs us to “seek first the kingdom of heaven & the righteousness thereof.” Think of this. Settle on it in your mind. Ponder it well, and act upon it. – I forgot to mention among the names mentioned above those of Prof. Scott who has received sundry acts of kindness from me & the kind-hearted old Dr Bishop. They would both be glad to see you and be ready to give you any little attention should you fall in their way. It has often been said & the saying is true that “manners make the man.” Success in life depend fully as much if not more upon them than upon talents. I have no right to prescribe on such a subject where I myself excell not at all. Yet I have often regretted that a natural & excessive bashfulness kept me in youth from studying many of those easy & agreeable & innocent arts which render one pleasing and acceptable at the cost of so little trouble. – If you stay in the city & indeed wherever you may go there are certain cautions which I am exceedingly anxious to impress upon you the necessity of observing. The first respects company. A man, a young man especially is judged by

the company he keeps. Much company is bad any how. But the idle, the dissolute, the vain & the prophane shun as you would the plague. The next respects amusements. Cards dice & even chess are improper. They are no amusements to such as are much at their books. They do not exercise the body enough. And some of them are so intimately connected with gambling that they in fact always, or, at any rate generally, lead to it. Never seek to know how to play cards, nor allow yourself on any occasion, to be enticed to take part in a game. The same advice I give on the subject of the Theatre. It is the resort of whores knaves & pick-pockets, and in short of all those hardened & licentious villains which swarm in our cities. Next as to expenses. The difference between being always pinched & in want -- & the comparative independence which is attended with so many comforts – arises in most cases not from how much or how little comes in but upon what goes out. Franklin beginning life in Phil<sup>a</sup> a perfect stranger and with but a shilling in his pocket is a noble example. Next as to talking: cultivate the habit of using your ears more than your tongue. It is saying little to say that one should say nothing but the truth: for it is not often that any one knows what is the truth in the most of those cares wherein the talking busy themselves. No evil should be said of any one at any time unless there is a necessity for it, and as to such as are perpetually finding fault with every thing & every body, they are hated and shunned by all prudent persons. It is important for society that vice be reprov'd: but the aged & such as from their office are bound to do it, should be left to discharge this very unpleasant duty. The young are seldom tolerated in good society who manifest a fondness for censure or detraction. Lastly beware of entering much into those ways of spending time with those of the other sex who pass for belles. Flirtations, pick-nick parties, balls, & other gay parties are not suited to – any one indeed – but least of all to such as are in your circumstances. Be a conscientious observer of the sabbath and let it be known that this is a day to be spent in a religious manner. You see how the Wises here do. They have been brought up to consider Sunday as a day to be employed in feasting & visiting. I have thought it best to [?] it in them for a while, but so far as our house is concerned I am determined to put a stop to it. Worship public & private devotional readings of the bible the Prayer-book & such like, with meditation & selfexamination should fill up that sacred day I have taken the earliest spare moment since you left us to put you in mind of the above reflections. They are not the result of any policy of any kind. They are the truth No one can neglect them & be happy. What leads to vice is vice – vice in the form of folly. That you should take care of your health by Exercise & Temperance & Fresh Air is another caution which I pray you not to neglect. But after all “it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps” I desire to therefore close this letter by a remark in which every other good counsel, who has the right to rule, we may be sure of His blessing. In that is comprehended every thing. A Dieu

Your affectionate father

A Wylie

All join in love to you

*[Addressed to Sam'l T. Wylie Esqr  
Cincinnati  
Ohio*

*Postmarked Bloomington Ind. Mar 2, 5 cents*

*In the collection of James & Marguerite Faber of Bloomington, Indiana]*

*Samuel T. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cincinnati Ohio May 13, 1848

Dear Liz,

I have just finished the perusal of your characteristic letter. As usual, you have been a long time delaying its execution, but now that it has come, it makes up for lost time. There is always a vast hiatus between the reception of your letters, but that wooly foolscap sheet of yours extends from shore to shore. There was a saying which was coming into vogue at B-- when I left that will apply to all your letters. When anything was done or said well, the boys would say, "there's hair on that." I can apply this to your letter literally. If such a thing is possible, I think it came out of a lot of paper which was manufactured from old wool hats. Since I have been in Cincinnati, I have spent my time contentedly and happily. I feel sure of success and fancy I can see it dawning upon me already. [text missing] of my Bloomington [text missing] sympathise with me [text missing] I hope and believe [text missing] me than my friends have ever given me credit for. If it is there it shall come out, if not, I will know that also. I have the last week received my first fees as a lawyer - amounting to eighteen or twenty dollars. I will tell you how I secured one of them, although at the time I did not dream I was doing myself a good turn at the same time that I was doing another a favor. Yet reason and revelation ought to have told me so. I was invited to a party at a Mr Campbell's (a merchant of the city and a cousin of aunt Ellen) where I met a poor young man to whom I had been introduced a few days before by Mr [Alexander H.] McGuffey. I learned from McG that he was a man of merit & great modesty. He was invited to the party and when he came in made rather an awkward figure by reason of his backwardness. Seeing his situation I came to his rescue by introducing him & helping him out in conversation. The next day I received from him my first fees as a lawyer. This morning he came to me with business again. This has taught me a lesson which I hope to [text missing] by. The same evening & at the [text missing] I was agreeably surprised [text missing] [Aunt] Ellen [Ritchie]. She had arrived in the city the day before from New Orleans & they had not told me, in order that I might have an agreeable surprise. Cousin Lib [Ritchie] and her husband came up three days ago. He returned almost immediately. Lib and Aunt will remain here this summer. I do think they are two of the best women in the world; and Lib is a perfect beauty. She looks like a rose bud in the dew of the morning, lit up by the first rays of the sun. She is a perfect picture of smiling and beautiful happiness. Uncle John will be up about the first of next month--remain a short time and then go on east. You must write to them and urge them to make you a visit. I was coming down [the] street yesterday and met Aunt Lib, and nearly all the other ladies of my acquaintance in front of one of the fine city saloons, just going in to treat themselves to ice creams, cakes &c. Of course they took me in as one of the party and I spent one happy hour. Mrs Ammen is boarding in the city and of course I see her every day or two. She always receives me with greater kindness and attention than any other of her friends and of course I have become very much attached to her. Manda evidently has something preying upon her spirit. I think she has determined to break off the match. Mrs. Yeatman gave me a hint that something of the kind was in the wind. I go out there frequently of course & always find a most hearty welcome. Indeed it is quite a job for me to get away, when I once get there. I heard from John the other day and was rejoiced to learn that he had in all probability at last established himself in his profession. He has formed a partnership

with Vaile. For the first twenty months, he is to have one third of the profits and share one third of the expenses. After that he is to be a full partner. Now that his prospects are brightening, he says he begins to open his eyes upon the fair daughters of Eve and thinks of choosing himself one from among the number. He wants to know if I have found any in Cincinnati that I could recommend to his particular regard. I fear I shall have to answer him in the negative. I don't think I have found a girl in Cincinnati who combines the three requisites of a good heart, a good head and a good face. What a description Carry gives of little Andy? I sent a note to Andy by a friend who was going East, letting him know I had a local habitation and hoped sometime to have a name in this fair Queen of the West, but have as yet received no answer. I think he is quite churlish about writing to his relatives. It pains me to the very bottom of my heart to hear of Mary's troubles & of the Dr's difficulty of getting along in the world, but he is so good a man that I place great reliance upon the experience of David, that he had never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread. I did not know what to make of that note you sent me, at first, but afterwards recollected that when a school boy I had been elected a member of the B.O.P. [Greek letters] society, without any solicitation on my part. After being elected I went over to see (as father Ritchie says) what I should see & found a batch of very clever fellows collected. After the meeting they asked me what I thought of their secret literary society. I told them they were certainly a very clever set of literary young men, but that I thought it strange they should endeavor to keep it from being known. The fact is Liz that all such things are only to be laughed at. They will do to amuse young men with and to make the vulgar stare with wonder, but the wise will turn away with a laugh & with contempt.

I hardly need say what a favor I consider it to get a [missing] from father - Many thanks for his last.

Remember me to The[ophilus Wylie] - and tell him he may consider this as a letter which he asked me to write to him & answer it accordingly if he chooses. Give my best love to Mary & all the rest of the family & believe [text missing].

*Fragment of a letter from Judge David McDonald, Bloomington, to Samuel T. Wylie, Cincinnati*

....say or think "I cant do this or that". You can do any thing.

They can conquer who believe they can.

You may think your present efforts poor-- so does every beginner, who has any sense. In nothing do modest young men err more, than in the attempt to estimate what they may become. I declare to you that if I had, when I began the law, had any idea that I should ever be able to reach the point where I now stand (low as it is) I might have easily reached a much higher point. I had been in the profession more than 7 years before I had any idea what I could do. Therefore during that time, I did not try - I hadnt enough ambition--enough confidence in myself. Let me warn you against this. I think there is no danger of your running into the other extreme of conceit. Read-learn some law every day. Be not satisfied with looking once at a point; look at it till you are sure you are right. Never let a client say of you, "he has neglected my business". Never show impatience towards him. Be not satisfied with understanding a branch of law as well as other lawyers do. Understand it better. Be prompt--Be courteous--above all things, as the sine qua non

[something absolutely essential] to eminence at the Bar, be punctilliously honorable.

When you take a notion to get a wife, go about it prudently as a careful lawyer goes about bringing a suit -- see that there is not only a good chance to recover, but something worth recovering, and be sure you look well to this before you fall in love; for after that catastrophe, you will not be competent to judge. Love, (as some one says of "false eloquence")

Like the prismatic glass,

Its gaudy colors spreads o'er every place.

And remember this, that a young lawyer, with a good education, a good character, good health, and a good prospect of success in his profession, is entitled to a wife possessing not only all the usual accomplishments of beauty, sweetness of temper, virtue, good housewifery, intelligence, and fashionable accomplishments, but also such a fortune as will raise a poor d---l above pecuniary embarrassment.\*

And thus have I played Mentor towards you--a thing which I could not have been induced to do, had not your letter encouraged and invited it.

Truly yrs

D. McDonald

\*I dont mean to have you discard love, but only that you have an object worth loving. I mean that a good profession is equal to \$20,000 capital, which you bring into the concern, and that the lady, in order to entitle her to half the profits, ought to be able to put into the partnership an equal sum.

I forgot to thank you for your attention to my business at Cincinnati, or to say that your relatives here are well.

Appendix. The word fist, used in the foregoing letter to mean an impudent little dog, and pronounced with the i long, I cant find in Walker. If there is no such word in English, there ought to be.

***John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Richmond June 4<sup>th</sup> 1848

Dear Father

After leaving you so early in the morning & so unceremoniously, I reached Indianapolis about half past three in the evening; making quite a quick trip of it, but an exceeding hard one for my poor flesh & bones were sadly bruised by the continual jolting & jamming of the miserable vehicle, worse than a cart. By reason of several courts being in session & well as the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, I found it impossible to get a room at any public place in the city & was under the necessity of sponging on my friends to that extent. I witnessed the Masonic Celebration procession &c and was entirely disgusted with the whole concern more especially by the lame defense of Masonry by the orator for the day -- He said among other absurd things that he "had not understood or appreciated the bible till he had become a Mason," and further "that it was impossible to understand portions of it, without the aid of Masonry." He is a Churchman & a minister of the Gospel!! I think his name is Foster-- I was surprised to see Judge Morrison in the procession. I called at Morrison's & gave him your message, did not see much of him as he

appeared to be constantly engaged -- His house was full of Todds as it usually is & I did not stay about there much -- Heard of our folks, they made but a short stay.

I left them on thursday after supper traveled all night reached here next morning & got right into business & difficulty -- The first night after my arrival was called to see a woman who had been consulted over & thought to be dying. I relieved her of great suffering in five minutes by removing a difficulty which was most unaccountably overlooked by her physicians -- The Drs were turned off -- & the whole town set to talking & I think I have secured the good will & patronage of the whole connexion & they are worth having. My health is not quite so good a little more cough than I had at home.

I have a call just now and the mail starts soon.

Love to all. -- Aunt Abbie I have not forgotten you--I shall send you a letter in a few days.

Yours affectly

J. H. Wylie

A. Wylie D D.

***Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Bloomington 25<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1848

Dear Son

A letter lately rec<sup>d</sup> from Sam. states that you had wounded your fingers in dissecting a corpse & had thus received the infection of the disease of which the man had died. This has filled us with alarm and the principal object I have in writing you now is to know what the state of the case is. You will therefore write immediately or get some one else to write, in case you are not able.

My horse, as I suppose you have heard fell down a bank with me, being frightened to phrenzy at an ox-team which I was trying to pass. My left shoulder was sadly crushed but, though not well yet, I hope to recover.

Abigail Ritchie is with us having come with Theophilus in his return from the east. Red. & An. & Jane go to school. Jane takes 'Rene's' place at the Piano and learns fast. Family affairs go on as usual. The University also. As to things in town there is nothing strange except the death of poor McKinney who hung himself a few days ago at Rockville. It is whispered that the marriage of Miss McPherson to Wilson was the occasion: and also that there is a streak of in[sanity] running in the blood of his family. Of the marriage of Amanda Maxwell to the Rev<sup>d</sup> Hughs you have heard I suppose. The connexion it is said are much pleased. During my confinement to my room in the vacation owing to the hurt I received I made out to use my right hand--that side being uninjured--in putting down my thoughts from day to day on paper upon sundry subjects which I used to touch upon in my introductory lecture to the students. Thus I beguiled the sense of pain through the day The time passed less heavily; and the result was 126 half-pages of foolscap written over. Had I the opportunity of a publishing establishment at hand I believe I would put it to press. In that way I might perhaps enlarge a little my sphere of usefulness which here is more cramped in some respects than I could desire. I have lately received from a very respectable quarter in the east an intimation that the Diocese ought to make

me its Bishop. I once hinted to you that the thing might be, if I desired it, & that I did not think it proper for me to consent to be clothed with the office. I am fully convinced of this, & therefore whenever the matter comes up, say so emphatically. You have been apprized, no doubt, of Andrew's removal to Washington City. I approve of this: as the air of Pittsburg is not healthful. To me, at least, it would be intolerable. My great fear for him is that the expensive & shewy ways of life to which Caroline has been accustomed and her taste for it will keep him in trouble all his days to provide the means of supporting so much extravagance--as I think it. The folly is great--and it is surely & sorely punished wherever it is cherished--of thinking to compete with the gay world in such things. It is so especially in such as are not born to a fortune--

As to your going to New York &c I know not what to say. It might do well enough if you had the means. But these you have not nor can I furnish them, nor indeed any further pecuniary aid than what I have given you already unless I were to resort to measures which nothing but a case of the most urgent necessity would justify. It is true as you say that a country physician is no great thing in the world. His labor is great & compensation not great and he has no extended celebrity. Yet a country physician may be a very useful man--and I note that a man's usefulness is the true measure of his respectability: and generally speaking it is also the measure of his happiness. Generally speaking: for there are cases where a man may and ought to sacrifice his happiness in this world for the cause of Truth & Right in other words for the benefit of the Race. This however requires the spirit of the martyr. The two Martins [Samuel and William] have compelled me to think of this matter. Had they and their intendeds the true spirit of martyrdom I dare not say a word against their project of going to China as missionaries. But this I doubt and yet I do not like to interpose my veto, & know not whether it would avail if I should. Were I unmarried & thought it my duty to go a missionary to a heathen land I am sure I should never think of taking a wife with me as our missionaries do.

There are a couple of youngsters here from Connersville named Claypool. According to their accounts that must be a flourishing town. I mention this that you might if it should ever be convenient pay it a visit. But you can yourself best judge of this & such like things. -- Give my respects to all about you who may inquire of my welfare. Abigail joins with the family in love to you. Excuse this mutilated sheet. I remain your anxious and affectionate father

A Wylie

*William Wylie, Newark, Ohio, to Samuel T. Wylie, Cincinnati*

Newark 28<sup>th</sup> Nov, 1848

Dear Nephew,

Your kind letter has often given me pleasure although I have been long (beyond intention) long in answering it. When it came I could not answer it immediately, & this has been the case at least generally when it came into my mind. I hope your effort in commencing a friendly correspondence will soon be renewed again, & I hope on my part it will be kept up. Having no brother on the earth but your father it is but reasonable that he & his family should be dear to me. And truly they are so. And the more so as both he and I have approached the fixed limits of all earthly relationships.

My dear Samuel, I truly desire your present & everlasting welfare. I hope as a Lawyer you are well acquainted with your bible, for no lawyer can be eminent in his profession without that knowledge which this book alone gives. Without the information of this one book man is ignorant of his origins, his nature--the design of his existence, his relations, his duties, his rights, his obligations, the immense importance of his existence & his certain glorious or dreadful destiny. I hope you not only prize this volume as a treasure of immense professional worth but as the treasure of divine truth & life "a lamp to your path & light to your feet." Doing so the God of heaven "will guide you by his council & then receive you to his glory."

I was lately in Wheeling & felt no little disappointed in not meeting with your sister Irene & the more so as I heard her highly spoken of & learned that she wished much to see me. She was then at Pittsburgh on a visit to Andr. before his removal to Washington. When you see her remember me kindly to her & tell her I would be glad to see her or hear from her -- Remember me affectionately to your father & mother & every branch of their family--

Your affectionate  
Uncle -- Wm Wylie

Samuel T. Wylie Esqr

1849

*Andrew Wylie to Joseph Bell, Wheeling, Virginia. (Original letter owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Faber of Bloomington)*

Bloomington, Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> 1849.

Dr Sir:

Yours of the 10th, received last night, I hasten to answer.

Please tell Irene that I shall send her some money by Mr McCalla who will start for Phil<sup>a</sup> on wednesday next. By him Abigail & some others of the family will write.

As to the subject of your letter, you have infered a favorable answer from the way in which I lay my commands upon you in this. But not to leave it to inference, but to speak plainly, as you do in your letter (from which, as well as from other sources of information, I form a favorable opinion of your good sense) you have my consent to conduct the matter of negotiation with Irene as you & she think best. Your character is not unknown to me, & from the tenor of a letter not long since sent to her mother by Irene, I infer that--as to the issue of the treaty pending between you, I should leave the matter to be settled between you. If there is an union of affection, let there be an union of hands.

We are all well.

Very respectfully yours &c  
A Wylie

Mr Joseph Bell.

*Margaret "Maggie" Wylie to Andrew & Margaret Wylie, Bloomington*

(No date or inside address)

Beloved Parents You will no doubt be somewhat surprised on reading the contents of this letter to find I am seriously thinking upon a very important subject, It is no new thing with either myself or Samuel. Last winter it was a subject of meditation and prayer and still continues to be. The question is what is our duty as ministers and stewarts of the household of Christ Whether we would best serve the interest of his kingdom in this country or in a heathen land. In this country you know dear Papy we have an abundance, yes a super-abundance of preaching, besides if we had none, we have the Bible and thousands of other means of instruction in truth we have line upon line precept upon precept until the great truths of the gospel sound in the ears of many dull, careless and inattentive hearers like a "twice told tale" Now let us look at the other side of the picture at the lands of heathen darkness and superstition What has God said in regard to those perishing millions who are yet without the Gospel and its many privaleges and blessings. "How can they hear without a preacher" Without faith it is impossible to please God" Our Saviour saith "Except ye believe in me ye shall all likewise perish "Go ye into all the world and preach the

gospel to every creature" The hearvest truly is great but the laborers are few" pray ye therefore the Lord of the hearvest to send forth Laborers into the hearvest. Is it not especially the duty of every Minister to consider this subject seriously and prayerfully and ask himself if it is not my duty to be an ambassador for Christ "We are not our own, but we are bought with a price even the incorruptable price of the son of God". Did not our Saviour leave us an example that we should follow Did he go about to do good among the poor and needy or among the rich and opulent. By rich and opulent you will understand me to mean not only in possessing the goods of this world but those possessing the light and means of instruction which we enjoy did he not much rather go to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" Is it not plainly the duty of professing Christians to strive to obey in all things the commands of our Savior The reason why the poor heathen are groping in darkness and left to perish, eternally perish is that the whole Church have been sleeping. My constant prayer shall be that She awake out of sleep for now it is high time to awake to a fulfilment of duty. We are living under a new dispensation, this is not the age of miracles, or the infancy of the Church when God saw it proper to give supernatural power to those who went to preach the glad tidings of salvation to ignorant, benighted beings as the heathen were and still are. We then are not to expect supernatural endowments when we go to the destitute heathen Father and Mother if a poor sick man and a rich one were to come to your door asking alms, to which of them would you most feel like giving. so it is in regard to what is our duty as it respects those who have the light and those who are still without, and who will ever be until Christians of all Denominations be awake to their duty -- When may we expect the millineum if we all live at this poor dying rate. Should not we manifest the same interest for extending the kingdom of Christ, that worldly men do to get rich, they will go to the far ends of the Earth to gain a few paltry sums and shall we exhibit less earnestness and zeal in our Masters cause? than they who exhibit such zeal for an incomparably less object. The one seeketh the perishing things of this world, the other the everlasting possessions of an eternal world Our Saviour in teaching the worth of the immortal soul asketh What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul. The immortal soul! who can tell its worth?, when I think of the subject,--how overwhelming! How incomprehensible its worth! The heathen have souls as well as we and shall we not have pity upon them, and give them the glorious light of the gospel? We ought to love their souls as well as we do our own. What ought we to live for? A. To do good How then can we do most good? Most certainly by doing all in our power to benefit the immortal soul of our fellow beings. How many are willing to stay at home, and enjoy ease and abundance and pray "thy kingdom come" and yet do nothing for the spread of the gospel at home or abroad. The Lord deliver me from such inconsistency You may perhaps think it is through persuasion I am led to think of devoting myself to the service of the Lord in a heathen country, but no it is not through the persuasion of any one but from convictions of duty. Are you not then willing I should go? When I joined the Church did I not consecrate myself entirely to Christ? For his honor and glory I desire to live and the great question is how I can best promote his cause upon Earth Where in the Bible is woman excluded from doing all in her power by precept and example or in whatever way she can to extend the kingdom of Christ upon Earth. I believe the Bible every word of it and in order that others may have it we must go and we must give, and we must make many sacrifices, and much self denial before this great work can be done. The greatest good is done by going and having the Bible printed in the heathen language. Now I have no confidence in my arm of flesh I feel that of myself I can do nothing, my faith is in God alone who can make use of the feeblest instrument in publishing the glad tidings of salvation. By the

grace of God I feel willing and desirous to go to far distant climes where the sound of the gospel is never heard. Where millions are perishing for lack of knowledge. And shall we be so selfish as not to impart a knowledge of salvation to those who are eternally perishing for lack. God forbid. There are many and great reasons why we should go. We are young, we have no aged & helpless Parents to take care of, we have sound minds & bodies, we have above all the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. To be sure there are many and great difficulties, but what great undertaking is without? Is not the work of the Lord a great work and is it not to be done in a Heathen as well as Christian country? Admit the language to be very difficult Has not God promised "as thy day is so shall thy strength be Should we not hope to overcome every difficulty because is not the "Lord our helper" He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep"--As the mountains are around about Jerusalem so am I around about my people forever" "many and great are the promises and that my soul knoweth right well"

Please write immediately Your aff. daughter  
Maggie

PS Tell Rene I got her letter day before yesterday

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington June 9<sup>th</sup> 1849

Dear Son:

When about ten miles from Terre Haute this day a week ago where I had an appointment to preach next day I stopped to rest awhile under an inviting shade. It was warm & Sal seemed fagged. She fell to browsing on the bushes & to aid her in taking a refreshing bite I pulled the bit out of her mouth, slipping the bridle behind her ears intending to stand in front of her till we got cool. But she seemed so quiet that my vigilance was abated & stepping off a step or two to look at something I know not what, she started, & soon was in full flight. Providence so ordered that Elizabeth had presence of mind to jump out of the tail of the buggy before Sal had got to her utmost speed. So she escaped without any serious injury. Sal ran on to a house a mile or so on & there kicked herself loose from the buggy making it look like a wreck. To go back for Elizabeth--to get Sal--mount— with a womans saddle (a man's not being to be had)--to ride on to Hussey's six miles for another buggy--go back again for Elizabeth & then return to Hussey's, made it night. Next morning we rode in early to Terre Haute in Hussey's buggy, & he came after on Sal. The services of the day almost exhausted my remaining strength. On monday, assisted by Edwards I returned to the scene & brought to town the shattered buggy. By wednesday noon it was repaired, & we started homeward, where we arrived safe & found all well on thursday evening. I have given you this narrative which may suggest some useful reflections & this resolution. Never to trust a horse however gentle. Sal thought herself free when the bit was out of her mouth: hence her conduct. And I had my mind occupied with gloomy thoughts, & so had not my wits about me or I should have made the above reflection beforehand. These gloomy thoughts were brought on by the intemperate mirth & laughter which rang in our house so incessantly on the late occasion depriving me of sleep almost entirely. I am no enemy to rational & innocent hilarity

especially on festive occasions, but when indulged in to excess so as to exclude every thing serious, it is calculated to produce impressions on thoughtful minds, all thoughtful minds such as I know it did on mine. Many things I could not keep out of my thoughts which ill-assorted with incessant & immoderate laughter. Of these your case was one. When you first presented yourself, your sunken eye and cough told me you were in danger. This impression was on my mind all the time. It was, I perceived, a disagreeable subject to you, & therefore I did not often alude to it. But now since, as your letter received last night informs us, your health is not so good, my opinion is that you should come home and be nursed here, till you get better or at least till you be put on a way of recovery. Your mother thinks you should consult a Dr Hall of Cincinnati and Fitch or Fisk of New York. I know little of medicine. But I know that as a rational being you ought to look your case full in the face calmly & steadily & be willing to contemplate it in all its bearings. In the ordinary course of things I have not long to live. But when the old die, it is not to be so much lamented as when the young are cut down in the dawn of their usefulness. It is a duty you owe to yourself and to us & the world to take all reasonable care that your life, which I fear is in danger, may be prolonged. If what I have suggested about coming home should appear to you the best plan--not for making a living or rising in your profession--but for regaining your health then let me entreat you to come home, and we will each one in his & her place do all we can to accomplish this so desirable an object. We have fresh milk--good water--shady groves--a buggy--Sal--a quiet house--now--at least if you come home I will be able to make it quiet--in short we have though not all the restoratives that we could wish we have more of them than you can have where you are. Abbe's health is greatly improved since she came among us: and I think yours would be. Shake off, then, all other thoughts, I entreat you, than what concerns your own state and act as you think best. At any rate do not turn away from the subject till it forms itself upon your attention. If it is to issue in death--I wish to speak plainly--why not so think of & prepare for death that it may not be hard to leave the world when death comes. He is not prepared to enjoy life who has reason to fear death We are then only in condition to be happy when we are ready for every contingency. But death is a fixed event. It is contingent only as to the time. The true way is therefore to be always ready. Mr Dunn was buried the day I got home. It was unexpected. This spring & summer he was in better health than for many years--went out on the farm & took hold of the plough as when he was young--which is thought indeed to have aggravated the disease under which he had long been suffering.

We received by the same mail which brought yours, letters from our friends of the wedding-parties. They had arrived at their homes safe.

I expect to be at Convention, Inds [Indianapolis], on the 28. Possibly on the day before: as they urge me to deliver an Address to the young ladies of the Seminary on the 27. But I have not yet made up my mind to undertake that task.

All unite with me in the principal matter of this long letter, & in assurances of concern & affection.

Yours  
A Wylie

Dr J. H. Wylie

No time to punctuate or correct.

*John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond June 15<sup>th</sup> 1849

Dear Father

Your kind long letter is just received & although somewhat sorrowful & melancholy in its character it is on that account more acceptable to me, as agreeing with the tenor of my own reflections for the last few days. Since I last wrote you my health has failed even more, so much so that for the last three or four days I have been unable to attend to business & have been most of the time in bed. But I am some better now, but can't tell how long that may continue. This has been the subject of much of my thought & I have considered the possibility nay the probability of dying before the lapse of many years or days & if such must be my fate I trust that I may be able in my last hours, to bow to it submissively & serenely as becometh one who, at least at times, has considered the end to which he hasteneth.

I have sometimes thought it would not be as hard for me to die as it is with some My life has not been a happy one Circumstances have not conspired to wed me much to the world -- Prosperity hath not shown upon me nor lifted me up, nor yet has sorrow cast me down But still I have perhaps no good reason for complaint. I have yet a good comfortable house to which I can retire--have kind friends & dear relatives to whom I am much attached & who are always ready with every mark of kindness -- Since I have been sick--that home with its shady groves, cool & balmy breezes, good milk butter &c with Abby to nurse me and therest of you to care for me, with Jane's sweet song "Tis home where the heart is" have dwelt in my thoughts by day, in my dreams by night.

I have had a long talk with my partner & he thinks it best for me to quit business until my health shall be regained and after deliberately weighing the matter (and although the idea is a bitter one) I have concluded that I must give up all ideas of business -- as my health now is I can't work & of course I had better nurse myself. So that I shall accept your kind invitation; & should I be able to travel & should the roads continue good you may look for me the last of next week. (I shall not go however should any great change for the better take place in my health.)

The Cholera is much on the increase in Cin. [Cincinnati] & I have felt uneasy about Sam. I think he should go home & I wrote to him to that effect -- George Fiske lost his only son, during my absence, of scarlet fever--thinks that had I been here it might have been saved.

I think you are rather unfortunate in buggy driving & fortunate too in coming off unhurt -- It has learnt Sal a bad trick I fear--

Give my love to all

affectly your son  
John

Rev A Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloom<sup>n</sup> June 20<sup>th</sup> --49

Dear Son:

Since your attack of pleurisy more than two years ago you have not been out of my thoughts scarce a moment. Should you be called away by this visitation, I know of no words to express my feelings better than those of David for Absalom. Not that you have been like Absalom. No: you have been a dutiful son -- But enough on this strain. God knows what is best for us. The event is in his hands. Still it is our duty to take all the care to prolong life that we can. For this reason I think you ought to come home. Mr Fiske will be coming to Indianapolis to Convention. It meets on the 28. I hope to be there a day sooner to deliver an Address on the 27th. I have just written to Sam. stating these things and advising him to come home. On receiving your letter my first impulse was to go for you at once. But when I reflected that my buggy has no top and on other circumstances of the case I thought it best to advise you as above. Fail not to write or get some one else to write of your state by each mail. We are in usual health. though your mother had a chill and fever after it the other day. My health with the labors and cares that are upon me would fail were it not that I sweat at the hoe every day.

God bless you my dear afflicted son

A. Wylie

Dr. John H. Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, care of Rev'd G. Fiske, Richmond, Indiana*

Indianapolis June 30<sup>th</sup> [1849]

D<sup>r</sup> Son

Had the roads weather & my health been better, I would have gone to Richmond from the Convention with a view to your case. As I am weak from the effects of a diarrhea, which, however, has now nearly left me, & as the roads are bad & the weather, I have concluded to return home on monday. Your mother & the rest of the family are exceedingly anxious that you should come home & be nursed.-- So, indeed am I. But yet there are considerations on the other side not to be overlooked. Were you at home, & nothing to do, your mind would turn in & prey upon itself. And it would be difficult for you to get into any train of thought which would give your mind a healthy action. With this view of the matter Mr Fiske concurs: In short, let me earnestly entreat you to look upon this event (I mean your sickness) as being, on the part of God, sent for a gracious purpose--sent to teach you your dependance on Him; to call off your desires from earthly things & to turn them into the channel of pious resignation, Faith & Hope & a Divine Charity. The message had not been sent had you not needed it. You were in danger greater than common & it required a greater means than common to rescue you. You were, though you may not have perceived it, beloved by the family & by almost every body. Your talents and personal appearance were more in your favor than is common with young men. In your case also there was a native modesty which spoke in your favor. Nothing was wanting to encourage & justify

ambitious aspirations. You probably felt these too strongly. This I infer from the fact that, as you say, your life has not been a happy one. There were many things in your life, I mean as to its circumstances calculated to render it happy compared with the most. Compared with what was mine it was highly prosperous & fortunate. Through the whole course of my youth up to manhood I was acquainted with privation labor & hardship. By teaching at intervals, first in the primary school, then in one of a higher grade then in an Academy then as tutor in college I gained the scanty means which enabled me with the most rigid economy to complete my education. You were brought up in ease and affluence compared with the state in which I was placed. If outward circumstances were able to give happiness you would have been happy, as happy certainly as the most favored & fortunate. But they are not. Of this I am quite sure that happiness is in the mind. And of this I am also sure that He who said “Come unto me all ye that are weary & heavy-laden & I will give you rest,” can confer true happiness to the mind. He by his teaching puts the mind at ease by satisfying its Essential Wants and placing it above its Enemies. See Mr Fiske. He is happy in the religion of Christ with nothing almost but this to make him so. And indeed this is one of the marks of truth which every thinking person must perceive in the religion of Christ that it is suited to the wants of our moral nature & that it gives to this moral nature a noble aim & exercise. If, then, my Dear Son, this visitation of your Heavenly Father be sanctified as a means of detaching your desires so far from worldly objects of pursuit as that they shall no longer be regarded as necessary to your happiness--no longer adhered to & loved with an idolatrous affection--no longer put in the place of God but only sought from Him & in humble submission to His Holy will--if, I say this present visitation be so blessed to you and improved by you as to have this effect, you will have reason to thank God forever & ever for sending it & should it please Him in whose hand our life & breath are to remove you by means of it out of this world your surviving friends will not have cause to mourn as those who have no hope. Mean time I desire you would make use of the best means that you can for the restoration of your health. Of medicine I know but little, & in truth I have little confidence in its power in such cases as yours. Diet & exercise in the proper time & degree with your naturally vigorous constitution & temperate habits may effect a cure. While with us at home I observed a tendency to inertia--indolent ways I will not call them for indolence is in the mind. Your languor had its origin in the body. Still the effort of mental energy rousing itself may drive off the torpor of the body. But while I hope you will take regular exercise every day when the weather is favorable I would protest most earnestly against your exposing yourself to the night air [or] want of your necessary rest. I am in hopes that by using your strength & not abusing it, you will gain more & more & that the degree of engagement & interest you will feel in the performance of your professional duties (so far as you may feel it prudent to engage in them) may be of use as a wholesome stimulus to the mind. But for this single consideration I should agree with your mother & the rest of the family in the propriety of your coming home. -- This is Sunday morning & I must now cease teasing you & prepare for the public duties of the day. I have written you no news. That you can learn from Mr Fiske:

Praying continually--not for your recovery--that may not be on the whole best for you--that will be best which will be most for your eternal salvation--but that God would have you in his holy keeping & prepare you for his Eternal Kingdom, I am

Your affect father

A Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr., Alexandria, District of Columbia*

Bloomington

Sept 2<sup>d</sup> 1849

My Dear Bereaved Children:

So, by the black-marked newspaper arrived yesterday, I learn you are. It is easy to talk for those who feel not. But I feel with you both, & know not how to talk. And yet it may do you some good to know that the stroke is felt even at this distance. To submit is what we are, in such cases, forced to. What concerns us most is to derive from the event the instruction it was intended to impart. In this I may possibly assist you. Where is your child? Can you get an answer from any other source than “the Gospel of the grace of God,” which can bring comfort to your stricken hearts? No. Then your duty is to love that Gospel more--& its Divine Author. I was going to add other lessons; but, on reflection, I find that all I could say is comprised in this one. So, here, let me stop.

John has, unexpectedly to me, much improved in health since he came home, & now thinks of spending the winter in Phil<sup>a</sup> for the purpose of improving his knowledge in surgery. The means he has not, & I have it not in my power to aid him much without an extraordinary effort. This I will make. It is only for such purposes that one ought to care for money—more money.

Margaret is staying with us a while, till her husband finds where he may settle himself as pastor. A poor calling as to this world, is that of a preacher. But that matters not. What grieves me most is she is an Episcopalian conscientiously so, & he a Presbyterian. But so it was with her parents—till lately. Your mother remained a paying member to the Pbn church here till the ungentlemanly conduct of its Pastor, a W. Hughes, fresh from Princeton & formerly a student in the University here, drove her away. The story is long & not worth telling. Hughes married a daughter of Dr. Maxwell whose powerful family connexions of course go with him.

Sam has stayed in Cincinnati through all the cholera. We have had some cases of it here—they say--& a few, fatal. The town is healthy now. Irene, I suppose, has, by this time, paid you a visit, as she with her husband has been on a tour east.

Mary & her husband & two or three sorts of Church people in the village join in religious services in our Parlor on Sunday mornings. This is what may be the beginning to something more, but I am not sanguine in my expectations. Elizabeth is, I believe, the only one of the family that retains a liking to the Presbyterian church or rather to the Presbyterians, with whom I have, mentally, made a child’s bargain to let them alone if they let me alone. But my position I must & will defend. The best way, in general, to do this is to go on silently & quietly in my own way not heeding their attacks.

As to the University, I can only say that but for the suit hanging over it, which remains “sub judaie” it would do well enough. As it is, we find a difficulty in supplying the vacant chair. Your man we of course think no more about.

Perhaps Zach may appoint me to a place in the Board of Examiners to W. Point. I think of asking it. If that should be I shall take Alexandria in my way. But I indulge no dreams of the future—the GREAT FUTURE is most in my thoughts. God grant that we all may be in readiness for that.

For an hour or so, this being Sunday, the family will assemble for Evening Prayer, after which I intend to say something to them of the way in which God has led me this forty years in

the wilderness (see Deut VIII.2)—a pleasing, humbling theme. Would! You & Carry & Andrew were here to enlarge the company & the interest. In spirit you will be. God Almighty comfort, bless, & guide you & yours & be your God as he is, I think, the God of your affectionate, sympathizing father

A.W.

***Samuel T. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Cincinnati Sept 13<sup>th</sup> 1849

Dear Liz

In the hope of getting one of your long epistles in answer, I shall scribble a few lines of no particular applicability to any one & hack them to you.

I saw John McC[alla] for a very few minutes before he started for the East, as I was not in my office when he first called & he remained but a short time in town. I have not yet taken the letter out to Maud which he brought, & am so not informed of the family secrets & news which it contains--if any. I learned from McC that father had started for Louisville when he left B[loomington]. I have just returned from L[ouisville] myself, where I had been spending three or four days on a pleasure trip. I suppose I would have seen father if I could have remained a day or two longer.

My trip was a very unexpected one to myself as well as others.

Bell was going down on business and I went down to the river to see him off. When I got there I found there was an opposition line of boats running & that the fare was reduced to one dollar -- B. proposed that I should be so extravagant as to raise the wind to that amount & take the ride. No sooner said than done & I was off in a twinkling.

I went with the intention of returning the next day, as did Mr. Bell, but I met some of my Bear Grass acquaintances & of course had to go out in the country.

I spent three or four days visiting Mr Bullitt's, Brow's & Miller's family & a most delightful visit it was.

It almost made me regret that I had not married & settled on Bear Grass as a teacher--all of which I could have done—especially the marrying part. Nothing but sisterly considerations prevented my doing so, i.e. I was afraid & thought what would sister Betsy say? Thus it was I drew back from the awful step let the pretty little gal slip through my fingers & now with some, enjoy the reputation of having knocked & in reply being asked the affectionate question "O who's dat knockin at de door?" & being told "you can't come in."

Old Warrick Miller is the same old Coon--as full of fun as ever. He sends a cordial invitation to John to spend the fall with him. He says that he has scarcely known a case of consumption in the Pond settlement -- it is very healthy there this fall & that if he will come he himself will knock all ailings into a fit & that he is death on fits.

McCalla told me that John looked almost as well as he ever saw him & that he expected to return to Richmond soon to settle up his business. I should think it would be better for him to appoint some one as an agent for him to settle his business there & spend the Fall in accordance with Miller's invitation.

T. B. Bryan, a brother of Carry, arrived in our city last week. He comes to make C[incinnati] his home. He is a graduate of Harvard University law school; which by the way he represents as one of the most contemptible humbugs of the law. He will remain in Mr Fox's office as a student for a year and then hang out his sign as a lawyer. He is a young fellow of energy and talent and could succeed any where. He speaks and writes the German language fluently and under his instruction I hope to do the same myself in the course of a year or two. We are rooming together in a German house, where we expect to derive some advantage from occasional conversations with the natives. He surpasses all the persons I have ever known in the facility with which he forms acquaintances. He has been in the city about one week and now knows more persons than I who have been here more than a year & a half. In the course of time I suppose we will be together in the profession. He represents Carry's health as still very wretched -- She has gone to Phila[delphia] to consult some eminent physicians. You have no doubt heard of the death of her last child.

Sept. 15th

Uncle John & Aunt Ellen are now boarding in town. They are looking for Lib and Nalle in a day or two. They all go to New Orleans this winter again. Last night I spent on the Hill. Maud's health appears to be considerably improved, but she still looks badly enough. She handed me (a month or two since) a pair of shoes for aunt Abby--some money &c. Since I have had them in my possession, I have had but one opportunity of sending them— by Irene. She was here so short a time that I forgot all about them, for which I got a good scolding from Maud, so Aunt A may omit hers, as it has been attended to by proxy.

***Samuel T. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Cincinnati Dec<sup>r</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> --49

Dear Liz,

I was over the other evening taking supper with Mrs McGuffey and she gave me the forty ninth lecture on collars--rolling and standing. She insists that the rollers are proscribed by respectable people & that I must follow the fashion or I will be proscribed also. And when I informed her that you were making me a set of shirts with the aforesaid rollers, she exacted a promise from me to send you written instructions to make them upright. So please consider yourself under such instructions. I have tried on the last one you sent me (the first one I can't wear standing (the collar, not myself) at all) and it fit very well with two exceptions. 1st. The collar (mirabile dictu) is not high enough—my handkerchief covers it all up. -- 2nd. It comes round too far in front & I may add 3d sits too close to the neck.

John's health appears to be improving if that can be said to improve which is already so good. I cant see that there is anything the matter with him. He has however determined not to settle in C[incinnati] at present at least. -- Does not like the idea of undergoing a second probate. I did not advise him in the matter at all, as it might require some time for him to succeed and he might thereupon get the blues. He might however succeed from the first. He will return to Richmond about Christmas and resume his practice in connection I suppose with

his old partner Vale.

Nearly all my acquaintances among the gals here are to be married about New Years--and--and not one of them to me. How goes it in B? You ain't going to do nothing of that sort yourself nor nothing.

I think if I don't accomplish that thing in another year, I shall give it up entirely. There are two or three rich girls here, some one of whom I think I could get and any one of whom could remove the objections of poverty on my part no doubt, but they are all objectionable on some ground or other. Nature is after all generally an impartial dispenser of gifts. I have never yet seen riches, beauty, talent and amiableness combined in one individual of the feminine gender. But when I think on't I believe I have not even seen the three latter that is among the young ladies.

I shall not make any pleasure trips during the approaching holidays for two very good reasons--want of time and means & especially the latter. I should like to make a trip to Louisville and if you had any way of getting there--home, but have dismissed both ideas as chimerical.

I believe I have nothing more to say & shall leave this open for John to add a line if he wishes. With love to all

Yours affecty,  
Sam

P.S. You criticize me occasionally and very justly & I hope with profit to myself; let me return the favor. You ladies (so far as my acquaintance extends) are universally faulty in your punctuation. I don't think there are more than three or four punctuations in the whole of your last letter, and not a single paragraph. It is one heap of words thrown into a hodgepodge. However, I have got so used to reading the fine things in your letters in that form, that I dont think I should be satisfied to find them in any other --

I hope Aunt Abb received her doings all done up in a bag. I should like to have the chance of boxing her ears or pulling her into the creek once more, just for the fun of the thing.

John declines writing but sends his love to all.

S.T.W.

1850

*Andrew and Elizabeth Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington Jan 2<sup>d</sup> 1850

Dear Son:

I was disappointed in your not going on to Phil<sup>a</sup> & had made my calculations to pay the remainder of what I promised you for horse & buggy which I had hoped, with what you might scrape up from your debtors about Richmond, might carry you through the winter. But it seems, from your letter that the scraping has been the other way & that you have been the scrapee. So you made Cincinnatti do for Phil<sup>a</sup>. It is all for the best, no doubt. I have no wisdom in such matters. But debt is to be abhorred: though I have never been out of it & sometimes pretty deeply in, considering. One thing your mother could never learn (& perhaps you may take after her somewhat in this respect) viz that saving of money in numerous small items is great in the aggregate reckoning only for one year; & that this aggregate it is which gives power, peace of mind, & ease of movement, also efficiency in action--to say nothing of being pinched & bare of material comforts--a catastrophe not to be kept off by what one gains but by what one saves. To spend the revenue of Croesus would be easy & yet so as to have nothing to shew for it at the end of the year.

I have sold Salim for 55 dolls to be paid the middle of next month. My next quarter's payment will be due in a month, when I shall try to spare you another hundred--but I think I shall hold on to Fann. I shall try & cure Pet's lameness, & then she might answer your purpose till you could sell her.

Jan<sup>y</sup> 2nd 1850

Dear John.

Father handing this, says, I, or whoever pleases may add a P.S. I have often heard say, that a lady's P.S's generally contain the most important news, of her letters; & since this will be one of 3 pages, am in hopes to make it, of sufficient interest, to come under that category, although the letter is from one of the sex who first made, & now keep it agoing, the above impertinent & ungenerous observation. And now after having said this much, allow me to wish you a happy New Year; which wish I fear, will not be realized to the extent I wish, nay that could never be on any spit of Earth since you have got back to the claws of Miss Mary Laws. Am not going, to read you another Candle Lecture, on matrimony knowing you preserved the last; to that we beg you will refer, when in danger, of being smitten with a daughter of Eve, minus, even one, of the qualities qualifications--quota &c we thought essential, & would like you to think so, in your selections of a helpmeet. Abbe says, she told you of every thing (in her last of a week or two since), that was of the least consequence; of all that happened in the year 49; nothing remains for me to detail, & so I shall detail--nothing. Of course the young gentlemen (& old) of B. are aware of the present foolish, tiresome custom, of making calls on the first day of the year, whether you follow the custom being old fashioned quakers, is more than I am aware; however I am too hasty in condemning the fashion, as being foolish, & tiresome: at least should except, should defer, to

the opinion of the majority, those who call & a lady here & there, a young lady, happy to see her beau at any time, & an occasional madam, who thinks there is great friendship, consideration &c evinced in the making of these calls; all I have said on the matter, is preliminary to saying, we had some 25 or 30 yesterday; that I exhausted all my ideas trying to be entertaining, that I feel stupid tonight, & that I cannot but ruminate with regret, on the good old days, when we had a turkey dinner, & a glass of toddy, could eat & drink of the same without anybody's knocking at the door, or anybody having to say come in. The gay season has commenced in B. with great gusto; 3 parties last week, & 3 more in contemplation for the ensuing several months. Abbe & I go to some, where we know there are those there of our own click, but the young fry we do not often interrupt. You see how uninteresting I am, when I've no news, Jack, to relate, go on talking about parties & such nonsense. Have just finished the perusal of Jane Eyre. Am much pleased with it, though by no means admitted, to be one of the first rate, by the best judges; but the hero, & heroine, are so unlike any other, the style so graphic, & some parts, a sentence here & there, a thought once in a while, so brief & beautiful, that though there are some things, unlife like, & over strained the class of readers, of which I am one, are pleased with it to a man. Sam writes your health is entirely restored; hope you will take excellent good care of yourself, avoid the night rides as much as possible, wrap well in flannel, & dont smoke more than one sigar, or chew more than one quid of to-bacco a day; all of which advice you will follow no doubt, as far as convenient. We are all jogging along as usual this winter; nothing has happened to us, since you left, out of the routine, nor is anything likely to take place, of much moment, if you do not get an epistle often, just think, know, that they, have nothing to say. Abb says to tell you, she is cutting a great swell, making quite a dash, but it not being the truth, I wont tell it for such. Got a letter from The. the other day; had just arrived at Phila. a great part of his letter was filled with laments, that he did not arrive an hour or two, sooner, when he would have been in time, for Will's wedding, & have seen them all, Mag, Sam, Will wife &c, says Old Dr. W. & family were much pleased with Mag. Abbe rec a letter from Aunt E. a few day since. She writes Aunt J's [Jane Ritchie] health is still very bad, though able to sit up most of the day; her physician has but small hope of her recovery. Mr. Bell had not returned, we're expecting him daily. Kate was in good health & spirits. They intend (K & B) going to housekeeping on his return. Uncle McKee, & all the boys, are at home this winter. John is dep P.M. gets a salary of 100. Uncle Leak is taking the tour of this State, or rather visiting vacancies in the P Church. He is out of a situation in Penn. & wishes to obtain one here; did he carry a better recommendation in his visage, he might succeed (for he preaches well) but he looks so mighty crabbed, that all the world will know what he is, a sour old crab & many a good face has been the making of ones fortune, & visa versa. Our new professor, Marshall, arrived a few weeks since he is very young, but 20, does not look that old, he is much liked so far, is pleasant & chatty & though from Virginia does not think that State the center & circumference of the Universe. Read McCauley's England (now I think on't he spells his name Maccauley) with much interest, one could not easily forget what he writes, (mean his History) think his is the only part of English History I shall ever remember; forget whether you gave me the Book, or left it for me to read, know you did say something of the kind about one or other. Mary & family are well. she looks better, & is more cheerful, does not complain so much, as when you were here; the Dr. gets along as usual. Jenny goes to school, & makes good progress in her music, she promises being something of a musician. Got a letter from Sam the other day it was all about shirts. Write soon, & assure us of your continued good health.

Am your affct sister Liz.

Liz, not being able to fill up this sheet, I add a piece of advice which might seem unnecessary to a physician, namely that your health, the greatest of earthly blessings, being now, according to Sam's account, restored, is to be preserved by a due degree of exercise. Exercise & temperance, I firmly believe, are of more importance than all the pills & prescriptions of all the doctors from Hippocrates down to Daniel Drake. Though I am suffering just now no little from a sprain in the small of my back brought on by exercise with a pitchfork in tossing to the cattle a bundle of fodder. Affectionately,

A. Wylie

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington 7<sup>th</sup> March 1850

Dear Son.

Yours of the 2<sup>d</sup> inst. which was received yesterday, requests an "immediate" answer. I write you, therefore, today; though really I have nothing to write which can, so far as I can see, be of use to you. You seem to be somewhat at a loss what to do; whether to go to California, or to Cincinnati, or to Terre Haute, or to stay at Richmond. To advise is always difficult; for the mind of the adviser is not always in the same state as the mind of the one seeking advise: & the latter of course sees & feels what the former cannot, & vice versa. When I am consulted, as I often am, by young persons as to what they should do to further their worldly interests, I always feel almost utterly at a loss: for such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that the best devised schemes are almost as apt to fail as the worst. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven & the righteousness thereof" &c always comes into my mind on such occasions; & it is not only the best, but almost the sole advice that can, with confidence, be given. Still, there is a need for what may be called worldly prudence. I will give you a maxim of it which I have been just reading in Plato, and in his own words: "ένθυμοῦ δι και ὅτι δοκεῖς τισίν ενδεεστερωσ τοῦ προσήκαντος θεραπευτικός εἶναι. Μη οἶν λανθανετο σε ὅτι δια τοῦ ἀρέσκειν τοῖς ανθρώποις και το πρᾶττειν ἔστιν, ἡ δ' αυθαδεια ερημιά, ξυνοικος. Συτυχεί." It is in the end of his letter to his friend Dion. Lest you may have forgotten your Greek, I'll translate it for you; though much of the beauty & force of the terms must be lost in the translation. "Have it in mind that to some you seem to be less attentive to people (therapeutic) than is proper. Let it not escape your notice that by pleasing men comes success; (το πρᾶττειν) but that self-pleasing is next-neighbor to desertion. Farewell." I know of no maxim more powerful in all callings, but especially in that of a physician than this. Study it in the original. But to your present circumstances--to go to the otherside of the continent to seek gold in California, to me seems madness. Yet even that might in some cases be advisable. In your case it is not to be thought of. So it appears to me. One thing I had in view when I advised you to settle in Richmond, was that you might make a reputation there, which would procure for you a more eligible place in the neighboring city of Cincinnati--in connexion, say, with some medical Institution there. Terre Haute is a thriving place & destined to be, ere long, a considerable city. Your mother thinks you ought, by all means, to go there. But, as I said before, I cannot advise.

Your health may not be promoted by it. Yet, Dr Hammil, your mother says, thinks the air of that place would be favorable to your complaint. All I know about it is that exercise on horseback, or in some other agitating way, is likely to promote your recovery . . . But whatever you conclude to do, try to do it not in the way that Reid here does every thing, with a wavering mind, doing, & then wishing you had not done it, or that you had made some different choice. The dismal part of the month, (which the French very truly call Ventose\*--so far it has been here Pluviose as well as ventose & nivose into the bargain--producing a flood that has carried off fences for me & others--) we may hope is past, and that, by the time you get ready to leave Richmond--should you conclude to do so,--the roads may be so that you can come this way, by Franklin or Columbus, in less mud, than on the national road you would have to encounter. As to Fan, you can do as you please; considering, however, what would be right in the case. She is so safe an animal, & your mother so timid, & I too, after getting so many bruises & broken bones by unsafe animals, that I would miss her very much in the summer, & would like at least to raise a colt from her, believing that colts are apt to inherit the good qualities of their dams. But that matter can be adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned, when you are here, as we expect you will be, some time before very long. I have nothing in the way of news worth writing. Things, as usual. My own health, except neuralgia, which is a constant companion almost, & that of the family, good. Have heard nothing from Margaret yet. From the rest of the family we have nothing but what you already know. It occurs to me to say, that your arrival at Terre Haute at 2.0.Clk the day after you left here, is--a caution! or ought to be, not to spur Fan so much another time. But a willing & long limbed nag, as she is, can travel fast, & you being in need of jolting, I have the less to say. Plato, whose works I am reading, in giving an account of a journey he made in Italy & Sicily, says he could not bear the way they lived in those countries "filling" themselves twice a day! This is the way we do; & I think, just now, it being near dinner time, or supper time, that less than twice filling would not exactly suit any but a Greek philosopher. Εὐτυχῆ. AW

POST SCRIPT self-pleasing--αυθαδεια is a term not translatable into English. It means the opposite of good manners--not exactly that either, but that self-confidence & conceit & self-sufficiency which passes with some for independence--a spirit of uncomplaisance, if I might coin a French word--the contrary of what does please people all over the world now as well as in Plato's time.--the contrary of θεραπευτικός. AW

\* Ventose was the name for the sixth month of the year in the calendar of the first French Republic. The month "ventose" was from February 19/20 to March 20.

***Maggie Wylie Martin, China, to Andrew and Margaret Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Shanghai May 23<sup>rd</sup> [1850]

My dear Parents I last wrote you from Hongkong where we staid 17 days waiting for a vessel to take us up the coast, at length we started in a fine steamer called "The Lady Mary Wood" After we had been on board only two days an event occurred which made us the parents of a fine little son The "little blue eyed stranger" made his appearance 29th April. His birth was quite

unexpected to us, so that I had little ready for him in way of clothing, however as husband was the only nurse I had, he wrapped him in flannel which answered the purpose of a dress. By the good providence of God there was a physician on his way up to this city. Of his professional services I can never feel too grateful; besides being so kind and attentive, he would accept no remuneration whatever. My health was remarkably good at the time and has continued so ever since. I sat up half an hour on Wednesday which was two days after baby's birth. In a weeks time we arrived in safety to this place; during this time husband proved to be the kindest and best of husbands, he has lived up to his marriage vows most admirably. I could not tell you all he did for my comfort, and happiness at this time and ever since our marriage Truly God's goodness has given him to me. As soon as the missionaries heard of our arrival they made haste to see us; Among the number was Bishop Boone at whose house we now are. They are the most happy couple I ever saw, and make every one so around them. They have been exceedingly kind to us. Mr and Mrs B have made me feel perfectly at home Out of gratitude for their kindness I intend calling him "William Boone Martin." Last Sabbath the Bishop confirmed 6 chinese I was present on this interesting occasion, so you see I go out everywhere although the youngster is not 3 weeks old, and a seven months one in the bargain I go about wherever I please, and never felt as strong & hearty in my life. Little Willie is pronounced a fine, fat healthy boy by every one who sees him. His face is round as the full moon, his eyes large & blue, with a fine head and forehead, a full suit of hair, I was told yesterday he was the image of his Father which I consider quite a compliment. Now if you think I have said enough about babe I'll stop and tell you how and what about something else. I will describe Dr. Boone's residence for instance. It is beautifully situated on the bank of Shanghai river commanding an extensive prospect up and down the river. The house itself is very large and commodious, built with a view I suppose of [page torn] I never met with a woman who has a greater [page torn] combination of good qualities than Mrs B possesses. She has been a Mother to me ever since I came I trust I feel thankful that God has given me such friends as Mr & Mrs B. Mrs B's brother is Bishop of Georgia His name is Stephen Elliott. The Bishop mentioned having seen you dear Father at the Convention in '44 He says if he had known he would ever have seen a daughter of yours he would have made your acquaintance. He seems sorry not to have done so.

Ningpo June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1850.

From the date of this part of my letter you will at once see dear Parents that we have at length reached the place of our destination God has brought us to our journeys end in circumstances of great peace and comfort Our health is excellent. We were never so well in our lives as at present We left Shanghai week since. Dr B and Mr Lyle accompanied us to the vessel lying at Woosung 12 mi distant in a native boat. S[hanghai] as well as Ningpo are great commercial points, innumerable junks, and vessels of every description are to be seen: Since my arrival I have been busy in making my acquaintance with the missionaries, yesterday we took dinner at Mrs Ways. They were the first m[issionaries] here There is a Miss Aldersey here who has a school of 50 girls. One of the girls has finished her education and is now assisting her in teaching. Miss A is a very pious intelligent old maid and devotes her whole time and energy in doing good. Her wealth too is entirely devoted in the service of the Lord. What an example to the majority of wealthy persons! We are now living with Mr & Mrs [Cotter or Colter] who are both hoosiers like myself.

We are to remain with them until our house is finished. I find them both very kind and agreeable, indeed I've met with nothing but kindness since I've been in China. I am truly thankful there are so many American missionaries here. They seem to be very sociable, among each other. I know nothing of the language yet, though I hope by the blessing of God soon to acquire it. I will do the best I can and you know this is all that is required. Our teacher is to be here Monday when I expect to commence in good earnest. When you write, put "direct for the overland mail" [on the] Envelope and direct prepaid to Mr Lowrie who will forward European Packets. Letters will then reach us in two months or little more.

P.S. Babe well and sleeping soundly he is now 5 weeks old and has never been a moment sick.

Your affectionate daughter  
Mag W. Martin

***Samuel Martin to Andrew and Margaret Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Shanghai May 25, 1850

Dear Father and Mother

Months have passed since I addressed you; changes doubtless have taken place, at home, & amongst those we love. We often derive pleasure in imagining what they may be. And our friends, perhaps, sometimes venture a speculation about us; & try to picture to themselves our state, prospects, history: But instead of being perplexed & made uneasy by such things, let us derive comfort from the promise "that all things shall work together for good to them that love God," and endeavor that ours may be the character to which the promise belongs.

Margaret's letter from Hong Kong acquainted you with events up to that time. We staid at Hong Kong 17 days; Br W & his wife spent part of this time at Canton. we chose to remain. we found there several true & cordial friends: so that while glad to speed onward to our own destined home, it was with feelings, not unmingled with regret, that we saw the place of our sojourn sinking behind the waters. On Saturday 24th Apr, 17 days after we reached HongKong, we embarked in the "Lady Mary Wood" steamship for Shanghai; Br W & wife, & some others, chartered a small Portugese vessle, to start on the 5th May, & stop at [Amay] & [Fu Chan], on her way up coast. We expect to meet them at Ningpo, if they have had a prosperous passage. Our reason for taking the steamer was not that we apprehended that Margaret's condition required any special haste, had that been the case we should have staid at HongKong, but because I did not wish to expose her to the tossing of a small sail vessle, beating up against strong head winds & Sea from which inconvenience, in a thousand ton steamer we would be comparatively free.

We had only been out two days and were just entering the channel of Formosa when an event occurred, which we did not expect for two months later. About 4 O'clock, on Monday 29<sup>th</sup> April, we became the happy parents of a Son. Labour did not exceed 4 hours from the first pains; was not severe at any time, & terminated happily in every respect, for both Mother & child. A physician was on board, & every thing necessary to my wife's comfort was easily procured. The sea at the time was rough, & continued so for a day or two; which I feared might affect her unpleasantly; but not the slightest ill consequences followed; after two days the sea became

smooth, the weather fine, & Friday afternoon, we anchored at Shanghai. We thought prudent to remain on board till Monday--when we were taken ashore by Bishop Boone: with whom we found a delightful home during our stay. Margarets recovery was rapid: from the time we went ashore, she commenced going about the house as usual. But the boy! he is well formed, healthy handsome & intelligent to a degree seldom equaled, even by those whose advent has been amidst more auspicious circumstances. he has firm limbs, perfectly developed form, & vigorous constitution, all of which things corroborate the opinion of our physician, that his birth was not premature. I fed him on arrowroot the first 4 or 5 days; after that time he has drawn his nourishment entirely from natural sources, which indeed, it required some starvation to induce him to accept; as he had been accustomed to a more independent way of doing.

During our stay at Shanghai we became acquainted with all the missionaries; all have wives & families: 2 are of the Methodist, 5 Baptist, & 2 of the Episcopal Church of America, 6 of the London M.S. & 2 of the Church Missionary Society. Except the members of the London M. Society, who are just now feeling somewhat unpleasantly towards the rest, They are all labouring together in harmony & love. The cause of the present unpleasant feeling of the London M.S. men, is misunderstandings, which have arisen during the discussions, respecting the proper word, by which to translate the words for God, in the original Scriptures. These discussions do not interfere with the progress of the revision of the Chinese scriptures; or rather the retranslation of the Scriptures into Chinese. Shanghai is a walled city, of perhaps 200,000 inhabitants, is a great commercial mart, from 9,000 to 5,000 junks lie at anchor in the river, which by the canals & great rivers, reach all parts of the interior empire; thousands of Chinamen are brought together here, who cannot more understand each other's language, that they can our own; It is this extensive inland commerce, affording abundant facilities for sending the Scriptures & other religious books, to extensive regions, & populous cities, which makes Shanghai so important a missionary field. The immigrants from distant provinces, living in the city either for transient business puposes or as permanent residents do not mingle permiscuously with each other or with the original inhabitants, but segregate in particular streets-- districts the Canton men in one quarter, the Foo Keen men in another &c. The same thing is seen in the order observed among the junks on the river. these are anchored with perfect regularity in double rows, with spaces between, like streets, by which the vessels passed to & from their stations. The junks from a given province all stationed in one row, those from another province in another &c. If the missionaries could speak the languages, they might preach to multitudes from almost every province of the empire, who being converted, would themselves carry the gospel to their respective districts, as the 3000 converts of Pentecost & then the whole Empire might be christianized, without foreigners visiting another city, than those now open to them. An incipient process of this kind is even now going on. members of the revision committee in Shanghai from Canton & Amoy preach regularly to congregations from the same places; who cannot be understood a word, by the Shanghai people.

We hoped to get letters from home on our arrival here, but were disappointed. I hope we have not, by coming hither, forfeited the privalege of hearing from home. This morning, 3<sup>rd</sup> June, we begin the study of the spoken language--after acquiring enough of that to comprehend the Teacher we will take up the written. A courier will take letters to Shanghai today, which will be forwarded by the monthly steamer to Hong Kong thence via Europe to the U.S. we shall endeavor to write every month but as communication between this & Shanghai is somewhat irregular our letters may not arrive in the U.S. regularly we hope our friends at home will also write frequently -- I have not space here to say anything but [text missing] my love & kind

remembrance to sisters Lib & Jennie, Mary & family, Redick & Anderson  
Affectionately your son, S. Martin

*Jane Wylie and Andrew Wylie to Margaret Wylie Martin, Ningpo, China*

Bloomington May 28 – 50

Dear Sister Margaret

You are no doubt ere this landed in the Celestial empire, at least I hope you are, after bounding over the billows of ocean for so long a time. Did you not weary of the wide waste of waters at times, and long for the sight of land and more? Oh! How often we have all thought of you, talked of you at evening twilight and wished for your presence that you might relate to us all the new and strange sights you have seen. Have you often thought of home dear Mag, of Jennie? I fear sometimes, we shall never see you more, you are so far away from us all. But we still hope to see you yet even if it should be when you and I have passed the sunny time of life. I am not attending school this summer for mother has gone to Wheeling and I have to stay at home and assist in doing the work. Aunt Abbie is staying with us this summer and I suppose will stay till fall. We often hear from Irene she scarcely writes about any thing else but her babe. I am looking forward to a pleasant and happy time this summer when mother returns for I expect Irene and her babe will come with her. The Wises have improved greatly since you have gone especially Oh, he has serious notions of joining the church and being a preacher. I suppose Elizabeth has given you all the news so I have nothing more to write you. Aunt Abbie sends her best love to you to Samuel and to William Martin, and now Dear Mag do write us often and tell us all about the Chines and every thing that would interest us Give my love to both of the Mr Martins. good bye

I remain your affectionate sister Jennie Wylie

My Dear Margaret, the remainder of this sheet is for me to fill up. I could, did time permit, fill many sheets. But you will not measure my love by the length or frequency of my letters. Every day – almost every hour, I might say almost every moment you are in my thought and prayers. I reflect often on my past course in reference to you and sometimes I reproach myself with having said to you & to Samuel what might seem to you both to have proceeded from unkindness. This however was not the case. My views on the whole subject of foreign missions were different from yours. Besides, I thought it my duty to present before hand as thoroughly as I could the side of the question opposed to your inclinations that you might be forearmed by counting the cost, so that, when actual trials should press heavily upon you, you might not sink under them. But when I saw your minds (I speak to you both) were fixed I said no more. My trial was great, but it was then ended. I said to myself “It is the Lord’s will. My dear daughter & her husband are obeying that will, as signified to them through the dictates of conscience; it is their own province in which they are accountable to God not to me.” Such were my thoughts. Still I could not part with you without feeling my nerves give way and therefore it was that I resolved not to have a parting scene and went quietly to my other duties. — Now I expect to see you no more in this world. My mind has become reconciled to the thought which once I could not bear. “Thy will be done.” My life draws towards the “three score years & ten.” What is past seems short. It has been marked

with blessings from above for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful & by failings on my part for which I cannot be too humble. What remains I desire to spend in doing & suffering His will. All I wish for you & the rest of my children is — not that you may be happy in what the world calls happiness, but in the love of God, in an obedient faith, in a joyful hope, an enduring patience, in one word, in Christ. And if this prayer be answered in you, I care not whether in the Providence of God you spend your days in what they call “the Celestial Empire,” or in any other part of this Earth: for then, after this life ended, you will have a mansion in the true Celestial Empire of the KING Eternal. It is only as it stands connected with this that I ought to care any thing about your ecclesiastical connexion. It was natural for me to desire my favorite daughter to remain in the same church with me the only one which I had been able to find to which with a good conscience I could belong. But that feeling also, though embittered by circumstances to which I need not allude, I have got over — or rather under. No act of mine — possibly some neglect of mine produced the separation. But let it pass. Let it in your mind be put in the same category with local separation, if it comports with your views. Though, as it regards my views, this cannot be, I shall not trouble you with my poor thoughts on the subject.

As Elizabeth and Jane both have written to you and given you, I suppose all the domestic news I shall say nothing on that subject, only that Jane is almost grown up to be a young woman. I was struck the other day in a manner that I cannot describe at seeing her going about the house in a dress which you used to wear. I merely remarked at the time in a word or two, something about it. I have not seen it on her since. I say nothing in such things in the family: for it is my nature to say nothing where I feel most deeply. —I do not know why I have let out, through my pen, this little affair only to give you an idea of Jane’s attainments as to the growth of her body. In mind she improves also. She studies Arith<sup>c</sup> & plays on the Piano delightfully. . I have just got ready for the press a small work which I think worthy of being published, & shall publish before long if I live & can get an opportunity. It is on the subject of Education, & has occupied a good deal of my spare time for the last two years. — And now, Dear Children — I was about to bid you farewell — but I must first tell you that I have this moment got through Merls [sp?] d’ Abigne’s History of the Reformation a subject with which I was tolerably well acquainted before. It has deepened my convictions on that point about which I have though so much for the fifteen years past. The book has a good many faults, but on the whole is, I think a faithful history & deserves not only to be read but studied. Give my best regards to W<sup>m</sup> & all your friends. In what circumstances this letter may find you I cannot conjecture. I pray “without ceasing” that God may have you ever in his holy keeping.

Your loving father

A Wylie

[on the back] For me remains, nor line nor space,  
My country is in every place:  
I can be calm & free from care  
On any shore since God is there.

Rev<sup>d</sup> Sam<sup>l</sup> & Mrs Margaret Martin  
Missionaries

Ningpo  
China

[note on the side] Received Aug 1850  
Date May 28<sup>th</sup> -50

**Fragment of letter from Samuel Wylie, Cincinnati, to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1850**

. . . courted about one hundred times unsuccessfully. This must all depend upon your success in breaking off the Quaker match (which you have no right to do)

I think if you would send him such a dose as you sent me, it would open his eyes until he thought he had been playing one of the characters in Midsummer's Night Dream.

I went down to L[ouisville] on business which paid most of my expenses. I had a most delightful time of it, for which I was indebted entirely to Dr Gross. My business was with him & it was thus I formed his acquaintance. He invited me to his house - spoke of me to the Ward family who made a small party for me &c &c. Of course I enjoyed the distinguished honor of talking to and escorting the notorious Mrs Sallie, who was lately divorced from B Lawrence of Boston. Her mother I was very much pleased with. & Sallie too so far as her politeness to me was concerned. I was detained so long in the city, I could not go into the country as I intended, & thus missed the chief pleasure which might have been derived from my visit. I may go down however in the course of a month or so. I have never asked that little gal of mine what she got pouted about & don't intend to do so. I am satisfied however I could put her in a good humor if I should try. When John was here I took him around to see some of our young ladies, with all of whom he was quite pleased.

I suppose you will have some grand doing in B[loomington] tomorrow the 4th. I never in my life witnessed a more quiet approach of the 4th of July. I had forgotten until this moment that it appeared again with the morrow's Sun. This is the third one which has (I speak a few hours in the prospective) greeted me in Cincinnati. I do begin to feel old--and have not yet started in life & what is the worst of it, do not feel qualified to stand forth and take my place in society as a man strong in intellectual power & acquirements.

I recollect a remark however of Judge McD[onald] that even the greatest man gained as much by the ignorance of others, as by his own knowledge. This is however a very dangerous consolation to hug in one's arms.

I am truly glad to learn that Dr. D[odd]'s projects are improving. I suppose the bullion is getting plenty in your neighborhood since the discovery of the Brown County gold mines.

Bryan had a letter from home the other day. All the family / including Carry /, with the exception of And.w are going to the Springs. Tell Aunt A[bbie] - she is a great goose to think of going back to Pa. when she might catch the old judge O[tto] by staying in Ind.a [Indiana] next winter.

Love to all  
yours affectly  
Sam'l T. Wylie

Miss Liz Wylie  
Bloomington Ind.

P.S. Ain't you ashamed of your vanity in comparing your hand-writing with mine.

Tell father not to forget that when he attends the convention he is to have his trunk sent directly to McG[uffey] He spoke of it again yesterday.

S T. W

**Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Terre Haute, Indiana**

Bloomington July 17<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear Son:

Your letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> did not reach me in time to allow me to answer it as you requested "by the return mail," of Saturday: That day I had to prepare three discourses to be delivered yesterday, besides other sundries of duty. Today I will be engaged examining the Senior class as for their Degree so that I may not be able to finish this in time for the next return mail. I mention these things that you may see how it is that I having so many cares am not able to do as I would wish in writing letters. From your letter from Cin.ti I inferred you had made up your mind to remain there. A letter from Sam. let us know you had gone to Terre Haute And till your letter of the 11th was received I rested somewhat easy in the hope that you had found "an opening" (as the phrase is) in that place. That letter leaves the matter of your stay there even for a few days so doubtful that I know not what to do. Your mother, who got home safe Saturday--two weeks, used 30 dollars of your money, she says, for travelling expenses. This I would have borrowed & sent you in this letter had I been certain of your remaining till it should reach Terre Haute. As it is, by shewing this part of what I now write, or by repeating it, to Mr Jenks he will furnish you with what money you may want on this my pledge to pay him when he comes to our ensuing Commencement. There is due me from S. P. Farley, according to his own acknowledgement, a balance on the 2d note given in purchase of a Press in April 1843, as follows.--this statement I copy from a letter of Jn Cowgill Esq<sup>r</sup> now before me dated "Greencastle June 13th --46

Amount of Note due 9th May 1845	84.00
Interest on same to Dec.r 10th --45 --7 months	<u>2.94</u>
	86.94
Deduct payment then made -- -- --	46.00
	40.94
Interest to June 10th --46--6 months	<u>1.23</u>
	42.17

Last summer on my return from Terre Haute, I received of the above sum 20 dollars on order on a man in Spencer. My receipt will shew the time. From these data you can see what is due on that note from said Farley. The note was lost by Lows to whom I gave it to give to Judge Morrison for collection: but Farley will admit the truth of the above statement--& I hereby authorize you to get the money from him & receipt for it in my name. He is in a printing office in

T.H--any body can direct you where to find him.

A letter from Margaret dated 17 April Hong Kong which is 50 miles from Canton & 900 from "the Station" came to hand the other day. It contained nothing of particular interest only that they were in health.

What you say of Dr Reed did not surprise me much. He shewed me kindness when at his house with my collarbone broken. The next time I was there his countenance was changed I thought. But the less we say or think of such things the better There is enough of self in all: and "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." -- By the way, you say of R that he did not treat you cavalierly whereas the context shews that you meant just the contrary. Or, do you not know that cavalierly means scornfully haughtily contemptuously? Another criticism: You use the word "strapped" which I do not understand. Only from the connexion in which it stands I suppose you mean by it that you are next to--that which is no very comfortable condition--"out of money, a condition in which I have so often been that I am familiar with it. Your mother's trip and

teeth will bring me in debt-- I know not certainly how much: for she herself I believe does not know. There is a bill here against me for dentistry of upwards of 30. Not long since I paid one to Orchard of about 40 which the unfortunate Mr McKinny it seems, had against me I mention these items merely to account for my inability to give you at present the help which I desire. Your health is not good. And your mind is troubled. These things affect me. But this more--I know not how to utter it -- God in his providence has spoken to you through the rod of affliction. See & compare together Hebrews XII & James V. and may God give you the grace & the wisdom to seek in Him that which alone will cheer & comfort you in all your sorrows. He does speak by his providence. I am sure of this. May He take care of you.

Your afft father AW

Take care in giving a receipt to Farley not to give one in full, but only for what he may pay you Having got through with the examination of the Seniors I find time & space here which in my haste I awkwardly left, to add something, though greatly at a loss what, in relation to your present circumstances. Sometimes I think you had as well come home. But you would perhaps not be able to content yourself. Yet if your health is failing, what better can you do? Sometimes I think you ought to see some other places in the State; as for instance Evansville where they have the beginning of a Medical School & I believe an enterprising population; or Cannelton which it is said is likely to be a considerable place for its facilities for manufactures; or New Albany which is now a place of growing importance. But I know not what to advise. I did strongly advise you once to settle in Richmond because in many respects it seemed to me a very desirable location: but it seems I was mistaken. After trial you disliked it You were unfortunate narrowly escaping with your life Baffled in all your attempts, discouraged & dejected what are your thoughts? What can you do? Nothing. Nothing to purpose. Often do I think over & repeat mentally that most beautiful Collect: "Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, & further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun continued and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, & finally by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Begun." There it is likely was your error. And it may be the kind design of your Heavenly Father in his afflictive dispensations to shew you your error in not beginning your work in life in Him. Look into this matter I earnestly entreat you, imploring His aid to correct what may have been amiss and to lead you in the good & right way. In giving you this counsel I feel that I say

the truth; but when I try to suggest any thing in the way of worldly policy I feel utterly at a loss. Indeed the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. -- The natural sun has set & the shades of evening are thickening so fast that I can scarcely see what I am writing. Soon very soon with all who enjoy the light of the living the brightness of this world will fade. Nothing is to be cared for that is not everlasting. Give my regards to all inquiring friends.

AW

*Amanda Ammen to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Covington July 28 1850

My Dear Friend

I was really rejoiced to receive a letter from you though it was a long very long time coming. We have just returned from a trip to Hillisborough, West Union and Maysville. I went to take care of Mother, Virginia, and Scott (three invalids) Mother and Scott were much benefitted, but Virginia came home much worse than when she went away. since early last Spring she has been subject to most dreadful attacks of Neuralgia. The Dr intends tomorrow trying what effect the Galvanic battery will have on her. if that does not help her I shall feel quite discouraged. almost every thing has been tried. I have been on this side of the river all week making comforts &c &c, preparatory to house-keeping which I expect to commence by the first of October, and then my dear friend I shall certainly expect that long promised visit from you. see that you do not disappoint me. Sam says your Father will be here this fall to attend the general convention. be sure that you come along with him.

You ought to be ashamed to give me such a tirade of abuse for not sending for you as my name in such matters had gone over the county as often and oftener than I cared about. I concluded I would keep this to myself, even my own family knew nothing of it more than a week before. When Mr Cox was thirteen years old he came to my Fathers house to learn printing he lived there nearly four years. When I was but fourteen years of age he asked and obtained my Fathers consent for me. so matters rested till a year and a half before I went to Bloomington his mother visited us and she and my family were so anxious for the match they said so much that I got mad and offended him so that for five years he did not visit us at all. so you can imagine all on both sides of the house were pleased when the match did take place for they had set their hearts on it many years ago. he has a very extensive connexion living at Maysville Ky.

You do amuse me with your dislike for red heads. I think you show decided bad taste in not admiring them. (no doubt Mr Edwards thinks so too) you hope Sam has made a mistake in the shade he most assuredly has not. for his hair is what might be called a fire red. as far as personal appearance is concerned he has never been thought to be a great beauty but his moral and religious character are all one could desire. he has been a Elder in the Presbyterian Church for five years, and is in reality a devoted Christian. What a terrible time your poor Mother had getting home. it was too bad going through all that vexation I wonder she did not lose more flesh than she did, if I had only known she was on the boat I would have had her off in all sorts of a hurry. Eva says she had no idea she would pop through here without coming to see her. Was your Mother in Wheeling when Irene was sick! your letter was the first intimation that I had that Irene

was going to have a son. I suppose Sam would not for all the world mention such an event. What is he named!

So Sister Mary McCalla is going to do something for her country again Does she intend this one shall be red headed! Is Miss Dennis in Bloomington yet! And how does she like the place now! I understood Mr. Hughes (the parson) visited our City and did not think much of the hospitality of her citizens, next time he comes tell him to hunt me up. The Cholera and the weather here are both awful. seventeen funerals went by here yesterday. it makes me feel real gloomy to see a hearse almost everytime you look out of the window. I was really in hopes we would escape Cholera this year. Have you had any of it in your town yet! I was up nearly all last night with Mother. she had dysentery, by daylight we got a Dr here and she seems easier now as soon as she is able to ride that far we will take her to our old home on the hill and let her make a visit of a week. she likes the hill much better than this place.

Will Ammen has been here nearly a month. he always spends his vacations with us. they are the happiest part of his life it is probable his Father will give him into my care this winter. Will hears from his mother every month or so, she expresses great interest in his welfare. Caroline is living with his [?] Mrs Pierce has only three children. Caroline, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. Hull. Mrs. B has broken up housekeeping and is living with her mother. her husband has been in the Lunatic Asylum since last January. Mrs. Hull is yet at Mr Corneaus I have not heard whether she has applied for a divorce. if she gets one she will not go to her mother for the three sisters never could live in the same house together. Mrs. Corneau has been gone from home seven weeks. I understood she was heartily sick and tired of Mrs. H.

Remember me in the kindest manner to your Aunt Abbe I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing her when she passes through here. I would like much to have her make me a visit. You will certainly miss her much when she goes away. How did you get along houskeeping while your mother was gone!

We are looking every day for Brother Jacob. I do not know whether he intends staying in Georgetown much longer he talks something of coming to Cin to live. I am looking for Sam over here to day (Sunday) he told me he would start tomorrow for Bloomington I wish I was going with him. as I had such a good opportunity to send a letter concluded I would write now. So that must be my apology for writing so soon

I made a pair of shoes gaiters for myself the wimmen in this part of the country all make their own shoes. I have a last and all the tools. you can make pair in a day easy enough if you will come on and spend the winter with me I will give you lessons. I expect Lizzy Cox to spend part of the winter with me if she does not go to England this fall. Give my love to all the family. Kind regards to inquiring friends. Do write soon please excuse all mistakes for I have been interrupted many times since I commenced writing. Give my love to Irene and the rest of the Wheeling people when you write tell I[rene] when she goes to B to stop and see me.

*John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear Father

It no doubt seems strange to you, as indeed it does to myself, that I should again date my letters from Richmond. Sam I suppose is at home and has explained to you why it was that I came here -- The same cause has detained me longer than I had expected; and in fact I have been induced by the force of circumstances--in which category are included many items some of which I shall leave you to guess at--to hang out my shingle again in this place, and try my hand once more. I was not satisfied with Wheeling, Cincinnati, or Terre Haute nor do I think that I should have been content with any other place simply for the reason that the source of dissatisfaction was within myself. To speak more plainly a residence in any other place than this, seemed to be inconsistent with a cherished purpose of my heart i.e. marriage and an early retirement -- The reasons in favor of which are these; 1st inclination 2 freeing the mind from anxiety and suspense -- for I could not, nor would I get rid of it in that other way suggested & strongly urged by some of the family a breaking of the engagement this would not be right it would not be honorable -- it would not consist with my inclinations or the happiness of myself or the other party concerned. 3 An unmarried physician is not regarded as a fixed and settled member of society. And hence in the fourth place his business cannot be as good as it otherwise might be -- These and many other minor considerations have induced the step that I have now taken. But you ask why did not these considerations have their effect before I commenced my eccentric wanderings? -- why was it that I left Richmond in the first place? -- Because I did not like the place, the people did not suit me -- I found it difficult to accommodate my self to this--that was the difficulty--and is --. With this last unfortunate circumstance on the one side--and the forgoing considerations on the other, my mind was bro't into a state of doubt, perplexity and anxiety to which I had before been a stranger--and which has caused me more suffering than I can tell of. It has driven me away in the hope that I might find an opportunity of getting immediately into business in some other place when I would be more content to live Disappointed in this I am driven back to the place from whence I started--content yet discontented--happy yet miserable -- Can such a state of things exist -- it can & I suffer it. These & a thousand other things have given an indecision & eccentricity to my action that really looks, even to myself, like madness or imbecility -- I am ashamed of it -- I despise myself for it yet I have not been able to act differently. But enough of this -- I received your last letter a day or two before I left Terre Haute, directing me to collect some money from Farley -- I called at his house & at his place of business two or three times but did not see him and of course did not get the money. When I was about leaving I found myself short of funds, and Mr Buntin was so kind as to let me off without paying my bill at that time -- the amount is \$16.00--in which is included my washing bill. You will oblige me much, if it is not inconvenient--if you will send the money to him by an early opportunity -- better send it by mail as I think there will be but little risk -- I am somewhat anxious about the matter should it be delayed long I fear my credit will suffer. I have already received so many kindnesses, so many favors from you, dear father, that I am quite ashamed to ask anything further--but poverty & necessity ----- In order to carry out my plans & in order to commence business under circumstances that will be likely to bring success, I need several things--a horse and buggy -- and money--say \$100.00 -- I cannot ask you to give me this, but if in the course of two or three months you could lend it I should be glad to pay the interest--and the principle as soon as possible -- I know you will say nonsense! cant lend money to you -- but -- I ask that condition only as a favor. I should not feel satisfied in any other way -- But your circumstances may not admit of it in that case of course I don't expect it -- Sam will be returning to Cin. in a few days -- could he not come by R[ichmond] & bring Fann with

him -- or if you do not feel like parting with her--if she is now gentle & can be trusted more than Sal -- keep her & I shall try and devise some other mode of getting along -- I left my cane -- Let Sam bring it with him or if he should not come this way--let him take it to Cin as I can have an opportunity of getting it from there.

*Samuel T. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cincinnati Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear father,

I am in the Queen City once more, though I became so fond of the Country & of locomotion during my recent trip, that I hardly feel as much at home as I did before I started.

I got along rapidly and without difficulty from Indianapolis to Richmond. The road was much better than we had passed over previously (about half pike & plank) & Fan seemed to have had at least two hundred and fifty weight taken off of her spirits.

I found John in good health & spirits. His old practice is coming back to him rapidly & he is acquiring new. He had three or four new calls among the Germans while I was with him. He says he would rather have their practices than any other in the town or country, as however poor they always pay without waiting to be dunned two or three years.

I remained in Richmond from Thursday until Monday following & during that time I spent two evenings with John's Dulcinea & her sister. I suppose they have heard that the family are opposed to the match & regarded me as an agent sent to report what sort of looking animals they were. I infer this much from the fact that they appeared quite embarrassed the first evening I was there. The next time I went they were more in their ease and appeared to better advantage. The oldest sister (Kate) is a very pretty sweet looking girl. The younger (John's) does not strike one as handsome at first sight, but grows in good looks upon acquaintance. She has an intellectual looking head & a fine eye, but is too fat about the chops. In manners she is somewhat countryfied, at least has not as much refinement and grace of manner as some city ladies I wot of. In conversation she is animated and sprightly. I did not see the mother. The father is dead. The only other member of the family I saw was a brother & I only saw him long enough to be introduced. Richmond is rather on the line of improvement, though not very rapidly. I called to see Miss Laws of whom J had a strong notion for awhile. She is quite a handsome & a very agreeable girl & is a star of attraction in the society of Richmond which I did not think the town possessed. Upon the whole I think Richmond a pleasanter place than John represents it, though certainly it is inferior to Terre Haute in the quality of the society.

Aunt Abbie left here yesterday afternoon on the Cars [train] for Columbus. She remained at the Burnet house for a couple of days, at the end of which time the river was so low, that no boats were running in which a white person would take passage. She went without company, but I think she will have no difficulty in getting on.

I was quite surprised the other day by a call from Fee, on which occasion he informed me "his lady" was in town & wished to see me. -- Nothing like perseverance!! They both expressed great regret that you were not at home to perform the ceremony. They said you was their first choice-- Prof Wylie 2nd & Hughes 3d. He told me he enquired on Tuesday evening if you were at home &

was told you would not be back for a week. If he had inquired on Wednesday, I suppose he would have found you at home.

Tell Liz that Maud Cox will not go to house keeping before next spring. Aunt A- went down the river to Henry Yeatman's with her and spent a day. She was delighted with her visit. I have not seen Maud myself but a minute. I hope you will not fail to be at the Convention if it is at all possible. You should strain a point to come. Your friends here are enquiring after you & are anxious you should be here.

I have a word to say in relation to the intercourse of Judge Otto with our family. Do not invite him to the house again—it puts him in a disagreeable dilemma. He is a friend of yours & dislikes to appear to neglect your invitations to visit the house & at the same time he will not do it, being entirely satisfied that mother did make the remarks which were reported to him. I know his authority for believing as he does & can't see how he can believe otherwise. The mischief is done so far as the family is concerned & can't be remedied. He is a friend of yours no doubt, & that is all that is of much importance--so let the matter rest as it is, & don't annoy him with any more invitations.

Love to all.

Your affectionate  
Son Sam

A. Wylie D.D.  
Bloomington Ind.

P.S. I think it is John's intention to be married some time in the winter, though I said nothing to him about it. -- Enclosed you will find the rectp of W.K.S which you gave me by mistake for the one to John.

*Andrew Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

New Albany Sept. 22<sup>d</sup> 1850

Dear Wife

I learn from John Anderson that James Flack a nephew of his and grandson of Dr John Anderson, after whom our Anderson was called, & whom as you know I so dearly loved while he lived & whose memory I cherish, is now with the Rail road corps of engineers operating at & near Bloomington & my object in writing to you now is that you may employ Redick to find him out & pay that attention to him which is due not only for sake of our friend his grandfather now no more, but also on his own account: for from what I learn of him here he is a very excellent & promising youth. His acquaintance may be of advantage to Redick & Anderson, as I firmly believe a blessing from God descends on the children & childrens children of those who fear God according to the promise annexed to the fourth commandment.

When the engineers are at Orchards young Flack will be among them and may be easily found out & introduced to our family and treated with such kindness as I know you will be disposed to give. I preached here yesterday, and have been most kindly treated by the minister Mr Martin and his

people. He is about leaving the place however and intends returning, as soon as the river rises, to his former parish in Maryland: this climate not agreeing with him. The mosquitoes are here in such swarms as to make any body sick with their shrill trumpets and bloody sucking probosces. I shall be glad when I get out of their company.

Tell the boys that I think, as the weather is fine it might be well for them to top the corn on the field nearest home, the fodder will likely be needed for the cattle next winter, & that they especially Anderson would do well to practise on the directions of John Anderson which just now he told me he gave to young Flack. "Work for the highest wages you can get. If you cannot get high wages work for low & if you can get no wages work for nothing-- The ice house ought to [be] cleared of the straw: the saw dust in it should be dried & saved & more got & stored up for use. I think it best not to be at the expense of making a partition of plank round the inside as I once contemplated. Rye straw which can be had in time will answer a better purpose & at much less cost and trouble.

God bless you all & have you in his holy keeping.

Your afft husband

A Wylie

***Margaret "Maggie" Wylie Martin to Andrew & Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Elizabeth Wylie, and Mary Wylie Dodds, Bloomington, Indiana***

[Ningpo, China, about November 1850]

My dear Father & Mother

It is now just one short year, since Samuel and I left you, in obedience to our Saviours command "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" We have richly experienced the fulfillment of that blessed promise "Go I am with you" truly has God been with us in delivering us from dangers seen and unseen I wish I could tell you all He has done for me, but it would require too much time and space. I hope dear parents, God hath dealt with you in the same gracious way. It affords me great comfort to know you pray for me. I try to feel thankful to the kind, and gracious giver of all good, that He has given me my birth & parentage in a christian land, especially do I feel thankful when I look at the condition of the heathen around me. May your prayers and mine mingle together for their salvation! O for a greater love for souls! The poor heathen often ask if Jesus is king of America! Who will pity their ignorance? Will the Lord mercifully increase the number of those who will make known to them the way of life. Dear Father your letter May 28<sup>th</sup> I received in Aug some time since, but I hope you will excuse my not answering it sooner I wrote a long letter from Hong-kong and part of one from Shanghai when at dear good Mrs Boone's. We have named our boy for the bishop. He is one of the kindest, most sociable men I ever became acquainted. Babe is just six months old, and very healthy & sprightly. I feel thankful to Christ the good Shepherd for keeping my lamb in perfect health ever since he was born. I have given him to the "good Shepherd and Bishop of souls", and by his grace and divine assistance I will bring him up in the way he should go" Will you pray that we may have that wisdom from on high, that will enable us. I feel very desirous that he may early become a child of God, and in due time a minister of the gospel,--a pillar in the church of Christ.--

I love to pray that he may live to grow up, and be the means of converting the heathen around us. As soon as he has learned to lisp, I will teach him to pray for you dear Father & Mother. I hope to impress his mind early with a love of piety and truth. The missionaries here take great pains in bringing up their children. Indeed their talk & behavior is more like those of grown persons than children. I hope I shall learn from their good example. My health has been very good since I came but I cannot say as much for dear Samuel as he has had two chills. The ague is the most prevalent disease here, but one or two in the mission have escaped. Mrs Lord of the baptist mission, & Mrs Way a very excellent lady of our mission were both taken sick all hope of their recovery was given up. Mrs L's physician had quit given her medicine, she had given to all her parting words, when as I believe she is now almost well in answer to prayer. Prayer meetings were held in behalfe of both; & both are fast recovering. God has indeed proved to us that He is ready to hear the prayers of his children Our mission numbers 14 including the Mrs. We see each other every day, and live together very happily and comfortably. We are all up to the eyes studying Chinese I find it very difficult, but the Lord is our helper. For our spiritual improvement, and growth in grace, we ladies have a weekly meeting. Every wednesday, called the Ningpo Maternal Association. We meet to pray God to make us good wives & Mothers. Dear Parents will you pray for the richest spiritual blessings for us all; when we thus meet together? I think it very improving in many respects -- we unite our prayers together, and bringing all our wants and wishes before Him who alone is the hearer and answerer of prayers, we feel our intrests are the same. "Blest is the tie that binds, Our hearts in Christian love, The fellowship of christian minds is like to that above", How beautiful the hymn commencing thus! It is a favourite hymn with me How infinitely happy we shall be when we all meet in heaven, there forever to enjoy the society of all the redeemed. Tis in heaven I hope to meet you my dear parents, and I know you have the same looking forward, in regard to us. How happy it makes me feel to think of meeting you in heaven, There may we be a family redeemed, by the Saviour of Sinners!! Is not this thought calculated to make us strive more to get there? Is it not a most cheerful hope? The hope we all shall be there -- What infinite obligations we are under to love and serve God! When we sit down and think of all His mercies to us, how great is the sum of them. "Then let our lips & voices raise, in noblest song and sweetest praise". I hope Mother you have returned from Wheeling with a new set of teeth which you feel thankful for, I was very glad to hear you had gone. I hope God will bless you with good health and appetite to enjoy them. I think I would scarcely know my Mother now, could I but see her Dear Mother do write me a letter and I shall be so happy. It is now hearvest time, the second crop of rice is looking yellow and the chinamen are busy at work As you dear Father are so fond of farming I will go on & tell you a few particulars abut how farming is carried on in China We have two crops of rice in the year the first is ripe in the month of July the second is at present being gathered in. It is pulled up by the roots and then beat out. The growth is about two ft. You are already acquainted with the methods used in irrigating the fields I suppose. The immense number of ponds & stagnant water is what makes the ague. Sometimes you see them perfectly green on the surface. It is very interesting to look at the men as they are at work in the fields, and still more pleasing to see the little children gleaning so not even a straw is left The people are obliged to practise the strictest economy and industry and then get a mere subsistence. many are found starved to death in winter. How I wish they could but have what is thrown away and wasted at home! As wood & coal are so very expensive the people dry grass & leaves to cook with. I think if you were in China you would all appreciate to a greater degree, the comfort of having plenty of wood to burn -- We have quite a variety of fruits, oranges lemons

&c &c but no apples worth eating. When the fruit and grain are beginning to ripen the chinamen take up their abode in the fields. His lodge is placed in the centre and there he spends the night in sleepless anxiety in keeping off thieves. Everything has to be kept under lock & key which is a little troublesome. At night we have a watchman who gets \$4.00 month for being awake all night and asleep all day. When I first came to China I was much struck with the oriental appearance of things, the temples, high walled cities & houses the lodges in the fields & now, things have become familiar, I feel perfectly at home among them all. do not feel anxiety on our account for we are in the hands of a kind and all wise providence who never slumbers nor sleeps. I am sure He will always take care of us and have us in His holy keeping.

“For me remains, nor time nor space  
My country is in every place,  
I can be calm & free from care  
On any shore since God is there.”

It is just bed time, the clock will soon strike and then Samuel & I will read the Scriptures together and kneel once more to thank God for the many mercies and privaleges of the past day. What a privalege is communion with God! How much I love to think of you all as engaged in family worship at home! I love to fancy my Father sitting reading the Bible in his armchair, with all his children round him, but, no I am mistaken there--they are all in his thoughts and remembered in his prayers if they are not all around him. Hoping soon to get a letter from you both, Mother do not forget your daughter Mag when letter writing time comes

Your afft. daughter  
Maggie

My dear sister Lizzie How much I do wish you could be by [my] side instead of being so far & widely separated could we be together once more how many things we would have to talk about. I expect my husband and little one, would be the main topics with me if it is true that “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh” I would not be otherwise than married, for all the “Celestial Empire” I think I have one of the best husbands in the world. You dont know how happy and comfortable we are. We have just made preparations for winter, husband has just got the stove up and the carpet down. He is always fixing something, when not engaged in study. I always love to hope for the best in your case dear sister Liz, and the next letter I get from you I hope will make me acquainted with the joyful intelligence that you have found “joy and peace in believing.” Happiness is found in God alone, ungodly persons may have a shew of happiness, but they never can have the reality. My experience is, the more I try to love and serve God, the more prosperous and happy I am. I feel my conscience free, my head clear & my heart light when I live above the world with its affections and lusts. Dear sister may I ask you to read the Bible with diligence and prayer. I wish I could express the sweet comfort and consolation I found in reading my Bible since we last parted. May it prove a savor of life to your soul that our meeting may be in heaven. Will my Saviour be your Saviour I will ask Him to take away your burthens and give you sweet relief from all sin and sorrow. Whatever be your circumstances may you have the presence of Him who alone can make you happy & truly blest forever! The promises of scripture how sweet to the soul! May you live in such a manner as you will wish when you come to die. Your spiritual interests shall be made my first thought and prayers for you. Will you remember

me in prayer?

Your affectionate sister  
Maggie

Dear sister Mary

I hope these few lines to you will find you well in mind & body, there is nothing like being cheerful, to get along well, at least I find it to be the case with myself. By this time I suppose the railroad is finished and you can send to Louisville and get a girl whenever you want one. I hope when you get this, you will feel like sitting down and writing me a good long letter. If you do not, I shall leave you to read the bright effusions of my mind in the newspapers -- As I have but one child, and you five I suppose I must write five times oftener. I think I have never told you how beautiful the scenery is in this part of the world. We are entirely surrounded with mountains covered with pines and other beautiful evergreens. I am thus reminded of that beautiful passage in Scripture “As the mountains are around about Jerusalem so am I around about my people saith the Lord”. The face of the country is either level or mountainous; not undulating as with you. We have a beautiful meandering river along whose banks we wind our course every evening or as is frequently the case we take a boat ride which at this season is very pleasant. I often think of you all and wish you were with me that I could point out all that is worthy of notice or reflection. I sometimes think I have but one source of trial, and that is the language. How is the Dr getting along I hope he is succeeding at home, and abroad improving in health & How is old Mother Dodds? give her my best wishes and best love to cousin Rebecca & Theophilus and to good old Mrs Davisson and to all kind friends, he joins me in much love to you & the Dr.

Maggie --

*Samuel T. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cincinnati Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear Liz

Your Jennie Lind letter was duly recvd, and in accordance with the Poor injunctions, I hasten to reply immediately. There is no time yet fixed for Jennie’s advent to Cincinnati, but she will certainly not be here before sometime in December.

The fashionables and unfashionable were all thrown into a furor by hearing that Barnum had determined not to send her out here; but this proved to be a false report. B- has written here to learn whether she could command a twelve thousand dollars’ house; and being answered in the affirmative, he wrote on that she should be here sometime in December--exactly the day has not yet been announced. I suppose she will sing two or three times. Some of the enthusiastic ones are talking of putting up a shanty expressly for her benefit--one that would accomodate some six or eight thousand people. I do not yet know whether she will sing at Louisville -- If she does I will probably learn it in time to inform you.

The furor must have been extending rapidly indeed so to set the Hoosiers on their heads. People have quit talking about her at present, but her arrival will put all things in commotion

again. I have not yet determined to go to hear her & shall not until the time comes.

The tickets will no doubt be disposed of here as they were in the Eastern cities--that is at auction. I would not go unless I got a seat in every respect comfortable and genteel and also unless I took a lady (Miss B! if you please). This would probably cost me fifteen dollars, & that much I will not give, though I spend twice that much in a year for cigars.

I commenced writing this note this morning early, but was interrupted by business, which has occupied me until now & caused you the loss of a mail. I hope however you will survive when by reading you find it was a matter of no consequence.

My business for the last month has been good--better than any month I have spent in Cincinnati. I have made & collected about 70\$--Jennie Lind gains are they not?

I have not heard from John lately. The sister of his dulcinea has been spending a week or two in Cincinnati. She is a charming little girl & quite a belle in the city. I almost fell in love with her myself.

Supper time & I must sign myself your trotting brother.  
Sam.

P.S. Sorry I did not see little Dug--tell him so.

I have an offer of two or three contingent fifty dollar fees, which will carry me up the river a hundred or so miles tomorrow. It is delightful weather & I anticipate a pleasant trip -- wish you was along.

Love to all--Mary & family.

S.T.W.

*John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cincinnati Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear Father

Sam has been, for the last few days almost stationary -- seems to have been no worse and but little better -- Still I think there has been some little improvement -- He will probably convalesce very slowly and it will be some time before he is about again -- He has not taken a particle of nourishment for three weeks, & now, though he is able to sit up a little & is more wide awake than heretofore, he eats nothing.

I have been here about two weeks, but hope that in the course of a few days, he will be sufficiently recovered to admit of my return to R--

I had the pleasure of attending T. Bryan's wedding, the other evening in Newport -- His wife appears much older than he & is an inch or two taller -- I have not been able to discover any thing particularly interesting about her -- But he of course looks upon her with other eyes -- The McGuffey family however think her something extraordinary -- She may be -- I have felt much disappointment in not receiving a letter from one of you, since I have been here -- hope it may come along, after while --

With much love to all I am

Your affectionate Son

John

P.S. Mr McGuffey tells me that Aunt Ellen & cousin Liz & all are expected here in a few days -- they expect to spend the winter --

*John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cin. Tuesday Evening 10<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1850

Dear Father:

With an unwilling and heavy heart I write, to say that my dear brother, since Sunday evening last, has become much worse. Strange fancies and images of terrific objects, for the last twenty four hours, have possessed his brain -- He talks incoherently & is exceedingly emaciated -- I have just commenced giving him beef tea & he is now more quiet than during the day --

I called Prof. Bell to see him last evening -- he approved of the course of treatment & seemed to think that he would be able to wear out the disease -- But yet I cannot shut my eyes to the truth -- the danger is imminent -- The Angel of Death seems hovering near -- Oh! God! May he not strike. In this hour of affliction I am doubly thy sympathizing and affect Son

John

Wed morning -- He had a much better night -- seems this morning, more calm & rational -- took his beef tea & liked it -- & evidently better than he has been for 24 or 48 hours

*Irene Wylie Bell to John H. Wylie, Cincinnati, Ohio*

Wheeling December 10<sup>th</sup> [1850]

Tuesday morning

Dear John Your letter enclosing Mags I received this morning, and I hasten to tell you if Sam gets worse, or if my services in the way of nursing will be of any help to you or to him not to fail to send for me. You can telegraph and I can readily go down. I feel very anxious indeed Mr Bell wrote me Sam was not very well the day he passed through; I supposed nothing serious was the matter, much less that he has been dangerously ill. I wonder you did not let me know. I trust he may recover, that he may be spared to us, but let us resign ourselves into the hands of a wise and kind God, knowing that he will not willingly afflict us, and if so, for our good -- What brought this fever upon him? It is the same Craig died of.

I am still alone B[ell] has not yet returned, will not be home before Christmas, if then. He is now in N.O. [New Orleans] I have been provoked with myself for not going down. There is some talk of the river closing over, it is turning so bitter cold. I can hardly keep myself comfortable with all the coal I can keep on the grate. I am glad of it however, I am partial to winter weather.

We have been daily expecting to hear accounts of your marriage with the trim quakeress. I hope your choice is a good one. I tell you what you had better look about you well, before you

take that all important step, as there is no retreating after once taken. The wedding fever here, is raging high, almost all the young folks in town are about putting their heads into the noose. There is to be a grand one on Thursday near 300 invitations. Two Louisville gentlemen marry soon two of our ladies You may know them. John Harrison and John Bullock. The latter graduated at Bloomington three years since. I was quite surprised to see the little fellow up here courting. And so Tom [Bryan] has really given himself up to that tall one. I did not think of it being so soon. His family are better reconciled to her, than at first. She was on at Washington, and they found her very intelligent and also of one of the first families. She must be something indeed, if she passed after the scrutinizing examination they would give her. Does he take her on this winter. I have not heard from Andy and Cal [Carry] very lately, she I think is not yet much improved in health.

They have received letters from Uncle and John [McKee] twice since they embarked, off Charleston, and from Havana. They were well and getting along smoothly. Letters are expected from them this week from Chagrese [probably the town now known as Nuevo Chagres, a minor port of Panama]. We are doing all we can to keep Eliza up but it is almost in vain. She is getting very weary cannot sleep eat, or compose herself in anyway. Talks constantly about them Jim feels very uneasy about her, says if any evil should befall them or she should hear of either of their deaths she most certainly would go deranged, and I do not doubt

it. She is the most excitable body I ever met with. She is all impatience to have Ab[by] back, will not be alone for a moment if she can avoid it. Abbie will be back in a few days. She is not much benefited, I dont think I ever saw one looking more distressed than she does. Every one exclaimed out when they saw her here. She will stop in Baltimore two or three days, and I hope they may all be reconciled to each other. Aunt Ann and Annie are still there. Annie will not go South this winter. She is still in wretched health. She is staying a long time from PA.

Here comes this little pet of mine stepping along to me for a kiss. If you could see him now you would think him more interesting than a lump of fat. He grows and is a good and bright boy-- I have written you hastily. Hope you will not leave Sam too soon, and be sure you write me how he is getting, now mind you obey my directions, nor do you forget to give me an invit. Have not heard from home lately The missionaries are getting along quite well. Did you ever know a happier disposition than Mags. She has the true spirit of the miss.[ionary] Aunt E said when I wrote you she would add a page, but she may do so the next time. I have been intending to write a long time. Sis is a monstrous creature. They send their love of course.

Irene.

*Andrew Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cincinnati Friday morning 10 O, Clk [December 20, 1850]

Dear Wife

Sam is much worse: & without something like a miracle cannot long be here in this life.

O God prepare him & us all for that better life where there is no sickness or death.

He is flighty -- yet he knows me which is some comfort to me as also I trust to him

I asked John if I should write you to come. "O" said he "before she could be here it would

be all over"

My heart sinks. So will yours when you read what I can hardly write. God support us under this heavy stroke. The Lord gave & he is about to take away: in all events blessed be the name of the Lord

Your afflicted husband

A Wylie

PS John sends his love. Poor fellow he is attentive & careful to his brother but has no hopes of his recovery

*Andrew Wylie, Sr. to Mrs. Margaret Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana; fav. of Mr. H. Woodward who will be kind enough to send it over so soon as he reaches home.*

Cincinnati

21<sup>st</sup> Dec. [1850] 9 O'Clk A.M.

Dear wife:

I have an impression that Sam will recover. I have had it since noon yesterday. It is not founded on reason. I know not what to call it; but it is in my heart & it comforts me. John & the other doctors do not utterly despair: but I hope & this is strange, very strange to me, especially as last night it was with the utmost difficulty, by four persons rubbing his limbs, one at each limb, & then applying mustard, that signs of life were restored. But even then this strange impression that he should be restored did not leave me. It may prove fallacious but it comforts me while I have it.

About this time yesterday he had a calm & lucid interval which I tried by the help of the Prayer Book (see the service for the sick) to improve. He took part in the prayers & answered the questions distinctly, expressing his confidence in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. John, who till then when he saw all the symptoms of approaching death, now gave way to his feelings, sobbing aloud. Afterwards he told me that he had never seen any to survive the "subsultus" & that it was set down in the books as a fatal sign. But Dr. Bell told us of a case that had happened 30 years ago in his practice in Phil<sup>a</sup> of a man who had had this sign & in other respects was a more hopeless case than that of our dear son who had recovered & is now living. Last night Sam had some quiet rest. He is now as he for the most part is flighty & restless. When occasionally he is calm, he speaks the names of the family at home, yourself, Redick, Anderson, and Jane. Andrew he also mentioned once & asked why he was not here. I said, O you know he has been now for some time in Washington city—"In Congress?" he asked. This was when he was becoming a little flighty again. Seeing me at the foot of the bed he said "There is father the same great upright man he ever was—thank God for that," pronouncing the last word quite emphatically. His incoherent words when he is flighty are not such as to indicate a troubled imagination being fragments of things in the memory oddly dissorted. He is extremely weak, & sometimes suffers considerable pain. I write these things in haste by Mr. Woodward thinking you would receive it sooner than by Mail.

This in turn ought to be his well day. Tomorrow being Sunday the streets will be quiet. Dr. Bell whose skill is very great attends as often as he can. These belong to the order of means but let our cry be to the Lord from "the depths" of this our affliction. Perhaps he may hear our

prayer & deliver our beloved son, who was always so kind & dutiful to us & to the rest of the family, from going down to the grave in the beginning as it were of his life: or if not he will surely hearken to the prayers that we offer for his & our own salvation. O let us not fail to improve the present visitation, when, as it were, God is coming near with "the rod" of fatherly chastisement as I trust it is, that we may be made partakers of his holiness.

May he have you all in his holy keeping  
Your affectionate husband  
A. Wylie

I shall not write again till Monday. A. W.

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Alexandria Va  
Dec 22 1850

My Dear Father

Not till this morning, when your note and that of Thomas Bryan dated 18th inst. was received, was I aware of the serious nature of poor dear brother's illness. A week ago a letter was received from Thomas by his father saying that Sam was in a critical condition but the news was withheld from me till now. But there is still hope that appears in your letter, and I know there must have been ground for it, else you would have been in despair for how well do I know the oppressive apprehension which would have smitten your heart had it been otherwise. Besides it is four days since your letter was written; no telegraphic dispatch has announced to us the result which you have so much dreaded. Here we find a temporary--God grant it may not be that only--ray of light. O dear father but should it have proved to be but temporary what a sore trial for you and all of us has Almighty God sent in his providence. But I have no heart to dwell on that dark side, and turn from it praying, hoping, believing, persuading myself that the kindness, the goodness of our Father in Heaven, has at length caused his chastisement to cease and poured into your afflicted spirit the warmth of his bright and reconciled countenance. Carry and all of us will not cease to implore, with you, in spirit; the mercy sent for this favorable issue. "Spare us good Lord spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us forever".

Cary unites with me in a message of love to Elizabeth, John, Thomas Bryan, and, my dear brother, if he yet lives to receive it. Till tomorrow's mail, or the telegraph brings us prettier news we shall pass our time in an agony of suspense. Thomas, dear fellow, I know how his kindness and love to Sam have been shewn throughout the whole of his illness. Never was there a warmer or purer heart in a human bosom than in his.

Your affectionate Son  
Andrew

Revd Dr Wylie

Carry we think is something better - mending slowly. Little Andrew could not be better, brighter or more interesting. A.

1851

*John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond January 2 1851

My dear Father:

I started from Cincinnati on Monday & arrived here in the evening, feeling quite well much more so than I had any reason to expect -- Knowing that you feel somewhat anxious about my health and from a sense of duty and affection I write to you my first letter for this year -- And in wishing you all a happy new year I pray God that it may not bring to us afflictions so awful and heart-rending as that which hath so sorrowfully masked the close of the last. Strange as it may seem I was loth to leave the city -- to me it was a sorrowful pleasure to linger about the dwelling of the kind family with whom the spirit of the departed seemed still to abide -- there was the room in which I had seen him so often in health & vigor -- there on the centre table sat his hat, where he himself placed it & I would fain believe that he would return to take it -- at his office the desk just as he had left it & before which I had so often seen him--& in the street where I had so often walked with him--every corner reminded me of him--every object called him to mind -- I have dreamed of distress & death, and have woken rejoicing that, 'twas but a dream -- so seems this to me (at times) but a fearful dream, how hard to think that it is truth. And art thou gone my brother! forever! shall I look no more, upon thy loved form -- Yes God hath called thee hence, we believe to happiness and heaven -- In this we have comfort & consolation but how hard to part with thee even on terms which to thee are light & life

I feel now, more than ever before, the uncertainty of life and the utter vanity of all earthly objects: and I pray God that I may so live, that when the dread messenger cometh, to summon me hence, I shall not be found sleeping God in his good providence that thus fearfully spoken to us "be thou also ready" and I pray that we who survive this affliction may recognise in it His voice, so that He may not again visit us in His wrath.

I hope every member of the family may lay this to heart and endeavor so to live towards each other, that should death come again, we may have at least the pleasing consciousness of having been in our intercourse with the departed, affectionate and kind -- This consciousness I have now, he that is now no more was remarkable for his independence of spirit--for his manliness & integrity of character but above all for the loveliness of his disposition -- to me he was always kind -- I loved him tenderly & in his last sickness, felt as though I could have died for him -- Oh! let me entreat you, my brothers & sisters--you that are at home, be more affectionate in your intercourse with each other-- speak no unkind words--live more in love & peace than you have heretofore done -- How it would grieve my heart, should I be spared to visit you, to find that this afflicting dispensation has been lost upon you -- Oh I know it cannot be so -- And you, my dear father whom I have always honored & loved for the integrity of your character, & the greatness of your heart--you are now in this day of our sorrow, doubly dear to me -- My God in his mercy spare you to us yet many years & render the last days of thy long & eventful life, peaceful & blest

Mr Carey, whom you may recollect as being sick when you left, I advised to take an emetic

(Antimonial Wine) which he did – it operated thoroughly & on Sunday every symptom of disease appeared to be removed -- Such reflections are vain, but I cannot but think that if my poor brother had taken something of the kind when the disease was in its forming stages his fate might have been different --

Dr Stockwell with whom I met on Sunday afternoon, with two or three of his nieces (we took a long walk together) desired to me to say to [you] that he was not apprised of your being in town till too late to call upon you--sends his kind regards & sympathies -- Dr Drake desired me to inform you that he would leave a pair of shoes a shirt &c which you left at Mr McGuffey's at Madison. they will be forwarded I trust you will receive them Mr McGuffey lost his umbrella-- I think that which you took home must have been his -- I found two or three patients anxiously awaiting my return -- think I may do pretty well if my health will admit of close application to business --

With much love to Mother & all I am as ever your affectionate son  
John

Rev A Wylie DD

*Andrew Wylie Jr. to Margaret Wylie Martin, Ningpo, China*

Washington Jan<sup>y</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1851

Dear Margaret

I enclose to you father's letter announcing the death of our beloved brother, and giving a narrative of the circumstances attending his sickness. Heavy as the stroke was, this is greatly comforting to us who survive, in the knowledge that he died so like a Christian. This reflection seems to sustain & support dear father in this day of his sore trial. To yourself who have forsaken country & home, father mother & kindred in obedience to what you believed was the will of Heaven, it will be like a light to dispel the darkness of a mysterious providence. The cause of this dispensation we cannot know. It could hardly be that it was the [?] of God by its means to call to safety & himself those of us who were living too neglectful of Him. Why should we be so vainly important in our own conceits as to fancy that one so much better, or at all events as good as any of us, should be stricken down that we might be saved? No: none of us are of that much consequence in the view of Heaven. But surely the world beyond the grave must present a happier, higher, more glorious condition of existence than this. I believe this, & you believe it. Our dear brother is now a denizen of that starry land, and is happier far than any whom he has left behind him here. Let us mourn therefore ourselves only because the loss is ours. Let us take comfort to our hearts that he has joined the great company of the Redeemed in the better world, where his soul is eternally established never to feel a pain or a sorrow, never to suffer a moment's decline of the knowledge & virtue that are his, but forever to advance, gaining more & more, losing & forgetting nothing, fearless of all accidents & dangers, enjoying the pleasures of a saint, perfectly sure, happy & enlightened, and feeling the conscious, glorious satisfaction that God & good angels are his friends and that with them he is never to grow old, or part, & his friendship never break. Believing these things, how can we repine. Let us rather look toward the little space of life

that remains to us, to the period when we may rejoin our brothers. Three have gone already from our family. William was the first. After a few years Craig followed, and now Samuel. I imagine the scene which took place at their meeting. William standing on the bright confines of Paradise, looking out for and receiving with the welcome & joy of a brother beatified, his brother eagerly joining him. Afterwards they two together knowing of his approach, dispatched by Heavens great King, to receive, & lead into his presence, a third to be added to the happy fraternity.

Why should we mourn departed friends  
Or shake at Death's alarms  
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

We cannot be always here, and even whilst here, we are compelled by circumstances in our condition to live widely separated. I trust & pray that our spirits are bound together in the same bundle of eternal life, and that after the struggles, separations and trials of this fleshly existence shall have passed, the joys of a reunion above never to be disturbed, shall more than compensate for all by their great & eternal weight of glory.

Carry is not yet well, though, on the whole, something better than she was when you saw her at Philadelphia a year ago. She returned home in February, having received not a particle of benefit from the medical treatment of Dr Hodge or of any of the other physicians she had tried before or since. For a long time she has been trusting alone to the restorative power of a naturally firm constitution, having "thrown physic to the dogs." Little Andrew is now three years & four months old, and is a very fine, handsome, sprightly and interesting little boy. Carry begs that you would write her, and give a full history of your voyage out, the circumstances attending the birth of your child &c &c. Let us know how you are pleased with our antipodes, whether you are keeping house; how are you off for servants; how do you like the country & the climate, and whether they agree with you; have you a pleasant society of Americans & English, and what progress are you making in your acquisition of the language, and in your missionary work. Should you remain in China long enough, your little boy will acquire the language like a native, as he is, which will be a pastime to him in after life. Before he reaches manhood that great Empire will have more to do with the affairs of this world than it now has, & those who possess a knowledge of its language & habits, being few, will have the power to make their own terms with their employers. Their services will be sought for both by their country, & by those engaged in the vast operations trade. Still I pray that we may see you home again far too soon to afford the time which would be requisite for this young gentleman to learn so much. Carry unites with me in sending this message of love to yourself and Mr Martin with our best wishes for your health, happiness and success.

Your affectionate brother  
Andrew

PS Since this was written we have heard of a severe loss which has happened to Mr Bell, by the burning down of the greater part of their glass works --- loss about \$40,000 & no insurance. They have already commenced rebuilding, however, & will soon be able to go on better than before. The business is good & profitable and the standing & credit of their house unshaken.

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington 4<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1851

My Dear Son:

When no letter comes to you from home for some considerable interval of time, I beg of you not to think it is because you are forgotten. No: since your sickness especially, not a day, not an hour, has passed without thinking anxiously about you: & in my daily prayers, morning & evening, in private, in the family, & in the chapel, I do not fail to remember you. But as to writing letters, I confess myself slow & negligent. So much to do—so much writing--so many cares are always urgent, that I can hardly spare the time for wielding the ax enough to keep my body in a healthy state. This last I must practise, & do, every day more or less, Sundays excepted: and that adhering lung of yours, I am inclined to think, might yet be set right, by persevering in this most wholesome exercise. I pray you to try it. It will do you good any how. It is as necessary for the health of the body, as prayer is for the soul. Since early youth I have always prayed: though I know not if one of my many earnest prayers has ever been answered. I trust they are not all lost. Still, I know not. This is not the world where to know is given. We live by faith, & faith is always less than knowledge, however strong & lively it be. Often do I think that if prayers through life have no other effect they serve to make the road to a “throne of grace” a plain & beaten path; so that from habit we can readily find it in the dark--in the hour of sickness--in the shock of bereavement--in the valley of the shadow of death. It will be a comfort in all these cares to reflect that we have not forgotten God in prosperity, & that He will not forget us in trouble. How full of consolation are the divine promises to the people of God--his children when in affliction. This I have often proved, although never very confident myself of being among their number. On arriving at home--it was a sad--sad meeting. The house, the yard, the trees, the village, all wore a dismal aspect. His returning with you on your recovery rose fresh to my remembrance. How joyful I then felt--how sad now, to think that he at least shall return no more! “Tristisque senectus” [Sad Age], in Virgil, often struck me as something peculiarly expressive. I feel it now. Within the last year, & not before, I have begun to feel the weight of years. I eat not with the relish I once enjoyed.—but I shall here turn to the brighter side. I look back over the varied scenes of a life of toil and care; & can see in the way in which God has led me “these forty”--more than that--”years in the wilderness” much, very very much, for which I ought to be thankful; and also humble. Anderson manifests more sensibility on the occasion, than Redick or any of the family except Mary. This I was not prepared to expect. There may be in his nature more good than I had thought. But, in all, the nature must be changed. Nothing less is true conversion. Nature acts freely, spontaneously. You may impress, by means from without, a force upon one’s nature; so that, while the impression lasts, he shall act & feel like another & different person: as Saul did when David cut off his skirt in the cave. But his nature remained the same. The impression soon wore off; and he then acted as before. O that God would graciously so impress our hearts, one & all of the family, by this tremendous visitation, that it may issue in a thorough conversion from the power of sin unto God--a conversion of the heart, the nature, & the ways. Our friends, & the people here generally, seem much affected at the event. He was beloved here by all who knew him. One thing let me say on a subject of less importance, & in apolo-

gy for your mother & sister, as to what they, somewhat unreasonably I admit, may have said, or written, in reference to your intended [Lizzie Leeds]. They knew you had had, before this, some inclinations of the same kind towards two others, both of whom were, indeed, so very unfit for you in almost all respects, that they had some reason to fear it might be so in this last case. This is some excuse for them; & the more, because they so much desired for you, if you should marry, a help-meet such as might prove a helper in all respects. This, I know, it would be hard to find. I know also that there is no one thing in which good young men, & girls also, are so apt to mismatch themselves as in that which of all is the greatest as to its influence on future life. – Let not the severe chastisement which we have received be forgotten. -- God sanctify it, my dear son, to your eternal good.

Your affectionate father  
A Wylie

Give my best regards to good brother Fiske.

All send love to you -- & when you write inform us particularly about your health. We are all well. There are 5 cases of typhoid among the students: one not likely to recover. Working people escape it.

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington*

Alexandria Va  
January 5<sup>th</sup> 1851

My beloved Parents

Almighty God has laid again upon us all, his afflicting hand. At least so it is felt to be; and though we know that He “doth all things well,” yet not comprehending the range of His providence, His strokes sometimes fall upon us poor mortals, with what we feel to be, an almost unsparring severity. Our consolation is a trust in the greatness of Gods mercy, and His infinite wisdom. Certainly He never deals with us in anger or resentment: that cannot belong to the greatness of the perfect Being, the Author and Maker of all things, self-created, existing from eternity to eternity. What he does must be the best for us, and must have been so designed. But how well do I know, that you have drawn your consolations from the Book of Life, and from those exceeding rich and precious promises, which abound through all its pages. There and there alone is comfort to be found, when we find no relief from any comforter on earth, in the hour of distress. Sometimes I have thought that these afflictions were sent for the object, that the living friends might be brought from their errors, and perhaps they sometimes are. But why should the living be of more account than he that is gone? Why should we be so vain as to imagine that those who were better than ourselves, were laid low, that we might be saved? That cannot be: the purpose of God must remain undiscovered, till we ourselves have entered the great futurity, when we shall know more than we can know here. Let us however all so improve the afflictive providence, as shall make us fit for the great change which we all must meet sooner or later. Then, confiding in the goodness of God, the change will be welcome to our spirits, anticipating a reunion in the other world with all the loved friends, sons, father & mother, sisters and brothers,

who have gone before us, with whom we shall enjoy thenceforth a blissful & eternal existence, in our society, without a pain, sorrow, anxiety, or any such thing.

But why should I thus attempt, as it were, to give a lesson to you on a subject which your meditations for years have made familiar to your hearts. I do not, but for my own sake, and that of my dear Carry who writes with me in it all we wish to have the consciousness that whilst your eyes peruse these lines, the same sentiments thoughts & hopes, inspire us together.

Carry's health is improving slowly, and we feel a strong confidence that after a time she will have regained her former excellent health. Little Andrew within a few days has learned all his letters. On Christmas his Aunty, as he calls Mrs. Lathrop, gave him a set of letters on blocks, each one with an appropriate illustration. This made learning his alphabet an amusement, and he had learned the whole before either his mother or I had any suspicion of his progress. He is very quick and inquisitive, and we intend to put no tasks upon him, at any rate for a number of years yet.

How is John, where is he, and what is he doing? I have heard nothing, in detail, with reference to him in a long time now. I am anxious to learn whether he is yet settled down: and if so, where, and what are his prospects. How glad should Carry & I be to see you all again, taking our little Andrew along. But we cannot go till her health is restored. May we not hope to see you here next spring or summer? That would not be to see you all, but it would be the next greatest pleasure to that. Our love to all the family & Mary & Mr Dodds.

Your affectionate son

Andrew

*Theodorus William John Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington*

Philada. Jan. 13<sup>th</sup>. 1851.

My very dear Dr. Wylie:

On last Saturday we received information of the painful bereavement you have lately suffered in the removal of our cousin Samuel. We had heard from Theophilus of his severe illness, but had cherished the hope that he would recover. This hope has been disappointed: he has gone "the way whence he shall not return."

We all sincerely sympathize with you, & Mrs. Wylie, & the rest of the family, in your severe affliction, and father has desired me to write to you to assure you of our heartfelt sorrow, & to express our affectionate condolence. We would regret indeed to open up again the fountains of your grief, but we would desire to bear with you the heavy burden which divine Providence has laid upon you.

There is something mysterious in the administrations of the Almighty's government, when we find one just entering upon a career of usefulness & honor, so suddenly cut down. In such cases it often happens that human reason & feeling find it difficult to say, "He doeth all things well." Yet even human reason must perceive that "the Judge of all the earth will do right," & we feel that our Father in heaven cannot inflict pain upon us, without some kind, & holy, & wise design: we know that "He doth not afflict willingly or grieve the children of men; it is not for his pleasure, but for their profit, that they may be partaken of his holiness." What we know not now, we may know hereafter," and the disclosures of eternity will doubtless show us that even the most

painful events which have befallen us, have been for our benefit, that "all things do work together for good, to those who love God, and who are the called according to his purpose."

No doubt such afflictions are necessary for us. We need to learn more the divine Sovereignty, which it is so easy to admit in Theory, while, alas, perhaps we are often so reluctant to yield to it when it comes in collision with our own preferences. Yet God is God just so far as He is Sovereign, and we are really denying God, in so far as we deny his Sovereignty. He has a right to do, and he will, do what he pleases, while we rejoice that he never can do anything which is not just & good.

Then, too, we need to be drawn off from the World. It is strange that we think of it so much, & cling to it so strongly, & trust in it for happiness so constantly, when in any instant we may be obliged to leave it, and when certainly the time must come sooner or later that it can do nothing for us. It's inadequacy to supply what is necessary for our happiness is shown by such afflictions, and we are thus led to feel that "this is not our rest:" that our souls need something more & better than all the world could give us, something that the world can never take away from us.

And besides all this what a tendency such bereavements have to draw our hearts towards heaven. In the consolatory belief that our departed friends or relatives have "gone to be with Christ," "We may sorrow not as those who have no hope, since those who sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him at His coming." Death is divested of much of its painfulness when we consider that it will reunite us to those whom we have dearly loved. Heaven possesses increased attractions when we regard it as the abode of those for whom we have had the strongest affection. We have more treasure in heaven, & our hearts will be more there also. The other worlds will seem more like home to us, than this does.

But dear Dr. Wylie, I almost feel as if I should not send a letter which merely expresses thoughts which have been already much more clearly before your mind. Yet if any of us had been present with you, while we were mingling our tears with yours, we would have been naturally led to such reflections, and we know that we are directed to "comfort one another with such words." At least you will accept of them as an expression of our sincere love & regard for you all.

Please present our kindest sympathies to Mrs. W. & all the family.

Hoping that He who is "the Father of mercies & the God of all comfort, may comfort you in all of your tribulation,"

I am with great affection & esteem

Truly yours,

T. W. J. Wylie

Rev. Dr. Wylie.

Bloomington. Ind.

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloom.n 19<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1851

Dear Son:

Your kind letter was, on many accounts, soothing & grateful to me; particularly as it expressed feelings so much in unison with my own, on that theme, which is first in my thoughts in the morning and last at night. In the “Hulsean Lectures”, I was struck with this passage: “As we acquaint ourselves with the lamentations of mourners for the dead, lamentations so deep and so despairing, as to explain to us all the meaning of that sorrowing without hope, which by the apostle is ascribed to the heathen; as we hear too the wretched consolations of miserable comforters, the slight palliations of sharpest sorrows, which were all that, with all their kindness, they (he refers to the heathen philosophers) could support, we shall know how to prize the oil and wine, the strong consolations which are stored in the Gospel for each bruised and smitten heart” -- and still more with the note appended to it, in which St Augustine describes what were his feelings, while yet a heathen, upon the death of a friend: “Quo dolore continebratum est cor meum; et quiequid aspisibam, mors erat. Et erat mihi patria supplicium, et paterna domus mira infelicitas; et quiequid cum illo communicaveram, sine illo in cruciatum immanum verterat. Expetebant eum undique oculi mei, et non dabatur mihi; et oderam omnia, quod non haberent eum, nec mihi iam dicere poterant: Ecce veniet, sicurt cum viverit quando absens erat. Factus eram ipse mihi magna quaestio, et interrogabam animam meam, quare tristis esset et quare conturbaret me valde; et nihil noverat respondere mihi. Et si dicebam; Spera in Deum, juste non obtemperabat; quia verior erat et melior homo quim carissimum amiserat quam phantasma in quod sperare jubebatur. Solus fletus erat dulcis mihi, et successerat amico meo in deliciis animi mea. [At this grief my heart was utterly darkened; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me, and my father’s house a strange unhappiness; and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture. Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them; and I hated all places, for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me, “he is coming,” as when he was alive and absent. I became a great riddle to myself, and I asked my soul, why she was so sad, and why she disquieted me sorely: but she knew not what to answer me. And if I said, “Trust in God,” she very rightly obeyed me not; because that most dear friend, whom she had lost, was, being man, both truer and better than that phantasm she was bid to trust in. Only tears were sweet to me, for they succeeded my friend in the dearest of my affections.]\* With some abatement, especially in regard to “phantasma”, this passage describes my bereaved feelings exactly. The grief I felt on the two other cases was in some respects more heart-rending--and it never yet has ceased-- but this overwhelms me more. He had endeared himself to me, not only as a dutiful son, but as a valued friend. He had been a good deal in my company: and, though others of my children might die before me, it never occurred to me as possible that he should. Not till the last hour could I admit such an unwelcome thought. And then, his having so manfully won his way to a fair beginning in the world, & his serious regard to religion for the last two years of his life, & his--every thing in short in his case was so full of promise, and of hope, that the stroke, when it fell,--had well nigh deprived me of my reason. And though the mind is ingenious in gathering comfort all around in the midst of trouble--as from such a sad case as poor McKinney’s, & another, young Dearman, who hung himself, the other morning, in Rader’s horse-mill--and Page’s son, who died at Memphis, “without a friend to close his eyes”,--& especially in this case of my dearly beloved Sam., from the comfortable hope that his spirit is exulting now, in that Presence, which fills all with joys extatic, in company of better friends than those sorrowing ones that are left behind; yet still I grieve: & the three darts, hurled by all-conquering death--after striking to the earth, each its victim, have entered my side--and there they will remain, till another--the next it may be--which he shall throw--strikes home; & the

head of the diminished family--shall weep no more. But an IF, an intrusive if always comes in, & spoils these joys of hope.

“O could we bid those doubts remove  
Those gloomy doubts that rise  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes.”

“Instant in prayer”--that I have tried to be, I may say, from childhood up, and on, to this hour. It is now more than natural; it is necessary: and if it is not a “phantom”--as I humbly trust it is not, it is a great privilege--a great privilege, as Hugh Wylie, the old Postmaster in Washington, a simpleminded good man, used to say “to have a God to go to.” If we go to Him in prosperity, we shall find it easy and comfortable to go in trouble. The young men here, who, I wrote you, were sick with the typhoid, are all getting well, one very unexpectedly, a patient of Dr Hammil’s. He was salivated & that saved him. Darwin told me that his father told him, that his brother, said to have been very successful in the treatment of this disease, always salivated the patient by moderate doses from the very first appearance of the disease. And the philosophy of the thing, they say, is, that the ptymalism acting on the parts near the brain, draws off the enemy from that vital organ. O, if he, for whom we mourn, had at first been treated rightly--or, if he had left that “nest of pestilence”, as I urged him in a letter which I sent to him soon after I got home from Convention--having been sick myself all the time I was there--it had been otherwise with us now. I dare not say better, either for him, or for us: yet it is natural to wish it, & I do wish it, though knowing it to be both foolish & vain. -- Let me persuade you to try what vigorous exercise with the axe every day, may do for that adhering lung of yours. It is the means of keeping me up. Yesterday--a very cold day I walked in my stiff, hard, heavy boots, after college, to see Mr Cole who is not expected to live, being old & ailing for some time; & after staying with him two hours, walked home--tired to be sure & sore, but nothing the worse, but better, --for I slept well in consequence. -- Give my thanks to good Brother Fiske for his acceptable & kind letter of consolation on this affliction; & tell him, also, that I have not been able to answer it, as I should like to do; for it did afford me some of that comfort which I feel that I so much need. There is nothing in this letter, which it would be improper for him to see. Suppose you read it to him, or let him read it, by way of answer to his letter, as well as yours. I have so much more writing to do than I can well do, that really the replying to a single letter is sometimes like the last rail added to the old man’s load, which broke his back. Andrew, in his letter just now received, makes enquiries about you. Cultivate his acquaintance. His being married makes for him a circle of affection: & for this reason he may not be able to give you as large a place in his heart as you had in his--who is gone--but his also is a warm heart, honest, & large too. & though his breath also may depart, yet, while he lives, & you, live, let there be an interchange of letters between you. The family are as usual & join in love to you.

Your affectionate  
Andrew Wylie

\*--St. Augustine’s Confessions; Book IV, Chap.IV, paragraph 9; English translation by Edward B. Pusey from Great Books of the Western World, Robert M. Hutchins, editor in chief, Vol. 18, p. 21, Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., Chicago, 1986.

*Abigail Ritchie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Wheeling, January 27<sup>th</sup> 1851

My dear Liz,

I have been thinking of you all at Bloomington and wishing to write you ever since my return from the East but really I could not nerve myself to do it. I was in hopes that you would have written me, and have been anxiously looking for a letter. I read on yesterday your letter to Irene; and could not refrain from writing any longer, though I know I can give you but little consolation. I did not hear of dear Sams sickness untill I heard of his death on my arrival at this place, which was on New Years Eve. Then his sufferings were all over; but my heart bled for your dear father & yourself & all the rest. I felt as if I must fly to you at once, and mingle my tears with yours. You all know John is a favorite with me, but I loved Sam too. You remember I was in Cincinnati several days on my way here. He was to see me twice every day, would come up to my room & we would chat there for an hour together, and then walk out. Oh! I little thought that was the last time I should ever see him. When he left me at the Cars I felt very sad, he looked so too, he said to me, “now keep up your spirits Aunt Ab. I know you can Yankee yourself along”, I carried him up from Capt Yatemens a newspaper full of fine grapes. he enjoyed them so much

Your letter to Irene my dear girl was distressingly painful. From one of your Fathers letters, and what you write yourself, there is not a doubt but your dear brother is now enjoying the rest of Heaven. Why then is your grief so excessive? You must mourn & deeply feel; it is a severe & bitter trial, but you must not give up entirely, Remember his Heavenly Father has taken him, and he sent for him at the very time that it was best for him to go. Do you remember how often you and I used to talk of God? You could not reconcile many things that take place with his goodness, and why he has permitted so much misery in this world &c &c. I never feel a disposition to quarrel with my maker, it is our own sins that causes all our suffering. We are only here now in training for another world had we all our hearts could desire, would we ever wish to leave it? We must all pass through ourselves, the suffering scene you witnessed your brother pass. Why then do you give yourself up to grief? It will not be but a little while until we all follow him, When we make ourselves familiar with death it is not so dreadful, It is only passing into the world of spirits. Sam is not dead, it is only his body. His spirit now for ought you know is appointed to watch over you. How pleasant the thought is. And will it is not excite you and all of us to lead a useful and good life. So that at our call we may join our friends in Heaven. I do entreat of God, dear Liz only to think of dear Sam in Heaven, What would he say to you do you think, could he see you now half heart broken and giving yourself up entirely to grief? Thinking of him only on his bed of suffering, and when the cold Earth rests upon his brow would he not say to you as my sainted Mother said to me as she saw me weeping beside her dying bed, “Weep not for me my dear child but weep for yourself my sufferings are nearly over”. That sentence dried every tear for her, but Oh! had I not cause to weep for myself, and had I then known all; my heart surely would have broken.

I received a long, long letter from Mrs Ralston, how deeply and sincerely she sympathizes with you all. She tells me how badly your Father looks, give my best love to him, tell him I hear his groans, and see his tears & weep with him in spirit. I could never bear to see him look distressed or troubled. In all probability his seperation from Sam will not be half so long, as if dear Sam

had lived. I think he has cause rather to rejoice. Mrs Ralston told me your Father had preached Sams funeral sermon himself; I am happy to hear he could compose himself to do it Mrs Ralston is much attached to him, and disliked to leave Bloomington, because she was leaving him. Poor woman she has had her trials. My love to your Mother, to Jenny, Redick, and Anderson. Sam I remember was a very great favorite with Jenny. You do not say one word in your letter to Irene about her Tell Jenny I often, very often think of her, and wish I could see her, I love her very much. When you write me tell her she must write me a page or a half of one and say to me precisely what she would if I was conversing with her. She must tell me how she bears the death of her brother? how she has got along with her studies, since I left, and what she has been generally employed in. If she ever thinks of her Aunt Ab now? and everything she thinks I should love to hear. I do hope Redick, Anderson, and Jenny, will now live to be useful to each other and kind. May the removal of their dear brother, be the means of bringing them to a better state of feeling and a more proper sense of duty. I hope Anderson will cause his father no more sorrows, but let one and all strive to be a support and comfort to him in his declining years. God has promised a blessing to children who honor their father & Mother. Oh! you little know what a wellspring of happiness it will be to you all to feel, when his head is laid low, that you have smoothed his pathway to the grave. When have you heard from John & how is he? My love to him when you write. How is Mary & all the children? My best love to her. Tell her I often think of her. Don't forget Rebecca and Theopholis [sic], Lissie Dennis, and all the children when you see them to remember me. Irene [Ritchie] is very well, also her little boy. Jane is still groaning with her stomach. Eliza looks sad. And your Aunt Ab is much better of her disease, and is obliged to look happy & cheer all the rest. God bless comfort & support you all.

Yours affect Abbie

*Irene Wylie Bell to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

in Wheeling Jan 28<sup>th</sup> 1851

Dear Liz Your letter of the 22<sup>nd</sup> was received yesterday I grieve to see your distress. I wish I could comfort your heart. You must cheer up, dont give way to those melancholy sad feelings. It is selfishness in us thus to grieve. It is true we have lost a dear brother, but would you bring him back God for dear Sams own good and happiness took him from us. dont think He took him purposely to scourge and wound us no He took him from much evil and sorrow to come, and for his eternal good. God saw that it was fit that He should take him to himself, and we should rather rejoice.

It is hard to give up one so truly dear; yet I feel resigned my heart is sometimes rent; but in general I am calm God has done it. In this trying dispensation, how kind he is still to us My heart has been raised to Jesus, and I have been enabled, in a faltering manner, to lean on the Beloved. Could I but know this dear Lord, I should trust Him.

“Our beloved brother is in glory/What cause for praise/Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever Amen” Dear saint, thou art far removed from us; but far also from sin and sorrow, and enjoying the presence and the smiles of Jesus. If raising a

finger could bring thee back I would not be so cruel. Though we must sojourn here a longer or shorter time without thee yet may we not trust that we have an eternity to spend together? Let us rejoice in the thought. Oh! for a sanctified use of this affliction to us all and may we not each be ready when our summons come. Do dear Liz think of this event in the proper light. It is wrong I was going to say wicked, to cherish, and constantly think of our affliction Look around you at others affliction. Some have taken from them an only brother and their support There is never a trouble sent upon us, that it might not have been worse. Think how dreadful it would have been had our brother have died, not leaving us a hope that he is happy, then we might have lamented and sorrowed with cause. Think of him always as holy and happy; dont think of him dead and in the ground. He is not there. his death was merely a passage into the spiritual world. Dont think of him as something vague and indeffined but of his being a holy happy useful being in another pleasanter world, among celestial beings

It is a cause of regret and sorrow to me that I did not get down to see him. I blame myself for not going greatly It would have been a very great comfort to me to have seen him once more if for a moment. It has now been over a year since last I saw him nor can I look forward to again seeing him this side the grave I remember him so well the day we last passed together. He took me all over the city. Then to the boat and there we walked the deck laughing talking and eating cakes and candy. I never now see him in a thoughtful mood, but always with that look which was peculier to him. You ask if I should like to have taken his likeness, most certainly, but I would not have you send it here to be taken least it might miscarry or in some way get lost. It could not then be replaced, but do not neglect to send me that bit of hair. It does not require a likeness of him, to bring him to my mind His was a remarkable countenance

I was relieved to hear that John still keeps well I feared his health would suffer after the severe fatigue he had gone through. I dare say he feels gloomy and sad enough but we should try and cheer him up. He is too disponding and I fear this grief will affect his health. I wish he could leave there and travel about for a while. It would be well both for body and mind Mr Bell goes down the river again in about two weeks and if you would like that I should go out home then I will go. Aunt Abbe will write you in a day or two she will tell you how they are getting along. She often wishes she were with you to cheer you up and now dear Liz I do beg of you to cast off your deep sorrow, go to that Saviour who alone can comfort and make you happy, Let each of us rouse up, and make sure of meeting him and each other where sorrow and parting can be no more. I am a poor hand to comfort or advise but I do feel like saying something, besides it does my own heart good.

You did not say how any of the family are Tell Jenny to write me a few lines in your next, write me directly and tell me whether I had better come or no

Wylie is much better, as well as myself.

Mr Bell joins me in much love to you all

Yours

Irene

PS Elizabeth Nalle has lost her infant. She and her mother are in Louisville

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond February 27<sup>th</sup> 1851

My dear Sister --

Your last kind sympathizing letter I have received -- I read it with streaming eyes--and I always weep when my thoughts revert as they often do, to our poor brother who is now lost to us, but we trust not forever. I have not closed my eyes a night since his death without thinking of him & weeping myself to sleep -- I mourn not thus because I am unhappy--because it is painful--No! when in my heart I feel the presence of him whom we all so dearly loved--when tears flow down my cheeks because, on this earth, we shall see him no more--I weep because my heart is full of love of him and I am happy that I can mourn for him sincerely & deeply -- but he is gone & that mingles the cup with bitterness. The heart pours out this tribute to the memory of those only whom we have loved -- if our intercourse with the departed has been kind, affectionate & pleasant--if we have wronged him not--if our words to him have been gentle & kind; then though the stroke which may tear him away from us is terrible indeed & hard to be borne; yet in after days when we look back into the past--where sweet memories of him, like the soft light of the summer evening, fills the mind with its calm presence--then how happy are we that we can think of him as one whom we have loved and cherished—undisturbed by the bitter thought that we have been wanting in our duty to him. It is thus, I trust, that we can all dwell upon the memory of our dear brother. And oh let us not forget him let us talk of him, let us write about him -- and though his body now moulders in the cold tomb, let his spirit, free & pure as it now is, still dwell with us now and always

“Thus rest thy spirit still on those with whom  
Thy step, the path of joyous duty trod,  
Bidding them make an alter of thy tomb,  
Where chastened thought may offer praise to God.”

“Farewell: thy life hath left surviving love  
A wealth of records & sweet feelings given  
From sorrow’s heart the faintness to remove,  
By whispers breathing “less of Earth than Heaven.”

I have received some two or three letters from Mr Carey -- on leaving Cin- I had some misgivings as to whether we should be able to identify the last resting place of our brother, when we should be ready to place a monument to his memory--& I requested Cary to go out & mark the place so that there could be no doubt about the matter at any future time. He was so kind as to attend to it promptly & efficiently -- He & Maria were married on the 6th I was invited but of course did not go--but sent them a letter congratulatory -- Please say to Father that I received a letter from Mr McGuffey the other day stating that he had just received fifty dollars from him which he credited on my due bill for \$70.00 which I had given him for the money I found it necessary to borrow to discharge some debts--boarding &c -- Mr. Bryan is engaged in setting up the estate & corresponds with me concerning the matter -- he has paid the undertakers bill \$56.00 & two or three other little bills for advertising &c The books are not yet disposed of -- there will be a court fee allowed the

estate, for some business which poor Sam had not finished – what that will be I do not know-- but I suppose there will be enough to discharge all remaining obligations & perhaps something more -- when the estate is all settled I will send you a statement of it -- The Page family have been visited by an affliction similar to that which fell so heavily upon us -- Chas. Page who had graduated at College & got his profession started for the South with high hopes and expectations -- The first news the family had of him was that the Destroyer had come upon him suddenly & had taken him away -- My health is about as good as usual--but at times I feel much discouraged -- my business has been so often interrupted from a variety of causes that I have found it difficult to regain it -- I feel a consciousness that this is not the place for me but it appears to be the decree of fate that I should remain here, to which I feel somewhat resigned & shall make the most of it till something may turn up more auspicious – Indeed were it not for my dear Quakers against whom you appear so much prejudiced, I should find my life here most monotonous -- in fact should not stay a month. Respecting her I have heretofore borne to speak much thinking it folly to contend against your preconceived notions & prejudices respecting wealth &c – However should you even see her I am satisfied that you will be pleased both with her personal appearance & qualities of mind & disposition It is the present intention that the marriage shall come off sometime in the latter part of May, but things may occur to put it off, for which reason and as well as for others that I need not mention, I desire that none of you should say anything about it to anyone mind! I have not time just now to write to Margaret according to your request: give her when you write my love & say to her when I have more leisure than I have just now I shall write her a long letter. Was surprised to hear that Tanner & Maxwell were going to Oregon -- If they should like the country suppose we make up a company & go along -- saw a newspaper notice of the accident which befell Sweeny & Bell but have had no particulars -- I wish you would send me a copy of father's "Sectarianism"

With much love to you all I am your affect. brother

John

Write soon --

***Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Bloom<sup>n</sup> March 30<sup>th</sup> 1851. Dear Son: From what you will read on the other side of this leaf you will know what to write in reply. -- We are in good health. A letter from Irene just recd and informs us that she is well. Tanner starts today for California -- Watts goes in a week or two. Read's head is full of politics and fears for the university which he imprudently discloses & in this way and other ways does it harm. I am very busy--but every interval of thought & care is filled with sighs for Him whom we loved so much. Dr. Holcome lately sent me his bill, \$50. but I am out of funds & could not pay it . . . God bless you my Dear son, with health & contentment here & grace to prepare for happiness in a better world.

Your affectionate father A Wylie

Dr J. H. Wylie

[On reverse side appears the following fragment of a letter] he then answered my letter saying that the Delivering Clerk had delivered the letter that I had sent to your son Samuel T. Wylie Esq

to his brother a short time after the death of your son the Post Master does not inform me what that brothers name was or where he lives & I wish to learn of you where the papers of Samuel T Wylie is and where his said Brother is so that I may get some trace of the said note the note is now about \$50.00 and Corwin as I am informed is good for the money Pleas give me the above information soon Your friend & obedient servant

John G. Crain

Atty at Law Rockville Ind

***Joseph Bell to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Wheeling, Va. Apr. 15<sup>th</sup> 1851

Mr Wylie

Dr. Sir

It appearing probable that all the desirable places for the Jenny Lind concert would be taken up at once and fearing that you and Mrs Wylie might arrive here only to be disappointed of hearing her, I today secured two seats for your use. Should it seem likely that you will not be able to be here, please advise me, and I will dispose of them. Irene improves slightly.

With kind regards

I am yrs truly

Jos. Bell

***Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Bloomington 22<sup>d</sup> Apl. 1851

Dear Son:

I have just received a letter from Andrew's wife in which she states that he intends making us a visit before long. I wish you would try & arrange matters so as to meet him here & bring your Intended along. Nonsense! to think she would not be received with a most cordial welcome. How could such a notion get into your head? If Liz. has said or written to you foolish things never mind them any more than she does herself, which is not at all.

I have been hard at work every day through the vacation which ends in 8 days: & I wish it were so that the expected & desired meeting might be before the session begins, for then I shall be more busy than now. And yet that can hardly be either: for this is the 4th letter I've written today busily going after this & that since early breakfast.

Expecting before long to have the pleasure of seeing you and my Belle fille--as the French call a daughter-in-law, & very justly I think, for every one who knows any thing of human nature knows that she is such at least to her Bon pere--& having no special reason for writing now but

to urge you to write to Andrew of your marriage & visit so that you may all be here together I remain your afft father.

A Wylie

Dr J. H. Wylie

***John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Richmond April 28 1851

My dear Sister

Your very kind, long and interesting letter deserves that I should have made an earlier reply, but as it is, compared with the past, it will do very well. When you wrote you had not received my last, which I believe was addressed to father, and I calculated that in due course of mail you would be reading my letter on the same evening and at about the same hours that I was feasting upon yours. I read it and wept over it again and again and yet again did I read and weep. You speak of him so beautifully and tenderly that I shall always treasure it as a deserved and affectionate tribute to the memory of him whose loss has taught us how dearly we loved him I cannot burn it as you desire -- I see nothing in it that deserves the flames -- Poor Sam, when I write of him or speak of him my tears flow -- In reading the other day in a book entitled "The Reveries of a Bachelor" I met with the following which reads off my own heart so perfectly that I shall copy it for your benefit. "There are some that talk at table and in their gossip, of dead friends; I wonder how they do it; For myself when the grave has closed its gates on the faces of those I love--however busy my mournful thought may be, my tongue is silent. I cannot name their names: it shocks me to hear them named. It seems like tearing open half-healed wounds and disturbing with harsh worldly noise, the sweet sleep of death." It is thus that I feel and though I can speak of him that is gone, it is only when tears would not be unseemly. But we may err in grieving too much. It is thus, my dear sister, that I fear it is with you. To die is the fate of us all. And if we can realize the sweet consolations which Christianity bringeth to the heart thus rent by affliction "Blessed is he that dieth in the Lord" why mourn as those who have no hope -- is it not practical skepticism? -- Was surprised and sorry to hear of the death of little Sam -- he was a lovely child and the stroke must have been correspondingly sore to the doting parents. please present to them my kind regards and sympathy. I received, the other day, a letter from aunt Abbie who writes in a very melancholy style--as though her last hope of happiness had fled. It is pure nonsense to give way to such feelings -- a good recipe is work--make yourself useful. She says that Irene has been using the cold bath imprudently and as a consequence is enjoying the comforts of a sever Rheumatic attack--with swelled knees -- just such a piece of folly as Margaret was once guilty of and who I believe suffered in the same way -- Cousin Sarah [McKee] is also sick-- bilious--& as a kind of finale they all have the Calyformia fever. I have just written to Irene desiring her should she conclude to go out home to meet me at Cincinnati. I shall accept the invitation which you have all so kindly extended to me -- expect the grand event to go off in the course of three or four weeks -- the day is not yet fixed upon when it is, shall let you know. Of course you all are most cordially invited to be present on the occasion I shall not say one word about the fair intended but trust that when acquainted you will not be ashamed to own her as a

sister-in-law. I return as you desired the letter of little Anne McGuffey. She is truly a dear child and worthy of remembrance

In a letter lately received from Mr Bryan he says that he is about to start east with his beloved Byrd (bird!) he always desires to be very kindly remembered to you all. Say to father that his letter came to hand and that I shall write to Andrew as he desires. I am in better health and spirits than when I last wrote. Write me soon & please state the mail arrangements between B- & Columbus--the time of arrival and departure -- I have forgotten.

This completes the fourteenth page of letter writing I have done today and I feel quite tired out -- This is written with too much rapidity to consist with accuracy & I have not said many things which would have liked to have said Write me in a few days if it is only a line or two -- Remember me affectionately to all & believe me your affect brother

John

***Irene Wylie Bell to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Wheeling May 2<sup>nd</sup> [1851] Friday evening

Dear John Your letter has just been received, and I hasten to reply as you desire. We have been trying to arrange things so as to meet you and yours in Cin, but I fear it cannot be done. I should of course be delighted to do so, and the more so as it would be less embarrassing for the Lady to become acquainted with some member of the family, and not enter home as an entire stranger. -- It has been our intention to start for home about the twelfth and be in Cin the 15th of this month. Mr Bell's business in St Louis requires that it should not be latter. Liz wishes me to come with brother Andy, but I am afraid to trust him. Cal may be taken worse or something else happen to prevent him coming. and if I remain (as I did think) and meet you I shall have to go down alone, and now you see the strait I am in. Could you make your wedding day a little earlier? I don't suppose you would object. You did not mention the day. Another thing if I could meet you it would not be necessary for Mr Bs going out. He could but spend the night if he went. Now I have laid the whole matter before you, you can consider and let me know by return mail. I will get it in time.

I have been having a sorry time indeed. You would have supposed to have seen me I had wonderfully advanced in age, indeed I felt as though I might be eighty years of age. I have however been gradually regaining my youth for the last days, and the only remains is now a little stiffness in the knee joint, which I trust in a few days will entirely disappear.

You gave me quite a dissertation on bathing. I have been brought to believe that what you say is correct. I was in the habit of taking the cold shower on getting from my bed every morning through the winter, and I did not see that it done me hurt until lately I shall not however take it oftener than twice a week. It is a luxury I dont like to deprive myself of either. One thing I know; hereafter every rheumatic shall have the true sympathy of my heart. --

Cousin The and Rebecca have been making a trip to Pitt, they spent a day or so here on their way up, and on returning stopped to hear Jenney Lind. They seemed to be quite delighted with her. I wonder who could not be. She meet with a warm reception here, and was well paid for her singing. I suppose you have heard through the papers of the outrageous way in which she was

treated in Pitt.

Theophilus looks miserably, is grieving greatly for the loss of his little one. [Samuel Brown b. 8/13/1848 d. 2/22/1851] I felt sorry for him but felt, that a much, much greater grief he might have felt had he have died in manhood, as we lost our brother. It seems to me that I feel the loss more now than the week he died, and I look to my visit home with more sadness than joy, for I shall be so reminded of the last time we were there together. I sometimes feel that I cannot see Cin. again. I shall there look for him in vain. ---

I can add but a few words more as my time is limited, I hope indeed that we can all take your wife to us and love her and that she may feel as a sister indeed. We all feel great solicitude and interest in the matter and we trust your selection is good I will close by saying again how much I wish matters may be arranged to suit us.

I have written you in haste and with a miserable pen as Wylie took it upon himself to break it for me. He is now the truest little mischief to be found, is running into everything.

I did not understand Elizabeth to say that Carey intended going out. He (Andrew) mentioned the first of June.

Aunts all well I believe as ever.

Your affectionate sister, Irene

*Andrew Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington 7<sup>th</sup> May --51

Dear Son

I wrote to Mr Alex McGuffey today to get for me 30 Taylor's Manual of History & that you would probably call for them on your way hither, as I expected a visit from you shortly. If therefore, the event having taken place, you & she should come by Cin. ti be sure to bring the books with you. But why come that way? The roads are good & via Indianapolis in your buggy would be the safer pleasanter & cheaper way. In that case perhaps you might have the books brought by some safe hand to Richmond & so bring them with you. They will be neither of great bulk nor weight. But if you should come in a week or two, then give your self no trouble about it, as probably some other way of getting the books may be presented before that time. I am in want of the books for a large class that is studying History & cannot long do without them.

All are here in good health, but tired out with cleaning, scrubbing & turning things in this big house topsy turvy & inside out -- no girl to help. They join me in love to you & yours. They are, at last, breaking ground here on the railroad with great spirit. A considerable influx of new students: & all things seemingly properous but the fields & gardens & orchards which are sadly frostbitten.

Your afft father  
A Wylie

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 1851

My dear Sister:

Yours of the 21st ult brot the first word I had received from home since we left -- Had begun to feel a little irritated, and was almost ready to entertain the uncharitable idea that you had forgotten us so soon as we were out of sight, but the kindly affection and concern which pervade your letter, at once dispelled the unkind thoughts. A few days after the receipt of your letter Andrew popped in upon us so unexpectedly that the surprise was quite stunning -- Had not looked for him so soon, and so great was his anxiety to reach home--to see his dear wife and child, that he could afford us but one day -- I suppose I ought to feel thankful for even so short a visit but to say the truth I would as soon have not seen him at all -- He came in on saturday morning and the same evening surprised us by saying he must be off the next morning so as to be home saturday evening according to a half kind of promise he had given his wife. And after all, as I gather from a letter just received from him, she was off on a visit to the mountain springs -- She is returned with health much improved -- When he was here I felt quite unwell more so than I had been for several months, on which account I could not make his visit as comfortable as it otherwise might have been, I must have looked badly for in his letter he expresses much concern for my safety and advises me to go to Cin- in search of aid--which I shall not do, as I think it entirely unnecessary. I am now taking cod liver oil regularly and it seems to be doing me much good--abating my cough and causing me to eat most voraciously--and if I could only have your good bread, milk &c to feed upon think I should get along most admirably -- We are boarding now very pleasantly, at a Hotel at a cost of four dollars pr week. This we do because we cannot do better -- Would prefer housekeeping & would find it much more pleasant and cheap, but cannot raise the wherewithall to make the beginning Business, since our return, has been as good as could have been expected under the circumstances and could I get the money for all I do, could get along pretty well, but as it is it is very tough. I received a letter a few weeks since from Mr. Bell, containing his warm congratulations &c and expressing much regret that he had not met with us. I have been quite unfortunate with my horses of late. Fann continued so weakly as to be unable to do any service and I traded her for that mare I had when out home, receiving \$10.00 boot -- That one I parted with lately for a young horse which worked for a while most admirably and I thought would prove to be a most excellent animal. But saturday last he took it into his head to run away with my buggy at his heels--kicking everything to pieces. Of course I shall not trust him again, although I can ride him in safety -- I write from my office without Lizzie's knowledge. Otherwise I doubt not she would have something to say, but she so often speaks of you so kindly, I shall send you & all her warmest greetings -- Please give my love to all Father Mother Irene & Wylie -- & believe me affectionately

Your brother  
John

Miss E Wylie

*John H. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond Aug 17<sup>th</sup> 1851

Dear Father

A day or two ago I received a letter from Mr Bryan containing a complete statement of the settlement of brother Sam's estate, together with a balance of forty eight dollars in cash -- The \$40.00 I received last spring (so great were my necessities) I made use of but that together with the \$48 just received shall be subject to your order -- Herewith I send you the statement above referred to --

My health for the last two or three weeks has not been so good & I feared much that I should have to give up business -- Indeed I begin to fear that the disease is a serious one and that it will terminate my life sooner or later. However that may be I trust that God may give me strength to bear with fortitude and patient resignation whatever may be in reserve for me. I try to familiarize myself with the idea of death, so that when it comes I may be in some degree prepared for it -- Yet the thought is terrible even to the best of persons and we shudder at the brink of that which separates us from what we know not?! But it is a fate reserved for all and it becomes us, as dignified and intelligent creatures, to meet it, not with whining fear, as children, but as Christians or at least as philosophers.

But this is a sorrowful subject and calls up many painful reminiscences --

Since my marriage I have been much more content and happy and could I have my health would be much more successful but as it is I have that irritability which is the consequence of almost constant suffering: and which I am aware does not make me a very agreeable or amiable companion -- But I try all I can to get the upper hand of it--

Please give my love to all as am as ever your

Affect Son

John H Wylie

Rev A. Wylie

*John H. Wylie to family in Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond Monday 17<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1851

My dear Mother, Sisters & brothers:

It was not till this morning that I received Dr. Dodds letter containing the heart-rending intelligence that my dear father is no more. On Saturday last, after dinner, by a sort of accident I stepped into the bookstore, next door to my office, and there saw in an Indianapolis paper a notice of his death. I was almost struck speechless but yet I consoled myself as well as I could with the hope that it might be a false rumor. I then telegraphed Judge Morrison who alas! confirmed it all -- But yet so appalling--so overwhelming so unlooked for was this awful bereavement that I could

not believe, I could not realize it: and even yet hoped it might not be true--I had not received any letters from you--and I could not think you could be so cruel as to let my poor father suffer and die and not let me know of it -- NO! NO! You could not thus I thought & thought again and wept and tried all I could not to believe it -- But Judge Morrison was a man of truth & scrupulously exact, & if there had been any doubt would he not have given me the comfort of that doubt -- Oh! no! it is true. I slept but little on Saturday night, expecting in the morning to get a letter containing all in relation to the matter -- But no--no letter came and I spent another day and night in suffering suspense -- I see from the date of the letter that the Post Master must have suffered it to lay over. How could he be so cruel.

My dear Mother and you my dear sisters and brothers--what can I say to you that will give any comfort and consolation in these first, long, dark days of affliction, when we are all enveloped in the thick darkness of the shadow of death--cheerless, sorrowful and disconsolate. Oh! My Father! My Father! how cheerfully would I have laid down my own life to have saved thine -- how willingly would I have walked with thee through this dark valley of the shadow of death -- But no--Thou whom we all so much loved and honored--the pride and honor of the family--full of love and goodness, and stricken low in the dust--and I worthless and insignificant am supposed to live on.

How inscrutable and mysterious are the ways of providence -- Death often seems to strike by preference the wise, the great, & good -- I ask myself often why is it that my dear father such an ornament to mankind, of so much importance to his family and the public, should be taken away, ere yet he has lived out the allotted time on Earth--at a time when his children so much need the example of his wisdom and goodness, his care and protection. At times I think thus, and find myself fearfully doubting whither it be at all the act of God; or if it is doubting his wisdom and goodness -- But this is a ground fearfully dark and filled with the horrors of despair, and can heal none of those wounds, bleeding and lacerated--can bring no consolation or peace to a home desolated by such a dreadful calamity -- NO! NO! turn away from such evil thoughts they are false and wicked--to the only source of consolation in this dark hour, to God and to Christianity--everything else is vain and comfortless. My Father! I mourn not because I think that death is an evil to thee -- No I believe to thee it hath been a change from death into life--so good--so sympathizing--so affectionate--so sensitive, the sorrows of this world visited thy dear heart, too often and too roughly. Thrice had the angel of Death laid low the beloved of thy heart -- And the last most loved by thee and all of us--whom thou hadst not yet ceased to mourn with a depth of sorrow that few could understand and which endangered thy precious health and life--when thou thyself wert taken hence -- And may we not say in mercy to them--Perhaps to spare them the afflictions of other and greater sorrows--Perhaps to save them from the ingratitude and neglect of the publick, which is so often the fate of the great and the good, who have grown gray in their service -- But be this as it may we have comfort in the thought that he was good and he was great--that he made himself known and felt in the world--a leader of minds--that he lived a long life of distinguished usefulness-- and died full of honors--loved and respected -- Yes he has died and thus desolation and despairing grief have overwhelmed the loving hearts that so proudly doted upon him; but he died in all the brilliancy and power of his mind, ere old age had laid his enervating and palsying hand upon him. In the full tide of his reputation hath he sunk into the grave, serene and happy with Christian fortitude and resignation. Thus hath our father lived and thus hath he died. And I thank God that you & I have had such a father - that we can speak of him with pride, and in our hearts sincerely honor and cherish his memory.

Oh! my mother, my sisters and brothers all of you—four times hath God in his Providence, thus terribly spoken to us Hitherto we may not have sufficiently heeded his voice (I know that I have not) and he hath seen fit this fourth time, to visit us thus terribly -- Let us lay these things to heart and hereafter live a more affectionate & Christian life -- When our father lived, we know how often and how anxiously he thought of us all-- how often he talked with us--how often he prayed for us and alas! alas! I know how little I regarded it -- But his death speaks to us in language fearfully strong and I hope not without an effect which will last till we also shall be called hence -- Let us have before our eyes, always, the example of his Christian Life, his goodness of heart his excellent virtues -- Let us not forget that we are of his flesh, that his blood flows in our veins, & that in us he yet lives -- To us hath he bequeathed his name and his reputation -- Let us cherish and protect them and above all let us so live that we may not blush when it is said that we had so great and so good a father -- Oh! how thankful I am that he visited us so lately -- He remarked to Mr Fiske that he came over on purpose to talk with me -- yes he talked with us and prayed with us and we had the privilege of hearing him preach an excellent sermon Little did I think that it would be the last I should ever hear from his lips -- Dear Liz so soon as you receive this write me all those melancholly particulars -- how he looked all that he said &c where he was buried -- I hope you buried him by the side of William's grave -- I should feel much more unhappy than I am had I not so excellent a wife as my Lizzie proves to be -- she weeps with me much and appears to suffer this deep affliction almost as much as I do myself -- She calls to mind all the kind words he ever spoke to her -- And dear Liz she thinks much very much of you often exclaiming Oh! Liz poor Liz what is there to comfort her -- I need not say that her heart bleeds for you all & that she desires to be affectly remembered -- Let me know if you have formed any plans for the future--Whether you will need my presence assistance & advice -- If so I shall try and come out--though it would be of serious disadvantage to my business. but I am willing to sacrifice any thing -- Believe me that you are all doubly dear to me in this hour of darkness & distress. I shall Pray God constantly to lighten his heavy affliction to you all--& to bring soon, a peacefull calm to your troubled souls.

John

***T. W. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Philadelphia. Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>. 1851.

My dear Mrs. Wylie:

We received on yesterday afternoon the mournful tidings of the sad bereavement which has lately befallen you. It is unnecessary to say how deeply we lament the departure of one who had the rare faculty of winning the affections & commanding the esteem even of those who might greatly differ from him on many points, but yet could appreciate the frankness, the integrity, the honesty, the kindness of heart, the strength & clearness of understanding, which constituted his noble character. Dear Mrs. Wylie, you might well consider him an honor to all his kindred, & you may glory in his memory. We doubt not all who knew him will unite in the expression of respect for his name.

But all this would be but little comfort if there was not the hope that he has "entered into

rest." Truthfulness was a marked feature of his character & on a dying bed the feelings of the heart do not often assume a deceptive guise. We rejoiced to learn that among his last words he was heard to say "Christ is precious." If he found him so then, how much more so has that divine Savior since found himself to be in the realizations of faith by the enjoyments of heaven. While we mourn he rejoices with joy unspeakable & full of glory.

The consideration of what he was, & what he is may well console you, & your afflicted family, dear Mrs. Wylie. May the God of consolation give you the comfort which such reflections should excite. To Him, an unfailing friend, & most valuable when most needed, to Him we earnestly commend you.

Father feels the blow most deeply. He had a great admiration for Dr. W., & tho he differed from in some things he respected his integrity, & believed him to be a man of principle. He has desired me to assure you & all the family of his sincere & heartfelt sympathy.

Please give our kind remembrances to all the family & be assured that we are with great regard & cordial sympathy

Your mourning relatives & friends.

T. W. Wylie.

Mrs. Dr. Wylie  
Bloomington,  
Indiana.

***Maggie Wylie Martin, China, to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Ningpo Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> 1851

Dear bro. John and sister

Dear brother I congratulate both hearing of your marriage two Lizzies in the family! Give your Lizzie my very best love if she is any thing like sister L. I know what a blessing it is to be married myself, and was glad to hear that you had resigned bachelorism. It is now almost three months since I heard from home I then received a letter from L & one from Irene. They both mentioned your visit home. I am sorry you still have the cough you had two years since. I know dear brother you are exposed a great deal being out at all times and seasons as every physician must necessarily be but does it not therefore require proportion-ably more care of one's self? If health be the greatest blessing what must the deprivation be? I hope by the blessing of God that you may administer to the spiritual as well as to the bodily welfare of your patients Such a physician was our blessed Saviour while upon earth. How vast the influence of every pious physician eternity alone can tell, alone can reveal. Our physician here is Dr. Mcartee a very efficient man in all his duties, has great influence among the people, more probably from being a physician than as a missionary. If you would know who he looks like in personal appearance you have only to think of Theophilus Wylie. Since we have been here our health is better than in our lives before, husband has not had the sick head ache but once since he came to China. The same is true also of br. Will & Jane Although we have not suffered from sickness ourselves we have not been without affliction. Death has come nigh us and taken away our lovely babe. It is just two months since we laid him in the silent tomb. My little Willie now in heaven! How oft

my thoughts are about my little angel above. It was in the spot where I am now writing in the arms of his Father the 20th Sep. our infant Willie died, nine days more he would have been 17 months old. He exhibited many amiable and lovely traits even at this early age that endeared him to our hearts. When I think of our bereavement and compare it with the far greater trial of Father & Mother have in the providence of God been called upon to bear I am silent, I will not murmur because an all wise providence has seen fit to take away our infant from us; and a brother too. That brother I last parted with. Dear John be prepared, life is so uncertain. Since we came to China three that are near and very dear to us are no more here but we have the good hope of their everlasting happiness and this sustains our spirits while we mourn their loss. What a blessing it is to have faith in the Scriptures nothing comparable, it is far beyond any earthly good How important that we seek to have faith. We have the sweet assurance that they that seek shall find. The only true source of happiness is love to our blessed Savior and Redeemer. People who have not this faith may seem happy but it is only seemingly so, not so in reality. Religion prepares us for an inheritance “incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away”. How vain are all things earthly when death comes. How little alike the objects of time and sense will appear to us then. How great our advantages and privileges, even the privilege of becoming the children of God and heirs of immortal glory. How greatly does God honor and bless unworthy creatures as we all are. How delightful to contemplate the love of God in Christ Jesus. The goodness of God I trust has led me to see what I am by nature; seeing this I trust I have been led to fly for refuge to the hope set before us, in the gospel. Husband and bro Will have been preaching for the last six months. They shall continue studying the language for I suppose you are fully aware that a knowledge of the chinese language is not to be obtained in one year, I cannot say much for my progress for it has been slow. I study however every day and say my lessons to husband. It is rather discouraging to preach to Chinese congregations, people are continually going out and coming in, some will be talking and others whispering. Sometimes they will ask about some article of dress you have on, when I first attended preaching the women would examine every article of my dress with a Mother Eve curiosity. The people here are no dunces I tell you, the chinese are universally admitted to be a very intellectual people and such we find them to be. They are very quick at calculating and making bargains, and if possible cheat your eyes out. Many of their manners & customs however are very good considering their heathenism for instance that of marriage. Our servant cook was married last week told us he had 200 at the wedding. You are amazed to see the poorest make such a parade and show on such occasions all in borrowed clothes too. but make a grand occasion of it they must & will, so that the custom of the poorest is, to borrow for small sum their wedding garments paraphernalia etc. The missionaries here have a comfortable support. We have as good houses as ministers generally have at home, have an abundance to eat and wear also, so that through the goodness of our heavenly Father we have not wanted any good thing. As for myself I generally feel very contented and happy, when I have no husband to talk to I read or amuse myself with babe, she is just four months old we call her Susan Louisa for grandma Martin & aunt Louisa M I expect you think the climate agrees with me very well from the last mentioned fact.

Your affectionate sister Mag

P.S. Both write soon I'll promise my next to be longer.

*Elizabeth Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington Nov<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> 1851

My dear Brother. Your letter came to hand yesterday, & indicates the state of feeling, that I knew must o'erwhelm you, on recep't of the heartrending intelligence of the removal of our beloved lamented father. The disease was so swift & terrible in executing its mission, that we are “as those who dream” he seems to us not to have died, but to have been Translated Sabbath morn 9th, he sat with us at breakfast, & knelt with us in prayer: through the greater part of the day, he sat up & read, did not feel very well however, & toward evening had to go to bed (Saturday night he awoke with a cold shivering sensation which lasted near an hour, it was accompanied with all the symptoms of the common ague, which we thought it was, & were not alarmed). Monday morning about 4 ocl<sup>k</sup> he screamed out. O what a dreadful pain in my side (before this, he did not wish a physician sent for) we sent immediately for Hamil (Dodds being confined to bed with a fever) he bled & administered powders composed of calomel, tartar emetic, & nitre through the day (Monday) & a drink of pleurisy root every two hours. That night applied a very large blister, which did not draw, or give the least relief to the pain, the pain was so severe, it was as the sticking of a knife, every breath he drew; the sweat pouring off in large drops all the while: O it was fearful to see our dear father suffer thus. you know the rest; the next day he ceased to suffer, his soul in departing had rest; toward the last he went off easy Oh how much we wished every child of his, had seen, the loveliness of death in our father; every one felt this is the body of a Saint the expression of the countenance was of more than mortal beauty, it was divine; every one who looked at him, was struck with it, & would look again & again; pining sickness had not wasted, no thro<sup>e</sup> of pain, had left its vestage there, it came from the glories that awaited on his passing from death unto Life. after we saw his precious form looking thus, we were comforted. I may say were filled with happy thoughts. Judge McDonald said this is the only instance in which I've looked at a corpse without that feeling of dread & fear, which we all feel on looking at one, but this face is improved by death, 'tis more lovely than life, I cannot tear my gaze from it. All our lives long we shall remember it & it will comfort us. During our dear father's sufferings, it was with the greatest difficulty he could speak, even in monosyllables he would stammer a word here & there, aunt Kate would interpret, fill out, what she thought he wished, if right he would nod assent Tues. morning he wished to know what the physicians thought of his case. H. answered him “Dr. hopes very faint indeed”. he looked calm, & said “quiet” some went out, the few that remained sat down; he closed his eyes, & communed with his God: then my brother I doubt not he agonized in prayer for us, his children, so soon to be left fatherless; I doubt not he commended us to the widow's & the orphan's friend: I doubt not he judged Him faithful who had promised.

The God whom he had loved & served all his life, did not desert him in his Walk through The Dark Valley. His rod & staff comforted; he requested Cos The. & bro Daily to pray for him D. wrestled hard, his whole soul was moved, the prayer was excellent; Theophilus also; he could scarce give utterance for sobs & tears. When D. had done he asked our dear father “Dr. Wylie do you find the Lord Jesus Christ precious to your soul in this your hour of trial” he answered O yes, yes with emphasis & seemed surprised at the question & tried hard to say something more, but could not. The. read to him the XV Chap of Cor. throughout the Chapter, he gave assent, & responded amen, frequently to all that gave him such comfort, in that inimitable Chap. It seems

strange to us that our father who all his life long, hath spoke the words of truth & wisdom, was denied utterance at the last, when he might & would have spoken to us, with the tender love & entreaty of a dying father & such a father; had he, we must have hid them in our hearts have carried them about with us, they must have influenced our conduct all our lives long, but we know what he would have said, we know what he hath said: you & I must remember the conversations he had with us, the tender love & concern (when in broken accents proceeding from a bleeding heart & with streaming eyes) he manifested for us in those conversations (& in others) that he had on those two evenings at Cin. how he besought us to seek the one thing needful, looking upon every thing else as impertinence, viewing the honors & riches of this world as together vanity & worse than nothing, as leading us from what ought to be the only business of our lives & what is madness to neglect, the one thing needful. Oh my father I feel that I must give heed now, think at times it shall not be my fault if in Heaven thou mayst not yet rejoice over one of thy children, at morn & noon & night, I will & must, pray for assistance to enter, & persue, that path which thou so earnestly desired to see us treading, when thou wast with us here on Earth. I have but one desire, to come unto Thee the Author & Finisher of our being. Certainly I cannot be what I have been. Our father was so necessary to our welfare & happiness; our stay support & counsellor: he held such an important post in his family, & in the World, that it never entered our minds, that he might be taken from us, until it should seem to us, his work was done: but he hath been taken & we doubt not his hour had come, the Emmissary seized with such force that there was no stay, no delay. We mourn not for our father on the contrary our soul is filled with happiness at thought of the Bliss into which he hath now entered. Just think how he loved Knowledge he hath gone to the Fountain of Knowledge, how he loved peace, The God of peace hath taken him; from day to day, his righteous soul was vexed by the wicked, they cease to trouble: the pain, sickness & death to which our poor mortality is heir, cost him many a tear and groan, where he is, they have no more Dominion. We mourn not for our father, but we mourn our loss in him: we mourn that so oft' we neglected his counsel & advice, that so oft' we went contrary to his known wishes & desires, that so oft' we vexed his tender heart by heedlessness & folly, so often stayed away from the preached word, as held forth by him (now we have no such a preacher) that now when we would remember, we must confess, & with shame & pain be it spoken, that it was as water poured on a rock, as water poured upon the sand.

We mourn his vacant place at table, his darkened room; what a light in every sense of the word hath been quenched in his darkened lamp, it was all men now say as "a Light set on a Hill." we mourn that we have no father to pray for, or care for us. (Alas) the family Altar hath been done away. But he hath left us in his good name, a heritage more precious than thousands of gold & silver; no child of his methinks can do ought to sully our name; we cannot but remember whose children we are, how proud we are of our father, this day I can say with truth I'd rather be his child than the daughter of the greatest King.

I cannot tell you the respect & tender regard shown us, by all at this time, for our father's sake: for his sake we shall always have many warm kind efficient friends: the faculty mourn him as children a father. cos The will not grieve more for his own father, than for ours: he is over every day, has wept, & prayed with us like a brother. Judge McDonald was here the other day to offer his services in any business & to any amount: said he, I love your father's dog better than a common friend, & whatever I do for you, I always am your debtor for your father's sake: so say all. The graduate Class were about to mutiny when Prof Read to whom the Faculty awarded it (a rule of the Uni in such an instance as this that the next oldest will take it, the chair) saying

that none but a Wylie meaning Theophilus should have it some of the faculty quelled their spirit of rebellion by telling them that it would be better for Dr. Wylie's family for them to keep on, & keep quiet, as Mr Read would do the work, & we would get the pay, for six months at least, if not a year. You will learn a great many particulars respecting our dear father's death & the honors shown him in the last sad rites from the paper I send you: it shocked & grieved us to think how you learned his death, & the doubt and uncertainty which you suffered: it was strange the letter did not reach you sooner We laid our dear father in the public burying ground because he expressed his intention of having W.[illiam] disinterred (though he did not say where he would lay him) giving as a reason that the property would probably pass into other hands & his body be ploughed over. I need not say how much we would like to see you at this time, how much a visit would gratify us. but it is not necessary. I am your most affct, bereaved, sympathizing

Sister. Liz.

Aunt Kate [Leake] is spending the winter with us she joins in love to you also & wishes to make your acquaintance.

We kept the dear remains of our father from Tuesday 2 oclck until Thursday 11 oclck his class sat with him Tues. night, the Faculty Wed night. I will write you again in a few days, when I will give you some farther particulars Mother bears this stroke with her usual fortitude. All join in love to you & Lizzie I know she has a kind heart -- how glad we are you have a comforter

*Eliza Ritchie McKee to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Wheeling November 23, 1851  
Sabbath Eve

Dear Sister Margret

What shall I say to you in your great bereavement, I need not say to you and dear Elizabeth how deeply I sympathize with you in your deep affliction, I would not say one word to dry up your tears, if I could they are given for natures relief, but Oh I do say do try to bow in submission to Gods will, it is he that has taken the Idol of your hearts away, he saw it was the best time to take your dear Husband to himself, and we know to a certainty that our Heavenly Father cannot err that he does all things well and in the proper time and place,--not a sparrow can fall without his permission, much less one of his dear Children be removed from time to eternity and him not do it. -- You have consolations that but few Widows have he was so well prepared to go what is your great great loss is his unspeakable gain look not into the grave he is not there, he is a glorified Spirit and in unaloyed happiness, -- Oh I feel we must grieve for ourselves not for him, how many members of our families are going gradually before us admonishes us to be ye also ready. I have often wished lately that we all were gathered to our heavenly home and to our Saviour who died to redeem us, and to the loved ones that have gone before us, indeed there is but little worth living here for except to prepare for another existence which is to last to all eternity, -- When we think of this how important we should live the life of the Christian that our latter end may be like his.-- It is now my daily prayer that your dear Children each one may now feel the importance of liveing a holy life so that when they are called to go they may be as well prepared

as there dear Father was and then they will meet him never to part again where sin and sorrow are no more known, Oh is that not worth struggling for, -- I feel as though I would give the world to see you all, that I might say some thing that would be soothing and comforting in this your time of sore berievement, I feel the stroke severely, I always loved him, I loved him much better than any Brother I ever had, Well do I remember the night you were married I was then a little girl, he took me on his nee and kissed me asked me if I would own him for a Brother no one could know him but to love him. --

Dear Elizabeth how I wish I could be with you a few days, you must not give up to grieffe, it will unfit you for your duties, Oh do try and be thankful that your Dear Father was spared so long a time with you, you know he is now perfectly happy and with your dear Brothers that have gone before, it is the duty of thoes of us that are left behind to be in readiness for we know not the hour when the Master may send the sollem messenger for us, it matters little when so we are prepared to meet him, do give your heart to the Lord, then all things will be well, let us love each other more and live to do good and to impart happiness to others, and then we will be blessed ourselves. pray to the Lord to give you resignation to his will in all things, then you will feel a happiness the world can neither give or take away, I have prayed that prayer dayly and I may almost say hourly for the last year or two and I can truly say it has given me peace of mind that nothing else could do,--roll all your troubles over on your Saviour he has promised to sustain support and comfort thoes that put there trust in him, he can do it when all else fails he is the Widows stay the orfins guide. -- Dear Jinnie your Aunt Eliza feels much for you, you have lost a tender and much beloved Parent, I know you cannot yet know the depth of it, dear Child give your young heart to the Lord it will save you many pangs in after life if you are spared it will sustain you in trials that we all must have while passing through this vale of tears and if taken off sooner you will then meet your dear Father where parting is unknown, Sarah sends her love and sympathy says she cannot bare to think of leaveing this Country without seeing you all and especially you and Elizabeth your Aunt Abbie wrote to Elizabeth on friday she told her how overwhelmed poor Irene is with grief we say and do all we can to comfort her, Sarah sleeps with her untill Mr Bell returns, he is expected the last of this week, [Aunt] Jane or Abbie through the day, Jane will attend to having her mourning prepared this week, she is well, with the exception of the effects of grief loss of appetite and sleep I hope when Mr Bell returns she will feel better her dear little Boy is in fine health. -- Dear Redick & Anderson your beloved Father was taken from you in an hour when you least expected it, I have much I would like to say to you if I could but see you, it devolves upon you both to do all that you possibly can to comfort your poor Mother in her deep affliction, do be kind and affectionate Brothers to your Sisters, they now need your kind attentions in every way more than ever, think of your Sainted Fathers counsels, and examples think of what he would say to you if he was permitted to return, Oh would he not say be kind to each other love the Saviour and prepare to meet death whenever he comes, -- I receivd the paper containing the particular accounts of funeral ceremonies,--while deeply melancholy it is grattifying [gratifying]. Professor Reeds address is very good: we will have it published in our paper, -- I must stop as my paper has run out

yours Aunt Eliza

I receivd letters from my Dear Husband and Son John yesterday they were written two mounths ago they were near the oregon line when they were written, they were very well, do write soon and let us know how you all are.

*James Speed to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Louisville, December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1851

My dear Madam,

But a few days ago, I learned of the death of my much esteemed friend, and your beloved Husband, the Revd Dr A. Wiley -- The high and sincere sentiment of regard which he had excited in me, teaches me to know how great must be your loss--you the partner of his life and fortunes -- Dear Madam, you have my sincerest sympathy --

May God, to whom he looked for hope and strength in this world and salvation in the world to come, give to you and his loved family fortitude to bear his loss, is the prayer  
of your affectionate friend

James Speed

Mrs A. Wiley;  
Bloomington,  
Ia-

*William Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Newark Ohio 10th, dec, 1851

Dear afflicted Sister,

The Eternal God is indeed "The widows husband in his holy habitation" This is his condition in his house, where he is best known -- The widows husband, united by a relationship most intimate & enduring & tender. His love infinite--his attention, protection & endearments minute, incessant, complete & rich as Jehovah & as durable as eternity. It came suddenly It crushed innumerable endearments & covered you with the heavy gloom of many past recollections connected ruined hopes & darkened prospects settled on all the future path of life! God has done it, in righteousness, & in mercy. He has said "Commit to me your fatherless children & let your widow trust in God" When thou passest through the waters they Shall "not overflow thee & when thou passest through the fire it shall not kindle upon thee. O be not afraid I am thy God I will strengthen thee I will uphold thee with right hand of my righteousness. I will never leave thee I will never forsake thee -- The time is short, it remaineth that they that weep be as though they wept not." God the Spirit --the Comforter--gives strong consolation. Heaven is dearer to you than it was before this event. One so dear on earth now gone before you--you will soon follow & you will find him much dearer there than he ever was on earth. With him, doubtless, toil, labour [care, sorrow?] & sin will be no more but glory, honor [eternal?] life -- To be with Christ--be like him & [missing text] & God in him is bliss indeed -- May we be also ready [missing text] intelligence fell suddenly with heavy weight upon my heart. He has been for a number of years my only surviving brother & I fondly persuaded myself that I would see him at least once more in this world - Now I & my sister Jane [Duncan] are the only surviving branches of my fathers family God kindly prolongs my life. I am in my 76th year. My health is good. I preach twice every sabbath--lecture & attend a prayer meeting besides other labours--without

much fatigue every week -- But surely I am in the evening of life--life prolonged beyond the usual limit of old age O that I may be prepared for the coming of the Lord Jesus! I would be glad to hear from you soon & from your family May the Lord provide for them & for you & may he bless your heavy bereavement & theirs! May he be your guide & theirs & gather you (a whole family) into his eternal home of holiness, blessedness & glory! You all have my daily prayers. Pray for me! Remember me affectionately to your dear children & to cousin Th Wylie.

Your affectionate brother

W. Wylie

Mrs M. Wylie

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Washington Dec<sup>r</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 1851

Dear Sister

I received yesterday, your letter of 2d instant containing mothers request that I should make you a visit this winter, for the purpose particularly of examining the manuscript works of our dear father with a view to their publication. If I could possibly spare the time, from engagements here, I should go at once, even if there were no business in which I might render service to the family. But I find that it would bring serious loss to my interests, as well as both loss and disappointment to others for whom I am acting, to make the visit now. So soon as I get through with the business of our spring courts, I shall hasten to see you. In the mean time you can have the manuscripts put up carefully, and sent to me by Adams & Cos' Express. This Express Line may have no agency at Bloomington, but it would not be difficult to send the box to Indianapolis, or to Louisville to the agency there. There would be this advantage in such a course, over that of my examination of the works whilst on a visit at home--that I would have more leisure for the task; and if the manuscripts are to be given to the press, could proceed to have it done at New York or Phila. instead of at any of the Western offices.

The question of selling the farm at this time, will or should be decided by the answer to the following inquiries: First is such a sale absolutely indispensable to the present support of the family, and Second: Is the land likely to increase much in value, in consequence of the public improvements now constructing, or contemplated through Bloomington. I presume that it is not mothers wish to sell the house even if she do sell the farm. Reddick and Anderson I hope, and have, indeed, not a doubt, are both doing all that dutiful sons could do to render our dear mother comfortable, and the family contented; as well as to prepare themselves for entering upon some occupation or business in life. They know, now, for a certainty that they have their own fortunes to make, and that to succeed requires, diligence, energy, and uprightness of conduct. With these qualities success is absolutely certain. Let them not, either be impatient for results at first, but rely upon it, that whenever their own preparation is completed the proper opportunity will come of itself.

I should have written you a longer letter and said many things which I want to say, but just to-day cannot for a press of business which must be attended to

Carry is quite as well as usual--Andrew is perfectly so.  
My best love and tenderest sympathies I send to all the family, including Mary and her little flock. May a kind and merciful God watch over, guard, guide, protect and comfort you all.

Very affectionately

Your brother

Andrew

Miss E. Wylie

1852

*Elizabeth Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington Jan<sup>y</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> [18]52

Dear John.

In my last, promised to write you soon again, & give some farther particulars in relation to our dear father's death; have had so much to do, & so many letters to write, that have deffered longer than I thought, too. Some think the cut which he inflicted in his foot in chopping wood, was the remote cause of his death: it incapacitated him, for taking his usual exercise; the change to an entirely sedentary life, might have induced a state of system, which rendered liable to taking the disease, which so rapidly did its work. Our father frequently prayed, that when his hour came, he might not be wasted with pining sickness, prayed that he might be cut down suddenly like the grass, his prayer was answered. In the last year how frequent hath he spoken of the uncertainty of life, dwelling on it, much & often: I think however, from certain expressions we have heard him let fall, that he hoped to be spared yet a little while to finish some very important work, in which he was so earnestly & busily engaged, when he was called to go; (he went leaving the plow in the furrow) & we shall I say it, felt a degree of certainty almost, that he would live far beyond our allotted span; so healthful, temperate & vigorous; so necessary to us, & filling such an important post in the world, we scarce could think it the design of Heaven, to remove him from the Earth, where he was so useful, & so much needed; our only comfort is in the thought that there is a time to die, & that our times, are in His hands who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind: there is much, everything, in our dear fathers life, & death to comfort; my heart is full of sweet pleasant thoughts, of him, of his goodness, his love of justice, & mercy, the beautiful childlike simplicity & innocence of his nature, combined with his greatness of mind, was a rare combination & beautiful as rare; one of the few who seemed not to have been much contaminated by the fall, he hath gone to his native Clime; we have not to mourn, for our father, unspeakable comfort; unspeakable sorrow if we had; then do not let us too much mourn our loss in him; we cannot strive too much, to live so, as, to meet the loved & lost, oh lets so strive. Since our dear brothers death, it seemed to us, our father daily grew more meet for Heaven; the poignant sorrow which he felt at first, for his loss, had subsided within these last few months, into meek acquiescence. Aunt Kate remarked to him, I find you much more resigned to Saml loss, than I expected (knowing what he felt when he died:) he replied, "I have had much sweet communion with my Savior in these last months, sitting in this old chair of mine, more than in years before, His Holy Spirit hath visited me, & comforted me, for my dear Sam's loss, I am resigned now to his removal. Ah how much this comforts, we dwell on it, continually,

You are desirous I know, to know, our situation, our indebtedness &c Our dear father desired himself much that we might have more; we may yet eat of the fruits of his labor; we shall have enough to live comfortably, how often I think now, of those poor widows, who are left often with a large family of little children, & no support; how hard their lot, what silent suffering & self denial; we are all grown up; each one at home might if necessary support him or herself, with comparatively little labor; the youngest hath received the counsel & instruction, & so may

profit by the good example of our father, all have known him, many years. The trustees allow the Salary to go on, until Spring; the next payment (Feb) will clear all debts, then I doubt not, but we, two or three at home, will be able to manage the place, well enough at least for our maintainance. Anderson will remain at home some months yet; He has said nothing of his intentions, but suppose he will remain with us. We can live here, I suppose as cheaply as almost any other place; many places, circumstances, intimately connected with the labors of our dear father make us feel most sad; we went for the last few years, to hear no other preacher; who here can we hear now? at least for a great while to come; his situation in the U. filled by another; the sight of his successor must ever make us feel most sorrowfully our loss.

Our father's last resting place, inclines us to remain here; how can we leave it? Andrew designed making us a visit this winter, but writes now, he is so pressed with business that he cannot come, without a great sacrifice: intends coming the ensuing Spring; how dear our father was to him & how much he feels his loss; he could not reply to the letter containing the death of our father, he was so overwhelmed with grief, had to get Carry to do it. Since we have had several letters from him; he is disposed to do every thing in his power to further & assist our plans. we will not plan, or make arrangements for the future however, hath not past experience taught the uncertainty of tomorrow. Read a letter from Irene the other day she is much grieved, she ever obeyed & venerated & loved our father more than any other being, she feels this more than any other stroke of her past life. Wylie has been quite sick, almost the whole winter, with teething: she seems quite anxious about him. Bell has determined, to give up his interest, in the Glass Concern & engage in some other business, has not yet determined what, or the place of his location. We have had no letter from China since I last wrote you. Mary & family are well. The Dr. is getting in a good practice, & out of debt fast, he seems in very good heart & spirits. Think I mentioned aunt Katharine [Leake] is spending the winter with us; she is much aid & comfort to us in our trouble: am truly glad, she is here; little Kitty is a chatty little creature, full of life & fun, Samuel is an excellent boy, we get along very smoothly with them all.

The[ophilus] has had several letters from uncle L. since he went South; he does not like the country on account of Slavery, the wickedness, & want of many other essential particulars, in which he thinks the character of the people deficient; his health is no better than it was North; has not been there long enough to give it a trial; however when he last wrote, cousin Annie [Leatherman] had not yet returned home, she has been at her mothers almost 2 years: quite a long seperation for a new wedded pair.

Have you gone to housekeeping yet? if you have, oh invoke a blessing at thy meals, give thanks for daily food, & morn, & night, bow with thy Lizzie at the family Altar, praying Heaven to grant you "That Spiritual food which if a man eat of he shall never die" oh be not ashamed to render unto your Heavenly father the gratitude & thanks, which you would blush to omit, to an earthly benefactor, for infinitely less favors: perhaps too, our dear departed father looks down upon us, nothing can grieve him now, not even our sin & impenetency, but methinks it would increase his joy, to see us praying to have it removed. We have had many letters of sympathy for our loss tokens of admiration & love to our fathers worth & greatness.

Write soon; all join in love to Lizzie & yourself; I am your most

affect sister

Liz.

*Elizabeth Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington Feb<sup>y</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 1852

Dear John

Received your letter, dated Jany the first, about the time you must have received mine, to you, written about the same time. Wrote you a letter previous to that, in which I gave, as I thought all the particulars of our beloved fathers sickness, & death: it was long & minute, you make no mention of having received it; say you feel, as though there are many particulars, which would interest you much, which you have not heard; it has been so long ago, that I do not remember if I omitted any thing. The struggle was short, speech was denied our dear father, he could say nothing to us; we have no dying words to treasure up in memories store; when asked if Christ was precious? in this hour of trial? he could & did ans. yes! yes! his love of justice & mercy, his goodness, greatness of heart, in short his Christian life, assure us, that he is now in the enjoyment of the christian's reward: would we bring him back if we could? had he lived out our allotted span, even, with how much, oh with how much, greater resignation could we have given him up; so healthful & vigorous, so temperate, & regular in his habits, we thought hi life would extend far down the vista of old age; far beyond our term of years, but he hath been removed, & tho now it seems a great mystery. perhaps we shall know why, in future. Bishop Upfold will preach our father's funeral sermon next Aug. Sabbath (I think) previous to Commencement; we hope every child of his, can, & will be present on that occasion. Andrew on account of a press of business, has postponed coming out until the ensuing summer; intend writing him of it, & of course he will come at that time: how difficult it is to realize our father is no more present with us in the flesh; so great in body & mind, it is hard to realize he hath passed away; his last conversations to us, upon this great mystery, through which, he has passed, seem yet to sound in my ear, oh may I not turn a deaf ear, to them now; or you; to you, & I, they were particularly addressed. A few days since we received letters from sister Mag. They have lost their little son; he died the month of July: much of her letter is directed to papa: she writes "my Willie was the image & picture of you dear father, the likeness so striking that Wm. Martin always called him little Dr. Wylie". She spoke of his remarkably sweet disposition, intelligence & sprightliness; she says he was our idol, but I would not bring him back if I could, he is with his Saviour, & known to his good old grandfather Martin, & his uncle Samuel Wylie, for There, I doubt not, our social nature is perfected; ah little did she think, that the grandfather whom he so much resembled would also join him so soon.

I feel much more sorrowful for Willie's death because of the likeness she mentions. He had been quite well, all his life, until within a day or two of his death; she had not heard the physician say what the disease was, but they supposed it was Cholera, as the symptoms were of that nature, & there had been cases of it, in the City. A daughter was added to their family sometime in July, or perhaps October (have not the letter to refer too, for these dates, as I sent it to Irene) she will in some measure comfort their hearts for Willie's loss. Her health & Samls [Samuel Martin] was good, she is happy & contented, because she is in possession of "that peace which the pleasures of the world cannot give, & the sorrows of the world cannot take away". She desires to be remembered to you & Lizzie most affectionately; wonders why you do not write her, it grieves her to think, of all her brothers & sisters, none write her, but Irene & I. You know how oft I've urged you to write her, & I know no other way of making you do so, than to declare, I will not write you one syllable until you assure me in your next, that you have written her: an

awful penalty you think; well it will be sufficient. Do not know if you correspond with any of the W. [Washington, PA] friends, aunt A. from whom I received a letter few days since, seems quite in the dark about you; she writes much under the weather, says she has not laughed this winter, & is amazed to see others laugh, wonders how they can. Uncle Dave has some nervous disease, from which he suffers terribly: they are much concerned about him. Uncle John is in bad health; has broken again, worst of all lost all of aunt Annie's money: she gave him 7000 in gold to start in business in N.O. [New Orleans] he was to give her 10 per cent on the principal, but has not done so at any time, & now sends her but a very little & cant do that much longer he talks of emigrating to the Rio Grand; he ought to be made [to] emigrate to Botany Bay. Abbe is uncertain about going to Cal. she writes it takes 400 to take a passenger there now: says she cant raise that sum. She speaks eloquently of the Heavenly doctrines of the N.J.C. think she has an idea of joining that Church. Uncle McKee was expected in, she thinks it somewhat uncertain about the family going. Irene, aunt A. writes, & so I judge from the tenor of her own letters, is much overcome with sorrow for our father's loss; she loved & revered him much. This has been an unusually cold winter here, as everywhere else, some of our apple trees were split asunder, almost all the peach trees are killed, throughout the county; chickens froze on the roost, & the oldest inhabitant says it is the coldest winter in the memory of man. Aunt K is still with us. Her health is extremely delicate she is a constant sufferer Their condition is to her a constant source of anxiety & apprehension; turned out of house & home, in their old days, worst of all, out of health & living on their last dollar, it is indeed a deplorable case to be in, & I do not wonder she is unhappy She desires much love to you & hopes to make your acquaintance. Uncle L[eake]. expected to start for the North about the first of Feb. his health is very little better, he designs visiting Terre Haute in hope of getting a situation as teacher. Mary & family are well the Dr has plenty of long harsh rides to take this winter. Hamil talks of going to Chicago.

This paper is so indifferent can scarce write on it. I owe Lizzie a letter will write her, remember me to her affectly am glad you have got to housekeeping Do not give way too much to sorrow for our dear departed ones, we cannot strive too hard to live, so as to meet them. that we may so live is the constant prayer of your affect. sister Liz

T & J McCalla have sold out & are going this spring to Chicago. Mrs. McC's brother lives there, he offers them great inducements to come everybody says what fools they are to give up a certainty for an uncertainty & that they will wish themselves back

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond March 8<sup>th</sup> 1852

Dear Sister:

I should have answered your last befor this; but I have felt somewhat depressed and out of health-- in short have not felt in the proper humor for letter writting Besides I could not have the conscience to write you until I had fulfilled the obligation which you laid upon me in your last -- that is, to write to Margaret in penalty of not receiving any more letters from you, should I fail to do so. Rather than be deprived of your letters which are always so welcome, so anxiously looked for & so greedily devoured, I should be willing to perform most any disagreeable duty--

much more would I do that which I know I should have done long, long ago--to have written to Margaret--cheerfully and with pleasure -- But my only apology is that I have been so much out of health & my thoughts & time have been so occupied with other matters that I could not do it--: And I supposed that she would have the full benefit of your voluminous correspondence & be duly apprized of all passing events that might concern any member of the household -- But I wrote to her soon after receiving your letter and I trust in consideration of my prompt obedience to your command, you will soon write me one of your long nice letters. Very often have I thought of you all during this long cold dreary winter, buried as you have been in the depths of sorrow, with but little from without to divert the mind from preying upon itself: but I trust that a good Providence hath given you all strength to bear up against these crushing misfortunes, and that you are all beginning to be more cheerful & happy -- Every day that I live the more am I convinced that the secret of contentment--happiness, is employment and the consciousness of being useful -- I think it unwise as well as unchristian despondingly to dwell upon the ills of the past paralysing the mind by vain regret--rendering ourselves miserable to ourselves and a distress to others -- What we call misfortunes, distress, sorrow--good fortune, bad fortune--are the food of wisdom, if properly used -- they are in the experience of all men; and how piteous soever they may be, it is not becoming to the dignity of human nature, hopelessly to sink under them. You say that Bishop Upfold is to deliver father's funeral sermon next summer before the commencement -- That seems so strange--that it should be put off so long -- You speak of a family reunion at that time, I need not say how rejoiced I would be to see you all But do you believe it--I look forward to my next visit home with feelings any other than pleasant--even with dread-- because I shall see things so changed -- I shall see so much that will make the blood gather about my heart and make me feel as you have felt -- As it is I here, away from you all cannot think but that my father still lives and I shall not realize the sad truth till my eyes again behold those places and things with which he was so closely connected -- Have the trustees still continued the salary. I think it is shameful that they should stop it at six months or even a year--in consideration of the twenty two years of faithful and devoted service -- I am always very glad that your letters contain so much news of our relatives, but am sorry that for the last year or two we hear little else than trouble & failure among so many of them I confidently trust that Fortune will not always prove thus unfavorable & that She may once more illumine the thick darkness that hath so long shrouded the fortunes of the family --

Got a letter from Andrew the other day -- he speaks with much feeling & sympathy concerning you--is much pressed with business--and (I think very foolishly) looks forward to a quiet retreat upon a farm, as the consummation of his happiness -- He expects to make us a visit in the summer -- Have also recd a letter from Irene which contains nothing of which you are not already advised -- Sorry to learn that the McCallas & Hamils think of moving--will leave you more lonely & deserted than ever -- When I last wrote you we were about to go to housekeeping (out at the mother in law's) but a run of business demonstrated the impropriety of it & we abandoned the idea -- we will board till I can get a good house in town -- Lizzie sends much love to you all & says that she is still expecting that long looked for letter -- I thank God that I have so good a wife -- she is the source of much happiness to me--always cheerful & affectionate

Has uncle Leak returned? -- Give my kind regards to Aunt Mother Jane & all Mary--& remember me to cousin Theop. he is to good a man to be forgotten & believe me your affect  
broth John

*Maggie Wylie Martin, China, to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Ningpo March 9<sup>th</sup> 1852

My dear Mother

We have just received dear Lizzies & Irenes letters along with one from Mr Campbell containing the sad news of Fathers death. Our loss is his gain. He could say with the apostle "For to me to live in Christ and to die is gain" Be comforted dear Mother Father is forever happy. He has gone to join the Church triumphant and to that innumerable company to the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. How consoling to think through the grace of God in Christ Jesus we shall see our dear old Father and spend an eternity of happiness together God in his providence is taking one and another of our once numerous family away let us who remain think of this -- let us lay to heart that which belongs to our everlasting peace, before it be forever hidden from our eyes. Dear Mother I feel much sympathy for you and do pray for you that Christ Jesus may comfort sustain and help you in your heavy affliction. In order that I may sympathise the more for you I try to think what I should do if I should be left to mourn the death of my husband. God forbid that I should murmur, but O! how hard I should feel it to be. Afflictions tend to soften the heart and thus enable us to "rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with those that weep" How much more we love the Bible then than at other times. Husband has just recovered from a months illness, but is now in usual health, through the mercy of God who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Husband and myself are sitting together around a blazing hearth shortly to engage in the duty of family worship How strongly this brings to memory my dear old Father as he used to sit in his great arm chair and offer to God thanksgiving and prayer Death comes sooner or later to all, I suppose you have received letters from us ere this giving you the particulars concerning the death of our dear little boy. Since those who are near and dear to me have been taken away, to think of death is pleasing. I love to think of going to spend a happy eternity with those loved ones, now in the presence of God forever. Death hath no terror since Christ hath died "I would not live alway, no welcome the tomb, Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom" How numerous have been the deaths of ministers during the past year, in every paper I see obituary notices of at least one or two. I see by the last paper accounts of the death of old Dr Alexander. I doubt not that his reward will be great, for he loved and served God while here. How true, the memory of the just shall live, live when time shall be no more. Let it be our ambition to love and cherish the memory of our dear departed Father Although I am not privileged--as you are to weep over his grave. Yet I love at twilight eve to thank my Heavenly Father for giving me such an earthly Father I can now recall his good advice, and prayers and through the grace of God I hope it will profit me in many an hour of temptation. My Fathers prayers! what a legacy for us his surviving children. When the letters came we were spending the evening at bro Ways and were engaged in singing the hymn

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace  
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam  
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay  
O! give me submission and strength as my day  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

What'ere thou deniest O! give me thy grace,  
The Spirits sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
Inspire me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

I long, dearest Lord in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

This is a favourite hymn with me I love to sing it to the hymn "Home sweet home" Jennie will be so kind as to sing and play it on the piano for me. I sometimes think if in the providence of God I should ever see home again I would feel very sad to think of the vacant places. How much every thing must remind you all of Father-- his seat at family worship, the old arm chair, his study table and books, his likeness, his daguerreotype hanging in the parlor will make you feel almost as if he were yet in your midst. If you have couple of daguerreotypes I would like to have one dear Mother if you think you could spare it. I am thankful you have dear Sams likeness. I often wish I had some dear face to look at of the family -- God bless us all that we may by his free grace be enabled to bear the likeness of our Savior and follow his example who is holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners. O! for grace to be more like him. Like Him in thought, word, and in action. O! for the spirit of love to Christ animating our christian walk and conversation. When our friends and those most dear to us are taken away we then learn to realize more than ever the great importance of time. I wish I could feel but half its value. I feel that to make up for the misimprovement of lost time would be impossible. I can only hope God will forgive the past and enable me to live a new life for the future. Time flies swiftly, and to make a good use of it is certainly the part of wisdom. When I look at the past and think how little good I have done for the improvement and cultivation of my mind I wonder what I have been doing Can it be possible I am 25 years old and have done so little for Christ. Awake my dull powers and press onward for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. One request dear Mother before I finish do get your

daguerreotype taken and send it to me I hope this will find you in the enjoyment of good health, and in the enjoyment of every spirit and blessing.

Your affectionate -- Maggie

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Friday Morning April 2<sup>d</sup> 1852

Dear Sister:

Right glad was I to receive your letter yesterday and I answer it thus promptly that you may determine your action concerning the matters to which you allude. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to undertake the pleasing and grateful task of writing the biography of our deceased parent. Willingly, willingly would I devote all the energies of my mind--all the feelings of my heart to this tribute to the worth of our father, whose loss we all so deeply feel -- And were it possible for me to visit you for a few weeks, I would say at once, yes--I would then have the advantage of all fathers paper and the recollections of every member of the family--things I think, absolutely necessary to the proper execution of the duty. Situated as I am--isolated from you all, and deprived of all aid in the matter, it would be impossible for me to do it in a proper manner -- And to confess the truth, and I do it with shame, I am totally ignorant of the early history of the family--and not very well versed in the more recent affairs -- And the reason this is the case is that neither father nor mother were very communicative of these subjects. In reference to the conversation in Cincinnati I grieve to say, that by reason of the absorbing nature of the overwhelming affliction that was then upon us, my memory is at fault -- And I don't think that I could give a true account of it But still if I could be with you a few weeks I should much covit the pleasing task of writing a life of our father

But inexorable fate interposes--and I could not leave without a total sacrifice of my business & prospects It seems to me that Andrew is the proper person for the business for the reasons that he is the eldest the most competent -- But some of the objections that I have urged would apply also to him--And in consideration of all circumstances, and in view of the fact which I gather from your letter, that it is designed that the publication shall be made soon I would advise that Theophilus undertake it--let him have access to all the papers & all other sources of information -- I think he is peculiarly fitted for the task not only on account of his ability & scholarship--but because he is one of the family & yet sufficiently remote in relationship to prevent, perhaps, the too strong bias of personal feeling -- Let me know more fully your plans--How soon will the publication be made, will it be done in Cincinnati or Indianapolis & by whom -- Did father leave any will? How are you managing the farm & will it produce anything -- Have you attended to the matter of damages by the railroad--It cuts the land in such a manner as to injure it much, and the damages should correspond. Get Judge McDonald to attend to it -- You dont say a word about Jane or Anderson--what they are doing -- I sometimes think that it would be best--should an opportunity offer--to sell off the whole establishment and invest the funds in some secure & profitable way--& then you might live with less trouble and anxiety Of course it is to be expected that when a Legislature meddles with the affairs of an institution of Learning and mixes it up with politics--it will go to ruin. Upstarts and demagogues will soon get the control of matters--it will cease to be noted for its usefulness and be known only as a bait of politicians -- I was pleased

with Margaret's letter, as showing that she is so cheerful and happy--But I object most decidedly to her prosy sermonising which I find in all her letters--otherwise they are excellent -- My health is about as variable as the weather -- I have got to be so sensitive that every passing cloud or ray of sunshine depresses or exalts me -- I have felt this to be a long--long winter--And am haunted by dreams of the land of the olive and vine--the land of sunshine & cheerfulness -- But I dont know that the matter will be improved by going to Texas as you hint -- From all that I can learn St. Augustine on the Coast of Florida is the best point for invalids in the U.S.--But is not desirable in any other point of view -- We have a good deal of both Spirit Rappings & Measles the latter of which is more profitable to man! What are the names of the new Trustees particularly the Catholic, have not heard -- Lizzie is well & sends her love to all -- she is very very dear to me and now after almost a years experience I can say with Mag. "I'm glad I'm married" much more contented than I ever was as a single man -- Glad to learn that Irene & Aunt Eliza contemplate visiting you--think it will cheer you up -- Love to all & believe me as ever your

Affect. brother

John

Write me soon---

I had almost forgotten to say that no arrangement has been made that I know of: to erect a monument over Sam's grave -- I had cherished the hope that by this fall that I should be able to do it myself & had designed to go down & superintend it myself -- But I have been paying off old debts of my own--and among others a claim of some 18.00 against brother Saml estate, which had been overlooked until two or three months ago and which I cheerfully settled as I received some money from the estate myself -- When Andrew comes out & he intimates that he will come this may-- we will talk over the matter.

***Andrew Wylie Jr to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington***

Washington May 5<sup>th</sup> 1852

Dear Sister:

The course of the Board of Trustees has disappointed me, although they may yet repair at the regular meeting in August the meanness of their recent neglect. I shall try to be home at that time, and would be glad to go even at an earlier day, but this is altogether out of my power in consequence of the sitting of Congress, where I have some business pending which can hardly be disposed of till the close of the Session. I am rejoiced that Professor [Theophilus] Wylie has been so kind as to undertake the preparation of some of our dear fathers writings for the press. I think that a large edition of his selected works might be sold, provided it was got up in handsome style as to typography and binding. By all means ought this to be attended to. There is no place in the West where there are publishers fit to be entrusted with a work of the kind except Cincinnati, and I am doubtful even as to that place. If it be published in Indiana, the execution will be miserable, the expence greater, and no adequate business arrangements to secure such a sale of the work as would make it profitable to the family--even if it did not bring us into debt. If published in Boston, New York or Philadelphia, or possibly at Cincinnati, in the usual handsome style of

these places, and under the auspices of a publisher having all the appliances necessary to bring a meritorious production into notice I have not a doubt that the work would very soon meet with a ready sale. Theophilus however, is a man of great taste himself, and has, no doubt, given the proper weight to these considerations already.

You say that mother thinks it the better policy to make sale of the property. Of that matter your own experience makes you the most competent to judge. How much can it be sold for? I presume there must be about 250 acres in all. Including the house it ought to bring fifty dollars an acre, at least. That would make \$12,500. If that could be obtained, I should concur entirely in the propriety of selling. Still it is a matter for mature consideration. As to myself, I shall be ready to do anything which may be thought best for your comfort and interests.

Shortly previous to the receipt of your last letter I received one from brother John; and it grieved me to read the unfavorable account he gave of his health and spirits. He talks something of trying the country and climate of Texas. I would, I think, advise him to do so. The change would in all probability be to his advantage in all respects. There is not a new state in this Union to which I would be so willing to emigrate as Texas, and I have made a great many inquiries in regard to it. But above any other consideration, I think its lovely climate would produce for John, a renewed condition of health.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mr McKee. He seems much pleased with California, and says that he and his son John are doing well, and that the family will shortly move out. Have not heard recently from Irene or any one at Wheeling.

Sally Bryan has been out passing a month or two with her brother at Newport opposite Cincinnati, and is now expected here each day. She is to be married, this next summer to a young Mr. Brown, the son of a very wealthy and respectable gentleman who resides in the Bear Grass country a few miles from Louisville. The young gentleman is said to be very pious, and in all respects an excellent man. This, however, is a secret as yet: but as you are not very likely to let it be known from Bloomington, I take the responsibility of telling it.

Tell Anderson to write me, I want to know how he gets along with his studies, and what are his plans for the future. Carry and little Andrew are quite well--the latter is so, of course, for he has ever been a very hearty fine child; his mother is much improved and I think must be nearly well. They always charge me to send you all their very best love and to say how sorry they will be not to go with me on my expected visit next summer -- but the journey is too great, and the weather will be too warm.

Remember me with sincerest affection to all the household, and friends at home, also to Mary & the Doctor, to Theophilus & Rebecca and all their children.

Your devoted brother

Andrew

Miss Elizabeth Wylie

***Maggie Wylie Martin, China to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington***

Ningpo June 7<sup>th</sup> 1852

My dear Mother

“The God of all grace and consolation be with you though he cause grief yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies for he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men”. You know why it is I first address these words of Scripture comfort to you dear Mother Fathers death I trust will be sanctified and blessed to us all. It is now almost seven months since his spirit took its flight to a better world. let us pray God that we may so live that we may be abundantly prepared to meet him whenever it please God to call us hence. we know not the day or the hour when you or I may be called away. I often feel that if God would sanctify my death and make it the means of calling others to repentance I would be willing to go at this moment. Thanks to the grace of God in Christ Jesus we have the blessed assurance of hope that our dear Father is now forever happy. I trust I feel more than ever weaned from the world when those I love have gone before. In one short year death has made sad work in our family. O! that we may lay these things to heart; that we may live in daily preparation. Father, brother and little son, now lie numbered with the dead. “Let us dear Mother cast our burden upon the Lord and He will sustain us: Behold happy is the man whom the Lord correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty, for he maketh sore and bindeth up, He woundeth and His hands make whole”

Let us pray that God would make our afflictions beneficial, not only to ourselves but to all who are near and dear to us. and not only this but that even our enemies may have their hearts turned to the Lord. How comforting it is to me to think God smites us not in anger, but--in love “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth” even as a Father the son in whom he delighteth “For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us so our consolation aboundeth by Christ” Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulations that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted by God. That the trial of your faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth though it be tried with fire might be found with praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. You have one great privilege dear Mother which I have not, visiting the grave of our dear Father. I often think what a mournful pleasure it would give me to stand by the grave of my Father. How thankful I feel that he died a home surrounded with his family and friends. Father died Tuesday was buried Thursday not a hasty burial I am thankful to say. In such cases in which the body can be kept I think it preferable. Now dear Mother as I have talked to you about the dead let me speak of the living, those whom God is graciously sparing to me; Husband, dear little Suzy, & myself are in the enjoyment of excellent health at present. I mentioned in my last letter home of Husbands illness the beginning of March, though since, he says he never felt so well, better even than before. Suzy is now almost a year old, very sprightly and growing finely joy of Father and Mother both. I am glad to hear such good accounts of Irene’s boy--hope she will be a very judicious Mother and not spoil him. Marys children are growing up to be blessings to her I hope. Emma I suppose must be as large as Jennie when I left. Thank Jennie for her instructions in the piano. Glad to hear she is becoming so useful do encourage her: I hope dear Mother you may live to see your grandchildren as well as your own children blessings to you. Trust your prayers for them may be all abundantly answered. I hope they may even now such of them at least as are capable of receiving instruction may be gathered into the fold of Christ. The good Shepherd will not refuse the youngest that come to him. Rebeccas children have grown so much I would not know them. I suppose Lou & Maggie

are quite intelligent girls by this time. All going to Mrs McPhersons school. I am glad to hear her school is in such flourishing condition. The God of the widow and Fatherless be with her. Sue Poor is teaching near Washington hope she will become acquainted with Andrew & Cara [Carry]. Thanks to God for sparing the health and life of sister Cara! I do hope the goodness of God in sparing life & health may lead her to become a child of God, an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Mission all are in good health and have every reason to thank God for his protecting care and watchful providence. The country people & officers of government have had some difficulties of late, but I hope God will overrule it all for the promotion of his course in our midst The poor oppressed people have submitted so long to the tyranny of their rulers all the wonder is they do not rise en masse”

Dear Mother excuse this short letter I will try and write you a longer one next time.

Your affectionate  
Mag.

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Theophilus A. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Washington July 3<sup>d</sup> 1852

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of 20 ult., and am very sorry to say that it will not be in my power to see you at Bloomington the present summer. My engagements here are of such a nature as to forbid my absence so long and so far. I have written to mother fully on this subject, stating the reasons why I cannot go. The disappointment is felt as severely by me as it will be by her, for I had set my heart upon the visit, and whilst to her and to each of my friends and relatives my visit would be but a single individual pleasure, to me it would have brought the pleasure of a combined visit to you all. There is hardly any place that I like to go to as well as to Bloomington. I think of it, and long for its quiet, its freshness, its exemption from business and care, its college, its books, its fields where I used to weary myself with grateful labor, and the rides I formerly enjoyed so much, on horseback around the farm and the country. These are very delightful thoughts to me, and I fancy how much I might enjoy the same pleasures again. But then, there occurs the sad, sad thought, which comes over my spirit like a wintry cloud, with whom should I participate in these pleasures?-- I have lost three of my brothers, and woe of woes, my beloved, my idolized father also, by death. Therefore I turn away from reflecting on such subjects, for I cannot bear such reflection long.

In regard to the important incidents of my fathers life, I am very ignorant and feel wholly incompetent to the preparation of anything like a biography of him, or even of a sketch. My father was a man of great reserve and abstraction even in his own family. His whole time was filled with either reading, study, writing or manual exercise connected with something which he regarded as useful. His children were for this reason never made his companions or confidants. His views and plans were always his own, formed without the knowledge of his children, and seldom with the advice of any one. He always seemed to feel that he had on hand a greater and more important work than would allow him to join in the amusements, or lead the way in the tasks and pleasures of his children; and although he was generally cheerful of countenance, yet

had he but little to talk about with them in regard to himself or his own doings or plans. I well remember, however, how on the occasion of a visit from some valued friend, especially if that friend were highly enough educated to enjoy his society, my father would cast away his studies, books and engagements, and give himself up to enjoy the pleasures of a virtuous and intelligent friendship. From his very frame & structure he was incapable of deception, or of acting a part for any purpose. If the visit of a person was welcome and agreeable, my fathers whole manner would make him feel it so. He would walk with his friend, ride with him, sit up till a late hour of the night to enjoy his society, and treat him to the choicest rites of hospitality. If on the other hand he was visited by one for whom he did not feel a friendship and esteem--it mattered not who that person was--my fathers manner would be cold and reserved-- not so from study or design, but as the manifestation of an inward feeling too strong to be kept under, and of which he was perhaps himself unconscious at the time. This perfect honesty of his character always made him disagreeable to knaves and double dealers everywhere, and they never failed to hate and to persecute him. But there were some friends whom he always prized and loved. There was Dr. John Anderson, Dr. Letherman, a Revd Mr: McFarland of Stanton Va. Mr: McElroy of New York, and last and best of all your own father. I do not mean to say that these were all who constituted that favorite class, for besides them there was Dr McGuffey now of the University of Virginia, Dr Addison of Pittsburg, as well as many others whom I could name if it were necessary or useful, and I doubt not that you yourself could name many whom I would overlook.

Next week (on Tuesday) I expect to go with Mrs W to Bedford [Springs, PA] where I shall remain a few days, and then return leaving her there for the benefit of her health. Should any thing occur to me worth noting in regard to my fathers acts or character, I will take mem. and send it to you. I write now at disadvantage on such a subject. It is one on which I would like to dwell, if I were more quiet and secluded from intervening affairs than I now am. I do trust that your Board will allow to another the half years salary. I am almost tempted to do what I can to defeat the passage of their bill in Congress for the shabbiness of their cause already. However, it is best to use no harsh language on the subject whatever may be the result. I would caution Anderson especially as to this. Abusive language never fails to injure one's cause, or to degrade his character.

Present my best regards to Mrs Wylie and believe very truly your friend & cousin

Andrew Wylie

Revd T. A. Wylie

***John H. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Richmond Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> 1852

Dear Mother:

I don't know that I have ever written a letter to you directly, but it is not because you are never thought of, but because we all know that you never write letters. and for that reason we generally direct our letters to that member of the family who does the correspondence, although

the letter may be as much for your benefit & gratification as for the person to whom it is endorsed -- I received a day or two ago the article of agreement concerning which Lizzie wrote me some time since, accompanied by a short note from Andrew -- I have signed it most cheerfully though not quite so formally (not thinking that necessary) as he has done: and I trust that the other members of the family will likewise approve of it

I much regret that Andrew has not seen fit to visit you this summer -- In his note to me he says nothing at all about it. You are all very often in my thoughts, and I much regret that it has been out of my power to visit you--but if it should prove very healthy in the latter part of autumn and other things favor, I may run out & stay a few days with you -- I am truly rejoiced that in these last days of calamity & affliction you have had so many kind and excellent friends, who have shown their friendship not in empty words but in efficient services I have not heard anything recently about the publication of fathers memoirs & lectures--Has it been abandoned? -- There is a matter that grieves me much & rests most heavily upon my mind which is that Samuels grave should have received no attention -- When Lizzie was down she visited the grave & says that it was fallen in & looking entirely neglected -- If I had the means I should go down and attend to it this fall -- I have thought of dunning Andrew for something towards it, Believe I shall. Perhaps Irene could contribute something, if she has money to spare -- I requested Lizzie some time since to send me the exact date of his birth -- She has not done it -- I wish to send it to the Office of the Spring grove -- My health is a little better than for some weeks back. Lizzie is well & sends love to you all -- along with this I send you the Article of agreement with my signature

Love to all & believe your affect. son

John

***Irene Wylie Bell to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Bloomington, November 22<sup>nd</sup> [1852]

Monday morning

Dear John, I received yours with Margarets enclosed a few days since. Mag is happy and content as ever. I think as a general thing the privations of the foreign missionaries are much exaggerated. She seems to have all the comforts as concerns her house hold matters, that she would have had had she remained in this country, and perhaps more. The missionaries are certainly better provided for than the preachers in these little towns.

You will perhaps be surprised to find by the heading of this that I am still at home. I have prolonged my visit much longer than was expected.

Mr Bell and Jinny, have now been, back a week. We had been looking for them for several weeks.

Jane has grown this last year amazingly, is now I think taller than either of us. She is much improved from her visit in Wheeling, and particularly in her music. She took lessons from an excellent French teacher whilst there who learned her to throw out her voice in the latest most approved style, and she now sings very well indeed. She has received entirely new ideas about music which alone would compensate for the expense of her absence.

You wish to know when Aunt Eliza's folks expect to leave for California. They intend sailing from New York on the fifth of January, but will leave Wheeling the first of December,

and spend the intermediate time in Baltimore and Alexandria. They have packed and sent most of their goods, to go round the cape and as the voyage is much longer they will get there about the time they arrive themselves. Aunt Jane will spend the coming winter with Elizabeth Smith. Abbe will go with the McKees although she now would like to give it up if she saw any other alternative. I pity her poor soul she is so unhappy.

Uncle McKee and John are both doing well. John is farming and expected to do well off his summers crop. They both like the country very much, especially the climate and declare their intention of making California their future home. John [McKee] expects to realise 4000\$ off his potato crop alone. Uncle wishes Andrew [McKee] to go to the Sandwich islands for the purpose of packing provisions. Everything in the provision line is so exceedingly high in the California market, that it is probable that they may make by the speculation. Mr McKee drives business with as much energy, and with as much determination to make money out of everything that comes up as ever. I wish it were so that you could go with them, for I feel confident the climate would greatly benefit your health and suppose it will never be much better while you remain where you are and in the business you are, as you are necessarily much exposed. Suppose by your mentioning your intention of preparing for the duties of housekeeping that you have at length determined to try Richmond for the future. Why have you done it? As you never liked the place There are hundreds of places you could like and perhaps would suit you better and I would suppose now would be better to make the change than at any future time.

As for us, we are as much unsettled for the present as ever, it is probable we will not make Wheeling our home for the future. and where else it will be is yet to be determined. Mr Bell I have no doubt could do very well to remain there, but the smook and dust is a very great objection to him and we both would prefer some clean sweet place, where we can always breath the pure air of heaven without having our lungs clogged constantly with coal dirt. He has bought two very desirable lots on the Island and perhaps he may yet determine to build and remain there I should feel loath on many accounts to give up Wheeling We expect to return there in January for a while at least. Mr Bell will start for St Louis and New Orleans, in a week or so. I am undetermined whether to accompany him or no, rather think not however, as I dislike starting such a journey with Wylie. You would never recognize the little fellow. He is as much of a little Irishman as you ever saw, is as fair, and fat, and rosy as though he was just from the Emerald Isle. He is a great talker, amuses us very much with his constant chattering.

I suppose you have heard of cousin Theophilus's intention of leaving [for] Ohio. He has received a unanimous call to Oxford and accepted, and will leave [for] Ohio the first of January.\* We think it wise of him to go as it is expected the college cannot sustain itself much longer. There are very few students and the Legislature will act upon it again this winter it is thought. Every one is regretting Theophilus going. Ryors says he cannot tell how they can fill his place. Suppose you have heard of old Dr Wylie's death. [Samuel B. Wylie] We hear regularly from Anderson. He is doing exceedingly well we think, is making 800\$ per annum.

We regret that you cannot go down to Cincinnati to attend to the placing of a stone over Samuels grave. I do hope it may soon be done for it is a shame to let it remain so neglected. Mr Bell I suppose could have it done, as he passes so often, if he knew what would please. In regard to what we would give towards its erection, we would give with pleasure what would be necessary. I know nothing of the price of such things, and would give according to the price. I wish we could meet there.

Mother and all are as usual and join me in love to you & yours. I regret you did not come

home this fall. The Dr [Dodds] is still resolved never to sign the paper. I wonder he can feel as he does about it. Red[ick] does not feel like improving or really going into work until something of the kind is settled. I think the Dr should not object to the article when each of the children sign it cheerfully. He said to Eliz he supposed it was not fathers intention to defraud the rest of the heirs for her. O what a shame. He is riding contrary Maxwell has gone on to Philadelphia to have the canserous affection [of the] face attended too It is dinnertime and I must close.

Yours affectionately Irene

P.S. I join with Andrew in advising you to throw up the old practice, and investigate the subject faithfully and without prejudice. If you had seen as much of the practice of homeopathy as I have you would not speak of it so lightly

\*Theophilus Wylie taught at Miami University of Oxford, Ohio from 1852 to 1854.

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond Dec. 15. 1852

Dear Liz.

I had almost forgotten that I owe you a letter & being just now anxious to hear from home am reminded that I ought to have written some time ago -- I write now not because I have anything to say but to let you see that I think of you -- My health is not so good this winter, as usual, and I find that I have to limit my business to about what will support me -- It costs me but little more to live as a married man (all things considered) than it did when single and with a good wife whom I love so dearly--I am much more comfortable and happy.

Though you will miss Cous. Theophilus much and though his departure will leave you almost deserted; yet I think that it will be well for him; & am pleased that we shall have him for a neighbour--Oxford is about 25 miles from this.

Our place is growing rapidly and gives indications that in a few years it will be quite a large & business place Mr [Stans?] tells me that he called upon you & spent an evening -- He was quite pleased with Mother--tell her not to be flattered you say nothing of his visit -- Tell Irene if she is still with you that her letter was received -- What of the McKees have they gone yet -- What has become of Mr Leek When does Theophilus move -- Have you settled that railroad business-- when will it reach B- How is Redick getting along with the farm: Tell me all you know!! I hear from Andrew & Anderson occasionally but not recently from the latter -- In my last I criticised his spelling & style and he may have taken it unkindly--or he may not have received it -- if you write him soon, please inquire -- My brother-in-law Mr Leeds of New York will be married in a few days to Miss Mary Laws (a quakeress of this place) He is getting quite rich & they will cut quite a step -- Money! Money! thou art much to be desired in this world of troubles & necessities -- Ask Jennie if she can't write me a letter!

Love to all & believe me your affectionate brother

John

Miss E. Wylie

Write soon

1853

*Jean [Jane] Ritchie to Irene Wylie Bell, Bloomington, Indiana*

Baltimore Jany 16<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear Irene

We arrived here three weeks ago, (on Christmas) after a tedious & fatiguing journey from Pittsburg, It seems strange to talk of tedious travel on rail road, it was made so to us by their failing twice to make the connection & consequently we were obliged [to] lay by & were subjected to more night travelling --

Abbie & Sarah left here for Phila day after we arrived, Sarah was so much pleased with Balto that it was quite a trial for her to leave She received a great-deal of attention, She attended a large gay dancing party just after she arrived & was quite the belle of the evening. In fact she altogether captivated a widower of about forty years of age, but one of the wealthiest & most respectable merchants in the City -- Elizabeth & Mary began to think that her Mother would hardly get her to California - Poor Sallie how it made my heart ache to bid her good bye, as I thought, perhaps forever, She has been a good child & I pray that the flatteries & vanities of the world to which she is now exposed may not make her more unworthy -- Eliza received your kind letter a few days before she left here & requested me to acknowledge it, as she had not time. She & Andrew spent a week in Alex.a [Alexandria] at the Bryans they were quite delighted with their visit. Cary had a thousand & one questions to ask about you all & us all -- They all lent a very kind & pressing invitation for us to make them a visit, but I'm still too much under the influence of my stomach to think of it at present--you know how I dislike moving about, especially among strangers, & being subjected to company, when suffering from its humors -- My health has not improved any since my arrival here tho last week I have suffered a great-deal & have been obliged to bring myself down to a little dry bread & black tea with occasionally a very small quantity of tender meat -- I received a letter from Mrs. Middleton a few days ago she & the Dr are still in Charles Co are not certain when they will return may not much before spring -- The Dr requests me to put myself under Dr Ruborgs care until his return as he said he would have more time to attend to me than Dr McManus, he Dr Ruborg is now attending me -- I saw him yesterday for the first time -- When Dr Middleton returns he intends practicing in Mr Smith's neighborhood the old lady and he will go to housekeeping in the spring -- Elizabeth [Letherman Smith] & Mary are as kind as they can be & do every thing to promote my comfort, yet this California moving of the family I have been so long with makes me feel as if I was striped of home & left a desolate wanderer -- I know it is all right & my effort is to quietly submit & do the best I can believing that every event of my life is permitted by a kind Parent to advance me in a regenerate life & make me more acceptive of a better life in the spiritual world, to which alone He looks in His providences with His creatures here -- There is a small New Church congregation here I have been able to but once yet, heard a most comforting & excellent sermon on "take no thought for tomorrow" &c just suited to the state of mind I was in -- Give my love to Elizabeth & tell her I'm very glad indeed to hear that she has or is giving some attention to New Church writings & my prayer is that she may receive as much comfort & be greatly more improved by their heavenly influence than I have

been, It is all in vain however to receive the truth in any form no matter how much delighted we may seemingly be with it if we know not the love of it in our wills so as to induce us to make constant effort to resist our evils & shun them as sins against God --

Religion is an every day business & the great end of human life is the promotion of human happiness, to perform the every day duties & [cares?] of life with a constant reference to the good of others equally with our own & every day self denied if necessary, must necessarily be an up hill business till we are further advanced in the regenerate life than most of us become here, This is the true & only road to happiness, & when we shall have learned to do good from the love of it then shall we be prepared for our home in the Heavens -- I am very much pleased with what I see of Mr. Smith he appears to be an excellent exemplification of christian character he is exceedingly kind & amiable always trying to promote the happiness of others never as I have heard uttering a harsh word against any one, He don't appear to have any taste for controversy, & I am told preaches very little of doctrines I have heard him once & liked his sermon as much as I could any thing from the old Church -- Elizabeth has two very pretty, interesting little boys. I am glad to hear such a good report of Wylie Bell kiss him for Aunt Jenny, don't know when I shall see him again whether I shall return West in the spring I try not to trouble myself about it now but leave it for circumstances at the time to decide. I must close with much love to all you know that it is an effort for me to write when suffering from my stomach. I have therefore hurried this as best I could. I could say much more more but cannot at present. My love to Elizabeth & tell her I hope she will let me hear from her occasionally after you leave -- Write to me after you return to Wg [Wheeling] giving me the news from there--& believe as ever

your affectionate Aunt Jane

Elizabeth & Mary desire their love to you all

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond Jany 30<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear Sister:

It is a most beautiful Sunday morning--the sun is shining through my office windows so warm, so pleasant that I am comfortable without fire -- But the winter has been so unpleasant--wet, cloudy dreary changeable that my health has suffered sadly -- But notwithstanding I am as comfortable and as content as most of mortals and much more so than many I see about me -- And I try to live along without complaining -- But the worst of it is that my ill health prevents my doing much business -- But I make a living --have lately paid off a good many debts and am now about even with the world -- A year ago I commenced keeping an account of all expenses down to five cents, pay up as I go -- Am able to see at any time exactly how I stand--Know precisely where the money goes and feel a conscious independence & lightness of heart which one cannot feel who is loaded down with debt & who is ignorant of the true state of his affairs -- I recommend the plan to you--keep accounts & pay as you go--It begins to cost something to live here I'll give you a few items--Beef 6 1/4 cts.-- butter 16cts Lard 11 or 12 Potatoes from 50 cts to 75--Corn 40 cts hay \$8 00 &c -- If Redick can get those prices he ought to do pretty well at farming --

Some two or three weeks since Prof. Scott. called to see me -- We had quite a pleasant conversation -- I don't think he has changed much since I saw him at Bloomington which was when I was a boy fifteen years ago--But I recognised him instantly & without difficulty Theophilus I suppose by this time has removed to Oxford though I have heard nothing about it -- You must feel doubly lonesome -- I have heard from Anderson since I last wrote you--he is not offended -- Andrew I have not heard from for some time -- The McKees have got off, I suppose by this time -- If I had had the means I should have gone with them -- That is the only difficulty in my way & so soon as it is overcome (if it be not too late) I shall go -- I believe the climate is good and would restore me -- We are keeping house with Mother Leeds making a family of five -- I pay half the expenses and find it cheaper & much more pleasant than boarding -- I hope I should be able to go to Cincinnati soon to attend to that business we have spoken of. My brother-in-law Mr Wm Leeds of New York was married three weeks since to Mary Laws, the quakeress about whom you & Aunt Abb used to plague me -- He is rich--& they live in high style It has been now nearly two years since I saw you all and I begin to long to see the dear old home again--Though when I speak or write that word, I weep, for it brings with it many, many sorrowful reminiscences--the memory of blighted hopes--& heart-crushing anguish-- but enough. Write me soon for I know by this time you must have much to write me about.

With much love to Mother & all I am very affectly  
your brother John

Miss E Wylie

*Elizabeth Wylie to John H. Wylie, Richmond, Indiana*

Bloomington March 17<sup>th</sup> [18]53

Dear brother.

I promised to write you soon fully the particulars of Wylie's sickness, a promise I have not been able to fulfill, for various reasons until now. Last summer he had a spell of some weeks sickness, about the time Irene was sick, but recovered entirely apparently, & during the fall & winter until Christmas, I never saw a more sprightly, well looking child; since Christmas however, he lost his appetite, in a great measure, frequently complained of his stomach, cheeks flushed at times very much, sometimes one quite red & the other pale, chilliness, rumbling of the bowels & grinding of the teeth, great lassitude & occasional diarreah, & costiveness [constipation]. I have been thus particular in describing his symptoms, to you, because you are a physician & may profit by this unfortunate case, in your experience. Dodds we can scarce forgive his ignorance, much does he reflect on himself now, & well he may. Irene sent for him several times, to have him examine the child, & tell her if any thing serious was the matter with him, so that she could take him to a Homeopathic physician, or send for one to attend him. The Dr. all along pronounced it an obstinate case of worms, & as Irene has faith enough in the Allopathy remedies, to believe they could manage a case of that kind, she consented to giving Wylie a bottle of Vermifuge (McClane's) & other prescriptions of the Dr's. all however had not the desired effect for the child had none. The Homeopathic Physician Bell brought from New Albany, said it was inflammation

of the bowels, in its incipient state, ever since we observed the child ailing, & perhaps before. I do not remember if I mentioned in my letter to you he was first attack with inflammation of the bowels, then of the brain. We believe now nay we know Dr Thomast correct in his opinion. Dodd saw Wylie Thursday about the time, his disease was going to the brain, & noticing his drowsiness, said it might by the Typhoid fever he had; he then slept with eyes half open & pupils much dilated, which he did not remark at the time, tho he must have known they were symptoms of the brain being effected, also throbbing of the arteries of the neck which Irene called his attention too. Thursday night & in fact for several days & nights he appeared to suffer much, how much, we know now, tho we did not then; tho the worms troubled him. Friday Bell went to N.A. for his Dr. & Friday Dodds being away we sent for Dr. McPheeters the child growing apparently much worse, he (Dr M.) was astonished every body in the house did not know, it was a dreadful case of brain fever; he did all he could for the poor child, but said there was no hope, or barely a hope; hands & feet cold, purple spotted cheeks, eyes closed, & consciousness all gone, hearing sight & feeling which indeed was an unspeakable comfort to us all to know. Sabbath at half past 12 he died; began to breathe very hard Sat evening, & breath at times icy cold, it was hard for him to die, & hard for us to see him, he yielded up his breath with three shrill screams, I never shall forget. Tuesday we buried him, rain & wind, adding gloom, to the gloomy scene. Monday was a beautiful day, we were sorry the Funeral had not been appointed that day, as Tuesday was so stormy, but Irene wished to keep her darling, long as possible. she was able to go out, & see her sunshine, laid in the grave;\* she often called him her sunshine, & Wylie would often say of himself, "Wy is ma's sunshine, & ma is Wy's sunshine" Truly her sunshine is dimmed for many years to come. They left us last Tuesday for Wheeling. Irene seemed more calm & resigned, the day before she left, than since Wylie died; she bears up well as she can, tries to bear it like a Christian; one who believes that all things are ordered by a kind & wise Providence, that he who gave, hath taken him in mercy, not in wrath. We were all proud of him, he was indeed "A well spring of joy" to us all, so bright beautiful & good & taken at so interesting an age, we miss our little Wylie boy, more than I can tell; he has been with us so much that we loved him much as we could, had he been our own little brother. It adds much, much, to Irene's grief, the thought, that the poor child died almost ere anything was done for him, & that he suffered so much without our knowing the extent of his sufferings or doing ought to relieve him; she is continually reproaching & condemning herself & the Dr. for ignorance & stupidity that they did not know, that something serious was the matter. Wylie always was a little hero in enduring pain; burns falls & knocks, he did not mind or cry for: all through his sickness, was the most patient little sufferer I ever saw. He retained his flesh very well tho he had not eat anything scarcely for near 3 weeks, until he was attack with the brain fever, then we could almost see his flesh consume away, when he died was much emaciated especially the neck & body. He was a lovely corpse save the eyes which were much sunken. Dr. Dodds (at mothers request) had the bones of bro. Wm exhumed & laid at the left of father, next him, Wylie we laid next to William. The letter you wrote Irene came the day she left, I forwarded it to her, after opening it, for we supposed you would make mention of your own health in it & we wished to know how you are at present; do you know it has been almost two months since you have written us. We have not had any news from China for about 4 months or more. Andrew promises to come out in the Spring, or early part of the Summer, if possible. The McKees have not yet been heard from. Mr Bell expects to get a letter on his arrival at Wheeling. Bell has given up at least for the present his intention of going on a farm; thinks the solitude of a country life would tend to make them, especially Irene, feel more acutely their loss.

A gentleman in the Iron business, resident of Wheeling, has made him a very good offer (1500) to do the correspondence, &c of the Firm and to go in as stock holder to the amount he may choose this offer Bell thinks he will accept. Mrs. Milligan went with them far as W. on her way to Washington, her little son has been sick ever since they came here, was down six weeks with the Typhoid fever, from the effects of which he has not yet recovered, has the lumbague also; she takes him back, in hopes his native air may restore him.

Jane received a letter from Lue [Louisa Wylie] day or two since they are all well & appear satisfied with Oxford Cousin Theop[hilus] expects to come out here next week to preach I suppose & on a collecting tour. Write when you get this of your health & when you are coming & let the time be soon as possible Should you prefer not going to Cin. to attend the matter of dear Sam's grave we will get Andrew to have it done on his way out. All unite in much love to you & to Lizzie. Mary is well with the exception of a very bad cold.

\*Little Andrew Wylie Bell is buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Bloomington

*Fragment (page 5) of a letter from Sarah McKee (daughter of Redick & Eliza McKee) in San Francisco, to Jane Wylie in Bloomington; a note from Abigail Ritchie on the back; no date, must be summer 1853*

We see any number of chinamen here with their ugly faces and long pigtales, many of them are quite largely engaged in merchandize of various kinds, some in grocery business dry goods &c Father has some excellant customers among them. The poorer class of them fish in the Sacramento river for Salmon a great deal, it is the finest in the world and quite an article of trade.

How is your dear Mother and sister Lib? Mother and Aunt Abb talk a great deal of them and wish very much to see them. We very often speak and think with pleasure of your visit to us in Wheeling and wonder how soon it may be repeated. We talk of and remember how much pleasure you afforded us by your sweet music, it would be a treat to hear you again. I regret you could not go to Cin. last winter, you will probably have an opportunity of going there or to W- some of these days. You should have your talent for it improved to its utmost extent if possible, now nothing but fine playing passes in fashionable life where every one hears so much at concerts and from good performers that they are good judges. Have you heard from Aunt Kate & family lately? tell me any news of them when you write, if she is with you give our love to her.

Aunt Abbie is very well and looks very well, she is so great company for us and a great comfort to us, should often feel very lonely without her. I miss dear Will so very much feel as though I could

Dear Jenny,

I have just finished a letter to your aunt Ann, and am somewhat fatigued, but feel as though I must say a word to you. That I love you and feel interested for you is unnessary for me to repeat. And now that we are so far very far separated I feel that I love you all much better. I wrote a long letter to Elizabeth sometime ago hope she has received it ere this. You and she must write me a joint letter. Tell me all and every thing concerning all of you. How often I flit round

you in imagination, and wish I could transport myself by your side, how much we should have to say; what sad scenes you have passed through since I left you I remember the morning so well. Your fathers face comes before me vividly, His sweet smile I shall never forget I was very sorry to hear Irene had lost her little boy How does she bear it? But he is far better off Sickness and death seems to be busy about your family. But then we must soon all go. I have felt very sad since I have been in California on many accounts, & I am sure a glad or happy feeling can never light up my countenance again. I hope Johns health will improve. This San Francisco climate would not suit him. It is too cold & changeable My love & remembrance to him, Also to Mary Dodds, how is she, & is Mary any more happy than she used to be? My love to your Mother, Liz & Redick, O! it must look lovely about your pretty place. My love to Mrs McFerson does she ever enquire for me & Judge McDonald Tell me all what you are doing, indeed every thing

Your Afft Aunt Abbie

*Anderson M. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Philadelphia June 25<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear Sister,

Your letter & that of Janes I received in due time. For several days, in fact for a week or so I have purposed answering them both; but I have been entirely unsettled as to my summer arrangements; and I determined before writing that this matter should be settled if possible & that I might let you all know where to direct your letters, and how I would be situated during the summer.

This I have at last accomplished though not without many disappointments; but as regards all these I feel that surely the hand of God has been directing, for to Him I have been looking for guidance in all things.

Some time since I was disappointed in going to the country with Mr Ashhurst, as I had expected to have gone.

This occurred, from a gentleman who keeps a school in the neighborhood of Mr A changing his course in his school. He heretofore has taken no day scholars, but has lately determined to do so. Mr A. regards him as one of the best teachers in the country; hence he determined to send to him during the summer. It is possible that I may continue in the Fall, in his family. I mention this because Mr A is a man of such high standing & influence, and by his family I have been treated with much more kindness & attention than I had ever expected from the Philadelphians. I was also disappointed in the situation which I expected to obtain near Baltimore; this occurred from my unwillingness to engage for a longer time than the summer months, And for a similar reason I was disappointed in my contemplated situation near Mr Fouk's family (in the country). Mr F you remember is my pastor.

Through all this I have been led & have still hoped to obtain a favorable situation out of the city, which you will grant came about in rather an unexpected manner.

Ever since I have been here, thoughts have occasionally come in my mind, to call upon Uncle William [Ritchie]'s second wife notwithstanding the terrible (& as I think unfounded) prejudice & dislike of all the connection towards her.

Susan mentioned her to me & spoke in the very highest terms of her; and expressed great surprise (upon learning that she was an aunt) that I did not call upon her.

This at once determined me to throw off all prejudice & go to see her; and I have now only to regret, that I did not do this long since. After a great deal of searching, for she does not live alone, I found she lived with her mother, and I went to call on her. I was received with some surprise yet with much kindness, for I am the first one of the family connection who has called upon her, except aunt Ellen in N.O. [New Orleans]

I was delighted with her, and very soon perceived that every story has two sides, & that it is not always black upon one side, as I have learned to my satisfaction in uncle Craig's case, so it has been in this, that misunderstandings & prejudices (to say the least) have created the breach. Soon after learning my employment, and that I have been out of business for some little time owing to the families going to the country; she asked what I was going to do, & where I was going to remain during the summer. Upon learning my circumstances, she said she knew of a situation for me. Now she has a brother in law Mr Powers, who is a partner in one of the most extensive chemical works in the U.S. "Mr Powers (said she) has a little boy & girl whom he wishes to

receive private instruction; he is now out to his country seat & desires a young man to go to his house & engage as a private tutor; and I have no doubt upon mentioning your case to him, that he will be glad to make an arrangement with you. She saw Mr & Mrs P- and at their invitation I accompanied her to their residence.

We went out in the cars [train], & were met by their carriage, and with them we took a drive around the most beautiful parts of the country. They live in Schoolhouse lane, which is acknowledged by all who have seen it, to be the most delightful spot in the U.S.

The lane is two miles long & runs from the Schuylkill to Germantown. There is scarcely a weed to be seen the whole distance, & on either side the grounds are laid out without regard to expense, & the buildings are country palaces; some of them near there costing about \$100000. One place was pointed out to me, which the first owner called Paradise; upon his breaking up & loosing it, it went by the name of Paradise Lost, And the family still hoped to repurchase it & call it Paradise Regained. After remaining there all night I returned in their carriage with them to the city, the distance being about 6 1/2 miles. Today I made an engagement, and will leave the city on Monday. So during the summer you must direct your letters to the care of Powers & Weightman, and then I will get them directly. It may be that I shall get other private teaching near there since many of the wealthiest families spend their summers out there.

I regret very much that I did not obtain a letter of intro last summer from Dr Drake; for there was no man or no Physician or writer, who was more admired than he, and many of the leading & principle men here were personally acquainted with him. He still says that you owe him a letter. He has just made up his mind to go to Europe purposing to spend most of his time in Scotland. A young friend of his is going with him. They go about the first of July.

Tell Jane I wish she were here now, for this evening commences the "Grand celebration of the German Musical Society".

It meets once every few years, & there are here now near 6000 performers, who will sing & perform on instruments, in Independence Square & in the Chinese Building. The sight & hearing will be such (I suppose) as has never been witnessed before.

And on the 4th July, there will be a grand display of fire works, such as has never taken place before in this city. The expense incurred will amount to thousands. Theophilus & family

expect to be here by the end of next week, & will afterwards go on to N.Y.

Jack Letherman has been in the city again, & expects soon to return & go to the shore with Craig [Dorsey Ritchie]; if not Craig will go out to Cannonsburgh. Will is coming on in the fall & will begin the study of Medicine. Aunt Ann will break up house keeping at that time. I have not yet got out to West Chester to see Mrs Dennis [mother-in-law of Theophilus], and she has made me promise some time since that I would, but it seems so hard to make an effort this warm weather. For a day or two it has not been so unpleasant, but for the last week it has been exceedingly warm, the thermometer rising as high as 96o in the shade, so you readily see it would tend to make one seek the country.

I often have turned a longing eye towards home, and envied you in your cool quiet retreat; but think from the expense, I had better not think of going till next summer, then I think you will be able to take trip with me. The most delightful place I have to go is out to aunt Wylie's, but it is so far, that I cannot go very often. It is near Gerard College, & a line or two of omnibuses run very near there. Sue is not yet married & I cannot [say] when it is to take place, for she is so delicate now, but I should not be much surprised if it would take place soon. Not a very great while ago one of the daughters of uncle Williams [Ritchie] old partner Richard Wistar who is a cousin of Dr [Dodds] Morris got married to a young physician; and the day after their marriage her father took them into Walnut St. and presented them with a fine house with \$100,000 to live upon & this he could do for each of his children & then have a large amount left.

Rev Theodore returned a short time since from Chicago. He saw the McCalla's and Hamils was at their houses, and said they seemed to be doing very well. The news you send me are not of the most pleasing character, but it all seems almost unavoidable. I suppose the reason why the Dr won't sign the paper is, that he has already lost so much & thinks it best to hold on to what he can. But I think I should never let property alienate the feelings of relatives.

As for John I suppose that he can never entirely recover, but I do hope he will attend to his spiritual welfare as well as his bodily.

My heart fairly bleeds when I think of Uncle Leakes family; and I think the plan you suggested is a good one, & there is no telling what will become of them if it is not carried out. It is a queer thing that ever since I have been here I have attended the same church with Mrs [William] Ritchie & her connection, and have never met with them or known it. I think the more of her because she had such high regard for dear Father; for when he was here last she went after him herself. Her family are well known here & she has a brother who is one of the most distinguished conveyancers & real estate agents in the city. But I must close. Give my love to all, to Mary & children to all who choose to remember me. Write me soon & direct as given your affect bro. Anderson

I hope that the suggestion I made before in reference to John is not regarded as officiousness, for I spoke as I thought and just as I would act in the matter. Tell Redick he must not think of giving up the idea of writing to me for it is really shameful. Tell Jane she must find time to write often for no letters are received with more pleasure than hers.

*Elizabeth Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomington  
Oct 14, 1853

Dear Brother,

Orchard & some other individual, he did not say who, desire to buy us out of house & home & I write to know if you are willing to sell; the price you would ask, & the price you would take for it. We at home here are very desirous to sell as we consider we are doing without the interest of \$4000, or thereabouts, as long as we reside in it; the house is much too large for us, taxes have to be paid on so large an amt. that brings in nothing, & after while, in fact right away, some repairs will have to be made. Orchard wishes us all to agree to the sale & the price; says half of the money will be paid down, & the remainder in a few months. We have not told him our price, won't until we hear from you all. We, including the Dr. and Mary, think \$5000 a fair price for it, would not sell for less. Have two projects in view in case the sale can be effected: to build a cottage on the ground you will know designated the "middle fields," let John take one thousand or whatever he may value his interest in the Estate & make such an investment of the remainder as you think best. Our other plan is to purchase Bead's farm, which we suppose can be got for 3000 five hundred, or perhaps \$3000. It is a fine farm of 160 acres, well watered, and improved. The house excepting two rooms, is new & all the out houses new & convenient. Orchard has not said anything about the minors standing in the way, have no idea the minors will ever gainsay the bargain, so we can just set them aside. Write immediately on the recpt of this, & let us know your opinion of these matters, as Orchard wishes to know soon as possible. Living here increases Redick's work a good deal; all the hauling is up hill work, & when we take into account the present high rate of wages & his own time & labor, it amounts to a good deal. This is a lovely spot, & having been purchased & built & the residence of our dear father for so many years, in short the Homestead, we shall feel heart sick at parting with it, but there are many considerations that make it advisable to do so. We may not have an opportunity to sell again for years; property like this is not saleable often in a town of this size & situation. Redick says if you have not written to Brooks about the R.R. damages you need not unless you think it advisable to do so yourself. He is about making a contract to pay the balance of the stock due in wood, 200 cords. They offer \$2.25 per cord which is much too cheap, Redick is willing to furnish it however at that price as he wants land cleared down there & they give in town but 1.50 delivered. Received a letter from John yesterday. His health grows worse & he has at last determined to go South, or to Cal. Think he will go to Cal. Poor fellow, we fear 'tis too late, too late. How long we have urged him to go, for years, but he would not bestir himself until now. He wishes someone of the family to buy out his interest in the Estate, or if that cannot be done he wishes to know if the family can among all lend him 250 dols. He is coming to see us in a week or two when we will see what can be done for him. Redick has some money at interest which he says he shall have; mother will do what she can for him. Have written him today of the contemplated sale of the house etc. He wishes to take Lizzie with him. We are very unwilling to have him go alone & hope it will be possible for him to take her. Perhaps by making enquiry, you might obtain him a cheaper passage than the common rates. Not one of the family I know would object to John taking more than the sum he estimates his share of the Estate. Infer from the drift of his conversation & he values it at one thousand. Should he take Lizzie, he will need fifteen hundred at least, besides the 400 he has

saved & has now on hand. Should the house be sold, all, I know, will agree to let the poor sick brother draw that much. The Cars have been arriving for several days. They have waked up the country. 'Tis an era in the state of our affairs; would appreciate them more highly than I do but Mother & I are constantly uneasy lest the horses may take fright, run away & hurt or do worse for Redick. Thinking of his hauling that wood right along side of the track takes away my appetite now & I think will take away my breath almost when he commences it. Some of the horses about do not mind it, whilst others take on at a terrible rate. Ours are not wild, but they might scare if very near the Iron Horse they have seen distant hundred yards or so, snorting along, but did not regard it with any other manifestation than eying him with a very curious look. Perhaps they may look upon it in a sensible light as one of the improvements of the age & so I hope they will. Dr. Ryors is still here. Morrison (one of the trustees) made a statement in the town paper he did not like & no wonder for 'twas insulting, so he resigned the Chair of mathematics on the spot. Some efforts are being made to get cousin Theophilus back. There are about one hundred students in attendance this Session, a good many more than last. Daily is straining every nerve to build it up & so he will bring numbers. Methodism & Democracy are rife in this part of the country. Anything they set their shoulders to is bound to go ahead. Think the West ought to be given up to them entirely. All join me in much love to Carry & yourself. I am your affect. Sister

Liz

Mary & family are well

P.S. The enclosed 5 dols. Jenny sends to make out the \$50 you invested for her. In the sale of the house the 23 or 27 acres belonging are included. No one remembers exactly the no. of acres.

*Anderson M. Wylie to Jane Wylie, Bloomington*

Philad' Tuesday Oct 18<sup>th</sup> 1853

My Dear Sister,

Your last I received on Saturday, and was a favor which of a right I could not have expected, since I already owed you a letter. However I am rejoiced to see that you do not stand upon formality. The little incidents of home concerns, which you give are most gratifying, for these are of great interest to the absent ones. Do not I therefore pray you, count letters, or so long delay for I may say there is much more reason in your writing often than in me, for there is very little about which I can write which would interest you whilst all your affairs & those of B[lloomington] are highly interesting to me. And no doubt you can find enough of time to write me more frequently. Aunt Ann would think it great neglect in any of her family not to write once every week or two. Cousin Annie is now doing very well, will soon be able to sit up. Her child is a fine little Annie--the 2nd--and of course is a remarkable child--especially under the circumstances. Yesterday cousin Will, Lizzie Smith, with little Joe arrived. With Will I am much pleased, and think he looks more like a man than anyone of his age I ever saw. He will for some time read medicine under a private physician, before taking a regular collegiate course.

During last week I attended the introductory lectures of Jefferson Col. delivered by that

able faculty.\* They were as interesting as any place of amusement I have been in. As a study the science of medicine must be exceedingly attractive, and if I had the time & means at my disposal I should go through a course, even though I should not practise. Philad' is truly the Paris of America in respect to medical advantages; and there are not less than 1200 students at these colleges. Neither does the practice of medicine in a city like this seem to be so very disagreeable. But this I do not think should be a paramount objection; for next to the ministry I think a man can do the most good in the practise of medicine. It appears to me it would be a good idea for a talented & competent young man to study medicine; and marry into the family of a celebrated physician--and especially if there were no sons in the said family. You therefore need not be surprised if at some future time, I should announce my purpose to act in accordance to the above interesting suggestion. No young man of energy & ability need fear to compete in the circle of city practise. I am rejoiced to hear that Lib [Liz] has at last the prospect of the winter's absence from home. Tell her she must by all means if feasible, come on and visit these cities; especially to N.Y. to see the Crystal Palace. For all who now visit it are charmed, and return the wiser. Indeed I think N.Y. would be a delightful place to live, for there you can obtain every desirable association, with the great incentive of a moving mass, to urge you onward in your course. And in no place is this felt as in N.Y.

You should think it a privilege to lend your aid to those who are desirous of becoming young again, and of putting on the students cap once more. 19th. Dear Sister I began this letter so late last night that I could not finish it on account of oppressive sleep. It is seldom that I get to bed before 11 or 12 o'clock and yet I seem to get but very little done, for most of the time seems to be spent in running &c. As the bell of St Johns strikes the hour of six I jump from my bed and prepare to go through my morning duties, with as much punctuality as a clock would strike the hour. You will see the necessity of this when I tell you I have to begin teaching at 8 1/2, and there too to walk near two miles before this time.

The families in which I have been engaged have been very late returning to town, so that not even yet am I fully employed in teaching but expect to in the course of a few days, and then it will be literally running from morning till night. And no small portion of time each day I am determined to spend in the acquirement of useful knowledge. I feel my deficiency so much that I wish to make a man out of myself, if the native material will admit of gentleman polish. Some part of the day in which I have not been engaged, I have been escorting my precious cousins around the city.

And one of the places I have again & again visited is the celebrated Burd Statuary in St Stephen's Church. a description of which I advise you to read. One of the England Bishops visited it a few days since and said there was nothing in E- equal to them (two groupes) in beauty, but some superior in grandeur & size. With Aunt Ann & all the family with Mr Smith I become more & more attached to as I become better acquainted with them. I have had no less than three invitations for Christmas holidays--in N.Y., Washington (I may say) and Baltimore, & at this place there will be a general assemblage of relatives. Philad' begins now to feel more to look & feel like a home; for I have met with much kind treatment but I can assure you the initiating process has been a very severe one, and one which has tried me for my good. I have chiefly through Carry's introduction, obtained teaching in & become acquainted with some of the families of the highest standing, and have given them entire satisfaction & even more --

I suppose the era of the R. Road arrival will be a bright mark in the history & prospects

of B[loomington], and I hope too, that you all will receive the great benefit from it. You did not mention about Dr Dodds finishing the house &c. Now I want you to tell them at home to keep the books of the library, for they may all come in use to some of us at a future time. John seems to be in the notion of going to California, and I hope I shall be able to communicate to him an opportunity of going on vessel as physician. A young Dr who is a surgeon in the Sacramento hospital said to me, that it is a poor country for a general practitioner but the most perfect of all climates, and would be almost a panacea for all diseases--that he had for eleven months slept in the open air without even a cold.

As to his [John's] design about the instruments I do not know that he wishes you to understand it.

Since I learned from you that Judge Macdonald will still remain for a time, I infer the Law School will still go on. I think to I must still write to Hume.

As for Dr Reeds going to Europe, I think I will see the country as soon as he will; however he needs it. Speaking of Curran, minds me to urge it upon you to keep yourself dear to all those fellows and you will not have cause to regret it hereafter.

Now do write soon & often, and excuse my hurried letters for they must often be so especially hereafter, for it is work, work, drive, drive, and all things in a hurry.

Give my love to Mary, children, mother & all with a large portion for yourself. Excuse errors for cannot often look over.

Your affect brother Anderson Wylie

Tell Lib she wrote messrs on the back of a letter messers--and you made several mistakes in your last. Please correct the same in mine.

\*The Medical School of Jefferson College of Canonsbury was in Philadelphia.

*John Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Richmond  
Oct 20<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear brother,

Your kind letter was duly received. I thank you for your sympathy and kind wishes.

When I last wrote you the means to further my contemplated removal to California seemed to be very far in the back ground, and not wishing to ask any aid from home, fearing that it might embarrass them, I applied to you rather than to go out of the family. I am sorry to learn the embarrassed state of your circumstances: and am glad to state that I shall probably succeed in raising the necessary amount of cash (or nearly so) without troubling you further. I beg of you to give yourself no further uneasiness about the matter. I have resolved to go and the means will be found. I shall finish winding up my business by the end of this week & next week expect with my wife & child to visit home. We will probably stay there a week or so when we will return & I shall go on my way to New York where I shall embark. It may be possible that I may pay you a visit before going.

Since I last wrote you my health has improved and I feel encouraged. This is a serious

movement I am taking, to tear myself away from the endearments of home is a thought that I cannot entertain with dry eyes. But it must be done. With me it is a matter of life or death. And I am rejoiced to find that all my friends and relatives concur in opinion as to the propriety of the movement. All join in love to you. Write me soon & believe me affectly. your

Brother John

*John Wylie, Richmond, Indiana to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Richmond  
Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear brother,

We—myself, wife, & babe—returned yesterday evening from a visit of two weeks to the old Homestead. We found them all well and enjoyed our visit much. Whilst there I received your last letter expressing much satisfaction that I had found the means to take my family with me. So far is this from being the case that I shall be troubled to find the means to take myself. You must have misapprehended my letter entirely. In it I stated if I could sell out my interest in the estate to you or someone else—in that case I could take them. Relying on assurances of pecuniary aid from home I wrote you some days ago that you need not give yourself any further trouble in the matter. But on visiting home I found that owing to some unlooked for circumstances I could not get as much as would be necessary. And that Elizabeth's scheme of selling the property all depended on a wild notion of John Orchard's which fell through. So then [one word] property sold of course I could not receive the assistance intended. But notwithstanding all this I could have got along without troubling you had it not been for a piece of disagreeable information I received from New York stating that the fare on the steam boats had been more than doubled. So that instead of one hundred dollars it will require about three hundred from NY to San Francisco, so that I must raise some more money or abandon the matter altogether. It will take at least \$250 and I must at last avail myself of your kind offer although under the circumstances of your embarrassments it is unpleasant. But my interest in the Estate will, at the most secure yourself, or in case of your death, your family from any loss. There is a Dr. Hufford an acquaintance of my wife's folks who has been in Cal 2 or 3 years & who is now in the states on a visit. He expects to return on the Steamer for the 20<sup>th</sup> of this month & it is not unlikely that I may go with him. So you may look for me soon. However as the vessels depart on the 5<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> of each month, and as it is now so late in the month I may not get off till the 5<sup>th</sup> of Dec. I thank you for your cordial invitation to visit you & shall probably accept your hospitalities for a day or two. What is the most direct and cheap route to Washington? Perhaps if you write me immediately I may hear in time to be benefited. Lizzie sends much love to you. Trusting to see you soon. Remember me kindly to Carry. I am affectly.

Your brother  
John

Andrew Wylie Esq.

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

Richmond Thursday, Nov 10<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear Sister

We arrived here safely yesterday evening -- The journey was tedious & vexatious -- The hack to Martinsville was bad as hack could be & beat & banged us about from one side to the other most mercilessly -- But we got into Martinsville in good time & were treated by the landlord most kindly Got up next morning early went to the cars found the locomotive had got off the track and were detained in consequence about two hours And the effect of this ultimately was to throw us over one day at Indianapolis at the cost of a day & two or three dollars--so that we did not get home till yesterday evening The babe behaved well and gave us but little trouble She seemed delighted to get home and appeared to recognize the folks -- I found a letter from my brother-in-law at New York containing information which rather depressed my spirits. The steam ship lines have lately raised the fare to Cal[ifornia] to more than double the recent rates--First Cabin passage at two hundred and seventy five dollars. So that it will cost at least three hundred dollars from New York to San Francisco -- Scandalous--shameless extortion it is, but cannot be helped -- If I thought my health would hold out through the winter & spring I would hold over and cross the plains next summer--but I am afraid to incur that risk

And now that I have undertaken the matter it must be gone through with -- I also found a long letter of twelve pages from Dr. Johnson of Oregon (a brother of the Rev M Johnson who died at Indianapolis two or three years ago) to whom I had written last spring. He gives a good account of the country & says that the climate is similar to that of Cal. except that the latter is warmer in summer In Oregon the settler with a wife & child would be entitled to 480 acres of land after a residence or an occupancy of four years which at the end of that time will be a fortune for there every thing the farmer produces commands a high price -- Dr J's brother who went out with him was affected with bronchitis & cough with difficulty of breathing so bad that he had to be propped up in bed & could scarce walk a quarter mile -- He has recovered his health entirely & is robust. That is encouraging--

The steamer leaves on the 20 & 5th of each month -- I have learned that there is a Dr Hibbard an acquaintance of Lizzie's friends who has been in Cal- 3 years He is to return on the 20 & they desire that I should go along which I may do--But must raise more money -- I directed the coat to be sent to Orchards. Dear Liz I feel deeply grateful for the affectionate kindness & aid extended so cheerfully by all of you I shall always bear it in grateful remembrance and should it please a kind Providence to restore me to health & life I trust that I may one day be able to reciprocate it -- Lizzie sends much love to you all Love to Mother & all & believe me your affect brother, John

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

Wheeling December 9, 1853

Dear Sister,

I arrived here night before last on my way toward Cal -- Since I last wrote you I have had a good deal to suffer and bear --sufficient to overcome the stoutest nerves--but I have born it, and by calling up the last particles of my resolution and energy was enabled to leave home, though at the time was so feeble & unwell as hardly to be able to sit up -- The day before I started (Sunday) had a severe & long chill fever all afternoon & persons coming in to take leave of me seemed astonished that I should think of starting in my thin condition but I was determined not to give up without making the last effort and next morning made a start The terrible ordeal of taking leave of my dear wife & child, under the circumstances I can only say was the next thing to the death scene itself ----

Well I arrived in Cincinnati expecting to take a boat the next day for this place but when I came to inquire into the matter found that the boats were high & dry & that I must find some other route -- Well I took the cars for Columbus & being much fatigued on reaching that place concluded to remain over night -- Got a good sleep & an excellent breakfast and started again for Zanesville (passing through Newark [Ohio] where uncle William resides but cars did not stop long enough to admit of my calling upon him). At Zanesville took the stage for Wheeling a distance of seventy five miles Something rather extreme for an emaciated specimen like myself to undertake--but when I start it is not my custom to turn back So I got aboard of the coach with fourteen others and reached Wheeling at 4 & 1/2 o'clock next morning being 15 hours on the way -- Well it did not kill me, it only fatigued me much; and strange to say taking it all in all was the most pleasant part of my journey -- The coach, being closed & we closely packed into it, was comfortable and there were two of the company who entertained us with songs &c Yesterday I felt the effects of want of sleep & fatigue--but last night had a good rest & this morning feel much refreshed Upon the whole I can say that so far I think I have been benefited by my journeyings in all events am better than when I left home -- I borrowed (as you desired) one hundred dollars from Mr William A. Bickle payable six months after date (2d Dec. 1853) with interest which will be 3 dollars--which I told him would be paid by the home folks If my experience in traveling from Cin- to this place is a specimen I shall need all the dollars I can get for it costs about as much more as I had supposed -- At Cin- I got a daguerreotype of myself for the benefit of home folks which I have together with Samuel's (a copy of which I had taken for myself) with Irene You can get them when you come up -- I expect to start tomorrow morning for Washington I wish you would answer this letter which if you do immediately will reach me at New York -- Give my love to all & believe me your

affect brother, John

PS Irene seems to be quite fat, even grossly so & quite suspiciously large--is in most excellent health & better spirits -- She is looking for you but not strongly till the river rises--Dont come till it does -- Aunt Jane does not expect to go to Baltimore till about the time of your visit -- All send love to you

J H Wylie

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

New York December 18<sup>th</sup> 1853

My dear  
Sister:

I wrote you from Wheeling and trust you received the letter -- I left Wheeling as I stated in that letter on Saturday morning. The day was most beautiful, the air calm and serene as a summer day, and I never before beheld anything to equal the beauty and sublimity of that rout[e] through the mountains. Will McKee accompanied me -- We travelled all day and all night -- I had a through ticket to Washington [DC] and should have turned off at Relay 10 miles west of Baltimore, where the connection should have been made with the train for Washington, but the conductor failed to make that connection & when we came in sight of relay we had the mortification to see the train for W just passing out of sight -- Well we either had to lay over at the little town or go on to Baltimore--Of course we went to the latter place and spent a most pleasant day with Cousin Elizabeth Smith. Saw Aunt Letherman & Cousin Mary & Annie I do think that they are about the most clever folks I have fallen among & I was right glad that I had been thrown out of my way Dr Smith is a good preacher & most lovely man & most affectionate husband. Well I left for Washington in the morning & arrived there in two or three hours -- Brother Andrew met me at the depot, and spent the rest of the day in visiting the different places of renown, any of which I have neither time nor strength to describe to you -- In the evening we went down to Alexandria Carry met me at the front door and overwhelmed me with kisses and embraces -- Whilst I was there she devoted herself entirely to me and oppressed me with every sort & kind of attention: and I may say the same of the other members of the family -- They own the house they live in & it is furnished in elegant style -- They do it up pretty strong -- Well I left Washington on thursday, and finally arrived in New York on friday evening accompanied by Anderson, who is kindly determined to see me off -- I am most comfortably quartered at Dr Wrights, a cousin of my wife, where I found also my travelling companion Dr Hibbard who is a cousin of the Dr, & my sister in law Kate Leeds -- So I am again perfectly at home, surrounded by friends and every comfort -- I have indeed so far been greatly favored -- Yesterday (Saturday) evening the Dr & I went down among the ships! to see what we could do -- We visited the office and ship of the Nicaragua route and found we could obtain but indifferent accomodations at \$275 -- We concluded to look further and visited the George Law of the mail line, and finally engaged passage on her in the "Upper Saloon" at one hundred and sixty dollars--a remarkable difference--this, however exclusive of the transit of the Isthmus So we are in for it on next Tuesday at 2 O'clock P.M -- Those ships though large and powerful are rather dismal looking affairs -- They do not look so light and airy as a steamboat, but every thing crowded compact, close, so that every thing may be closed up in case of gale I travelled with Dr Hullihen to Baltimore he told me to write Mother that if she could send him that tooth that she lost by mail he could make one exactly like it & any dentist or even silver smith could fasten it to the jaw -- If you want to see my daguerreotype badly write to Irene to send it by mail. My health I think has improved since I left R- and for the last few days (four) I have escaped my usual chill & my night sweats are lighter--& my appetite and digestion much better. Now my beloved sister to you and all the family to whom I owe so much--so very much--let me again say farewell! farewell. Give me your prayers, for I have much need of strength & support

in these days of my affliction. Andrew gave me aid to the amount of \$250--  
Again Adieu -- Love to all

Affectly your brother,  
John

1854

*John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

San Francisco February 27<sup>th</sup> 1854

Dear Sister:

I have now been here four weeks, and if you have received my letters you are advised of all my movements up to the time of my arrival here. Since my arrival the mails have come to hand twice, and you may imagine with what impatience & anxiety I have waited at the office, in the full expectation of getting a letter from you; and (perhaps) too you can imagine how my heart sank within me when, in answer to my inquiry, I received the reply "nothing for you -- Make the case your own 5000 miles from home, having heard not at all for two months, among strangers, unemployed & in consequence thinking more of home than one would otherwise -- How would you like it.

I do feel that I have been treated badly and I trust that here after you will look at the matter in its proper light & favor me with a letter once quarterly at least -- The steamer leaves, you know, New York the 5th & 20th of every month & arrives here every two weeks--when everybody rushes to the office & everybody gets letters from friend, sweetheart, wife children mother brother or sisters -- A mail never fails to bring letters for the McKees & it makes one feel badly to hear them reading & enjoying letters from their friends & to have none one's self. And seeing that I have written you several times I think I have the greater reason to complain.

There is Jane & Redick from whom I would be delighted to receive letters, & who might improve themselves by writing -- Surely among you, you can write me by every steamer -- Do so if you write but a page. Excuse this long complaint. I trust that it will not be necessary to repeat it -- For two or three days after my arrival the weather was most divine, and I thought I was at last in a climate which would restore me to health: but it began to rain and has been raining ever since with occasional interruptions. It is emphatically the rainy season. I have not been able to get out of the house, but once for a week. But when the clouds do break away the sun shines out most gloriously and we have the genial refreshing warmth of the spring. The rain, clouds & mud & winds are disagreeable enough, but not so much as with you -- the atmosphere is much milder, it is not so chilling or irritating to the lungs -- But rain and dampness & sudden changes even to a slight degree do not suit me. And I find since I left the sea that my health has not been so good-- indeed I am not conscious of any improvement since I landed. My cough is again troublesome-- spit a little blood occasionally--but my appetite continues most excellent & so long as that is the case, with pretty good digestion I shall keep up pretty well.

But I am satisfied that the climate of this bay will not agree with me, and I shall have to seek some more favorable locality -- And as my health is such that I cannot now attend to any business I shall probably embrace some opportunity of going to sea. I am sure that three or six months at sea would be the best thing possible for me I have a notion if I can get passage on a clipper ship as surgeon or even at a small expense, to take a trip over to China spend a month with Margaret & return. Don't be startled at the idea for China is considered here as a neighbour --is only 6000 miles and a good ship can make it in thirty or forty days. Now would not Mag. stand aghast! lost

in wonder & astonishment! to see me step over the threshold -- she would think that I had died and that it was my apparition -- Now don't for the world write to her and give her any intimation that I have any such idea -- It is a crude notion and depends upon several doubtful circumstances whether it is ever carried out. And by all means say nothing of it to anybody--for it is disagreeable to tell folks that you intend doing so & so & then fail to do it -- Families should keep such matters to themselves. Of course I feel somewhat depressed & disappointed that my health has not improved since my arrival. But it may be the will of Providence that it shall never be regained, if such be the case I shall try to submit cheerfully & with as much fortitude as possible meet my end. Indeed I am satisfied that my lungs are so far spoiled that it will be impossible that I should be restored to robust health; all I can hope is to be patched up a little. I think that in consequence of the bad weather I have suffered for the want of exercise and fresh air & it is possible that when the rains cease & the sun shines & it becomes dry (which will be soon) an entire change may be effected in my system. For you know how much changes in the weather affect me. If you write to my wife say nothing to her of what I have written concerning my health -- Uncle's family [McKee] are all well & I believe they are succeeding firmly in business -- And well they may, for expenses are absolutely so appalling that unless they made money they would rapidly sink -- Here one cannot stand still or do nothing -- If you were as rich as Croeses without business you would soon become poor -- Fortunate is it that I have kind relatives to sponge upon, otherwise about this time I would have found myself void of cash & too feeble to work for more. Everybody here seems to regard this as a temporary place of residence--& push & drive ahead like mad to make money. & I believe the majority of them would much rather live in the states -- The climate is much better but in every other respect you have the advantage and here in San Francisco taking it on the whole the climate is no better You have the delightful woods--here everything is bald -- You have fruits apples &c, here an apple or peach is not to be seen -- You have chickens, turkeys, &c &c here you can get them at prices \$17 for a turkey & here we do without cream or milk and a thousand and one comforts & luxuries that you get for nothing or a mere song. No one here has anything like the house & grounds that you occupy & but for that have so much that ought to render one comfortable & happy.

The more I see of the world the more am I sure that you are most excellently situated. I think it sinful to complain & absolute madness to think of selling or moving -- Once sell out get money & move off & you will soon find yourselves without house or money. Hold on to every thing & be content -- Men from the states have sold places worth \$20,000 come here & after knocking about from post to pillar have lost all --

I am most comfortably situated & kindly treated -- Aunt Abb looks better than I have ever seen her before & begins to turn her attention to money making--has her money invested at three per. cent. per month and does a little sewing occasionally, for which she gets at the rate of 3 or 4 dollars a day. Andrew [McKee] wrote you by last mail. He is a jewel of a fellow, is kind to the family, industrious & a most capital business man (has I am told a better reputation than his father) if they are prospered, they will be rich in the course of a few years He told me that he had refused an offer of \$6000 to go into an establishment as head clerk. You might think from this that clerks were scarce but Andrew says that there are many seeking employment who can't get it -- competent persons too.

And there are laborers & mechanics who have suffered for employment. Aunt sent food the other day to a carpenter who had lately arrived with his family He could not get work. his means were soon exhausted & they were absolutely suffering -- There are very many who return to the states

most woefully disappointed. But as I said in my last I have not yet had opportunity to make observations that would justify an opinion of matters & things here All send their love & especially your favorite, Dic. Give my love to Mother & all & believe me affectly your brother,  
John

PS All well -- please send a sleeve pattern with waist soon & will write in a few days. Write soon -- Jim


*Anderson M. Wylie to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington*

Philadelphia Tuesday night, March 14, 1854

My dear Sister,

I have just finished a long letter to Margaret, & whilst I have my hand I will try & send you a long due epistle. True tis that I have been for some time largely in your debt but you count letters, which I shall not agree to and you must not in your young days be getting so old maidish. Now I shall try & be more punctual if you will be so too, but I had almost made up my mind not to write for two or three months, for till yours, I had received but one letter in about 12 weeks.

This

cousin Willie [Letherman] thinks is awful awful. A. W. Fuller &  [I] thinks so too. If you will allow me to say so, for you did not seem to understand the hint when I sent a paper, with the word "write" True it had not much to do with Education, but without a little of the article you could not write; so that was the most appropriate place to put it. By the way let me copy one of

your sentences. Study it. "Dont never get any time now to do nothing." I gess I have nearly as much to do as you have. Well one would think you had a good deal



to do too, or you could never get that sentence done. But you must excuse me for I have been with some young girls down stairs this evening & they filled me with ---


Soon after I received Cleland's [Dunn] card, I went to the Hotel, continued watching for several days, till I received a note from him, saying he had been in the city several days & he had used every means to find me. This arose from his going to a different hotel. All of last week I was quite unwell from the effects of a very bad cold, & I went out as little as possible, or I might have seen Cleland sooner, & it caused me to regret it much. However I think we chose a carpet which will please Mary. In thinking who I should get to select your bonnet, I went to see Miss Lizzie McLeskey who you know has been in the city for some time; I supposed she would be the most competent to choose for your taste, as she has seen you; and I hope you will have reason to agree that I have followed the right plan. We went to two or three milliners before we became satisfied, & these were said to be among the best. Your bonnet is not such as the most splendid, which are worn here, but it is fashionable, but not ultra, for some young ladies wear them on the back of their



necks, as the accompanying diagram may serve to illustrate. It is white and just my taste, which is a blue or white or pink taste. Clal handed me \$6 and the bonnet cost a little over \$7. I state this because you may want to know the cost. Please accept the

above am't as a present from me. I regret very much that I was so unwell as not to be able to send other things, which I wished. Some time since I requested you to tell me if you had a certain list of new music, but you gave me no answer. Whenever you want any thing in any line, send to me & I will do all I can with all my heart, to get the best most fashionable &c of any article you may desire.

Perhaps they may think you rather fine out there, but what would be very gay in B[loomington] would be quite plain in P[hiladelphia]; for on such a day as this all you have to do is to walk on Chestnut St to see splendid dressing & walking shows in compact order. When you put on your new bonnet you must make your hair stick out like two horns on each side, no[w] don't forget. Also get very high small heels put on your gaiters (for such is fashion), make your dresses very short in the waist, open in front, with a regular shirt bosom, make the skirt drag two feet behind, the sleeves short, &c. And when you walk out, don't venture with any small fry but go with a fashionable made stick, according to the following -- With boot tread in front 1 inch shorter than foot, with high square heels, with pants as tight as Adam's, but with the plaid of two ft & 1/2 with vest short enough to shew the suspender buttons, having buttons itself as big as a dollar, & this must be double breasted projecting 2 inches in front--with coat whose waist is half up the back, buttons small as pip or big as a plate & close together & flat as a flitter, with tail half way between the knees & ankles, & sleeves as big at the hand as dining room stove pipe--lined with red or white silk or satin (Satan), the rist-bands must be round stiff as a board, white as snow & joined by gold studs (not horses). Farther he must have a collar (of shirt) turned down [to] meet in front to within 1/4 of inch, between which must peep out a little blue, black, white spotted, speckled, striped, or yeller exquisite, real heart smasher bow (not beau), & this collar must be so tight as to make his

eyes bug out so,  also his hair must be short, very so as to shew his bare poll, must be full

of [?Hauel's?] "Eau Laustrel" [hair oil] his hat must be straight rim & tapering crown (to suit his head) and his hand must be dressed in a yellow monkey skin glove, his right hand flourishing a switch cane, his left throwing around his eye glasses, which are tied about his neck with ribbon 6 in-wide, his double cased gold watch must have a heavy chain of same metal to the end of which are added sundry little charms as with these must be your likeness in gold case. I hope this brief & exact description may convey you some idea of a Chestnut St Exquisite (dandy being obsolete). (Mar 16<sup>th</sup>) Well here we are Jennie, that is Will & I, for you must know that he has just returned from Baltimore. He says you must be prepared next summer, to take the above strut with him, as the representative of the above description. He comes back with his head more full than ever of B[altimore] of its beauties its sociability &c, and visions of young ladies sending around to the Parsonage, ice-creams, blanc mange, calfs foot jelly, & sundry other cooking nicities, with probably now & then a dagerreotype. But you must not believe from this that he is not a good student or that he will not make a good physician. Cousin Will says he will delegate to you the supervision of the brandy barrel, that you must at all events keep some for him that he may drink to your health & to that of the gent who will walk on main street. But this is as much as saying that Aunt Peggy has nothing to do with keeping the brandy.

But I have gone long enough with my nonsense. Tell mother that I received her kind &

acceptable present--the sugar cakes, & did chuckle mightily over them. It just happened that Will & I had been talking about maple sugar & wishing for some & we will try & make the precious cakes of Hoosier recollection last as long & go as far as their transient character will admit.

But I must tell you of some things in P- The most important transaction which has taken place for many years has been the act of consolidation, which makes this city the largest in area of any in the world. It is now of 20 miles in one direction & 6 to 8 in the other. This act some time since was carried through the Legislature, and was celebrated on last Friday & Saturday. The days were not favorable, but still there were many exhibitions. The grand ball at Chinese Museum Building, is said to have been the finest ever given. The decorations were splendid beyond description & this in rooms which will hold from 6 to 7000 people was an imposing sight. Of course I was not there but know several ladies who went. Many companies paraded with splendid bands of music at their heads, and the whole affair closed on Saturday night with a handsome illumination of hotels & public buildings. The State House (the cradle of liberty) was about the most conspicuous. Our most amusing experience was that of getting through the vast crowd which surpassed all I had ever seen. Before some of the buildings it was next to impossible to drive your way through. Vast crowds seemed to arise, from whence you knew not, and lash about like the waves of the sea. The city has more houses in [it] than N.Y. covers more ground & has about 500,000 inhabitants. I would like you to see some of the new buildings going up, which are to surpass all on this Continent. But I must mention a great character who has lately visited this city--& that is Dr Duff, of whom you have heard--the hero of the India Mission at Calcutta. Mr Stuart (leading man in Theodore's Church) was the means of bringing him here. He was the pupil & intimate friend of Dr Chalmers. A young man he went out, he was wrecked on the coast of S. Africa, & standing on the sand his Bible was washed up to him the only thing picked up from the wreck. Afterwards he was wrecked at the mouth of the Ganges. He received no encouragement but from a single native. He began a school of five boys, and now his college numbers 1400, about the largest in the world, & where as good an education is given as at any college in Europe. He is said to be the most eloquent divine living. Whilst here he drew immense crowds, & in order to hear him, it was necessary to go an hour beforehand. He carried every thing before him. He asks for no money & in N.Y. thousands were laid at his feet. Theodore has come on from Cin[cinnati] and will go out West with him, he has been so much carried away. If you see any thing about him I would advise you read.

Indeed I hardly know what I have written, but hope this will pay off old scores. I have just had a letter from John, whose general health I fear has not been much benefitted. I hope he will go to sea again. Dr Smith tell mother has been dangerously ill, but is now almost well. Little Annie is getting fast well under homeopathy. Cousin Lizzie presses me to go over whenever I can and to feel as if I were going in my mother's house. Annie has also invited me to the S-. Would you like to have all of Jullien's music? Well Jennie I would like to talk to you all night but it is impossible. We are now boarding where there are very pleasant & kind [people] & where two young girls play beautifully, and we have been told that things have much changed in a more lively way since we have come. Will sends his love to you, Mother & Tell Emma Dodds or some of the children to write to me. Now write soon. Love to all, mother & self, Redick & kiss for new comer. Believe as ever, your affect bro. Anderson Wylie

I will make a dozen P.S.'s. When Theodore was in Europe he obtained the long lost or neglected crest or coat of arms of the Wylie family. He had it engraved on a seal, & from his I had a

splendid one made which cost me about \$16.00. The impression you will find on the letter. The motto of the seal is "Sabere et scirentia". & the figure a Kossack charging with lance in rest.

I have just received a letter from Lib, in which she enclosed the long letter from John. Indeed I forgot to scold you well for not telling me all the Bloomington news. For many things which Cleland told me very much surprised me, as Miller marriage &c &c.

When anyone comes to the city & inquires for me direct them to the N.W. corner of 9th & Market Sts Philad. [*University of Pennsylvania, where Samuel Brown Wylie was provost 1834-1845.*]

***John H. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington***

Jackson's Washington Territory March 27<sup>th</sup> 54

Dear Mother, After staying a few weeks in San Francisco I found that the climate was not at all suited to my case--chills, fever & night sweats recurring every 24 hours. Nor was the unnatural manner of living--rooms heated by air tight stoves, &c--of the McKees, calculated to bolster up a broken constitution. So I concluded to go to sea if I could get an opportunity of going as surgeon or in any other way that would relieve me of the heavy expense After some inquiry I learned that a new and beautiful steamer--the "America" was about to sail for Oregon, the Columbia River, Portland, Oregon City &c and that her agent happened to be a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed on board the steamer Golden Gate. On application to him he readily consented to give me passage on condition of acting as surgeon for the voyage. So I packed up a few things & went aboard expecting to return in the course of eight or ten days. We had a rough and unpleasant voyage with the wind in our teeth & blowing a perfect gail all the way. The waves rolled high and our good ship pitched & tossed about to such a degree that it was almost out of the question to walk the cabin floor -- Chairs were tossed about, glasses & dishes broken, soup spilled, to the detriment of cloth coats & dismay of the wearer: and behold I who had thought myself proof against sea sickness, became sick with the rest. The first day out although the sea was rough I was not at all affected, & the next morning, got out of bed in fine spirits thinking to run up in to the cabin -- in dressing got one leg into pantaloons & bang I went against the door--progressed with the other about half way when over I was plunged to the other side of the state room & so on till I had got as far as vest & cravat, when I noticed that I was looking pale & that my face was covered with sweat, my stomach turned sick & heaved up its contents & I turned in again sick enough. In the evening, managed to crawl out & eat a hearty supper and was sick no more -- We left San Francisco on tuesday evening & on Sunday morning entered the mouth of the far famed Columbia. It was a most glorious morning, the atmosphere clear & pleasant the sun shown warm & seemed as I walked the deck to infuse new life into my sluggish veins. My lungs expand more freely & the mere consciousness of existence is a luxury. A few miles up the river we passed Astoria, made classically famous by the delightful pen of Washington Irving & the head quarters of the operations of John J Astor, who amassed vast wealth by swindeling & degrading the poor Indian. Astoria is a miserable little village consisting of half dozen or so houses & the first view of it at once dispells the romance with which the imagination may have clothed it. When about

40 miles up the river, I accidentally fall into conversation & become acquainted with a gentleman by the name of Sayward whom I found quite intelligent & well acquainted with the country. He is a man of considerable wealth & influence and at present a member of the legislature of the territory of Washington. (You know Oregon was divided making another territory called Washington & lying to the north.) In the course of conversation I stated to him the object of my visit to this country, making the trip a matter of restoration & health, but at the same time I did not like to return to San Francisco without seeing more of the country. He seemed to take an interest in me & advised that I should take a trip with him across the country to Puget's Sound which you know bounds the extreme north western portion of Uncle Sam's possessions. He represented the country as beautiful & the climate delightful & healthy. We were now within half hour of the landing in which time I made up my mind to go with him. We got off at the mouth of the Cowlitz a small river tributary to the Columbia, which we were to ascend about 35 miles. We passed the night at a place called Monticello, where we had corn bread & milk for supper & a hard bed in the loft of a cabin where I slept most sweetly. We embarked next morning in a light canoe having three Indians as the crew, one of them a squaw We spread mats upon the bottom of the canoe wrapped ourselves in cloaks & lay down, we had things so arranged that I don't think I was ever more comfortable The weather was most pleasant, the scenery on either side of the river picturesque, wild ducks floating upon the surface & excellent salmon fish swimming in the waters of this beautiful stream. Our Indians were good natured & jolly & kept up a continued jabbering particularly the squaw to whose gab there seemed no end -- We would occasionally shout to her to "dry up" but all to no purpose. We made our dinner on milk & bread in the canoe. In the afternoon noticed a canoe suspended to the branches of a tree about 5 or 6 feet from the ground -- In it was buried an Indian with his personal effects, blankets &c after the manner of the Indians of the Cowlitz valley. By evening we had made about two thirds of our river voyage & stopped for the night with an old heathen who has earned & obtained the sobriquet of "Old hard bread" He & his half grown boy are sole occupants of a miserable cabin where they pretend to do up entertainment for the public & as there is no help for it travellers are compelled to stop at the rate of \$1.25 a night. He is undoubtedly the dirtiest old scamp, that ever attempted the difficult & important art of cookery. Dirt prevailed over & pervaded everything & to add to our disgust we had to witness the mixing of the dirt & food. However we made him buy some fish from the Indians & upon them we made a tolerable supper, but he would not get any for breakfast. Not withstanding the hard fare hard beds etc slept more comfortably than had done for a year. In the morning we again embark. The Indians talk, laugh & sing, push with their poles or paddle with their light oars, according as the current is swift or slow & we move along slowly but jolly. It is a most heavenly day and the air Oh! how life-giving. I recline upon the bottom of the canoe basking in the sun -- Ideas pass through my mind, keeping time to the sound of the oars as they with measured stroke divide the water. I think I can say with truth that I have never before enjoyed the luxury of existence, the pleasure of well-being to such an intense degree Just think of me slowly winding my way up the River in an Indian canoe away off in the extreme northwestern portion of the U.S. in the land which but a few years ago was trod only by Indians & fur trappers. Strange that I should have thus wandered so far away from kith & kin into this deep wilderness. At 2 o'clock we are at the Cowlitz landing the termination of our river voyage. After a hearty dinner on potatoes pork & eggs we mount horses which have been hired for the purpose & ride through a very muddy road to Jackson's, a distance of ten miles. Jackson is a wealthy farmer & owns about the best farm in the territory it contains 600 acres, about half of which is prairie,

under fence & cultivation. The rest is a magnificent forest of fir trees which tower to the height of from 220 to 275 feet and are as straight as a ship mast. In view from the door of the farm house rises Mount Ranier to the height of several thousand feet its summit covered with snow & glistening in the sun. It is a most beautiful farm. We have an excellent supper, milk, eggs, good sweet homemade ham such as I have not tasted since I left the threshold of my good old home. Mr. Sayward had spoken of the place before we started and it was concluded that provided it suited me I should remain here till I got tired, then follow him to Puget's Sound. Everything tempts me to remain & I determine to do so. Am soon established in my little cabin, which has in it a good old fashioned fire place where logs are burned & bright, cheerful flames are to be seen. My landlady proves herself a most excellent kind hearted woman and she seems to take pleasure in providing me with all those things which she knows will conduce to my comfort. I try to make myself agreeable to her and the family & think I have succeeded. Blessings on the women wherever I have been, wherever I go I find some among them who like good angels are ever ready to minister to the comfort of those who may fall in their way. Mr. Jackson is a member of the Territorial Legislation & is at present absent at the seat of government. I have been here now about a week & am so far pleased with my mode of life and am satisfied that it is the kind of life which most favors my health. My food is simple but nourishing and well cooked. Milk, eggs, meat, good bread there can be nothing better for an invalid. My bed is by choice of straw & I sleep soundly in an open cabin. Contrasted with the custom of living in rooms warmed by air tight stoves of living on rich food; pastries &c swallowed at unseasonable hours, the superiority of this mode of life is manifest. One feels in better spirits, rises from his bed refreshed & invigorated. Whilst at San Francisco I was much of the time quite unwell, spit considerable blood and had chills & night sweats pretty regularly. But since I left there I have not had a chill or night sweat. my appetite has been excellent & my general health much better. The weather in general has been delightful, the sun shines clear & warm & the air invigorating; but for the last few days it has been showering & not so pleasant & this morning it is snowing but it (snow) melts as fast as it falls. I have been amusing myself every day, in talking with the family, reading, hunting & one day took a hand at the plough for a while. There is a good deal of game in the woods Deer, pheasants & grouse, the latter is a fine bird nearly as large as the chicken but is an odd sort of thing. It is difficult for those not accustomed to its ways to find it. It is a perfect ventriloquist-- you hear its voice & go to the place & lo! you hear it again in a different direction & so on till you may look for an hour in vain. As to this country--the soil is rich--the timber magnificent but not in great variety and the climate excellent -- The prices of everything are high -- Here a good cow is worth \$100 a horse \$200 -- The price of grain is variable but remunerative. But the farmer has to pay high wages--to a common laborer fifty dollars a month, to mechanics still higher wages. For his farming tools he pays high. It costs him here I am told \$6 to get a horse shod. I find many persons dissatisfied with the country, have suffered hardships & have been unable to get along -- The ladies particularly are discontented & generally long for the time when they can return to the states. On the contrary many do well & make money: but undoubtedly those who are well situated in a comfortable home had better stay there. This is a fine country but as yet cannot begin to compare with the older states in the solid comforts of life -- Mr. Bickle preferred to keep my note which was drawn payable (I believe) six months after date with interest. So there is 103 dollars to pay. Ask Redick to try and arrange it promptly to the time. Bickle is a particular but very clever man & ready to accomodate his friends. I understand the farmers are getting glorious prices for their produce. Hope that Redick has put in heavy crops -- After a few days shall go

over to the Sound, from thence in a sail vessel to San Francisco. Have not yet had a scratch pen from home -- Direct to San Francisco -- Love to all. Affect, your son, John

If Elizabeth is at Wheeling you may send this to her & she to Anderson.

*John H. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington*

San Francisco April 30, 1854

Dear Mother,

I have just written long letters to my wife and to Elizabeth and had intended a good long one for you; but feel so much fatigued that I fear that it will have to be short. But my dear mother don't think that on that account that you are less considered or less dear to me. No you are often in my thoughts and I often in my wanderings revert to the dear old home of my childhood and youth. One needs to be knocked about through the world, and visited by misfortune & ill health, in order to appreciate a good old home -- I have been so ill fated as not to have been able to establish for myself a home and when home is thought of it is the home of dear parents -- I have just returned from an excursion to Washington & Oregon territories, where I have been for the last six weeks. I wrote you some account of my movements from farmer Jackson's in W. T. [Washington Territory] I trust you have received the letters -- Most of the time the weather was miserably unpleasant rain--rain --rain -- But upon the whole my health was much improved at least all my friends here say that there has been a decided change for the better. I visited Portland & Oregon City and some of the farmers in the country. In general I was pleased with the country, but many, very many of the settlers have exchanged comfortable homes in the states; where they lived in ease & enjoyed the advantage of society and many luxuries, for rude homes in this far off country where they live subjected to all the hardships of a frontier life. Many have sold out their homes and come here, may be lost portions of their families and spent their money & finally settle on claims in the forest, erect a log cabin, no better than the stable they left at home And at best they cannot hope to be as well situated short of ten or fifteen years -- Verily those who have a good farm had better stay. I found Dr Johnson brother & sister brothers of the Revd Sam Johnson [this is rather confusing, but as John wrote it] who died at Indianapolis a few years since -- living in the woods some fifteen miles from Oregon City. They seem to be leading a hard kind of life contending with the inconveniences of poverty and are sorry kind of farmers -- No horses, oxen or cattle of any kind--no kind of agricultural implements--not even a plough. I don't know how they live -- Yes, I have an idea for I spent a day with them--it is wretchedly enough upon the whole I do not regret having made the trip for I have perfectly satisfied myself as to the character of the country its climate -- As to the climate I will just say that for about eight months in the year it is rainy & more or less unpleasant & I think, tho not so cold yet more unpleasant than that of the western state. The people in general are not hospitable. They charge charge charge for every thing--and I found it to me most seriously expensive -- But it is so throughout the whole of this country, one needs to make money rapidly or to possess a bank. Dr Hibbard with whom you will recollect I came here, has invited me to spend some time with him across the bay & I think I shall do so -- Aunt and I are planning a trip to San Jose next week--it is a pleasant place & has the

advantage of a most excellent climate. Mr Hester & family reside there & I suppose I shall see him. During my absence aunt has fixed up the grounds about the house, built a hen house--has a lot of chickens in which she takes great delight. Sarah has grown to be quite a young lady--is quite interesting & intelligent and I see is quite a favorite with everyone Aunt Abby is in fine health & is making some money for herself & is looking well. Aunt Eliza often talks of you and desires to be particularly remembered -- She says to remind Jenny that she owes Sarah a letter, and when she writes desires to know all about Aunt Kate & family--Where do they live & how getting along -- Give Jenny my love tell her she must try and write me. Tell Redick that I often thought of him when in Oregon on a visit to some of the best farmers, they pay great attention to the growing of fruit trees, which flourish in a most extraordinary manner in that country--& is exceedingly profitable They study the matter are constantly grafting, pruning & cultivating -- I thought of the orchard at home--how it might be made to produce much more than it does -- Have heard of Marys safe delivery of a fine daughter I trust that she is doing well. Give her my love & congratulations on the occasion, & tell her I hope that the child will prove good and a comfort to her. Liz seems to be desirous of selling the homestead & the R.R. stock. I think it all folly -- Bad policy to sell stock when it is at the lowest point of depression--hold on till it goes up -- Now my dear mother, nothing would please me more than a letter from you written by your own hand, but if you can't do that get Redick & Jane to write. Affect your son, John

*Lizzie Leeds Wylie to Jane Wylie, care of Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond [Indiana] May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1854

Dear Jenny

I should have replied to thy note sooner but have had so little time to devote to writing aside from that occupied in writing to John, & thinking that my little sister would easily forgive my want of punctuality, have deferred it from time to time. I have not been very well for the last two months, took a heavy cold and sore throat and as the delicate ladies say, have felt quite "miserable & exhausted." The Dr thought my debility was caused by exhaustion consequent upon nursing Irene, and that I had better wean her immediately. I made the trial but she commenced cutting a tooth and was quite sick, refused to eat, and was so fretful and cross that I gave up the idea. She is some better to day. I gave her a nibble (think I took the lions share myself) of that sponge cake thee sent together with the injunction to think of her Aunt Jane. I think thee succeeded admirably and bids fair to make almost as good a cook as thy mother. I say almost because I have so often heard John declare that "no one could ever beat his Mother." I received a letter from Andrew McKee last week introducing himself as a cousin & enclosing a short note from John to his [McKee's] father stating that he has just concluded to leave his ship and take a trip of some 50 or 100 miles across Oregon to Puget Sound. A gentleman whose acquaintance he had made on board the ship, had offered him the hospitality of his farm house, plenty of good milk, butter & wild game &c he spoke of him as being quite wealthy and a lumber merchant. Andy says he left there in good spirits and they would infer from his taking this jaunt that his health had improved. I felt so rejoiced when I heard he had left San Francisco. I was so uneasy at his protracted stay there, unemployed, confined to the house, his mind as well as his

disease preying on his body, for I know when unoccupied and taking no active exercise at home he was always worse. Andy says that there is no way of communicating with that portion of Oregon except by sailing vessels which are often delayed and that John wished them to apprize me of this movement that I need not be disappointed in not receiving a letter. It would have been quite a severe one if I had received nothing from there, as I have to summons up all my patience to wait two weeks for a letter. Now I suppose I shall only hear every month or six weeks. That cousin Andy is a very sagacious youth in speaking of himself, says he will refer me to Lizzie Wylie who can better tell me who he is. I strongly suspect that he was aware he could not confide his character to a warmer or more partial friend. I wrote to Lizzie some two months or more ago but have not received a reply, think there must be one virtue of which she is lacking and that is a disposition to answer my letters. When at Bloomington thee asked me if I knew of any pretty fashion for riding dresses. Kate brought out the basque pattern like you see in the Ladies Books and I will send it to thee either by post or by Lizzie if thee has not got it. Lizzie said perhaps she would pay me a visit on her return home the last of this month or in next. I wish she would let me know at what time I may look for her as sister Anna and I talk something of going over into Ohio and I should not like to be away when she comes. I saw in the news papers that the college had been burnt and was supposed to have been a set fire. Cannot imagine why any one should wish to burn it. I expect little Pink was very delighted with her baby sister,\* Pett is standing up at the window very much engaged in looking at the "mu kow" as she calls it, eating grass. She can understand almost every thing that is said to her. Ask Major if there is any Congressland around Bloomington William Bickle and I had a dispute about it the other day he contended that there was none in that part of Indiana and I the contrary as I thought I had heard some of you speaking about it when there. Write soon and tell me all the news. With love to all  
I remain thine affectionately,

Lizzie

\* little Pink and baby sister are probably Annie and Margaret Dodds, children of James and Mary Ann Wylie Dodds; Pett is John and Lizzie Wylie's daughter Irene

*Anderson M. Wylie to Jane Wylie, Bloomington*

Philadelphia Sat morning May 20<sup>th</sup> 1854

My dear Sister,

Here I sit with no less than three of your letters before me and if I should make a proper return for this amount of matter & information I should not cease writing for the next six hours. But I hope you will be content with less for I am now on the run, though I do not do a great deal of work. As to your writing you have been much more faithful than I seemed willing to believe you to be. But this has neither been your fault in doing, nor mine accusing for it seems from my late inquiry into the matter that Uncle Sam has been to blame or at least some of his worthy P[ost] masters. A short time before I rece'd your last, a letter from you dated "Jan 9th" came to hand, and you may imagine my vexation. The direction was perfectly plain but still it had been missent. It came here in the incredibly short space of 3 1/2 months. I took the letter & marched

down to see the P. master, who said it had been mislaid in some other office for it had not the Philad. stamp upon it. You mention you had written to me about the fire, this letter I have not yet received, but suppose I will about next August. Why this should happen to me I do not know, but in directing your letters, write in a very large hand, & do not direct any more to my room for I have thought it best to have them sent to the N.W. corner 9th & Market Sts, where all letters of the Wylie's come. And then Mr Henry can send them to me when I am absent from the city. I regret that I have not had the opportunity of seeing Mary Rolston. Is she yet in the city? Tell Bell Sayer the reason of my not sending the address sooner, and remember me to her. It was a great shock to me when I saw in the papers an account of the college burning. It is indeed sad to think the place is no more where dear Father so long taught & preached. As to all our books at home I hope they will be kept because ere long I think it probable they will be useful to me. How much I would like to be at home now. But I fear it will be some time before I shall realize this joy. Alex. Brown, in whose family I am teaching four hours, presses me much to make a permanent engagement with him, & to state my time & terms; & he will comply with them, for he & his wife, as well as the children seemed to have taken a fancy to me. His place I am told is more like that of an English Lord & is 12 miles up the Delaware. It is very likely I shall spend the greater part of the summer there, and I hope to be able to improve myself during this favorable period. I regret to see a notice of a dreadful storm at Wheeling which has resulted in the destruction of that splendid bridge. This will be a serious inconvenience to Mr Bell & Irene. I have just received a letter from Lib, but do not think she writes as often as she ought. Do tell Redick to write for I really regret to tell any one, he has never yet written to me, the thing is unheard of. I know he works hard but I would excuse him, if he were at work night & day. I would have written much sooner but you rece'd Lib's letter from me which contained most I had to say. Dr. Smith has just left our room and will return to Baltimore at 12 o'clock. He will go up the Bay, for it is delightful & it costs him nothing. He wants me to come over whenever I can, & they all tell me to wait for no invitation, but to consider the parsonage my second home; & really I think so, for there never was such a family. Cousin Mary & Annie left yester day for the South; and will stop for a day or two in Wheeling. The baby has entirely recovered under homeopathic treatment. Cousin Willie has been sick for nearly a week, and would had it not been for his caution had an attack of billious fever. He is now well again. Though we are only rooming here the lady (Mrs Cooke) was exceedingly kind. Mrs Robeson with whom we have been boarding has moved from opposite us, and taken a large house in Spruce St above 11th so we now have to walk two squares for our meals. But she keeps such a splendid table, we could not leave her on the above account. Tell Redick our table can beat his garden for we have had for some time, peas, as well as most of the other vegetables. And pine apples are very common, besides all the tropical fruits are now coming in fresh & in abundance. Dates you can buy for 12 1/2 per pound, & figs for twice that. Tell mother it is true we live rather well for young chaps, though we do not go to bed so soon as we ought, it being generally 12 before we court sleep. I am sorry for this & will try & obey her directions, but it seems of little use to try, for the universal tendency here is to turn night into day, and in the streets there seems to be no end to the thunder. We are happy in being at this corner as to music; for we are often (as we were last night & night before) awakened by the most delightful serenades I have ever heard being conducted by some of the best musicians in the city.

I wish you could hear Paul Jullien, though a mere boy he is equal to Ole Bull, and plays some wonderful pieces on one string. The city is now extremely lively, and full of summer travellers,

but soon when hot weather comes the scene will stop. I was down the other day to see the finest painting ever brought to America. It is by Herring (of Eng) the celebrated animal painter, & is called the "English homestead." I could contemplate it by the hour, so perfect are all the animals & the persons. Crowds are now going in & out all the time to see it, for it is in a looking glass store, for free exhibition, & its price is \$4000. The Academy of Fine Arts is now open, though it is always open, yet there is an annual ex-[hibition] for two months [page missing] mighty crowd. For more than 2 1/2 hours Dr Duff held the audience wrapt in the deepest & unmoved attention; during which time I stood having been crowded out of my seat and separated from my company. Our church has now for its rector the excellent Dudly Tyng son of Dr T- of N.Y. He was called from Christ's Church Cin[cinnati], and is thought to be the ablest young man in our church, besides being such a staunch low churchman. His father preached for us the other day, and this was the first time I had heard this truly great man. His church holds over 2500 & he has 1250 children in the S. School. Illinois The [Theodore] is now here and also his father who is in the Synod. Mrs. Johnson (The's mother in law to be) has been very ill, but is now better. Sallie often asks for you all & speaks of you all especially Lib as if she knew you. I like her more & more that I see her. Besides it is so pleasant to visit in the family for they have every thing to entertain the visitors as the most splendid paintings, statuettes, engravings &c regularly rece'd from Europe. Theodore proves a kind friend & companion to me & desires always to be remembered to mother & you all. If you have the opportunity ask Mike Helton if he has received a letter from me. I would like to say a volume more but have not the time now. Excuse this hasty letter. Do write soon & beg mother to write--& Redick & tell Emma Dodds I would like her to write me. My best love to Mary children Dr. Mother Redick self, & remember me especially to Mr Campbell, & any inquiring friends.

Your affect bro,  
Anderson M. Wylie

Please correct any mistakes you find in my letters. I would look over yours again but have not time. I am rejoiced to hear John is so much better, & I hope & pray he may once more be returned to us in health. I had almost despaired of hearing about him till you wrote. I wrote to him a few days since.

***Pages 5 and 6 of a letter from John Wylie in California, probably to Jane Wylie, Bloomington, summer 1854***

proves, contrary to what has been supposed in the states, that Cal. is the best grain growing country in the world. Its fruit growing capacities so far as tested have been shown to be very great -- Corn however does not seem to do well -- Grain in the States, without rain, would come to nothing, but in this country it perfects without rain, It is strange but true. Then the farmer loses nothing in harvest time from storms, being dry he completes all his operations & makes the grain ready for mill, out in the open field -- Cal- has immense resources mineral & agricultural & must become a great & wealthy state but her progress will be very much retarded by the villanous character of a great proportion of its inhabitants -- Since I last wrote there has been some improvement in my health. In the last four weeks gained four pounds. But I suffer a good deal

in the chest and occasionally spit blood -- Do not yet feel myself able to go to any business (even if I could get it) which might be doubtful. There seems to be but little or no sickness here and it would require a large extent of country to support one physician—No chance for Drs. Please give my compliments to Mr Alexander & say to him that if it would not be too troublesome I would like to learn from him something of the climate of Texas particularly in regard to lung affections--the chances for making a living by my profession--state of society--prices of land &c What the character of the winter -- My reasons for asking these questions are--that if I should conclude to return to the states it would not do to settle in any of the Northern Eastern or Western states--but some where in the South where I could find at once a favorable climate and the means of subsistence -- I had thought of Texas & could easily return by New Orleans & visit that country. If my health gets better I must do something and I fear that there may be but little chance here. But mind don't report that I have determined upon it -- It is only in consideration. The McKees have been quite pleasant, agreeable & kind &c &c since I have been over here -- And really I don't think it strange that they got tired of [a] sick man, not the most agreeable in the world & when grub is so high. It seems to be Ritchie nature to get tired of friends when they stay long. As soon as I left John McKee (Rs brother) and family from Sacramento came upon them. Their fortune seems to be hanging upon a balance (the decision of a doubtful claim) which determines whether they will be worth some thousand or not a dime -- R. McKee & Co seem to be doing well -- All this keep to yourselves otherwise you may do me a great injury. I wish you or Lizzie would correspond with my wife & visit her if you can or have her to visit you -- Tell Redick he must write & do so yourself often & give my love to Mother & Mary & all.

affctly your brother, John

***Mary Caroline Bryan Wylie to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington***

Alexandria June 5<sup>th</sup> 1854

Dear Jenny

Your unexpected and therefore doubly welcome letter to my dear husband and that gem of a note to our precious little Andrew, have been borne constantly in remembrance by us, altho' we have doubtless appeared rather dilatory in making our acknowledgments therefore--I find tis vain to await the current of affairs in our quiet town wherewith to furnish you with news items of an interesting or exciting character, especially as you are unacquainted with our citizens would you feel indifferent to matters pertaining to them -- Anny darling slept all night with his note under his pillow, his dreams were of the gentle bird who would perch upon the window sill and receive his morning meal from your hand, and his first thoughts in the morning were of the pacing pony as he styled it--and of the shady grove, the rivulet, winding at its foot, and then he breaks forth into an extacy and exclaims "Oh Mama & better than all, the fruit trees laden with delicious fruits!" What a dull play ground I have here!" and jumping upon his Papa's knee & looking coaxingly in his eyes begs that he may go to see his Grandma Wylie -- I should delight to take the darling child to see his dear Grandma, but it seems for many reasons impracticable, at least for the present -- We have fears of Cholera on the Western routes in summer, in winter 'tis too severe, and the country would be desolate to Anny, and disappointment would dispel the charm which now causes him to imagine Grandma's the Garden of Paradise -- Our only opportunity

will be to go some lovely June when my good husband can spare time from his business, or in October, after the sickly season has passed but not this year -- We heard through Mr McKee by the last steamer, that dear brother John was improved by his sojourn in Oregon. May the dear fellow continue to improve until he is restored to us as in olden times in all the vigor & buoyancy of Manhood -- We breathe many a sigh for him, and utter many a prayer at the throne of Mercy in his behalf -- Mr Wylie wrote to John a day or two since not knowing before his proper address --

We have not heard from Anderson very recently, at least directly. Craig [D.] Ritchie of Phil.a in a letter received a day or so since mentioned that Anderson had made his arrangements to pass the summer in the country, he did not specify where --

Lizzy wrote me a long delightful letter from Wheeling -- I hope the dear girl will have a pleasant visit for she has gone through trying scenes in the past few years, and needs some change to sustain her cheerful happy spirit --

We are made very happy at the thought of our dear Mother Wylie's being so full of health and animation, and pray that time may deal gently with her--how anxiously do I look forward to the day when we will be so circumstanced as to be enabled to receive her under our own roof where we could extend to her all the affectionate attentions which our hearts prompt -- Situated as we are we have all the privileges of our own home except of course the ability to invite members of our respective families to make us long visits--the size of our family being very large, and our extensive connection always bringing in some friend or relative to swell the list. Tis delightful to us to have them too, and our only regret is that we cannot accomodate a larger number, and for a longer time -- We are social beings, and do not like to live alone in the world uncaring & uncared for -- Tell Redick I find it difficult to realize that the modest, interesting, dark eyed boy of twelve or fourteen which he was when I saw him, should have ripened into mature manhood, providing for the wants of his family, their main staff, he certainly deserves unbounded praise for the manliness and energy of his character, and if there be a medal awarded for industry at any of our agricultural fairs, he stands in no danger of being outrivalled--he has our warmest admiration & praise, but in his noble disinterestedness, as his sisters and brothers have suggested, let him not forget his own advancement entirely, but appropriate a portion of every day be it but for a couple of hours, in storing his mind as well as his granaries -- Tell Redick to take my advice and enter cautiously and deliberately into the bonds matrimonial, and see that the girl whom he weds owns her section or more of broad acres, as a foundation to his future fortune, for to begin the world with [remainder of letter missing]

***John H. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Wheeling, Virginia***

San Francisco July 1<sup>st</sup> 1854

My dear Sister

The mail leaves in an hour or so & I can only write thee a note this time to advise thee of my state of health. I have just returned from across the Bay where I have been spending ten days most delightfully with my friend Dr. Hibberd in whose praise I could not say enough. He has shown himself to be a friend indeed. I shall return this evening & shall probably make my home with him for some time -- The weather there is more pleasant-- more sun shine & fresh air

& can take exercise that is pleasant & healthful -- I rise early to breakfast, mount a horse which the Dr has at my disposal & to the woods the woods away--now galloping at a furious rate--now sauntering along at my leisure or stopping to eat blackberries, which abound upon this place, and upon which I have been luxuriating for the last three days and above all I am not oppressed with the dreadful fear that I may not be fully & completely welcome. All these favorable circumstances have influenced my health for the better & are such as will restore me if restoration be possible Give my love to Irene--I trust she & the child are doing well -- Have not heard from home lately--but indirectly through my wife that Redick had lifted my note to Mr. Bickle for which I am much indebted to him & shall so acknowledge myself -- Lizzie says that she had written you some time ago as also to Jane but had not received a reply from either -- I do hope that you will make yourself better acquainted with her, if for no other, for my sake and for the sake of my child--correspond with her & answer her letter at least quarterly--So that if I should die you may know something of those whom I have left behind me & whom I have so much loved -- The McKee family are all well Andrew says that he had intended writing to Mr. Bell but is now too busy -- We have fine healthful weather & great preparations are making for the celebration of the Fourth.

believe me affectly  
your brother John

*John H. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Encinal [California] Sept. 15 1854

Dear Mother:

I often hear of those at home through other members of the family but am not often gratified by a letter direct. I think the Wylies have an inherent dislike of letter writing and this added to a want of practice renders it a great bore. In this way I account for the fact that I have as yet received nothing from Redick and so seldom from Jane. Tell R. that I have felt quite jealous for I have ascertained that he has actually written to Mr Bell. Now if he can write to Mr Bell why not to me! I know that he is very busy with that farm--Hogs, horses &c &c but then there is every seventh day one of which he might devote to a long letter to me telling me all about his farming operations--How his fruit trees, stock &c are prospering? Red you must do it--I'll take no excuse--Sit down as soon as you have read this & when it is fresh on your mind it may be done easily -- My health is about as it was when I last wrote you--seems to have reached a certain point and then become stationary -- This climate seems to sustain and brace up my general system, but does not overcome the irritation of my lungs--it is too cool & windy. I still suffer a good deal from embarrassed respiration at times cough considerably and spit more or less blood -- I must seek a milder a softer air if I would hope to remove these symptoms --The winters here are more pleasant & milder than the summer And on this bay, I believe, though it is one of the healthiest spots on earth, that nine tenths of the year the weather is disagreeable to one not engaged in active out door exercise. To day it is cloudy & chilly and I have on my overcoat & it has been so for the last ten days -- Visions of the beautiful clear warm september weather with you, come to my memory, by contrast and I long for the Seven League Boots that I might step over and enjoy it, &

flee away again when the winter comes with its biting frosts. I dont think that it would be safe for me to risk an Indiana winter, otherwise I would start home with Dr Hibbard who expects to return some time in November -- Nor do I think it best to remain here. I think that this climate has done about all it can for me, and I must either go to some other country or to sea. I have been thinking of the Sandwich Islands which are now of special interest, as the prospect is that they will soon be annexed to the U.S. The climate is said to be most Heavenly and the Physicians of San Francisco generally send their patients there. But to put into execution either of these plans I must have money shall soon be strapped & unable to work. I dont know what I shall do. I should be unwilling to apply to the McKees under any circumstances. They would favor me with a pecuniary loan very unwillingly unless they could be assured of the return of the amount with three or five per cent. a month in a short time--at least so I think. I am loth & ashamed to again apply to the Homestead for assistance, but don't know how else to avoid the alms house or what is about as bad the unwilling hospitalities of relatives. I had hoped ere this to have been able to help myself otherwise I might have thought it best quietly to await my fate at home. I thought that I might borrow say \$200 from Dr. Hibbard which might be paid by the family in the course of six months or so after his return to the states. On the strength of such an assurance I think I could get the money, though I have said nothing to him on the subject--Please let me know immediately by return mail what can be done-- For I must away from here by November. Of course my interest in the estate may be held liable for what money I may get -- Say nothing to Andrew about this for I have already received as much assistance from him as he is able to render.

There is a matter that has been for some time past, pressing heavily upon my mind & that is the last resting place of brother Sam. Had I not been stricken by ill health I myself would have long since placed a stone to his memory, for he was a favorite & much loved brother. It is a disgrace to the family that his remains have been so long neglected. Cannot something be done -- It would not cost much to erect a simple marble tomb stone. Mr Carey (Mr Browns son in law) promised me that he would place a head board & foot board with his name or initials. But the place can be found by applying at the office of the company. I have written to Elizabeth on the subject & shall also to Anderson from whom I recd a letter by last mail. The wildest & most unmanageable of the flock is about to prove the most sedate & Reverend. San Francisco & the State generally has just passed through the most intense political excitement. The city has been so long under the control of party hacks & Shoulder Strikers & so shamefully managed & brot to bankruptcy--the people arose in mass, and by means of the Know Nothings who elected their whole ticket, placed good men in office & established order -- News to the same effect is received from the principal towns of the state & the reign of demagogues seems at least for a time to be suspended -- Love to Mary the Dr, Red & Jane & much affection for yourself dear Mother I am as ever

your loving son John

*John H. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington*

San Francisco Oct 15<sup>th</sup> 1854

Dear Mother:

Since I last wrote you my health has been about stationary and I have come to the

conclusion that it has done about all it can for me. And it is now left for me either to give up and return home to lay my bones with those of my fathers, or try what some other climate may do for me -- I have concluded to try the latter and have made up my mind to take a voyage to the Sandwich Islands [Hawaii] where I shall remain during the winter should the climate agree with me. Those who have resided there represent the climate as being heavenly and as there dwelling perpetual summer -- I shall probably be off toward the last of the week. But I have been obliged to raise some money, my stock on hand being rather small -- I regret that I have not been able to earn any thing for myself, which I had hoped to have been able to do before this -- But such is the case. I must have money or go to the alms house. I have borrowed two hundred dollars from my friend Dr Hibberd, who has been indeed a friend, for which amount I have given him my note. He starts for the States in the course of a month or two and I have assured him that the note would be lifted by my brother in law Mr Bickle, on presentation -- To that effect I have written Mr Bickle, assuring him that if he would be so kind as to favor me in this matter, that my family (perhaps through Redick) would as soon as possible refund the money Of course as I have actually borrowed the money this must be done in some way--But it pains me to the heart to be under this dire necessity of applying to the homestead for aid that they may be illy prepared to give. But there is no alternative -- I have written Anderson on the subject he may be able to furnish fifty or a hundred dollars. I have written him to advise with you on the subject -- For the last few days I have been suffering from diarrhoea, but am now better. But I have rarely held the pen when I have been so little able to do so -- I have written several letters & have still another to write & the mail soon closes and that must apologize for the shortness of this. I send Redick by this mail a San Francisco paper which will give you all the news. Aunt [Eliza] sends her love to you all & asks Jenny to write. I have been stopping with them a few weeks and they have all treated me very kindly and affectionately -- How much I desire to be at the old home once more, How many thousand things are there that I should like to talk over -- Love to Marys family and all the family and believe me--

Your affect Son  
John

Direct your letters as usual to the care of Mr McKee & he will forward them to me

***John H. Wylie to his cousin Andrew McKee, San Francisco***

Honolulu Nov 14<sup>th</sup> 1854

My dear Cousin:

We arrived here yesterday morning after a long and rather dull voyage of twenty days. There was not much provision for the comfort of passengers, and the ship was evidently administered in the most economical fashion. A servant did not enter our staterooms during the voyage -- We had to make our own beds (when they were made at all) bring our own water &c Had but two meals a day--no little nice things fruits &c. -- But thanks to the kindness of Aunt, I was better off than some others for those nice fresh peaches served me for lunch throughout the voyage & without them I should have suffered somewhat. Bucklen did not introduce me to his

wife till toward the closing of the voyage but they were kind enough & I don't complain and I believe I did less grumbling than any of the passengers.

Well I am here but of course I cannot give you as yet any reliable account of matters as yet -- But I can only say that my first impressions of the place and the climate are more favorable than any thing I had anticipated -- There [are] (I am told) 120 ships in port nearly all of which are American Whalers and this has given an extraordinary appearance of activity to business of every kind -- When they are gone all will be of course dull. If the present weather be a specimen of the climate--and I am told it is--it will suit me exactly, and it seems indeed most delicious -- Though warm it is not sufficiently so to debilitate and it seems to refresh & invigorate me. I feel more freedom at the lungs -- Respiration is much easier and I feel much very much better than when I left San Francisco. I find every thing here expensive and I think business prospects but slight -- The citizens seem to live off foreigners & strangers --

The "Lady Jane" leaves this in a few hours & I have other notes to write so I will close this -- Tell Cousin Will not to neglect to send me papers -- Remember me affectly & gratefully to Uncle & Aunt & all And believe me

your Affect Cous. J H Wylie

A W McKee

P.S. I have written to my wife, but have sent the letter direct which I learn is the better plan JHW

***John H. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

"Lihua Sugar Plantation" Island Kouli [Kauai] Dec 21<sup>st</sup> 1854

My dear Mother

I last wrote you on the eve of my departure from San Francisco to these Islands -- Before leaving I borrowed two hundred dollars from my friend Dr Hibberd concerning which I wrote you and other members of the family -- I regretted the necessity but so it was -- Well, we had a pleasant but rather tedious voyage of twenty days on board the ship Ianthe. Arrived at Honolulu in full health went ashore and took lodgings. Found it difficult to get upon any terms as every nook and corner was filled, as there were about one hundred & fifty Whalers in port besides one or two ships of war. The town was quite active with business and is larger than I expected and the foreign population make some pretention to style of living and are rather fond of etiquette. I remained there a week and improved so rapidly that I had thought I was able for business and had almost concluded to lease a place for the purpose of raising fowls &c &c But I concluded that I had better visit some of the other Islands first and particularly this one (Kowi) which is noted for the excellence of its climate. I took passage & visited in the first place the valley of Hanarae[i] noted for the location of Mr Titcomb's Coffee Plantation -- But in the very night of my arrival I was taken with a chill followed by head ache & fever -- In short I had the acclimating fever which sometimes handles foreigners pretty roughly. I at once lost my appetite--seemed to be deprived of all strength & my cough deprived me of sleep. I was stopping with Mr Titcomb's and he gave me every attention in his power, but living as he does with a Knaka or native woman, these were

not extensive: And after remaining several days with him, a Missionary Mr Johnson called to see me & took me to his house. I then found every comfort & convenience of a Kanku dwelling. Mrs Johnson treated me kindly & affectionately as though I were her own son -- But still I was exceedingly weak & miserable and thought the valley too damp for me; So when the steamer returned I went aboard and came to this place or rather to Wialua [Wailua] five miles from here--The Estate of a German whose acquaintance I made on board the boat who kindly invited me to spend a week with him. His estate is noted for its beauty & is beautiful & picturesque -- But still I did not improve & diarrhoea set in and continued all the time I was there & reduced me to a shadow -- The fever was passing off that way, or Dutch living did not agree with me. At the end of the week I left & made out to get here at Lihua or the Sugar plantation. I took board & lodging with Mr Ingersoll the overseer of the plantation He is an excellent man & landlord with whom I can make myself perfectly at home -- I have an excellent bed--and we live well. Have chicken eggs milk --game--wild duck &c fish from the ponds (for there are fish ponds on the Islands) The house has a beautiful & airy location on the hill just over the Sugar house in the valley below, which I visit every day and inhale the sweet fumes from the kettles. I have been improving ever since I have been here & think I am now going up hill -- But still I am very weak & helpless & have not much to expect in the way of recovering--but if that cannot be, I believe I can live just here longer than in any place in the world for the climate is almost perfect & varies scarce at all from day to day. Since I am getting better I have been doing a little practice. The overseer, the other day got into a difficulty with the China workmen in the course of which he shot one three times -- I was called upon and extracted the balls & dressed his wounds -- This led to a trial before the native judges, before whom I testified as to the nature of the wounds -- After court he took me to see his sick wife--besides whom I am prescribing for several others -- So for the present I am making about enough to pay my board \$5,00 a week--which is a contrast to the charges at Honolulu where I had to pay \$13,50 for board & part of a room. But these are cases (patients) of emergency & may not last as there is a Dr. employed by the year but he lives 10 miles off at Kaloa -- Have some society, two invileds from Cal boarding with us--the family of Mr Rice the superintendant--the Sugar House itself &c At present I don't know that I can do better than to stay where I am -- The location is in every way desirable -- Elizabeth suggests that I should sell out my interest in the estate & invest in Cal--so as to furnish me a support -- That is an excellent suggestion & I am perfectly willing provided I have any--for I had supposed that I had been borrowing from the family sufficient to absorb it. If not I should like to sell if I had five or six thousand dollars in addition to what I now have I could buy a little place here which would yield me a living and something more. And I could sell it for more than I gave, should I go away. Whereas if I continue in feeble health & pay cash for board, my means will soon be exhausted & I shall be worse off than at the beginning -- A little place with a few taro (native food & as good as bread) orange & banana trees will yield a support here and native help can be had at 25 cts per day -- There is a Lieut. Reynolds of navy out of health living here on a nice little place. I should like to be similarly situated -- We have just recd news that the King Kamehameha is dead & succeeded by the young prince -- This will I fear knock the project of annexation in the head for some time, as the young King is opposed to it -- I recd the other day letters from my wife—from Cal--& two from Elizabeth who I suppose is at home by this time. The mail communications between the Islands is so uncertain that you cannot expect regular letters -- But I trust I shall not be forgotten & shall expect frequent letters -- Give my love to all and believe me affect your son,

John

P.S. Please direct your letters to Honolulu Sandwich Islands -- I have been here now about five weeks & I can say that I have [never] been in a climate equal to this--at Honolulu it is much warmer too warm but here the thermometer ranges from 70 to 80o -- Though now midwinter it is as summer--never have fire--everything green--we are having cucumbers beans & different kinds of fruits I bot a hundred oranges yesterday for a hundred cents -- But aside from climate these Islands are not at all desirable as a residence.

J. H. W.

*Margaret Wylie Martin to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington*

Ningpo [China] Dec 25 1854.

My Dear Mother W--

I thank you for the lock of hair you sent me in Jennie's letter. It made me feel sorry when I first looked at it being fearful of mournful tidings. Yesterday being sabbath I heard the best sermon on the subject of death, of the Christian's death, so well calculated to be a blessing to the living. O! that the living would lay it to heart that they too must die. I need not tell you dear Mother how much this day recalls the sad event of three years since. I know too how keenly you must have felt the stroke; then poor Lib I know wept bitter tears of sorrow. I trust that she often prays to God for preparation for this solemn event. Today I tried to read the XV Chap I Cor hope we may all seriously and profitably lay these things to heart. I was sorry to hear that Mrs McPherson's school was not in so flourishing condition as formerly. You sympathise with her I hope dear M[other]-- she like yourself has been sadly bereft. I know Mrs McPherson feels discouraged and the Methodists do not encourage her much, I fear they do not remember the Bible precept "You that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak". I hope Jennie will continue to go to Mrs McP- for it is not always the most popular teacher that is the best. All I regret in looking back is that I did not attend Mrs Mc's school, hope I may have God's forgiving grace for this sin of disobedience trust you too, dear Mother may forgive me. Now that the family is so small I suppose you have much leisure for reading. At present my Sunday reading is "Dwight's Sermons" and "Lectures on the Jews" we have a Ningpo Library and many more books than we can read through, though we have a very few late publications. Husband scarcely ever studies anything excepting chinese very seldom even on Sundays reads other books. He is very faithful to the pupils in the school and once reproved the former teacher from whom he does not receive on account of it much thanks. Alas! for poor human nature never feels thankful for reproofs but quite thankful for flatteries. Is not human nature even in the best of us poor stuff? The rebels & imperialists still have some fighting but reports are many and different so that one is at a loss what to believe. The rebel party however still maintain their own ground of defense. Br[other] Wm. is now trying to liberate a tailor, who is before the courts charged with being a rebel and in danger of losing his head. Br W- thinks he can prove his innocence, but that is no protection to a man in China if the officers of government can get his money. The Eng & American war vessels are now clearing the coast of pirates. These wretched men (owing to the unsettled affairs of the country) accumulated in such numbers that of late it was dangerous to go

out side China. Our school cook was dismissed from husband's employ not long since and went to trading for a living--but news came short time since that he and boat and ten men were seized their goods all taken, stripped of the very clothes on their backs and all but four sent back to tell the news to their friends that they may come and redeem them they ask \$500 for the remaining four. They are however awfully afraid of a foreign armed vessel and try to keep as clear of them as possible. Do not be at all alarmed on our account dear Mother for we are in safety even in the midst of danger if God protects and keeps us; "therefore will we not be afraid though the earth tremble and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea." What a blessing it would always be if we could at all times have perfect confidence in God, instead as we too often do lean on an arm of flesh trusting in ourselves, or in some other being equally feeble. Dear M owing to the uncertainty of the mails you must not be surprised if our letters do not always reach you. Several of J's & mine have never reached you or they have not been acknowledged. It is now bed time or I would write a longer letter. Susie & Maimie are getting fat and hearty since winter weather commenced, they are fast asleep in their crib, dear little creatures what could I do in this heathen land without them. I was truly glad to hear of Irene's babe, trust it fills the place of the one that was taken. Dear M we are all in good health & spirits, husband says he was never so happy in his life because he is always so busy. Give my love to all enquiring friends, and believe me your affectionate daughter M. W. M.

*John H. Wylie to Joseph Bell, Wheeling, Virginia*

"Lihue Plantation" Kauai Dec 29<sup>th</sup> 1854  
Direct letters to Honolulu

Dear brother Jo.

Your note of Oct 17th enclosed with a letter from Elizabeth I received one week ago. I thank you for your kind offer of assistance; but before I received it I had borrowed two hundred dollars from Dr Hibberd & had left for these Islands. I have been considering the condition of my affairs & find them indeed desperate -- Should my health continue feeble as it is now it will be some time before I shall be able to do much for myself. The family cannot continue to support me in a foreign land -- If I should return home I could not live but a few months. What then is to be done? Elizabeth says that the money I have heretofore had from them shall not stand against my interest in the estate, and suggests that that interest be disposed of, and invested so as to furnish me with a support. My interest in all the real and personal property of the estate ought to be at the settlement worth about \$15,00 and ought to be worth now at least \$1000. This sum if invested in California or here would yield me a support. Would you be willing to buy that interest at whatever it is worth? Or uniting with some other person Each of you take half? Or a plan that I would prefer would be to borrow \$1000 dollars on that interest, and paying a moderate interest on the sum, say 6, 7 or 8 percent. per an, which I think I could pay without difficulty & live besides. Could you lend the money? Excuse me for asking this -- There seems to be no alternative -- You seem to be the only one in the family that has money: and if you think you can make yourself secure in this matter you would confer a lasting & ever to be remembered favor upon me & those connected with me by giving me this timely aid. I wrote to Elizabeth

fully on the subject. Please consult with her. A place can be bot here for a thousand dollars with improvements which would yield a handsome support to a family. & in case of leaving would sell for more than you gave. I am living at the Lihue Sugar Plantation reputed as the healthiest place on the Islands -- The business of the Plantation gives some life to the place & furnishes a pleasant but very limited society. I am boarding with Mr Ingersall the overseer of the place, and there are three other lung invilids (young men) from California at the same house -- The Sugar mill is in the valley--we are on the hill overlooking it -- I visit the mill every day to inhale the sweet fumes as they rise from the kettles, ride on horseback when able & have been doing a very little Practice. As to the climate, it could not well be better--and is remarkably uniform temperature, at this season varying from 60o to 80o -- At this season which they call rainy we have occasional rains -- The trees are in full foliage, the grass green--we are eating cucumbers & various vegetables & it is indeed difficult to realize that it is winter. I have had a severe attack of Island or acclimating fever which reduced me to the shadow of a shadow but I am again picking up -- There is a Lieut. Reynolds of the navy who retired here three years ago on half pay, far gone with a lung difficulty. He purchased a small place & brot out his family & has almost completely recovered and now he can sell his property for much more than he gave for it -- I wish to adopt something of the same plan. Let me beg that whatever is done in the matter above suggested may be done quickly. Give my love to Irene & believe me very truly yours John H. Wylie

1855

*Anderson M. Wylie to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

92 S. 11<sup>th</sup> St Philadelphia  
January 6th 1855

My dear Sister,

Your last I received in due time & sit down to write you the first regular letter of this year. How amazingly time to me seems to fly! From my heart do I wish you, mother, Redick & all a happy & blessed New Year; and in the Providence of God may it be so. I thank you too dear sister for your overplus of letters, which I confess I do not deserve, but hope you will not fail to consider the circumstances in which I am placed. You need make no apology for writing for I will not object though you should write every day. You need not be surprised when I tell you I returned on Tuesday night from a visit to N.Y. which I enjoyed very much though in a quiet way for such a city. When there last summer DrMcElroy made me promise to come on & spend the holidays with him. I went on Sat. morning Dec 23rd & remained 11 days. It is a great recreation from employment. I had some little business to attend to which may turn out favorably. I was received with marked kindness by the Dr & his family, of which it is hard to keep the account for his present wife is the fourth & was a rich widow of his con[gregation] & relinquished over \$4000 a year to marry him. His own daughters are married & his son is studying Law in Worcester Mass. The most promising son died 3 years since. His present wife is a perfect lady & understands true hospitality for she strives to make every one feel at home. Her sister & mother live with them, & there are two daughters at home both of whom are quite interesting. The Dr's new Church is in a fine part of the city, in 14th St between 5 & 6th Avenues. The church is a chaste & beautiful edifice with brown stone front. Dr McElroy desires particularly to be remembered to mother. He loved to recur to old times, & dwell on dear Father's character & life. On last Sunday mor. he preached a most eloquent sermon to his congregation, and during the sermon there was scarcely an eye that did not shed tears. That day 31 years ago he preached his first sermon to that people & during that time near 1600 had been added under his ministry. He is much beloved, regarded as an able man and is much known over the city. Mrs McLeod was almost offended at my not going there to stay. The N.Y. people are very different generally from those of Philad' & it is like going into a different nation. The time was mostly occupied in visiting from which it is impossible to refrain. I visited some of the finest paintings in this country. The most celebrated are those of the Dusseldorf Gallery which are all gems & numbering 200. I wish I had time to give you a description. Lockhart's painting of the Last Judgment is of eloquent expression & of much celebrity. You may form some idea of the size from its being 17 1/2 by 27 feet. Truly when I am in N.Y. there is so much to see & learn that days pass like hours. Whilst there I became acquainted with Dr Tyng whose son is my rector. Dr T- is regarded as the most eloquent & able extemporaneous speaker in the country, & has the largest church, which can seat 2500 persons & in all the departments of the S.S. has 1500 children. The organ has I believe 60 stops & 6000 pipes & cost \$12,000. He is a very low Churchman. I went to hear Henry Ward Beecher but was disappointed in hearing him. If

Miss Poor or May Rolsten are in or about N.Y. I wish you would let me know. Staying at Dr's was Miss Mary Lee who is a daughter of an old friend of Father's. I missed seeing Mr Lee by being out when he called. Miss Lee is a very superior young girl and her father has retired from business & lives in the country. The old custom of calling on N. Year's day is still kept up with much spirit. During the day & evening I made a number of calls and met with some old friends of Father's from Pittsburg & Washington. I was drawn into Dr Parker's family by Mr Crittenden who has taken quite a leaning towards me. Mr C. is brother to the one who travelled with me, is author of the bookkeeping of his name, is now studying Theology in N.Y. & is engaged to Dr P's daughter who is remarkably accomplished, and sings almost as well as Sontag. There is being built a large fine Ch. for Dr Parker in 4th Avenue. It seems my fortune to get in minister's families. Mr C- wants me to go on in May as groomsman.

I saw Mr Leeds & Dr Wright when there. Yesterday I received a few lines from Dr W- which were copied from a letter from bro. John to Dr Hibberd. He arrived in safety at the Sandwich Islands; is much improved in health, & much pleased with the climate & says the expenses are those of California. May our prayer be that God will grant an abundant blessing upon him & restore him once more to his friends & home in health and strength. I wanted much to write to John today but am anxious to hear from Liz before writing, she writes but seldom & I have not received a letter from Irene or Andrew for about 10 mo. or a year. What I have done I do not know but I have honestly endeavored to discharge my duty. Give my love to Mother Redick Mary & family & all friends.

Your affectionate bro.  
Anderson M. Wylie

I have a great propensity--I desire to write long letters after I once begin, but I positively must desist for I have not time, so you will excuse me from writing such long letters as I used to do. I believe I mentioned in my last how I am situated. I still continue as before & may even take more teaching as I have been urged to, and may I say it some do not like to have anyone else besides me.

Mrs Shubrick, widow of the Comodore is boarding now at Mrs R's and treats me almost like a Son. I met her two years since & she has now broken up house keeping having with her but an only daughter.

Do write soon and be a newspaper to me by telling me all the occurrences. Remember me also to Prof. Read Dr Daily & Prof. Campbell when you see them. Will Lethermen has gone over to Baltimore & has not yet returned. Jack L. has written home long accounts of his expedition beyond Santa Fe. Theodore Jr is expected to return here before long. I am afraid to venture my taste in regard to Toody tell sister Mary, & say for me there is none prettier than her own. You misspell umbrella. I believe did not tell you I lost that fine pencil in N.Y. and can't account for it for I went to the house where I was sure I had left it--but could not find it.

*Abigail Ritchie to Elizabeth Wylie, Wheeling, Virginia*

San Francisco. March 30<sup>th</sup> 1855--

Dear Liz,

Andrew and myself wrote you a joint letter long long ago. You never noticed it. I write in haste this evening as the steamer leaves in the morning, and no doubt you would much prefer to know all the particulars in regard to John's present situation. Mr Wills received a letter a few days ago from his brother, who is now with John on one of the Sandwich islands, he was beside John when writing. He mentioned that John's symptoms were the closing ones attending consumption, his limbs were much swollen, and he was then much prostrated from diarrhea. He mentions John's spirits were good, and his mind unusually bright. Every change John made since he came to California, he was benefited for a time, and then gradually grew worse, going to Oregon & cross the bay to Contra Costa seemed to revive him much. All the changes still gave him hopes that he would yet be better.

I felt from the first that John was too long in doing something for his recovery. You know my anxiety and urgent entreaties for him to leave when I was in Bloomington. But these things are permitted and we cannot see why it is so in our bereavement and sorrow. We know and should feel that God knows the best time for removing us, or any of our friends from this natural world, into one that is far more real; we do not die, it is only the putting off these poor bodies, and then we live forever! What I want you dear Liz is to think of death in this light, look not into the grave, but look up to that spiritual life, which after the death of the body we enter upon. It would not be right for us not to feel and feel deeply for our friends who are removed from us here, but remember there is reason in all things; it should incite us to live better, so that when our time comes, we may pass calmly and quickly away from our present state of existence to one that will never end. A few days before John left us, I was sitting beside him, I asked him his views of death, and how he felt in regard to its near approach, He said he had no fears what ever, that if he did not recover his health that he would much prefer to die, He talked perfectly resigned. He will have every attention from Dr Wills who is a highly educated physician, and who is there at present on account of his own health, and who will write to us on the sailing of each vessel. I do not imagine he is alone or will suffer for want of kind attention.

Dr Hibbard the gentleman John came out with, and I believe a relative of his wife, was at the warehouse yesterday, and told Andrew that he had received letters from Richmond and John's wife was sinking rapidly in consumption, and had a hemorrhage of her lungs; this I was much surprised to hear as John had not given us a hint she was consumptive. I had an idea she was a healthy woman. It may have been brought on grieving about John.

You have made Irene a very long visit How does your Mother and Jenny get along without you? I suspect you will scarce feel at home in Bloomington on your return.

Andrew [McKee] and myself made a little trip up to Sacramento about two months ago, I went to see Mrs Coffin, formerly Lizzie Carter of Bloomington. She seemed delighted to see me, as I was her. She is boarding but it is not as comfortable as keeping house, but cheaper. She looked changed since I saw her last, and desired her love to you all -- I am in good health and spirits for me. My time is filled up with doing each day a variety of household and personal matters, striving to forget past sufferings and unpleasant things, and prepare myself for what is yet to come

One half of the history of human life is made up of its woes and its sorrows--of the sad disappointments which daily fall with crushing weight upon the hearts most fondly cherished hopes But none of these things are designed as real calamities, by that merciful Providence which overrules all events. To those who suffer them they seem like evils, because they take away those

things which the heart loves. And yet they are permitted, by a merciful providence for the purpose of restraining and gradually removing those inordinate natural loves, which are opposed to the true love and life of Heaven.

Your Aunt Eliza and Sarah desire their love to you and Irene Mr Bell you must write me as soon as you return home. The news from John's wife &c I shall write you the first mail after we hear from John again

Andrew and I often talk of you and wish to see you. Remember I have the kindest feelings towards you all, and there is nothing nearer my heart, than that you may be comforted, sustained, and blest in all your tribulation. God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. This denotes that the divine hand shall remove from the spirit every hindrance to the reception of heavenly truth

Our love to your Mother and Jeny

Your Affect Aunt Abbie

Lizzie--why do you not write to me. I have you always in mind & wish to keep you so until I am able to pay you a visit--which if I live I will surely do, sooner or later. Doc

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Elizabeth Wylie, Wheeling, Virginia*

Washington March 31 1855

My Dear Sister

I received, this morning, your letter dated 28th instant including John's letter to you from his home in the Sandwich Islands dated 28th of last December. I am not only willing but most earnestly desire to aid poor John with the \$1000 which he wants to raise to purchase a little plantation for his support in the Sandwich Islands. How to do it just now is the question, and I will resolve the matter in my mind and examine the memoranda I have as to the disposition which we have already made of the property at Bloomington, to see how and what can be done, and in a few days will write you again. In the meantime I send you my check for twenty five dollars which you may divide equally between yourself and Jane. It is a small present, and I would be glad to make it more if it were convenient. That much I can spare without inconvenience. Tell Jane her money in my hands is at good usage; and that the small amount I now send you on her account is not to be charged to her.

I fear from one remark in your letter, that I may have written you before in a rather plain and abrupt style. It was not so intended, my dear sister. My only object was to convey an earnest caution, least you should make yourself unhappy about John, without your being able to extend to him the aid which you think, and which indeed, he seems, from his own letter, to need.

In one or two years hence, if I have reasonable fortune, I do think I shall have extracted myself from the straightened circumstances with which I have been contending my whole life. How much I desire that the day were now present not merely, or even chiefly, on my own account, but to enable me to do more than I now can for my afflicted brother, and to render some assistance to you all who are at home.

Give my best love to Irene, and regards to Mr Bell. My present intention is to go West by

way of Wheeling, and I will be happy to make them a brief visit.

Very Affectionately  
Your Brother  
Andrew Wylie

*Andrew McKee to Elizabeth Wylie, Wheeling, Virginia*

San Francisco, April 16 1855

My Dear Cousin

I am just in receipt of your letter from Wheeling Dated March 12. and enclosing one for your brother John; I have consigned to the fire unopened your letter to John -- Aunt Abby wrote to you fully per last mail, under my enclosure to Mr Bell, giving you an extract from a letter to Mr John Wills of this city, from his brother in the Sanwich Islands, giving us the sad intelligence of the decline in your brother John's health and expressing fears that his disease would prove fatal --

Nothing is so entirely foreign to my taste & feelings, as to communicate sad news, and were I not impelled by a sense of duty and affection, to those I love, would never do so -- Still in this, as in all our actions through life, we should first do our duty, and leave the balance to the care of him who watches even the little sparrows, that they fall not to the ground without his knowledge --

I am a firm believer that "There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will", and that the one just & true God, orders our lives for the best, although we with our feeble senses cannot always see why it is so -- Certainly so important a matter as a Soul leaving this world to inhabit another cannot take place without the ordering of our heavenly Father and shall he who gives, not take away?

As I grow older the more I think that it matters but little, whether we die this year or next, a few years more or less, cannot possibly make any difference with Eternity--the one who goes first is the gainer & not the loser, provided he has founded his house upon a rock, with an anchorage both sure & steadfast. --

I have long ceased to think of my friends who are dead, as in the grave, and sorrow for them,--but always now think of them in heaven, and with pleasure too, believing they have their treasure with them, where neither moth, nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal--and that their Spirits are daily, and hourly with us watching over us for good, hoping that we too, after this, our weary pilgimage is over, may enter in by the same strait gate into heaven where our sorrows are at an end, and seperations cease. Should we not then, rather rejoice, than weep for those who die in the Lord. --or if we could, would we dare retain them upon this Earth, where we have more of sorrow than of joy? I think not, and I do hope my dear Lizzie you will all look upon death in this light--we know that if we act well our part while here, we can join our friends hereafter, then why not think of it as but a short seperation of which they have the best--that God will grant you grace & strenth to do so will be my constant prayer. --

The Clipper Schooner "Mary Jane" arrived yesterday from the Sandwich Islands in the short time of 11 days--we have not received any letters by her as the mail left two days ahead in another Schooner not yet arrived, but which is expected daily -- We have however recd by her

the Honolulu papers, which have confirmed our worst fears for your brother John--his spirit has returned to the God who gave it--this is all that we at present know--he departed this life on the 9 ninth of March on Lihue plantation, on the Island of Kouai which is situated about 100 miles east of Honolulu, and much resorted to by Invalids as possessing the finest climate of any Island in the Sanwich groupe.-- It is a source of great satisfaction to know as we learn from a friend who arrived by a previous schooner that John was well located in a nice family with all the comforts that any part of the world can give, and surrounded by the kindest of friends & nurses who were unremitting in their attentions, and in the event of his death would attend to everything and duly forward all his effects to our house here.

I learn from Dr Hibberd of the ill health of John's wife, and that her friends did not think she would live long--if so their seperation will indeed be short -- We will continue to write to you fully by every mail until we have every particular -- Aunt Abbie was thoughtful enough to clip off[f] a lock of his hair before his leaving--should you not have one she will forward it to you.-- Now Lizzie I wish you to continue to write me, my correspondence is now reduced to two persons, you & Mr Bell. I would take pleasure in hearing from Jenny, & would give any thing if she & you would sit together & send me by express your Daggaurreotype -- We are all well--all join me in much love to your mother & all the family, not forgetting Mary

Your affect Cousin  
Andrew W. McKee

Father has written to Andrew, and I to Mr Bell, Dr Hibberd I presume will write to Mr Leeds

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Washington Apl 25 /55

Dear Mother,

I have just received a letter from Mr McKee containing the most discouraging news in regard to poor brother John. I quote the exact language so that you may judge for yourself:

"I regret to state my last advice from the Sandwich Islands = give very unfavorable accounts of your brother's health and I shall not be much surprised to learn that he has, ere this, been released from the sufferings and ills of mortality. On the 28<sup>th</sup> Feby, our friend Dr Wills (brother of John A Wills, Magraw's partner) writes from the Lihue Plantation, Island of Atoai, or Kauye, that he was with him, and thought he could not survive many days. Meantime he would remain with him, and do all a brother could do, for his comfort and would write again shortly. As soon as I hear again I will write to you. Your aunt Eliza writes by this mail to Irene & perhaps to your mother."

Poor dear John, his life has been one of trials and sufferings, and though we shall all grieve for his loss, yet I believe it will be gain to him.

Yesterday I sent a large parcel of seeds and grain, from the Patent Office directed to Redick. Some two or three weeks ago I had sent several detached parcels, which I fear may not have all reached him. They are said to be choice, and well worth experimenting with. The melon seeds should be planted in hills of rich earth or manure, and the ground beneath should be dug up

to the depth of 18 inches at least as the melons shoot their roots deep.

We are all well. Much love to all.  
Your affectionate Son

***Andrew McKee to Joseph Bell, Wheeling, Virginia***

San Francisco Sunday April 29<sup>th</sup> 1855

My Dear Mr Bell

I wrote you fully per last mail enclosing a long letter to Lizzie Wylie, informing of John Wylie's death &c Since then we have received the particulars through our friend Mr Wm. I. Wills, in two letters one for us, & one for John's wife. Copies of both you will please find enclosed, which as soon as you read you will please forward to Bloomington the original of the enclosed letters Dr. Hibberd will forward to Richmond Ind to John's wife

We also received at same time a small package containing his Journal, Prayer book, Bible, Wife's daguerreotype, also Samuel's, some shells of his own gathering &c--these I will retain a few days until we have Mr Wills a/c in full & then forward, likely by express to you, for distribution among his family, some of the shells especially for Lizzie --

On consultation with Dr Hibberd, (who is the gentleman John came out with, and I think a relative of the Leeds family) I find that John borrowed from him just before leaving here 200.\$ as a kind of Safety fund in case his own gave out before his return &c--this with what money we paid him, would give him some 500.\$ at the time he left here --

When John arrived here he gave me 450.\$ to take care of for him -- I at once loaned it out for him at 3 per cent pr mo -- this he drew upon as he required, notwithstanding which I received & paid him 74.\$ interest money on settlement last October.

By my estimate I think we shall receive from Mr Wm. I. Wills, after deducting all expenses at the Islands, sufficient funds to pay the due bill held by Dr Hibberd--if not I will furnish the balance necessary, and have so informed Dr Hibberd, who by the way is a clever fellow, well off & not the least in a hurry --

You can say to Aunt Wylie & the family that if they will furnish me a memo of John's birth & age and any inscription they wish, I will have a neat head & foot stone prepared & forwarded to the Islands in such a way as to insure their erection.

We all continue to enjoy most excellent health. Mother, Aunt Abby, Sarah, Will & David are all sitting about this our comfortable parlour singing Sunday evening hymns, just as we used to at home --

Bro John is daily expected to join us --

The Hard times of your side have at last reached this City and since our Banks nearly all broke there has been a loss of confidence & general distrust which saps the very foundations of trade & traffic. --

We are almost daily surrounded by heavy failures, but so far our boat swims finely, although but little money is to be made, we only try to keep even for a while.

By this steamer D. A. Fallant & wife return to Wheeling on a visit. Mrs Fallant I think much improved, and he although rather taciturn to most people is I think a very clever man -- I have been quite intimate with him since our arrival here--and to me--he is a good friend -- I hope Irene can make it convenient to show her some attention.

You will do me a favour by getting from Mr L McAfee the address of the Secty of our St Louis & Nashville Telegraph Co at Paducah, and write to him enquiring into the affairs of the company, (provided McAfee will not give the particulars). I have written to the old Secty but receive no answer & fear if they should call an assessment my stock (500. \$) will be forfeited. I saw a notice some time since that the Co were prospering --

I see Job Stanberry often most generally catching fish & crabs & lobsters about the outside docks. He is well and is awaiting the decision of title to a piece of property near this city--also Ebenz Clarke who calls at the warehouse nearly every day --

Our family all join me in much love to Irene & yourself  
Very truly your friend  
Andrew W. McKee

I have no time to write to Bloomington pr this mail

*Andrew McKee's handwritten copies of the following two letters enclosed with McKee's foregoing note to Bell:*

***William I. Wills to Andrew McKee, San Francisco***

Lihue Sugar Plantation  
Kauai March 15<sup>th</sup> 1855

R McKee Esq  
San Francisco

Dear Sir

I have just this moment concluded a letter to Mrs E. L. Wylie, wife of Dr J. H. Wylie, informing her of the death of her husband.

The Dr previous to his death expressed to me, such a desire to see me, that I concluded to go down from Honolulu (about 100 miles west) to see him. A day or two after my arrival he was taken to his bed in consequence of a profuse diarrhea which supervened, & was never able to sit up afterwards. His hands & feet became very much swollen & dropsical.

For two weeks preceeding his death his cough almost entirely subsided. During his whole illness he suffered little or no pain & even in his last moments life seemed to pass from him without a struggle or without a pang. The last words which he spoke was a request to me to lift his head higher on his pillow & this he spoke in a clear & distinct voice. Many other particulars I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs Wylie & which I leave open in order that you may read it previous to sending it to her.

This will therefore save me the necessity of repetition.

I learn by a note accompanying a package of papers which I received today addressed to Dr Wylie that you have shipped some small stoves for the Dr's use. These I will doubtless soon receive & will dispose of them for the benefit of his wife.

With much respect I am dear Sir

Yours truly  
Wm I. Wills

***William I. Wills to Elizabeth Leeds Wylie, Richmond, Indiana***

Nawiliwili Lihue Sugar Plantation  
Kauai S. I. March 15 1855

Mrs E. L. Wylie

Dear Madam

It has fallen to my lot to communicate to you the painful intelligence of the death of your husband Dr J. H. Wylie.

He died on Saturday morning March 10th at 17 minutes to 8 o'clock. For two or three days previous to his death his health very gradually but steadily declined, until within 3 or 4 of the last days his strength seemed suddenly to abandon him. His mind was remarkably bright and clear & his voice distinct and free from huskiness even to the last words which he spoke. Many days before his death while seated at his bed side, he remarked to me "Well Doctor I feel that I have got to die this time". he then directed me to take charge of his effects, desired simply that he should be buried in a decent manner, & expressed a wish to be interred on a certain prominence of hill which he could look out upon from his bed when his bed room door was open. On several occasions he spoke of writing to you but he kept deferring it from day to day under the flattering & delusive hope that he would soon be better. A few days before his death he proposed having a small table laid before him in bed so that he might make an effort to write something intelligible, but he was too feeble. He then desired me to write to you explaining how it was he did not write.

It will be doubtless gratifying to you to know that he was well cared for and that he received every attention and enjoyed every comfort which the nature of the circumstances would allow. His funeral took place at the house of Mr Ingersol on Sunday March 11th at 3 o'clock attended by all the white foreign residents at Nawiliwili & a long train of Kanakas. Religious services were conducted by the Revd Dr Bond for many years a resident of the Island -- as I mentioned before the site for the grave was selected by the Dr himself. It is upon a projecting point of land which over looks the Lihue Sugar Mills in front--on the right beautiful groves of Kokui trees, with the tall tapering spire of the Native Church in view & on the left a beautiful serpentine Lake which winds around the base of the hill--& in the rear a sloping country reaching back to the mountains interspersed with beautiful groves & numerous variety of tropical evergreens.

I intend before leaving the Island to have his grave handsomely soded & enclosed with a neat white picket fence: he desired to have a head & foot stone. These are not to be procured in Honolulu & I shall therefore send to San Francisco for them. He directed that everything belonging to him should be sold provided they could be disposed of to advantage. The only

article which he specially desired should be sent to you was his Journal. The Journal & such other things as I fancy will be interesting for you to keep I will enclose in a package to your Uncle McKee in San Francisco. His money is at present loaned out at 3 per cent pr month & I shall not be able to command it, until April. By a letter & package just received I find 2 letters which with this I return to the care of Mr McKee San Francisco. His money is at present loaned out at 3 per cent pr month & I shall not be able to command it until April. By a letter & package just received I find 2 letters which with this I return to the care of Mr McKee, San Francisco.

There are many particulars which I might mention which you would doubtless be pleased to hear, but I am already pushed for time to prepare these letters for the steamer of tomorrow & I shall therefore beg you to indulge me in this short letter

With many kind wishes for your health & happiness, I have the honour to subscribe myself

Your sincere friend  
Wm I. Wills

***N. S. Leeds to Elizabeth Wylie, Wheeling, Virginia***

Richmond Indiana,  
May, 17th, 1855

To Lizzie Wylie,  
Dear Miss,

Your letter to my Sister, dated May 15th just received.

With the saddest feelings it is my painful privilege to inform of the death of dear Doct. Jno. H. Wylie. I recd a letter from Jas. Hibberd this morning containing the sad news, He died 9<sup>th</sup> March, /55, near Honolulu. No particulars relative to his death recd. at San Francisco, at date of sailing last Steamer, Apl. 16<sup>th</sup>.

When received, we will inform you more fully, all that relates to the death of one so good, so noble, and kind, as our dear Bro. Jno. "Death loves a shining mark."

My Sister Lizzie's health is very delicate. Very unexpectedly to us all, early last Decr she was taken with Hemorrhage of Lungs, which, Dr Plummer has not been able to heal, as yet, & owing to her extreme prostration, the Doct. advised us not to inform her of the death of her Husband which fact she is still ignorant of.

Little Irene has excellent health. Rosy cheekd & plump as a Cherub. Beautiful as a dream & lovely as her Mother's fancy paints her.

Be pleased to accept my sympathy, in this your great bereavement, & believe me

Very Respectfully &c,  
N. S. Leeds

*Margaret Wylie Martin, Ningpo, China to Mary Caroline (Bryan) Wylie*

Ningpo  
June 1855

Dear Cara

I hope you are now enjoying good health as this is the best of blessings. I have not heard from home for so long a time I thought I would commence and write to you as you are punctual in answering letters. We have now been in China five years experiencing alternately joys and sorrows which are all meant to make us better Christians. I have two frolicksome little girls Susie & Mary, the latter who is the youngest and is two years & three months old. Our little Willie like dear Irene's little boy lies beneath the clod of the valley. From what Irene wrote me of her dear boy was also true of mine, there was a great deal of resemblance. Our little native church here consists of 24 members many of whom are examples to Christians in an enlightened country. We have many things to cheer and encourage and many circumstances too that are depressing.

Do you remember having gone to school with Joanne M. Knight? She remembers you. She and her sister Mary have both mentioned you in many kind inquiries. J is married to Dr. McCarter, Mary to Rankin. They are both useful happy women, have acquired the language so as to talk with great fluency and ease. The summer so far has been very cool and pleasant. Last summer here was unusually cool while in the U.S. the weather was just the opposite, the thermometer in the city the hottest days being only 95°. I think our constitutions have not suffered much from the warm weather since we came. William P. Martin and family have been residing in the city during the past three years and have enjoyed as good health if not better than we who have been living outside on the river bank. He baptized two Chinese the first Sabbath this month. They endured a great deal of persecution from their heathen relatives, one having endured beating, but as they were born of God and convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus, they were determined to confess Christ before their countrymen. Bro. W. teacher & family consisting of himself, wife, one child, Mother, two sisters, & cousin are all true Christians. That is, they "live Christ." They all know how to read & write which you know is a wonderful thing for females in China. Every Sabbath they sit together occupying one pew and it is truly a delightful sight to see them together as a family. Each one seems only ambitious to do the other good. There seems to be so little selfishness or covetousness among them which are the crying sins of most professing Christians of our day. One of these sisters is a widow with a little girl only eight years old who has memorized the "history of Jesus in verse" consisting of twenty pages. This is no doubt more than any missionary male or female has done at such a tender age, yet it is true of this little Chinese girl.

I have invited to dine couple of gentlemen from Shanghai, Mr. Nelson & Points, Episcopalians of Dr. Boon's Mission. Only to let you see what we have to eat I shall mention what the cook is getting for dinner: boiled ham, bamboo sprouts, beans, turnips, plums, peaches, be-bô which is a yellow, sweet, juicy fruit the size of a large plum at home. However we have to be careful not to indulge too freely as the fruits here are generally too acid, even the peach is very sour. We have so much rain this time of year and so little sunshine which I suppose conduces to make fruit less sweet than if ripened by constant sunshine. Andrew Wylie, Jr. is quite a large boy by this time. He is now 7 or 8 years old I believe. If he ever becomes ambassador to China I may yet see him. Petting may do for a girl, but it is the worst thing for a boy, therefore do not pet your

boy and make him an effeminate man. However, Andrew's father will not, I know. "God bless the lad" and may he grow up to be useful, respected & happy. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. L whom I had once the pleasure of seeing.

Your affectionate sister  
M. W. M.

*\*A. H. McGuffey to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cincinnati 15 June '55

My Dear Miss Wylie

The melancholy intelligence conveyed by your letter of 12' inst. rec'd this morning, deeply pains, but does not surprize me. Indeed ever since I saw your brother John, here, on his way to California, I have been unable to bring myself to believe that his recovery was possible, so fatally smitten did he seem. I have seen so much of that terrible disease, that I seem to have an intuition in regard to it. But I have no doubt that his journeyings have prolonged his existence much beyond the period to which it could have been extended to if he had remained at home.

How deeply do I sympathize with you all, now especially with your venerable mother, in this new calamity!

But what a consolation to know, that death was no unexpected foe or unwelcome visitant, and that kind and skillful hands smoothed the last steps, and soothed the last hours of the departed; --that though with strangers, he was still with friends. Oh what hopes, and consolations are the Christian's. -- God is every where, and his Everlasting arms were under and around your expiring brother; and no doubt the consolations of the Saviors presence left no place for the longings after Earthly love and sympathy. Hence forth you (and I too) will have another and tenderer reason for thinking of those beautiful islands with affection--for they are now the resting place of one who was loved by all who knew him.

I do not doubt that God has enabled you all to say, in this, as in former and heavier (if it be possible) sorrows "Thy will be done." How sweet it is to feel to be able to trust all in His hands, and to feel that certainly He does all things well! and to be by this feeling, lifted into the higher and purer atmosphere of unquestioning and Ever reliant faith with goodness and mercy! And then to remember that if we are indeed children of God, our loved ones are only gone before; and that though they cannot come to us again, we shall certainly go to them. This view opens the portals of Eternity to us, and as we pass thitherward, how the soul forgets the clouds which gather around our feet but have no power to rise and obscure the blessed vision of our future home.

God grant that all these and more abundant consolations may be given to your sorrowing hearts.

I thank you for thinking of me in your sorrow, and writing to me thus promptly. I can never cease to be interested in every member of your family; and shall be greatly grateful to hear from you from time to time.

I have not recovered, and shall never recover from the effects of the injury to which you so kindly refer. I am never free from pain, and am at all times very feeble. But I thank God that I am much better than I was some years ago.

My wife unites with me with desire to be kindly remembered by you all  
Truly yours--  
A. H. McGuffey

Miss Elizth Wylie

*\*This is William H. McGuffey's younger brother Alexander who helped William write the fifth & sixth editions of the McGuffey Readers.*

***Anderson M. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Holmesburg June 19<sup>th</sup> 1855

My dear Sister,

I am now seated in this quiet little place & in a still more quiet room. The contrast with the bustle & noise of the city is very great; and the very stillness is painful, but is a great relief to feel once more as if the world is not to swallow & absorb every thing of retirement, reflection & spirituality. My only apology for not writing sooner is, that my time before leaving the city was so much absorbed.

Early this morning I came up, and moving has been uncomfortable as it has been raining quite hard & has been very cool.

My dear sister yesterday I received the copies of those sad letters. The information is painfully indefinite, for day after day have I been looking for particulars, & expecting the melancholy pleasure of a minute & accurate account of the last moments of that dear brother whom I can scarcely realize has left our midst for ever. One & another is taken away & we are all rapidly following in the pathway to the tomb. Oh, then does it not become us to be watching that when the Son of Man cometh he may find us prepared with our lamps burning, to go into the "marriage supper of the Lamb!"

These are sad, sad but great & important lessons & we should know, that in the merciful Providence of God they are for our eternal good, for "He doth not willingly afflict the children of men." Oh that we could fully feel & realize this, then indeed would we be happy & rely on the Providence of God in all things for time & all things for Eternity.

It is a fearful fearful mistake & delusion to depend upon our mortality to save us; for, "all have sinned & come short of the Glory of God." So long as we remain in perfect obedience to the law, like the lightening train upon the track, so long are we safe, but the instant we sin, we are hurled from the way of safety & depending upon ourselves we will be dashed in pieces. Painful as it is to say--any other plea but that of morality, -- Ah, any other plea in the wide universe -- Love every body everything, but God -- Serve every body--serve any thing, but God. Better, far better, had it been for us had we possessed no more feeling than the very stones in the street, or had enjoyed no better opportunities than the darkness of heathendom; than to live in the careless neglect of the constant & oft repeated calls of God's Spirit. God in His mercy grant we may no longer live deaf to His calls & indifferent to His warning Providence. Oh sister tell me why, we rely upon ourselves, why we hug the burden of our sins, and are almost driven to despair; when

we can lay hold of an Arm which is mighty & willing to care to the uttermost. Strange must be our ideas of an unchangeable God, if we for a moment think He will compromise His mercy and justice for such worms of the dust as we. Our ideas of justice & mercy of man to man are very different from this; and yet the confidence we exercise towards God we would scorn to exercise towards our fellow creature, who like ourselves is sinful & has a heart which is deceitful & above all things desperately wicked. Is this a strong picture--it is truth if God is truth; & can we, dare we say any living being has a good heart. If we could see & know our hearts as God does, we could not see them & live; for we would be driven to despair such as none could feel & live. Is the conduct of that excellent man ever objectionable in the smallest degree, then be assured his heart is infinitely worse. Can we think of this for a moment and then not feel the startling necessity of a savior,--a savior who on the simple principles of justice has met & answered the claims which would have fallen on us. Has there been such a savior! Think! If so why do we not acknowledge him. If we were to see the exercise of such ingratitude in man, we would stand amazed & be the first to decry its heinous character, and condemn the ungrateful one. Are we convinced of God's love? How then do we feel towards Him? If we feel not we know where to go for a blessing & we need no preparation, else we would save ourselves? Let us beware of self-righteousness--the rock on which so many are broken.

Hoping and praying that God will support mother, you and all in every trial & bless to us all this sad dispensation of His Providence I commend you to Him & His Grace. Your affect brother

A. M. Wylie

I will write soon agin & speak of my plans &c when I feel more as if I can do it. do write soon & tell me all & how much I desire your safety & welfare will lead me to know more of your trials. -- The enclosed letters I received a day or two since. Tell Jane to write me soon, my dearest love to all--to bro' Andrew & sister Carry

A. M. Wylie

Direct as last summer -- Holmsburg Philadelphia

***Andrew Wylie Jr to Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Saint Louis July 7<sup>th</sup> 1855

Dear Brother

I have no doubt that Carry wrote you all, an account of our journey from Bloomington to Chicago. From Chicago I went to Ogle Co. Ills. and had my business all satisfactorily arranged there. Thence I went by railroad to Burlington Iowa. It is only about 12 hours run between the places. I have purchased the undivided half of about 1100 acres of land about 13 or 14 miles from Burlington, and went out to examine it. It is as noble a body of land as can be found in the state, well timbered, and plentifully watered by springs that never fail, lies high and rolling, has plenty of first rate rock upon it, and as rich as land can be. Above all it is remarkably healthy; no fever and ague near it, and has one of the finest medical springs that I ever saw or tasted, flowing in a stream as thick as my arm. I bought my interest from Mr Withers who purchased from the Government 15 years ago. The other half is owned by a gentleman in this place, and I would like to get that

if it can be had on reasonable terms. Mr Withers sold, and I bought, sight unseen, for \$6000. The Mineral Spring alone is worth more than twice that, and the land would now sell for 15\$ an acre without reference to the spring. Farming there is much easier than it is about Bloomington. Everything almost being done by machinery. There is hardly another such stock farm as this one is, in the whole west. My purpose in writing the above is to say to you, not to make any bargain with Hight. I am revolving a plan by which you may be made as independent as a lord, and the family live in comfort wherever they please. If they should not wish to go with you there, they might reside at Wheeling or any other place they might prefer. If I had things arranged as I wish, I should like nothing better than to pass every summer, at the "Yellow Springs." As to proximity to market, you would be as well off--indeed as to the Southern market better off--than you are at Bloomington. Burlington is a fine growing young city, with a population now of 5 or 6000 I should think, situated on the Mississippi which connects it with the South, and having extensive railroad connections, East, West & North. Consider these things coolly. I will write you again after my own views have been better settled. Don't talk on the subject out of the family.

I shall remain here two or three days more. St. Louis is a great place--far before any other of the Western Cities. With much love for all at home, I am yr affectionate brother

Andrew Wylie

There is a first rate plank road out to the land from Burlington, and it can be easily driven in two hours.

*Lizzie Leeds Wylie, Richmond, Indiana to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

[summer, 1855]

Dear Lizzie

I can hardly persuade myself to take a pen in hand to write to any one The act brings with it so many sorrowful and overwhelming recollections, The last time I held a pen I was engaged in writing to a dear Husband lines that were alas destined never to reach his eye, Oh dear Lizzie what shall I say of this great grief Thee has lost a brother thee knows how much sorrow that brings to thy heart but I have lost more than a brother sister mother or Father I have lost a husband, It seems to me as though I have been suddenly cast from light into darkness my life a wreck, I can hardly yet realize that so much misery is mine. All my thoughts plans hopes aspirations were so intimately entwined with his life that it never seemed to me he could die, I could not believe in so terrible a finale to so great a sacrifice After enduring the torture of so trying a separation for so long a time I could not dream but that the reward would come in the shape of his restoration to health, And then dear Lizzie he almost always wrote so cheerfully to me that even at the time of his death I was dreaming of his speedy return counting the weeks & days until that return but he will never return he is dead dead I shall never again be folded in his dear arms never behold those bright eyes or hear that dear voice all is hushed in death He has gone to join that little band of loved ones that have gone before Oh it is only in the blessed hopes held forth by religion that we can find consolation in the hours of our afflictions, I pray God this great sorrow may sanctify my soul and prepare it for a happy reunion in the abodes of bliss, my health continues about the same I do not have as many hemorrhages as formerly but believe I raise more corruption my neuralgia is about the same. I have just returned from a short

visit to the city the Dr recommended change of air & scene for me so they thought they would take me a short trip first I was much better while there, They wish to take me to the springs next but I have not as yet determined I have quit taking medicine almost entirely substituted riding out every day, When I look back & think how much I have suffered physically as well as mentally I feel surprised that I am as well as I am for more than a year I have suffered with the neuralgia hour on hours I lay awake at night groaning with the most exquisite pain for the last three month I have never slept or but rarely except under the influence of an opiate that of itself is enough to undermine ones health, I have done everything for it. but can find no relief I consulted the Physician of the city but they could recommend nothing but what I had tried They say its my mind causes the neuralgia but cannot understand how it can produce the pain, I have lost my hearing on that side entirely the use of the sinews of my neck just below my ear there is a lump as large as a walnut all caused by this horrible neuralgia, in one respect Im a good deal better [page missing?] Please write if this comes safely to hand

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Washington August 25<sup>th</sup> 1855

My Dear Sister

I am fearful that you will regard me as very fickle of purpose, or hasty in making propositions, when you come to read what follows in this letter.

Unexpected obstacles have prevented my carrying out the plan about which I wrote you a week or ten days ago. Mr. Withers, I found on examination, had made a lease of the farm for seven years, and had bound himself also to sell to his tenant at a fixed price at any time within that period. The tenant is not willing to relinquish his bargain, and thus my cherished hopes are to be disappointed. Mr Withers, when he spoke to me on the subject supposed there would be no difficulty on that scene, but it has turned out otherwise. Besides this, the party who owns the adjoining tract of 114 acres on which the buildings were erected, and which I hoped might be had for a moderate price has advanced his figures so much that I refused to buy of him. This last obstacle, however, would not be insuperable as we might build on the other land a better house than his at a less price than he sets upon his, but the first obstacle is one that cannot be got over. In any event, however, I think you ought to get everything ready for a sale of the home mansion and surrounding property. If that can be sold Redick and I can arrange some plan of operations either to get more land near Bloomington, or for him to go upon the Iowa property, and the rest of the family reside where it may be most pleasant for them. I agree with you all perfectly that there is too much capital locked up in the Bloomington home property.

In order to procure a sale of John's interest with as little delay & trouble as possible, I herewith send John's note to me for \$250, with interest due upon it from the 14th December 1853, making it now about \$300. I have assigned it to Redick so that he may unite it with his own claim, and he can account with me for the proceeds hereafter. In fact I presume the widow [Lizzie Leeds Wylie] and her friends must themselves desire a sale, and would gladly join in the proceedings in court necessary for that purpose.

Carry and Andrew returned a few days ago, altogether unexpectedly to us as in her last letter she

had stated her intention of remaining till the 10th of next month. But as the weather here was pleasant, and this region of country about as healthy as any other, we were enjoying an abundance of fruits, vegetables and other good things of the season, and she had become homesick, she suddenly made up her mind, and came on finding acquaintances & friends to protect her & take charge of her baggage the whole way. They are both much improved in health and looks. She was quite surprised and delighted when I told her of my scheme for you, and is quite disappointed now at its failure. Mariana Lathrop is slowly recovering; & the rest of the family are very well.

Andrew says he liked his visit to Bloomington more than to any other place in his whole journey. He has grown considerably, and is really very strong ruddy and robust.

Your affectionate Brother  
Andrew Wylie

It is not improbable that I may visit you again this fall, on my way to St. Louis: but as yet I have made no mention of my purpose to any one and I don't want you to refer to it in any of your letters. Has Redick sold his wheat? If so what did he get for it?

*Margaret Wylie Martin, Ningpo, China to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

September 20<sup>th</sup> 1855

Dear sister E-

I received your last letter few days since containing the sad news of br. John's death I felt in great measure prepared to hear it as he had been sick so long. It was very unexpected to hear of his poor wife's sickness. I hope she is entirely recovered by this time. Their dear babe, how much I should love to see her, dear little orphan I hope you will do all you can for both Mother and child in giving them your sympathy and help in this their time of need, let us put our confidence in the God of the widow and fatherless who will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him. I was thankful to learn poor John was attended by a kind, humane physician. Was it not a kind providence? How kind is God to prolong his life in giving him time and space for repentance, so long warning beforehand in order to prepare for eternity. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright man for the end of that man is peace". is as true now as in the day of the psalmist. I wrote a letter to br John in July sending them of course too late. I wish husband's uncle Alexander who lives in Lahainaluna could have seen dear John--he would then have had the best of men to sympathise and aid him in every possible way. The first [of] last month husband went to an island 70 miles from here short distance out at sea and found the air & sea bathing so delightful that when Mr Nevins returned to Ningpo, he wrote me to come down immediately, so I got ready in one day, and as br. W- and sis Jane family had determined on going we all went in one boat taking furniture, bedding, cooking utensils, provisions &c to stay a month. We arrived here two days since, much improved, after a stay on the island of six weeks. The difference in temperature between day & night there is only one and sometimes two deg. while the difference here is very often as much as twelve deg. I think I must have given you a description of Potoo\* before as I made a flying visit there two years since, however I will venture to describe it again. It is 4 miles long & two miles broad consisting of a great many high and beautifully cultivated hills; covered with tea shrubs and sweet potatoe vines. There are 2000 priests living in monaster-

ies on the island. These temples are surrounded by beautiful camphor trees with huge trunks & branching limbs. Mr & Mrs Nevins William & Jane husband & myself with my two & Jane's children occupied an old temple 200 years old, the walls of which are more [than] two ft thick; as it is two stories high. We occupied the upstairs, dividing it into rooms by means of Chinese matting. Mrs Nevins gave us a serenade one beautiful moonlight night with her guitar which she took along and played until breaking one or two strings she had to put it by. The gentlemen however made up the loss of guitar by their flutes. Br W- was so much delighted with the island and as he had never before taken any time for recreation since coming to China and as his health required a longer stay than a month, he concluded to go back to Ningpo for another month's provisions (as nothing but rice & tea is raised on the island) so in returning with \$29 worth of things Mr Russel who was with him was also going back with a fresh supply to stay longer and having with him his watch, broadcloth suit &c had all seized by the pirates who boarded their little boat taking everything boat & all. However they reached Potoo in another boat after a few hours, safe & sound without any further loss these pirates never take life if unresisted. They told br W- they had to be pirates or starve as their province (Canton) is in a state of rebellion they could get nothing to do and this is the reason they gave for becoming plunderers. Thirty nine of these large heavily armed vessels were seen in the neighborhood of Chinhoe but they very soon put off to sea when they heard a Steamer was in pursuit. When we came up there were not one to be seen, although we have been gone six weeks we found everything safe as when we left it. The people of this province are the very best specimens of Chinese, they are said to be better educated, more industrious, peaceable than those of many other provinces. The Canton people here are very different, most all of them are pirates.

Dear sister today is four years since our little Willie went to heaven, he was much quicker and brighter than the two little girls, however God is welcome to have the best. He gave him to me and he had a right to take him from me when he pleased. Dear Lib I have been quite busy since I got back sunning and airing everything The rain leaked through the roof and spoiled a degarereotype and several books. I miss your kind helping hand at such times.

\* *Potoo: a retreat from China's summer heat and disease for missionaries and other foreigners; still an international community at the time of WWII*

*Anderson M. Wylie to Margaret Ritchie Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Virginia Seminary Sep 27<sup>th</sup> 1855

My Dear Mother,

This is the day on which I promised to write you in reference to my journey &c. I feel as if I cannot let this evening pass without writing, & to this end I can assure you I am not interrupted by any noise for here, if anywhere silence reigns oppressively supreme. Jane & I arrived at day light in N. Albany. At 8 we went up to Louisville where we remained till 12, and in the mean while we walked about to see the city which I think is very pretty & those streets are especially so which have large yards attached to the houses. By day light on Wednesday we arrived at Cin. where the weather was cold & raining. We went up on the Telegraph No 3 which

is a pleasant boat. We met some pleasant company and a young married lady took quite a fancy to Jane & earnestly requested her to write. At Cin. we learned that the "City of Wheeling" would probably leave in the afternoon. On account of the rain leaving Jane at the boat I went up into the city and after a time I called at Mr [A.H.] McGuffy's where I was received by Mrs McG with her usual cordiality of manner. I thought her even more interesting and beautiful than ever. After inquiring particularly for you all & after other conversation; she told me to go right down to the boat & bring Jane up and take dinner with them. When I said to her that I was on the way to the Seminary, she said she was very much delighted & would give me a double welcome. She spoke very sweetly of Father & brother Samuel while the tears came to her eyes, and it truly seemed I was in the presence of a beloved child of God, and O! that we were all, all such children. The weather being more favorable it was more pleasant for Jane to come up. At dinner Mr McG came in and also a sister to Mrs McG- who is a Mrs Campbell a widower. I never saw finer children than are those of this family. Charley his mother says she hopes will become a minister. We sat some time after dinner when after saying good bye & receiving an invitation always to call; we returned to the boat. We then learned the boat would not leave till next morning. The captain (McClure) who is well acquainted with Mr Bell treated us kindly. That evening he & I went to hear Dr Butler deliver an able address before the Young Mens Ch. Association. As the boat was standing at the wharf, that night we slept little on account of the mosketoes. [An 1846 dictionary lists the following spellings: musquito, musquetoe, moscheto, moschetto, mosquetoe, moschetto, muscheto, muschetto, musketoe, muskitto, musqueto, and musquitto.] Next morning learning the boat would not leave till near noon, we took a ramble through the city went back of it & climbed the high hills from which we had a very fine view. At 2 P.M. on Thursday we left Cin. and realized pleasant travelling in an excellent boat with good fare. On board the time passed pleasantly away & we met the Rev M Winters who is an old beaux of Cousin Mary Letherman's. He proved to be a talkative & agreeable companion. After a little more than two days pleasant sail we arrived at Wheeling Sat. 5 P.M. and I hope thankful to God for our health & safety. They were all looking for us, so we gave them no surprise. Irene was up & nursing a fine, large, blue eyed boy, of whom she might well feel a mother's pride. Birdie is still thin but better. Aunt Jane has suffered another severe attack & talks of soon returning to Baltimore. Mr Bell I thought looked very well indeed. Sister is surprisingly large & weighs about 165 lbs. The time passed rapidly & pleasantly away. Mr Bell is exceedingly kind in his own house. The likeness which poor John sent is very much as we saw him about four years since, and is a very good one. The shells are beautiful and of a rare kind. On Sunday morning I went to hear Mr Perkins, who seems to be a fine man. After dinner Mr Bell & I walked over to see uncle William [Ritchie], who expressed great gratification at seeing me. Truly if there is an earthly being fit for Heaven he is the one. It is like breathing a sacred atmosphere to be near him. Cousin Amy & family are well. In the evening Mr Bell & I went down to hear Dr McCabe, who is considered an excellent preacher. Monday morning I visited the Belmont works & learned something. The day passed rapidly, and I much regretted I had so little time to spend in Wheeling. At 11 oclck Monday night I left W. for Baltimore, or rather for the Relay House, to connect with the Washington train. During the night I slept but little on account of my desire to see the mountain views by a bright moonlight. The senery in several parts is almost equal to any thing of the kind in Va, or in many other of the romantic wilds throughout the country. I had intended to stop in Baltimore, but found I had not time & Carry had written me to come on as soon as I could. After a short delay I arrived in Washington on Tuesday evening at 7 1/2 oclck, and then took the omnibus for Alexandria. Andrew

& Carry met me at the door & said they must now do what they had never done before & that was to entertain their guest at the hotel, for half in the house were sick. Their cook was dangerously ill, Mr Lathrope is very sick & so of Mrs L-, and they were much worn with night watching &c. I was received with much kindness & after a nice supper I with Andrew went to the hotel where I had a nice night's rest. Wednesday I spent pleasantly at Mr Bryan's and think still more of Carry who is the soul of kindness & looks even better than I expected to find her. Anny [Andrew Wylie III] is all I expected to see and is a charming child. In the evening they came out to the Seminary with me. The rooms are large & airy but are furnished in a limited manner & I will have to get many more things than I expected. Out of more than forty rooms all but two were taken, and now all are taken, and some of the students will have to room together. I was not a little surprised to learn that young Henry Wise is to study theology here. I have not yet seen him but Andrew says he is one of the finest young men he has ever met with. The session will not properly begin till Monday & to day I have been in town attending to some things for my room such as towels curtains &c. When Andrew came home he said to the little boys he had some news to read to them. Anny's eyes fairly danced, but when some little time was taken up in reading about the cotton market &c he was much disappointed; but you should have seen him when the news of the downfall of Sabastopol was read out; he gave one leap up, then fell on the floor & kicked up & rolled over, then ran out to tell everyone. He is much delighted with the present you sent him & parades out the cup every day. I go up to W- to morrow. From the seminary is the very finest view in all this country including many miles around with Washington, Alexandria. As the students sell to each other many of their things I have just been much amused at a little auction a funny fellow amongst them has had in the enjoining rooms. But I must now close and say much more anon. Love to all, Mary, children, &c &c

Your affect. son Anderson M. Wylie

P.S. Tell sister Liz to write soon & direct to Epis. Sem. Alex. & tell Redick by all means to sell his wheat if he can get a reasonable price, for when in Cin. it was but \$1.00.

***N. S. Leeds to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington***

Richmond Nov 21<sup>st</sup> /55

To Miss Lizzie Wylie,

My Sister not yet being sufficiently restored to health to write, requests me to answer your last letter,

I do not know that any material change has taken place since I wrote you last, She seems to linger along in a very delicate state of health, we do not suppose she will ever recover, The Doctor now thinks it is hardly probable she will continue longer than spring,

Little Irene is in good health, fat & blooming, rosey cheeked as any child you ever kissed,

Very Truly,

N. S. Leeds

1856

*George Miller to Jane M. Wylie, Glendale, Ohio*

Danville Ky. Jan 29<sup>th</sup> 1856

Miss Jennie:

I am well aware of the prejudices existing in the minds of many persons, against Ladies and Gentlemen corresponding. This prejudice, I admit, is to some extent just. As there is a manifest impropriety in such correspondence, when carried on indiscriminately. Yet the propriety or impropriety should be left to the discretion of a sound and well matured mind. Such discretion is the province of the lady to use. She is the one consulted. If she considers herself not sufficiently well acquainted with the gentleman; or thinks it inadvisable to cultivate his acquaintance; or if she have any other reasons, it is her privilege and even her duty to take these things into consideration and then to act as the premises demand and judgement dictates. I make these premises, not knowing what may be your particular bias on this subject. It has always afforded me great pleasure to have some one or more Ladies, whom I admired, among the number of my correspondents. It has ever exerted a happy influence upon me. Now if in your judgement our acquaintance will justify it, I should be very happy indeed to begin a correspondence with you. And in whatever light you may view this request, I trust you will be charitable enough to inform me. If you decline, please drop a line to that effect, and to not resort to that most heartless of sarcasms -- silence -- yes silent contempt. Above all things I love candor. I should perhaps modify this, But I do admire candor. I hope you are having a pleasant time at Glendale. All the friends are well "Especialy Mr. Mutchmore."

We are having rather a gay time here now, there being many strangers in the city. We had a wonderful breaking up of ice and bad colds within the last twenty four hours. I presume you have many pleasant sleigh rides. I presume you received the "Fly Leaf," that elegant specimen of literary production so characteristic of a woman Southerners genius. – But I will not weary your patience until I hear from you once. Hoping to receive some manifestation from you soon, I close my "brief note," and request the privilege of remaining

Your friend,  
George Miller

*N. S. Leeds to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington*

Richmond Feb 19<sup>th</sup> 1856

To Miss Lizzie Wylie  
Dear Miss,

My Sister Lizzie is still in very delicate health. The Doct. gives no hopes of her recovery, She does not suffer so much with nuralgia as some time back, owing probably to

increased weakness, She often remarks she is half dead, Her eyesight is partially affected, Her hearing half gone, & one half of her person paralyzed to such an extent, as to render her almost helpless. The only tie that seems to connect her with earth, is her Darling Babe, Little Irene. For her sake only she desires to live. Within a few days her limbs have commenced swelling which I believe is considered an unfavorable symptom, She sends her love to you, your Mother & sister & wishes to be remembered kindly to all your friends.

When the weather moderates, I will have little Irene's Ambrotype taken and sent to you, She is still a beautiful child & have no doubt you will esteem it highly, All her friends think she looks very much like her father, His hair, Forehead eyes & complexion We think she is very intelligent for one so young, that she acquires ideas and retains them with facility

I hope you will excuse me for not writing oftener, It is not because Libby has forgotten you, Oh no, she has made several attempts, but her strength fails, We have no letter writer in our Family, If you had a crop of Wheat, or a drove of Hogs for sale I presume I could write you a letter & consider I had not wrought a miracle, To write a letter to a Lady (I'm a bashful young man) my ideas suddenly become confused, The "Vertigo" but imperfectly conveys to you an idea of the confusion wherewith I am possessed

We received a letter from your Uncle McKee, in California, over a year ago, stating, that the Doctors effects had been disposed of, & realized something over two Hundreds Dollars, which he would forward to Mrs. Wylie, I answered him to furnish [a] Tombstone for the Doctor's grave, and remit the balance, since which time, we have not heard from him. Do you know if the Tombstone has been furnished?

Very Truly  
Your Friend  
N. S. Leeds

To Miss Lizzie Wylie  
Bloomington Inda

*N.S. Leeds to Elizabeth Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Richmond March 24<sup>th</sup> 1856

To Miss Lizzie Wylie:

Our dear sister Lizzie, died this morning between Three & Four O'Clock, She was down to tea yesterday evening apparently as well as usual This morning between One & Two she aroused sister Kate, telling her she was very happy & did not think she would last long, By the time her friends were gathered around her bedside she was unconscious, She died without an effort or a groan, Thus passed away a gentle & loving Spirit to a better & happier home, Her life on earth was one of sorrow & trouble. I hope she is reunited to her first & only love in a future where sorrow casts no shadow & all is joy & peace

Very Truly Yours  
N.S. Leeds

To Miss Lizzie Wylie  
Bloomington Ind<sup>a</sup>

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington*

Washington 24 July 1856 [One month after Elizabeth's marriage]

My Dear Sister, Elizabeth

I received in due course of mail, your letter from Detroit, and at the same time one from Irene, and one from Mr. Bell. Carry and I consulted together over their melancholy contents and agreeing in our views wrote to the family in Bloomington, supposing you would have returned thither by the time the letters arrived. Since then we have been looking daily for another letter which we hoped would contain more agreeable intelligence; but none has come. Is it possible that matters remain unchanged? I can see but one course which as a sensible, prudent woman it is possible for you to pursue. You must gird up your strength, and with cheerfulness address yourself to the performance of all the duties required by your new relation. It is too late to look back. Nor do I see any cause why you should despond as to the future. You can be contented and happy unless you resolve to make yourself otherwise. The cause of your distress is wholly imaginary. Let the past be forgotten, employ yourself constantly in the performance of your duties – read proper works when you can find the leisure to read, labor even with your hands part of every day, seek the society of sensible and agreeable persons as much as possible, look at the reality of your condition, and see how much better it is than your terrors have painted it – If you do all this – and it is not difficult to do – you will soon find how foolish have been your fears, and how unfounded the misery which you have permitted yourself to be tormented with. David recommends, as the best cure he has ever known for a “mind diseased”, like yours, the careful perusal of a small work by Swedenborg called “The Divine Providence.” If I can get it here, I will send it to you. But I do hope ere this letter reaches you, its advice will be unnecessary and that it will find you already “clothed and in your right mind.” There are few indeed of the sons and daughters of Adam, exempt from sore trials at some period of their lives. A brave heart and cheerful spirit will carry us triumphant through them all. I know of nothing which could crush the spirit, like a cureless malady. But that affliction, thank God, does not weigh upon you. You have committed no crime, you ought therefore to feel no remorse; your husband is an honest reputable man, you should therefore feel no disgrace. If he is poor, industry economy and harmony at home would, at all times, make you contented, and they are certain to lead you to prosperity in the future. Sometimes we see persons making themselves miserable because they are not in the condition of others. Those others whom they envy are perhaps making themselves also miserable, at the same time, because of some fancied advantages which they see still others enjoying. No body can be contented in this way – You may begin at the lowest and ascend through every rank & condition of life to the highest and amongst them in the highest condition, you will find some as unhappy as in any of them all. We must consider only ourselves in this respect, and live as far as possible independent of these outside circumstances. How foolish would it be that you (for example) should fret yourself because you have not had the opportunity to be a belle in some fashionable society, or to figure as one at the summer resorts of gay and brilliant company. This was beyond your circumstances, nature had not fitted you for such a life, and if you had made the attempt to figure in that way, you would certainly have been disappointed, mortified, and unhappy. We all possess from nature different gifts. You have mind, intelligence, and a natural flow of spirits, and had with these great advantages a comfortable home, and enough to live upon. You

ought not be discontented. I have seen enough of the world, and experienced enough in myself to have learned not to care where I am, or in what honest business I am to labor. I could go back now to Bloomington and be quite indifferent whether there were other better places in the world or not. Indeed I regard it as one of the most beautiful and desirable situations I have ever seen. Work, employment though, I must have, else would my mind like yours, become the wretched habitation of a thousand absurd, yet tormenting fancies. Remember me affectionately to Mr. M. & all the dear family at home. Yr aff. brother Andrew

Redick, tell me how the season has been with you & all about your farming & crops. Here we are perishing with the drought, & hot weather. I shall get next to nothing from my place this year.

1857

*Irene Wylie Bell, Wheeling, (West) Virginia to Andrew Wylie, Jr. Letter from William B. Sprague to Rev. William Wylie enclosed, with comments added by Irene (those comments here placed in brackets).*

January 5<sup>th</sup> [1857]

Dear Andrew,

I forward you this letter at Uncle William's request, and he desires you to answer it for him. His is too feeble to undertake the task. I wrote down a few answers to the questions in pencil, [these are inserted above, contained in brackets] as we talked over the subject together. I wrote you two weeks ago which letter I hope has reached you. I wrote Anderson on Christmas. Please write us soon. Love to Carry Anny  
Your affectionate sister Irene

[Enclosed letter, with comments in brackets, follows.]

Albany

26 Dec 1856

Rev. and dear Sir,

I wrote to my friend the Rev. Dr. Joseph Smith some time ago asking for the material for a brief sketch of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, for a work in which I am engaged commemorative of the prominent deceased clergymen of this country. He referred me to you, noting that Dr. Wylie was your brother; and unless my memory greatly deceives me, I wrote to you immediately on the subject, but not having received an answer, I have always supposed that my letter did not reach you. What I wish to obtain is not an estimate of his character—for Dr. Baud has furnished me that already—but the facts necessary to a brief sketch of his life. All that would be necessary to my purpose might be included in the answers to some such questions as the following: When and where was he born {in Washington County, about 1765}; what were the names of his parents {Adam & Elizabeth}; how did he spend his early years {with the family on the farm & at common school}; under whose instruction did he prepare College {under Uncle William who gave him instructions in Latin and Greek}; at what college was he educated {At Jefferson College}; when did he enter and when graduate; did he teach a school after having College {yes}, if so, where and how long; when did he make a profession of religion {about his 17<sup>th</sup> year} & what church did he join; under whom did he study theology {Dr. Anderson}; what was the history of his connection with Jefferson College; when and by what body was he licensed to preach {By the Ohio Presbytery}; where did he commence his public labours; when and where was he first settled {As president of Jefferson College and preached there in the neighborhood} and when did he leave the place; when and where was he settled afterwards and for how long a time; when did he join the Episcopal Church and what led to it; when was he seated in that church; did he continue to preach till near the close of life; what was the nature and duration of his last illness and what the time & circumstances of his death; when and to whom was he married; how many

children had he and did any of them enter any of the liberal professions; did he leave a widow and does she still live; what are the titles and dates of his publications. Any other interesting facts in his history would of course be thankfully received.

I have yet another favor to ask of you—I have occasion to refer in a note to the Rev. James Adams, who, I understand, was settled for a time in your vicinity in the Presbytery of Ridstone. Can you tell me where he originated, where he received his education, where he received his ministry, and when & where he died?

Hoping you will excuse me, stranger as I am to you, for making myself so troublesome, I am,

My dear sir,

With great regard

Faithfully yours,

W. B. Sprague

Rev. W. Wylie

{Uncle says it would be well to mention that father's father was brother to the late Dr. Wylie of Philadelphia.}

*Anderson M. Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla*

Theo'l Seminary

Fairfax Co Va Jan 19<sup>th</sup> 1857

My Dear Sister

Your letter I received upon returning to the Sem, day before yesterday, after spending my holidays in Philad' & Baltimore. I cannot now write a very long letter to you for I am really so pushed with work that I do not know to what to turn first. I have certainly written two or three letters to you that you have never received, for you make no mention of them & it was but a few weeks since when I wrote you quite a long one. I spent a little over two weeks in Philad and enjoyed myself in a quiet, but very great degree. Quite a number of students went on and we were shown a great deal of attention, but not enough I think to spoil us, for can say for myself that I am glad to get back to my delightful Sem. Life. Oh it is delightful to be employed for God, and as for me I ought to be singing His praises all the time, for surely there are few who have been more highly blessed than I. I found my friends in Philad, as usual. Craig [D. Ritchie] sends his love to you. Will Letterman & I took our Christmas dinner with Mrs. Dorsey, and spent the afternoon & evening with Craig who is very successful at entertaining. I did not meet Theo Jr. who did not come down. Theo Sr's Church is now about the largest in the city & recently there were nearly 80 added to the communion. I stopped in Balt, for two days. All except Aunt Jane were well. These relatives I have reason to esteem very highly, for they treat me just as one of the family, & few men are more highly beloved than Dr. L. [Letherman]. Though I met with a great many young ladies I am not yet seriously affected & from present prospects there is no telling when I will, for it seems much farther off than four years since.

Dear sister I pray you may be happy in your new situation, and by looking to God I know you will be prepared for any situation in life. Oh if we would all simply commit our all to God, who has assured us of His infinite love in giving his only Son, & that he therefore with him will freely

give us all things. Let us then take God at his word & try him for he loves to be tried & the more helpless we feel ourselves to be then the more need of our casting ourselves helplessly at the foot of the cross.

I have just received letters from Margaret. She writes in her usual Christian spirit & expresses their purpose to remain. The news about their coming home I heard from Miss Palmer, who received it from William's wife. The missionaries are very anxious to retain Samuel, whose personal influence with the natives is very great, & though he cannot preach or teach he may do a great deal of good, and he thinks he would here be better though he should come home. I hear from Mr. Rankin that William is considered a perfect prodigy a wonder in China & they have in no way ever had his equal. Our Sem. is coming on as usual, & we now have very bitter cold weather. The ordinary course here is three years 9 mo each session, & this you know is my second year. I could if it were best obtain deacon's orders next summer. Andrew & family are as usual. Andrew have not seen since my return. I was very glad to hear from all our friends in Chicago & hope you will give them my love, especially Mrs. Davidson. You speak of the churches. I hope if you can find a real earnest evangelical preacher you will go to the Ep. Ch. but I know but little of the ministers in Chicago: but sister you know it is very important & in this as in all things may God direct you into the right. – Just heard from California. They are all coming on as usual. John is up in Scott's valley trying to sell his ranche & they say Dan is a very promising boy. Remember me very kindly to your husband, & do write soon

your affect bro.

Anderson M. Wylie

*Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomington  
Feb 24<sup>th</sup> 1857

Dear Brother,

Yours of the 15<sup>th</sup> of Jan was received in due time. Intended to have complied with your requests immediately, but Mother wished me to wait until she could have her ambrotype taken to send to Anderson in the same box (He having several times requested her to send it to him by the first opportunity). The weather here has been remarkable in its behavior. From the 1<sup>st</sup> of Dec to about the 1<sup>st</sup> of February we had one uninterrupted freeze, the ground not having thawed through once, the thermometer often going down to 20 below zero. Since which time the wind has turned to the south, and we have had warm weather, part of the time too warm to have a fire. During the first week of Feb the wind blew a perfect gale, on Friday night of which, it almost blew a hurricane. Yesterday was the first day for about a month sufficiently clear to copy Father's daguerreotype, which Mother wished to send along with her own. Which accounts for the long delay. The copy is not a good one, but it is the best we could get in this place. I collected all the printed speeches of Father's in the [word missing as he turned the page] also his work on rhetoric and his lectures to young men, and any others I thought would be of any use to you. The work on rhetoric does not seem to be finished, if it was cannot find all of it. Prof Wylie says that it ought to be published, and that if it was he thinks it would be a text book in a good many of the schools and colleges. Says that he is very sure the work was finished, that Father told him so before his death.

When Prof Wylie moved to Oxford Ohio, Mother gave him the "Lectures to young men," to see if he could not have them published in Cincinnati, at the publisher's risk. Before going he got Elizabeth to write down all she knew of Father's life in order that he might write a preface to the work, which he did, but did not succeed in having it published on those terms. All of which papers I sent in the box.

Did not think it necessary to send any of the sermons, except the printed ones which I could find. There are a great many of his printed speeches which are not in the house. Think that Anderson has a more perfect file than I could send you.

The box not being full, thought that I would send Bishop Burnet's works to Anderson. Received the other day a package of seeds from Uncle David Ritchie for which please give him my thanks. In your letters you do not mention his name. We would be glad to hear how he is doing, etc.

Received a letter from Jane last night. She sent me the teacher's report for Jan, on which all her lessons are marked perfect. Mother and myself get along better than I had expected. Mother is not inclined to visiting, hardly ever goes out anywhere except across to Mrs. Read's. When they leave in the spring do not know what she will do. She has a plenty of work to do, not less than when Jane & Liz were at home, but more. If she did not have it, she would find it in some way or other.

The cough you speak of is more of a clearing of the throat, a dry, parchey sensation which seems to be seated in the upper part of my throat. This seems to leave me at times, but will return if I take the slightest cold. Am better than when Irene was out.

Will enclose a note you gave Jane when you were out last, which she intended to have sent you when it was paid, but could not find it. Told me to send it, but forgot to do it in my last.

You request me to give you the family record which you will find on the following page. The date of Mother's birth is not in it. It is in an old Bible which mother thinks Uncle David has. Your affectionate brother

R. M. Wylie

Mother joins me in love to Carry and little Andrew

Andrew Wylie senior & Margaret Ritchie were married by Dr. McMillan, May 6<sup>th</sup> 1813

Andrew Wylie senior was born April 12<sup>th</sup> 1789

Andrew Wylie Junior was born February 25<sup>th</sup> 1814

William was born Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1816 at 5 O'Clk A.M.

Mary Ann was born Sept 15<sup>th</sup> 1817 ditto

Craig was born April 25<sup>th</sup> 1819 ditto

Elizabeth was born April 1<sup>st</sup> 1821 at 4 O'Clk P.M.

John Hosaiiah was born Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 1823 at 5 O'Clk P.M.

Samuel Theophylact was born Jan 2<sup>nd</sup> A.D. 1825 at 4 O'Clk P.M.

Margaret was born December 23<sup>rd</sup> 1826 at 6 O'Clk P.M.

Irene Catharine was born March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1828 at 3 O'Clk P.M.

Redick McKee Wylie was born May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1831 ditto

Anderson McElroy Wylie was born December 12<sup>th</sup> 1833

Jane Melheme Wylie was born May 9<sup>th</sup> 1839

Deaths

William Wylie died on Wednesday night 9 O'Clock March 18<sup>th</sup> 1835 of Typhoid Pneumonia, caused by sudden & intense cold after violent exertion

Craig R. Wylie died at R. Miller's after a few days illness of the congestive fever, 23<sup>rd</sup> July 1840

Samuel T. Wylie died at Cincinnati on the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup> of December 1850 of Typhoid Fever after a tedious illness of fifty-two days

Andrew Wylie Senior died at 2 O'clock P.M. on Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> of November 1851 after a short and severe illness (inflammation of the lungs) of three days

John H. Wylie died at Lihua sugar plantation Kanai Sandwich Islands of consumption, Saturday March 10<sup>th</sup> 17 min. to 8 O'clock A.M. 1855

***William Buell Sprague to Andrew Wylie, Jr.***

Albany  
28 Nov '57

My dear Sir,

In making out my sketch of your venerable father, I find myself so lame at several points that seem to me of a good deal of importance that I am sure you will pardon the liberty I take in troubling you yet once more, though I believe it will chiefly be by the repetition of inquiries already made. I wish particularly to know when he was licensed to preach and when ordained; whether he ever had a pastoral charge or any particular place for preaching; from what college he received the degree of D. D.; and when he changed his ecclesiastical relations, and whether there were any circumstances of special interest connected with the change. I wish also for a bit of his publications with the dates—every thing that was not published in periodicals. If you cannot furnish a complete list, I should be glad to have it as far as you can make it. I wish to put my Episcopal sketches to press with as little delay as possible, and therefore shall be glad to receive your answer as soon as may suit your convenience.

I am, my dear Sir,  
With great regard,  
Truly Yours  
W. B. Sprague

P.S. Can you tell me the Christian name of your maternal grandfather, and his residence at the time of your father's marriage? How many children had your father in all?

Note: His article on AW appeared in the *Annals of the American Pulpit: Episcopalian*, v. 5 pp. 770-789.

***Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.***

Bloomington  
Dec 15<sup>th</sup> 1857

Dear Brother,

Your letter asking the dates of some of the principal events of our dear father's life was not received until about a week after it was written. And of course I could not give an answer sooner. I have been looking over the papers & manuscripts and could not get any information from them excepting from his diploma and his certificate of ordination from Bishop Kemper. This ordination took place at Vincennes on the 29<sup>th</sup> of May 1842, at which time and place father was admitted to the second order of priests by Bishop Kemper.

Father received his diploma from Jefferson College on the 4<sup>th</sup> of Oct 1810, Jacob Dunlap being president, and James McMillan and Samuel Miller Professors. Mother thinks that he was licensed to preach when he was about twenty three. I was not able to ascertain the time he left the Presbyterian Church, nor the college from which he received the degree of D. D. Should anything turn up that I can find these dates, will let you know.

Lizabeth says that all the information of which she was possessed on this subject she committed to writing in the shape of a preface to one of Father's works which Theophilus intended to have published in Cincinnati, both of which I sent to you in the box.

We are all getting along as usual. Liz seems to be perfectly cheerful and well & has gained much flesh. John McCalla has sold out his interest in their establishment at Chicago. He did not make anything, but will loose his time & the interest of his money. They are both here and intend staying this winter. John makes himself very useful. The babe is increasing in size, and strengthening her voice. They have not named it yet. Jane calls it Jemima, for an old maid in Glendale. We rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Margaret a few days ago. They were all as usual except Samuel whose health was no better. He will not consent to come back as long as he can do anything there. He employs his time in translating writing and teaching.

Business is very dull here, farmer's products are ruling much lower than they were 6 months ago. Wheat is from .50 to .65 per bu; apples .25 to .40; corn .25 and other things in proportion. Hogs are selling at \$4.00 a hundred gross or \$5.00 net. My wheat crop was very poor, both in quality and quantity. The corn crop was very good, but somewhat injured by the frost. The wheat that I sowed this year in July has been injured to some extent by the fly. It is very rarely that we are pestered by them. Is the reason why I sowed so early in the season. The apple crop turned out very well and are keeping finely. The fence around the orchard has almost paid for itself the first year. Have rather concluded to buy Anderson's interest out in order to help him along, and to invest my surplus funds. Think I can pay for the most of it before the 1<sup>st</sup> of January next, but do not know how or in what shape it would be best to send it. Any information on this point, or any other, would be thankfully received from you. Give our best love to Carry and little Andy.

Very affectionately  
Your Brother  
Redick

*Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, IN to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomington  
Dec 22, 1857

Dear brother,

Your last was received in due time, but not in time am afraid to do Anderson much good before Christmas. Have done my best to forward a check or money in time for him to get it before he started, but was disappointed in not being able to procure a check or the bills you spoke of sooner. When I first went to the bank they had no eastern exchange but expected to have some the next day so had to wait one day. But in this they were disappointed and had to send to Louisville.

I have bought a check on the corn exchange bank for which I paid 2 ½ per cent premium, not being able to do better. The check calls for five hundred dollars (\$500.00). Have sent to your order, knowing that Anderson would likely be away from home. The reason I bought the check is that I noticed in the papers that exchange between Baltimore and New York was 4 per cent in favour of the latter place.

Please acknowledge this as soon as possible and let me know whether when I send the balance it would be better to send another check or bills. We are all well. Nothing new. Wrote you all the news a few days since.

Redick M. Wylie

1858

*Alfred Ryors to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Danville, Ky.  
Jan 7, 1858

Dear sir,

My acquaintance with the late Dr. Andrew Wylie began in the spring of the year 1844. He was then apparently in a vigorous old age, gray of head & slightly bald, a heavy, square-built man, with a firm & determined bearing, & certainly possessing great muscular power. His countenance indicated strong passions, much decision of character, & great firmness of will; & all these became more & more evident upon closer observation & longer acquaintance.

In social intercourse he was most genial & entertaining, abounding in humor & anecdote. But it was in the small circle of well known friends, rather than in the large assembly that he most attracted attention. He seemed to seek enjoyment, rather than an occasion for display, in the company of others.

As a preacher, in his later years, he was generally too calm & unimpassioned to be much sought after by the multitude. When, however, circumstances called him to put forth his strength, & he became fully aroused, he was most impressive & eloquent. At such times he would surprise & delight every auditor with his energy & power.

All his habits of life were plain & simple. Rising, always, at an early hour, he spent most of the day, when not engaged at the University, in diligent study. Few American divines or scholars have been more extensively read in the ancient classics & the older English authors. Aristotle was, with him, a special favorite.

In debate, whether he attacked or defended, he was a most vigorous & formidable opponent, & he sometimes uttered himself in words of such scathing severity as were not likely soon to be forgotten. An example now occurs to me. Upon occasion of an investigation by the Board of Trustees of the University, (Indiana), into some misconduct of a portion of the students, the Doctor, in a speech before the Board, the students, & a large number of others, called one of the Library Societies of the University "a nest of Yahoos." The president of the Board, interrupting him, inquired what a Yahoo was—with the utmost promptness, yet the most deliberate emphasis, he replied,—"A Yahoo, Sir, is a man in form, & a beast in nature." I recall another similar example which was communicated to me by himself, though it belongs rather to the category of deeds than of words, & is not more illustrative than amusing. Returning from the village, whither he had been to visit a sick lady, he perceived that he was to meet a gentleman with whom he was not at that time in friendly relations, upon a log & narrow foot-bridge. (The bridge was composed of two flattened logs, laid side by side over a small brook, containing little water & much mud. It was too narrow for persons to pass each other on it without difficulty: if parties approached it from opposite directions, at the same time, one would generally wait until the other had passed over.) The Doctor, being persuaded that his neighbor would not wait for him, & resolved not to defer so much to one whom he regarded with so little favor, steadily advanced along the bridge, while the other did the same, anticipating the result, as he said, from

the principal in physics, that in the impact of two unequal bodies moving with equal velocities, the less must give way to the larger. The Doctor, consequently, as he had foreseen, passed safely over, giving a shock, however, to the other in their collision, which sent him into the wake & mud below. But these incidents, though they illustrate one of Dr. Wylie's moral susceptibilities, are as far as possible from representing him in his ordinary intercourse—he was generally most kind & considerate both in language & manner; & you might have been in intimate relations with him for years & have seen little or nothing of the characteristics to which I have just adverted.

As I have already intimated, an iron strength of purpose was undoubtedly one of the leading features in the character of this great & good man. Any attempt at intimidation would arouse all his energies into the most vigorous resistance. No odds of physical or moral force against him, when thus aroused, could deter him from the encounter. It could not otherwise be than that this lofty & intrepid spirit, acting amidst conflicting interests, should sometimes awaken strong dislike & even violent opposition; but it is a proof of his great ability & resources that, notwithstanding this, he maintained till his death a position in the University & an influence in the State of Indiana, which numerous parties sought unsuccessfully to subvert.

I am, dear sir,  
With great respect,  
Very truly yours  
Alfred Ryors

*Craig D. Ritchie to cousin Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

829 Arch St. Philadelphia Pa.  
Wednesday, April 28<sup>th</sup> 1858.

My dear Jane

Your last letter has been sometime waiting for an answer. Whether you have also been waiting or not I cannot say, but my egotism leads me to expect that you have, and as I am so great a lover of the female sex & especially of those that are so young and pretty as yourself my dear coz. that I cannot allow one of them to have the slightest wish for anything of me without my seeking to gratify that wish immediately, so supposing as I said before that you wish for a letter I am determined to gratify that wish at an outlay of time, trouble and expense as follows, -- having nothing to do I can well spare the few minutes necessary to write a letter, as my business is to write & one of my recreations is to scribble of course the trouble is incalculable, and as for the expense I may enumerate the wear of the pen, the fractional part of a cent represented by the ink and the paper, and the immense, overwhelming, enormous, extraordinary amount of postage I shall be happy to pay. So having enumerated some of the items attendant upon the production of this letter, leaving entirely out of view the wear of my coat sleeve by rubbing over the desk and the destruction of brain fibre (for which I must eat an extra amount of supper which in its turn will help to wear out my teeth and stomach), I think I shall have the right to insist upon adequate remuneration for the aforesaid time trouble and expense which remuneration if I were with you I should take out in kisses but as I am not shall insist upon receiving in a letter, and that very soon.

I regret very much that you have not been here this winter, so that we could have passed

many pleasant evenings at the Opera together. You have never been at one, but as I feel certain you will not be so cruel as to delay a visit East longer than next winter, it is a pleasure you will yet enjoy – Imagine a beautiful night, and the walk of a few squares bringing you in front of a large stone building 250 feet deep 100 feet high & of proportionate breadth. Carriages are arriving and departing every moment and crowds entering at all the doors. We go in & crossing a very broad hall find ourselves after passing through another door in the midst of the house & soon comfortably seated in our reserved seats. Lowest of all the seats is the parquette, a little higher but on the first floor the parquette circle, Above that the balcony, still higher the Family circle & highest of all the ampitheatre. We of course are in the balcony if seats could be had there, if not then in the parquette circle. If we could not obtain seats therein we would be at home. Over all an immense chandelier with several hundred gas lights sheds plenty of radiance & all around are well dressed beautiful women with bare heads, necks & arms, glittering with flowers and jewels. Then when the large orchestra opens with the music of Mozart, Verdi, Beethoven, Donizetti or Rossini, & the curtain rises upon the scenery of the best artists in the United States & picked singers & actresses from France & Italy discourse to us the masterpieces of music, -- if you are not enraptured you never will be. We go often & then you begin to criticize. Come to Philadelphia & my imagination shall be reality.

I have not been as often this winter as I hoped to be & hope to be next. Business has been so dull & so few bills paid that I have not had the cash to spare. Besides that I have been buying a good many books, engravings & coins. The latter is rather a recent mode of spending money I have entered into. I am collecting a set of cents half cents, dollars & half dollars & colonial pieces – My set of cents is nearly perfect & my set of half cents & half dollars approximating to a conclusion. The cents of some of the years, 1793, 1799 & 1804 for instance are very scarce and costly. I have myself given \$1.50 for a cent of the liberty cap pattern of 1793 & have known 4 & 5 dollars given for cents. An acquaintance gave \$27.50 for a Washington half dollar not long ago. Such fancy prices I cannot afford. There are about 400 regular collectors here.

I paid a visit this morning to Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture of "The Horse Fair" for which she received \$7000. It is a very large and magnificently painted picture, done in a manner that would render famous any master, how much more such a subject so treated by a woman. The horses are like life, the figures seem to stand out from the canvas, the only part at all weak is a few trees in the distance.

Will Letterman has permanently settled here, and is doing well. Of course it will take some time for any young doctor to get a start in the world, he making his expenses the first year being somewhat better than usual, but this I fancy Will will do.

I have not heard directly from Anderson for some time, but understand he will be on here in May, by which time I suppose the odor of sanctity will be very fresh upon him, as I think he expects to be ground out into a preacher by that time. I hope he will succeed in getting a call somewhere in this neighborhood as I like to spend some hours frequently with him, & I should like to see if my preaching could not make him less ascetic than I fear he inclines to be. Besides if he gets settled here you may come on.

Business is horridly dull. I should like to be making a fortune but I don't see any opening to make my salt just now, so I smoke my cigar, speculate in coins and wait like Micawber for something to turn up, and look forward with mingled impatience and fear for the end of May to come when strawberries will come too, with impatience to eat them & fear lest I shall not have any money to buy any with.

Give my love to cousin Mary & her husband & family. Also to Cousin Lib & Aunt Margaret & Redick & believe me now & ever  
 Your affectionate Cousin  
 Craig D. Ritchie

Miss Jane M. Wylie  
 Bloomington, Indiana

**Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.**

Bloomington  
 May 4<sup>th</sup> 1858

My Dear Brother,

Having received a letter from Anderson a short time since, stating that he would very likely need some money in his contemplated trip, I now enclose you a check of three hundred dollars, for him. Had others met their engagements with me I would have been enabled to pay him all which was coming to him. I have succeeded in collection as well as could have been expected considering the times. Say to him, for me, that if he needs or should need the balance very much (before I send it him) by letting me know a while beforehand I will try and get it for him. I paid 1 ¼ per cent premium for the check.

You must have had a hard time of it at Richmond, especially after having spent the most of the winter there, and then fail in your object at last. Did you see the Wises there? The Governor does not seem to be so hot-headed and rash as was supposed he would be when first elected. He seems to have taken quite conservative grounds with regard to the Lecompton bill.

Elizabeth got a letter from Carry a few days ago. She brags very much about her baby. We would be very glad to see it. Can't you come out with her and little Andy this summer and give us a visit? Liz's baby is said to be the best looking baby in town. It hardly ever cries, is very fat and rosey, is beginning to crawl and is teething.

Elizabeth is now as well as could be expected. She had a sore on her nose (which perhaps you will remember for it was there when you was out last). This sore turned out to be a lupus as the physicians call it. Dr. McPheeters advised her to employ a cancer Dr. who lives in Morgantown to treat it. She did so. He burned entirely too much of her nose, and by so doing her nose will be much deformed.

It has been very rainy this spring. It rained all last night. The streams are very high. The leaves have just come out upon the trees. There is very little corn planted yet. Have not yet planted any nor could plant any for at least one week. Never saw the growing wheat look better than it does at the present, so that there is a prospect of a further decline in its price. It only commands from .40 to 50 cts per bushel. When you write tell us how Uncle Dave is doing. Suppose you do not see the Hon. Judge Hughs very often. His course in Congress is not popular here. It is generally thought that he is fishing after a foreign mission. Some persons, not his best friends, elected him constable for this district.

With regard to those scandalous reports you refer to in one of your letters, about Dr. Daily. They seem to have been gotten up by his enemies in order to bother him. One of these reports

accuses Dr. Dailey of having asked illicit intercourse with Mrs. Dr. Murphy. Dr. Murphy having heard or suspected something of the kind, threatened to kill Dr. Dailey. So one day waiting in his office until Dailey was passing he stepped out and dragged the Dr. into his office and would have injured him had not some bystanders interfered.

Love to all. Write soon.  
 Yours affectionately  
 Redick M. Wylie

**Anderson Wylie to Andrew Wylie Jr., Washington DC.**

Theo'l Sem.  
 Fair Fax Co. Va. May 11, 1858

Dear Brother,

I expect to leave next Thursday week, and write you to state how we stand financially.

When you received my money (I suppose Jan 1<sup>st</sup>) I owed you \$125,00 which of course was then paid. That left \$375,00 for me to draw. The following is the statement---

	\$,cts
Jan 14 <sup>th</sup> drawn -----	100,00
“ 25 <sup>th</sup> “ -----	20,00
“ 27 <sup>th</sup> “ -----	95,00
March 8 <sup>th</sup> “ -----	20,00
April 17 <sup>th</sup> “ -----	<u>100,00</u>
	\$335,00
Balance Due	<u>40,00</u>

It is hardly fair that I should take interest from you after my borrowing money of you, but as you proposed it & the note, I make the statement which you can examine if it be correct.

\$	mo, days		\$,cts
100	for 14	at 10 per ct	,40
20	“ 25	“	,12
95	“ 27	“	,71
20	“ 2, 10	“	,35
100	“ 3, 17	“	3,10
40	up to present date		<u>1,42</u>
			\$6,10

I expected to have by this time rec'd the other \$500, but have not yet heard from Redick. If you do not get the amount this week, could you send me on Monday \$100, & credit me with the am't overdrawn? If you can I will be much obliged, as otherwise I shall have to leave some debts behind. But if inconvenient do not trouble yourself but send the \$46,00 & when the amt comes I

will refer my creditors to you. Excuse my great haste.

Your affect' bro.  
A.M. Wylie

Anderson M. Wylie,

*In Andrew's hand, the following:* May 11, 1858 – Answ. May 12 saying that I had just received from Bro. Redick a draft for \$300 on his acct. making the amt due Anderson--\$340

***Anderson M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie Jr, Washington DC.***

Philadelphia May 26 1858

My Dear Brother

I was sorry I had no opportunity to bid you farewell, but I could not on account of the work I had to do, come in on Wed Evening. Early Thursday I was off, Friday I had a great deal of running, to get together my examiners, and in the Evening & next morning. I passed without difficulty – tho' of course our examinations are not very severe. Sat' morning at 10 ½ in Calvary Ch' our services began at which Bp.[Bishop] Hopkins & seven clergy besides the three to be ordained were present. Dr Neuton preached from Acts XX:24 the best sermon I have ever heard on such an occasion. You may see an account in the Recorder of this week. I hope you take that paper, it is our best religious sheet. I felt in a higher degree than ever the inestimable privilege of preaching the gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Sunday I preached & read the service in those different churches. In the morning in St Philips Church, I witnessed a scene of unusual interest. It was communion & after the older members had communed by request of the rector (Rev Mr Cooper the most faithful minister in the whole city) those recently confirmed came forward.

They not only filled up the large chancel, but filled the three aisles one fifth or sixth of the way down. Mr C. then gave them an earnest address, & I suppose there 150 confirmed & these came forward for the first time to commune.

Where I shall go I do not yet know, but it is probable that even in case I should go to Chicago that I shall spend some months here. Mr Cooper, who has broken down is to be absent for three months & he wishes me to take charge of his congregation for that time. It is the largest congregation in the city & a devoted people, & there could be for the city no more pleasant or profitable place to have for that time. My business is to look for guidance to the Providence of God, & I hope soon to be able to decide where my position of labor will be.

Elizabeth has written to Will Letterman about her nose & he advises her to come on here & have the operation performed by the most skillful surgeon in the city. He thinks it will cost about \$250.00, & that his acquaintance, influence and care will be of some consequence. He is very kind & offers to do all he can; & for a young physician he undoubtedly has uncommon prospects.

Already he has raised up a little child which was given up by two of the most prominent physicians in the city: This occurred in a family of position living next door to his office, which

is in a very excellent location. I hope that either you or Carry will soon write & direct as you formerly did to the care of Geo. W. Henry 9 & Market.

My love to Carry, Andrew & send to Mr. B's family.

Your affect' bro  
A.M. Wylie

***Anderson Wylie to Andrew Wylie Jr., Washington DC.***

*In Andrew's hand, the following:* Answ. June 24<sup>th</sup> inclosing draft for \$246, the whole which I owed him

Philadelphia June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1858

My dear Brother

I had hoped by this time to have known certainly where I should begin work, but my mind is still somewhat in doubt. Before another week I expect to decide & then I want to act at once. Since I came to the city, I have been out in the state on two different trips, to supply the pulpits of absent rectors, and while doing good it has been capital recreation to me, & I never felt happier in my life. A trip to Wilkesbarre I particularly enjoyed. Never did the Wyoming Valley look more rich & Beautiful and no one could have been treated with greater kindness than they extended toward me. Forty miles this side of Wilkesbarre, at the junction of two R. Roads lies Bloomsburg an active town of 3000 inhabitants, where is one of the oldest settled parishes in that part of the country. to that parish I have received a call, & on my return I stopped there all night, and was favorably impressed with the prospect, and for one entering the ministry, it is considered quite an unusual call, so likewise may be said of the call to Chicago, but nothing short of an impervious sense of duty would take me to C, as I am besides other reasons much afraid of the influence of the climate on my throat, which is after all not well, & eventually I may be compelled to go to a warm climate. I hope I am sincerely looking to God for guidance, & it strongly occurs to me, tho I am fond of a long active driving community, that is best for me to go to the country at least for a few years.

In my next I hope to inform you more particularly about the result. I have given up the idea of remaining here during the summer. I am just on the point of buying a number of expensive books, & if I go to B- will have to furnish my study, & probably more as connected with the parish is quite a large parsonage; to do this of course I shall have need of my money which you have kindly taken of for me. If I remember rightly, the sum when I left was \$247.00. If the money, in the mean time has been any profit to you, you can for its use pay what you see fit, if not do not send me any advance on the above. Please send me the am't as soon as convenient as next week I shall want to spend it. Did Redick say when he would send the remainder. Give my dearest love to Carry & Andrew & give to Mr B's family. I expect soon to write to Carry tell her.

Please direct to Geo. W. Henry 9<sup>th</sup> & Market

Your affect bro  
A.M. Wylie

*Anderson Wylie to Andrew Wylie Jr., Washington DC.*

Philad' June 25 1858

My Dear Brother --

Your letter enclosing the draft of \$246 came to hand this morning. This settles the account with me for the \$800, which I received from Redick thro' you. You seem to intimate at doubt in respect to the amount of the due bill of \$75 being included in the account. I will repeat the statement as it appears on my book, & which I think I kept with great care.

Feb 28<sup>th</sup> 1857 borrowed of

Andrew Wylie	\$75.00
Dec 15 <sup>th</sup> 1857 " "	50.00

(The date of this \$75. agrees with that of the due bill.)

Jan 1, 1858 received of Redick

thro Andrew Wylie	
&c	\$500.00

Jan 14<sup>th</sup> 58 drawn of the above- 100.00

" 25<sup>th</sup> " " 20.00

" 27<sup>th</sup> " " 95.00

March 8<sup>th</sup> " " 20.00

April 17<sup>th</sup> " " 100.00

335.00

Amount borrowed 125.00

\$460.00

This left in your hands at the time of receiving the \$300, \$46 with the interest.

Then you remember that on May 18<sup>th</sup> '58 I drew \$100. of the \$300. which of course left in your hands \$246.00 the amount for which you have sent me a draft. I have tried to be exact about my money accounts, and I do not see that it is possible I could have made a mistake, & besides the account, (as my money dealing is so very limited) I have a very distinct recollection about the sum I have obtained from you. If there is still any doubt upon your mind I will go over my diary, & my list of expenditures & see that they agree with the present state of my finances. I make this careful statement in order that your mind may not be left in doubt. It would be very painful to me to think that our accounts were not exactly correct.

This morning after a deliberate & prayerful consideration, I decided to accept the call to Bloomsburg Columbia Co. Pa. Your reasons in favor of B. I think are sensible. Of course my business is to consider what is duty. I was at first very strongly inclined to Chicago, but a number of reasons seemed to fore themselves upon my mind adverse to beginning labor there. The country will probably be better for my health, & give me more time for retirement, which I very much need as well as crave. St Paul's b- is an old established parish On my return from Wilkesbarre I stopped there, & found it all that was represented to me. Besides \$600. they give quite a spacious parsonage, with about an acre of land, & this overlooks the town & valley. So that in creature comforts I shall be better off than most of young clergymen. Please give my dearest love to Carry & Andrew & tell her to Write soon. I expect to take charge July 4<sup>th</sup>

Your affct bro.

A.M. Wylie

Bloomington Jun 20

*Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomington

July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1858

My dear Brother,

Dr. Parvin of Indianapolis an alumnus of the University made the annual speech before the alumni at the late Commencement. He chose our Father (Andrew Wylie) for his subject. This speech is universally admitted to be a very able effort. It is now proposed to publish this speech by subscription. Each subscriber being entitled to his proportion of copies. It will be gotten up in a neat style, containing about 40 pages. Prof Wylie was down last night and requested me to write to you and Mr. Bell and ask your aid in this affair. He says that it is more appropriate that this speech should be published, since there has as yet nothing been published of father's life. Should you do anything, please write as soon as possible. They wish to put it through the press as soon as they are able. More than one half of the subscription is already taken. The Commencement exercises were very interesting. There were about 40 of the alumni here. They had a public supper on Wednesday evening which day is appropriated each year to their use. They have elected Parker of Va. as their next speaker.

The trustees have appointed the 10<sup>th</sup> of August next as the time for Dr. Dailey's trial concerning the charges which have been circulated abroad against his character. In the mean time appointing a committee to investigate the matter.

Would have written you sooner but have been so busily engaged in harvest that I did not feel like writing. The crops here are rather poor. Wheat is very much injured with the rust. Oats & barley are almost entirely destroyed by the wet weather and rust. Very few of the farmers have cut their oats. In rich and new ground the corn looks about as it did last year, but in old land it will not make anything more than fodder.

We are all well and prospering. Elizabeth's baby is said to be the most interesting child in town. We are looking for Margaret and Sam home. Have heard from several sources that they had sailed.

We would be very glad to see you all. Have been looking for you. Do come out if you possibly can. Love to all

Yours affectionately

Redick M. Wylie

*Margaret Wylie Martin to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Ship Robin Hood off New York  
Aug 9<sup>th</sup> [1858]

My dear bro Andrew

You have no doubt heard of our sailing for America and are probably looking for us at home. We are all very much improved in health, more than our appearances indicate. The baby Emma is the best looking of the family and has not been sick a day since we left Shanghai. It will be four months tomorrow since we left China. Our children have been very happy since coming aboard. The Captain and mates have been uniformly kind, doing all in their power to make the passage agreeable. We have now travelled 15,000 miles and are truly glad to be once again in sight of terra firma although so near we are having head winds and may not be able to reach N. Y. for a day or two. As the pilot has brought in newspapers for the Captain, I must stop minnet and see the news, "Success of the submarine telegraph." I will just quote the newspaper. It is so good. "During all the processes which were preliminary to the discovery of the electric telegraph by that noble Christian man Prof Morse, it was made by him the subject of daily prayer, that God who giveth the knowledge of witty inventions would lead him to such discovery as would best promote the interests of the world and the glory of God." It is so long since we received letters from any quarter that it will be a real treat when we arrive at N.Y. to receive them especially from our Ningpo friends. I do hope to meet dear Anderson there too as he will be going to visit his sweet heart about this time. As we would like to make Irene a visit at Wheeling we shall make you & Carry a visit. Shall we find you at home? As I have a good deal of packing up and baby is cross, I hope you will excuse a short letter.

Aug 11

Arrived at New York yesterday evening but in the bustle and confusion could not even take time to finish this. Husband will be busy tomorrow getting the baggage through custom house. I should like to take Alexandria in our route and make you a visit but my husband says it is doubtful. Perhaps we will not leave here this week as it is already Wednesday. We have heard from Ningpo since our arrival that the steamer bro Williams went to Peking in was wrecked and that his wife was very ill. This is distressing news but God knows best. The baby is crying or I would not have finished this with pencil marks. Carry took us all very much by surprise. I hope she got through her confinement with safety and another son as it is always best to have males. Kiss little A and ask him how he would like to see his Chinese cousins?

Your aft. Sister M. W. M.

*Sarah Parke Morrison to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Salem, Ind. Aug 10 1858

Dear Jen. Whenever my father [Judge Morrison] goes anyplace where there are people I know and love I am in the habit of sending them messages by him and as he is a personification of forgetfulness – bless him – I think it better to write them, and so this morning I was answering

Lu [Wylie]'s and Anna [Ballantine]'s letters; hardly answering either, just writing little notes, and I thought as he does not go for a little while yet, that I would send you one too. You will please answer this impulse I hope as well as what I say. – I was surprised at you Jen, either you have changed or I did not know you before. I always liked you but I do better still since this last time I saw you, and cant help once in a while thinking of the talks we had; so fine, so musical for girls. I think they think more than they get credit for but not much appears; there was not one in a thousand who would have answered my question "well, what shall we talk about?" as you did; it was so honest. I wish Jen, that we knew more of each other. I think we are in some aspects different from the generality and like each other. What do you think? Am I anyways pleasant to you? Would you like to have me for one of your friends? I am already but I mean, is the fact agreeable to you? and would a little more of my friendship be offensive to you or not? would you rather have me for such as I mean or not?

Remember me to all and believe me yours

Sincerely

S.P. Morrison

*William B. Sprague to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Albany  
27 Aug '58

My dear Sir,

I thank you for your kind letter just received, though I had previously succeeded in getting the information which I had asked of you from another quarter. After writing several letters to different parts of the country to ascertain what college conferred upon him the degree of D. D., and having given it up as a hopeless case, I have just discovered, most unexpectedly, that he received it from Union college (Schenectady) in 1825. The reason of my being so late in making the discovery is a defect in the Triennial Catalogue, which omits, in the alphabetical list, the honorary degrees it has conferred upon graduates of other colleges. It is only just now that I observed that defect.

The sketch of your father is now in type, and though I should have been glad if the material had been more ample, yet I am willing to hope that you will not think it an unsuitable tribute to his memory.

I am not sure whether I have ever asked you if you could spare me, for a keep-sake, one of his ms. sermons. I should value such a relic exceedingly.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Very faithfully yours,  
W. B. Sprague

*Elizabeth Louisa Wylie to cousin Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Glendale Seminary [Ohio]  
Friday AM Sept 17 1858

My dear Jen-

When I am about half way down this page, I expect the bell will ring--and then adieu to this letter for awhile. You will have to put up with a patched letter and I assure you I dont like patching any more than I do house work, even that would be pleasant now I think--there's the bell

—  
Patch No 2 -- What have you been doing since I wrote the first patch? I heard a Latin class--and a good recitation it was too --the next thing in order was recess then I took a lesson of Madame [Rise?] whom I love as well as ever--took half of "Musette de Nina" whether I shall ever learn to play it decently is another thing --

You have heard that I have been sick & I was right sick too --homesick & heart sick--you know those awful feelings--but it is no use giving up to such feelings -- I must make up my mind now to stay till Christmas--perhaps longer--I don't know -- I enjoyed Pa [Theophilus Wylie]'s little visit very much, tho' it was so short, that I had hardly time to be glad before I was sorry -- Mag [younger sister Margaret]'s presence is a comfort--but I cannot help thinking how lonely dear Ma is--& how I want to be with her, but then "God is everywhere" & He is with her -- with you all & with Him you are safe -- I can feel that "He doeth all things well," or I could never have left home again, until obliged to do so -- I am under the greatest obligations to you for the peach you sent me, and to Redick also for his peaches--I enjoyed them so much. I could not even peel them, that would have been too extravagant -- We have had peaches but they were poor things by the side of those you sent.

I am nicely fixed, have a very pleasant room--have two writing classes--one Latin class, one Zoology--& will have an Arithmetic class. I did have two--but gave them to Mrs Potter till they could be re-arranged & made three classes -- I shall have some-thing else too I suppose--but things are not fairly going yet. Presbytery met here & there has been a great deal of confusion. Miss Jemima & Maggie have not returned yet--they are having fine times in N. York -- Ellen Foster is here--I like her very much -- Delight Smitser Eva Peirce & Louise M'Clure are back again - Mary Thomas will soon be here--I suppose--she is to room with Ellen Foster -- And of the masculine gender who do you suppose is tarrying with us for a short time--who--whiskers & all is visiting his sisters -- who but Theodore Read--late of Washington D.C. -- came last night--I dont know how long he intends staying -- Aggy Gaff gave an oyster supper last night -- he was there & Mrs M'Ferson, Parke, Mrs Monfort--Dr Monfort is away--Hettie Staube, Ada & Ag, Ellen Foster, Ella Gaff & myself --

Been here two weeks now & not a single letter by mail yet-- but I got such a nice long one from Mary [Ballantine] --

Patch No 3 --that I cannot complain--she is my dearest friend, & she is yours too Jen, tho you wont have it so. I do wish you would have her for your friend You would find her true -- I am so sorry to hear of dear Anna's bad health -- How lonely it will seem to them all now--after having so much company--& then Lizzie & John & Hal being gone will make such a difference. By the way --have you heard from Hal [Ballantine] yet I shall depend on you to keep me posted

Monday -- From a letter written by Anna Ballantine to Sallie Morrison we hear of Liz C's

& Mab B's marriage -- somewhat astonished at the matter -- do write & give me full accounts -- I feel homesick--I always do more so than I need to I believe but I dont give up to it as I did then -- These beautiful days bring back so many pleasant memories -- There's the dinner bell. Goodbye again. I love you all dearly--& wish so much to see you.

Lou

*Sarah Parke Morrison to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Glendale Ohio Sept. 17. 58

Dear Jennie -- We have been having a society meeting tonight, and as I remember your literary bias as manifested by your conversation interspersed with so many pleasing quotations, I wish you were here to be one of us--would you condescend? I do wish you were here, Jennie. I know I would enjoy it, you I mean; my sister Maria made me two beautiful and most acceptable presents --books; Shakspeare and Byron; you can appreciate and I would like to read with you. It gratifies me to occasionally find one who can feel poetry; a great many persons read it, but why? and to what purpose! some from curiosity, some to say so (that they have read) some to perform what they regard as a sort of duty, but Oh how few to enjoy! My dear Anna Ballantine gave me a book "Selections from W. S. Landon" in which Southey is represented and remarking -- "In what regards poetry, I should just as soon expect a sound judgement of its essentials from a boatman or a wagoner as from the usual set of persons we meet in society." I was glad to see such an expression; I suppose on the principle that "misery loves company." I am not now intending to put myself on a footing with Southey or rather with Landon but there is no harm is there? in confessing one felt point of resemblance: is there?

Perhaps you never expected to be troubled with my letters again, but you see you are mistaken; still I do not wish it (the correspondence) to go farther unless such is your desire; but if it is, and I hope it is, I would like to correspond with you.

We were glad to see Professor Wylie -- It seems quite natural to see Lou and Mag here. I trust they will be happy.

If you write to me Jen, will you please tell me of my poor little Annie? she cant write now and I long to hear -- I love her exceedingly. Remember me to all the family and others I regard in B. I should love to see your sister [Maggie] recently come home. May He who hath touched thy heart keep thee my friend yours af.

S. P. Morrison

Sept. 28. 1858.

From sheet numbered "1" you will perceive that I had quite an idea of sending you a letter last week (or week before)--quite an idea--so much of one that I wrote the letter, directed the envelope, put a head on it, and upon going to town told my sister to "be sure and send that letter" but she wasnt sure that time and so the letter met my astonished eyes this morning as I opened my drawer to commence one to somebody else -- I thought that perhaps a letter from you was on its way to me but now I suppose I shall have to wait longer. Shall I wait in vain?

I am just through my last recitation--have five: three Latin: Reader, Caesar, and Virgil one Logic; one Rhetoric; I enjoy my recitations, having always had the good fortune to have those I like best. we use Blair's Rhetoric. I tell you because you were so interested in his sermons my girls today had examples of "Sublimity in Objects" and "in writing" the lesson was thus made quite interesting. some of them called Rhetoric "dry" at first but I think they wont again. -- it is sort of prosy for a lecture or two.

I send this pretty Jen. One of my last years pupils sent it to me

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my head gently, not smiting it  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations!  
(Longfellow)

Ought I to put quotations marks when I give the name of the author? it dont seem necessary, but I "do' no"!

Anna Ballantine wrote me not long ago. I answer her today. I am glad she is able to write--she was not some time back. What will the students do since their adorable Lizzie married? I should think all Bloomington (mas. gen. now!) would be besides himself! and that the cry would be "The wail went up from other lands" also; but Clara is on the [?] so take heart young man

(Bloomington)

I must go now think of me (when you dont think of L and C. not in the same breath I beg!)

good bye af.

S. P. Morrison

***Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr***

Bloomington  
Sept 22<sup>nd</sup> 1858

My Dear Brother,

Mother's inquiries why you do not write reminds me that your last is not answered. My only excuse is that there have been no rainy days since yours was received. You must know that the rain is a relief to the muscles of a farmer as well as to his crops. We have had very little rain since the first of June. Our crops were almost ruined by the rain in the spring, and now we are suffering for the want of it. But when we compare our situation with that of other counties around us, we have no right to complain. Our land having a clay subsoil can stand the drought better than any other soil. The corn of this county is better than anyone would suppose considering the chance it has had.

The Chinese sugar cane is being raised in this county successfully. Some of the farmers having as much as 12 acres in. Those who are now making molasses and sugar are confident of a

good yield of each. I planted but a few rows of it in the corn field to experiment upon. Have not done anything with it as yet. Have not yet sown any wheat nor will I until it comes a rain. Those who have sown have lost both their labour and their seed wheat.

Have always neglected to send you a copy of Dr. Parvin's Address. They have been published three or four weeks ago. I put your subscription down at five dollars for which you will be entitled to near one hundred copies. When you write you had better tell me what you want me to do with them.

Sent Anderson one hundred dollars three or four weeks since. Have not heard from him since. There are but about \$100 due him which I intend to send to him soon. Would have sent it him long ago, had I not been disappointed in collecting money which I had loaned some time since. Money is as scarce here as ever & there is more going out of the county than there is a coming in, so that there will not likely be a change soon.

Samuel Martin & family have been here for four or five weeks. They will likely remain here this winter. He intends to do something as soon as possible. Should his throat get entirely well he will go back to China. They staid in New York one week. They intended to go by and see you, but not receiving any answer to a letter they wrote you, concluded that you were not at home, so they went by Wheeling and staid there 3 days. They are all pretty well, much better than we expected to see them. They were 4 months on the seas. Margaret says that they improved very rapidly in health from the time they first went on shipboard. Mother says that she was much disappointed that you did not come out this summer. She sends her love to Carry and the children. We are all in our usual health. Elizabeth is sometimes low spirited but not near so much so as formerly.

Yours affectionately

Redick M. Wylie

*At top of letter, written probably in Andrew's hand, is the following:* Nov 6 '58 indorsed to Redick a \$10 note on State Bk of Ohio, date Dec 4, 1856, No. 3584, Letter H—signed by J. Andrews, Prest. & counter signed by Wm. Philips

***Anderson M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.***

Bloomsburg, Pa.  
Nov 2<sup>nd</sup> 1858

My Dear Brother

Redick has paid me the last of the \$1000, which he had agreed to give me for my share in the estate. Sometime since you offered to draw me up a deed of my portion; & if you can now attend to this I shall be greatly obliged to you.

I lately received a letter from Carry & hope to answer it soon. I hope you have no more ground to fear, on account of the health of your children, for I suppose that by this time the fever has disappeared from Alexandria.

Since I came here I have been greatly blessed in my health & in my labors. I do not know how the winter is going to treat me here, but I think the mt air will prove bracing; at all events the coming cold weather will prove whether I can remain in this cold climate.

When Redick wrote, Elizabeth was still at the water cure & Sam'l & Margaret were about paying a visit to his sister in Paris, Ill.

My love to Carry & Andrew & remembrance to Mr. B & family.  
Your affect. Bro  
A. M. Wylie

*Anderson Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington, Indiana*

Bloomsburg Pa  
Nov 5 1858

My dear Sister --

I this afternoon recd your last; & I acknowledge myself a delinquent in not before this having replied to your previous letter. For nearly two weeks I was away. One week I spent in Northern Pa on a preaching tour & in visiting old friends. Last week I spent in the city. I went down partly to be groomsman for an old & intimate friend--now don't accuse me of having in view any other object. I needed the recreation & it did me a great deal of good. I have what is equivalent to about five services a week & sometimes more. The responsibility of a parish is tremendous, greater than one can conceive of before they get in the harness. But it is a glorious work & I have more enjoyment & more intense than I have ever known. The services are well attended especially Sunday eve when I preach extempore. I think that God is visiting the hearts of this people. Weekly meetings far surpass my anticipations, & it has been common for numbers to be so affected as to weep even aloud. God grant that it may not pass away as the morning cloud & the early dew! The S.S. is going on with great enthusiasm the lecture room is crowded with children, & I have between 30 & 40 young men & women in my Bible class. Yet with all my, I may [say], unusual blessings I often feel greatly depressed, tho' I have great reason to thank God for the gift of a sanguine disposition. My great relief is in frequent prayer. Christ is my only friend & support & without him I should be utterly lost & undone.

If I knew of whom to make a choice for a wife, I certainly would be for getting married; but it is a serious matter, & the risk is great. I have prayed more over this than over any other subject, & I certainly do not want to meet the bitter doom of being united for life, with one who would be a hindrance to me in my master's work. It is a source of great rejoicing with me that you have so much improved.

My dear sister, I believe there has not been a day for two or three years that I have not prayed for you, & I have just risen from my knees & have made one more petition to God that you may not only be restored in body & mind, but that you may find peace thro' the Lord Jesus Christ. Do seek earnestly for your soul's salvation. It frightens me when I think of the condition of so many of our family. You know what awful suffering is in this world, but, O, what will be the agony of a lost soul in the world to come--for eternity, God save us from the doom of the impenitent! If you have no feeling upon the subject, then go to Xt [Christ] and tell him you have no feeling & do make one honest long continued effort for your poor condemned soul. God is merciful, but merciful only in Christ. You need all the consolations of religion & you need Christ to save you in this life to come. I must hasten to a close time is precious. Write often. C.

Neidhard M.D. 9th st below Chestnut is the address of the physician to whom you refer. She may mention that I directed her, for Dr. & I are great friends.

Your affect bro  
A.M. Wylie

*Sarah Parke Morrison to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Nov. 12, 1858

Dear Jen -- I cannot remember what day of the month yesterday was and consequently I cannot tell the date of today, but have full conviction of its being Friday my school books are placed upon the shelf; my class reports filled out for the week; my table drawer looked over (That's where I keep my stationery) and as though "to make assurance doubly sure" here comes the chamber maid with clean sheets &c so I havent made a mistake as I did one Thursday when I had to buckle on the harness too hurriedly taken off. -- We are going to have clean spreads on our beds tomorrow and our room is to be as clean as our new broom can make it: "new brooms sweep clean" you know! This paper is as stiff as buckram. I think it must have been made of a crinoline skirt -- when I turned it over it cracked as though there was a ghost of a hoop in it-- it is better to write on though than some I tried last night -- We buy our papers by the quantity. Sister Maria purchased the stock for this time and among various kinds some "cream laid" but as I use a great deal in writing always wasting quite a large percent she said I shouldn't have the "cream laid" and gave me this kind. I was very well contented as I dont like to have any special obligations to be careful; but I have found out that I cant put as many sheets of this in an envelope as I sometimes want to, and as I was going to write quite a budget to a school friend I commenced a search for the "cream laid" and after satisfying myself that I had it began my letter -- I thought the "cream laid" wasnt much like any I had ever used before; somehow I couldnt write with any ease, but I persevered, coming to the conclusion that I had been writing on common paper so long that I was as awkward over the fashionable kind as a country gawky with a silver fork, but when I had the candor to tell Ria that I didnt like her "cream laid" paper showing her how thin it was, and saying ill-humoredly "its no more cream laid than I am." what did she do, but run and get the "cream laid" and laugh at my mistake! I had taken some flimsy stuff that she bought for scribbling upon.

Jen! Jen! How can you grow old "gracefully" if you rail at "Time" so? Now, if there was any help for us, why, it would be worth while, but we've got to grow old (that is if we live, I suppose you dont object to the living) and I dont see why you should object to it particularly; you are not insignificant in size; you are not stooped; you are not sharp featured, and I see no reason why you should dread age as far as appearance is concerned; of course you cannot expect to keep your youthful charms, but you will gain others. Then you are fond of reading and what an inexhaustible fountain of pleasure that is! and moreover, you are entertaining and can always draw persons around you who wont be in haste to leave either. but although I say all this, and could add much more of the same nature I do see reasons that you have in common with some others (I am thinking of, and I might as well say myself,) for thinking of old age with

some anxiety -- we, Jen, are not rich, nor are we going to marry for money, and the thought of a poverty-stricken old age is terrible, not that we exactly expect or dread being reduced to the extremity of "water and crust" but we fear a little lest the time may come when we cannot render any sort of an equivalent for service shown us; when we shall be "cumberers of the ground." If we could only love, and be loved, and marry, and have a home we feel that this specter would cease to mock us, but now we are not strong enough to say "avaunt" but we see ourselves solitary on a rough, and bare, and weary way; we feel that notwithstanding much of error and sin within, that there is in us, that which is loveable, and when we reflect that we are probably never to be understood, the bitter feeling of self-pity comes miserably over us and we say "for what purpose Oh Lord was I born." Dear Jen, certainly for something. let us try to find out; not by going great lengths to search for the end of our being, but by following the goodly impulses which we do have by doing faithfully what falls to us, by trusting in God: which, if we did as we should, we would have no such feeling as I have faintly described. Then Jen instead of being what we dread, we shall be dignified, benign, honorable old women beloved of God and revered of man, and be not as grain in its green strength blown down by a violent wind but as a stock of wheat fully ripe bending towards the grave where we shall be in peace until springing into new life.

We have hinderances in our way, what we call such tho perhaps to increase our strength by the exercise of removing them or jumping over them. I wonder Jen if we oughtent to join church? I have no doubt about it myself, but I dont know what one to join. I must find out. I have been trying to for a long time. I must try more; dont be surprised if I become a Baptist. I have nor kith nor kin in that church, but I almost believe it is right, and when I quite do, in I go, head and ears; it seems to me now that it would raise a perfect wasps nest around my head if I would, but I dont know. I am afraid to decide; afraid I might change; I am not fickle and cant bear to seem so, as I should by remaining constant to my principle of acknowledging myself in error (if so) after taking such a step; I do hope and pray that I shall have my eyes opened wide before I do anything about joining but I must join some church.

You made a mistake, Jen, you said "you and I" you should have said you and me. Perhaps you dont like to be told, but I do as I would be done by. I dont consider anybody my friend who will let me make a mistake or do anything wrong without telling me. Who is "the lady Del Tabosa?" I suppose I am exposing my ignorance wofully but you must enlighten me so that I can understand your allusion.

I am taking lessons in Elocution, dont know whether it will amount to anything, hope so. Prof. Zachos besides teaching, gives lectures one evening (Monday) a week for ten lectures. We have had two "Poetry--The poet & his Art" and "Chaucer"; what a hearty old writer Chaucer is! I am so pleased with him. We are to have Spenser next Monday. I can hardly wait.

Our society meets every two weeks Cant you send me something for the Anon. Box? any subject, it would do you good and be very gladly rec'd by me or us if you would like to and still do not care about sending to me there are other ways. I shant mind[if you write] to Lou if you had rather. I will not ask you to write to me as it seems to offend you to be asked more than once, let the once then stand for all coming time. I do not fear that a letter from Jen Wylie will ever be otherwise than welcome. May I venture to suggest tho' that I enjoy brisk correspondence and like Lady Mary Montagu\*, measure the affection of my friends by the length of their letters. give my love to my friends and remember me as very truly yours

Sarah P. Morrison

Jen if you are as beautiful as your mother when you are as old -- you needent mind the loss of youth. Sis Annan took my calender down to school but has returned it now and I see that this is Nov 12. 1858

\* *Lady Mary Montagu, 1689-1762, English poet and noted letter writer, sometime friend of Pope and Swift, published Letters From the East*

***Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.***

Bloomington  
Nov 18<sup>th</sup> 1858

My dear Brother

Your very welcome letter of the 6<sup>th</sup> of Nov came to hand about a week ago, but owing to several unavoidable circumstances, could not answer it sooner. Jane sends her thanks to you for the \$5.00 & the other \$5 was applied as you directed. You are entitled to many more copies of the address than you have received. Should you need them, you will please let me know. Samuel & Margaret & their children made a visit to their friends in Illinois. They returned on last Saturday. Samuel intends to return to China so soon as his health will admit. His throat has been so much affected that he could not speak before leaving China. He is now very much improved. The rest of the family are in very good health. They intend staying here this winter. In the Spring he intends to buy or rent a small place until he is able to return.

Elizabeth is still at the water cure, does not expect to return till about the middle of January next. Heard from her yesterday. She says she is improving slowly. I think that the water cure is all a humbug and that Elizabeth's disease is all in the imagination. The most of her letters are filled with accounts of their sumptuous tables, and her enormous appetite. John McCalla is a clerking in Howe's store. He cannot go into business on his own account until he receives his money from Chicago. He sold out there on time. Having the notes secured by a mortgage on their real estate. Suppose he will not loose much in the end.

Mother has been sick for about two weeks with the dumb ague. She was not confined to her bed for more than two or three days. She is now almost well.

You inquire of me, How are my crops? They are all more or less of a failure. The wheat did not yield more than one half a crop generally in this country. My wheat was very much injured by the heavy rains in June and also by the fly, as you predicted. The oats were almost entirely destroyed by the rust, a thing unknown before in this country. The potatoes were destroyed by the bugs (they are selling at 80 cts per bu.). The corn crop in the western country, as you are aware, is very short of an average, caused by the heavy and long continued rains in the spring and the dry weather in the summer. My corn is much better than my neighbors. Hogs are unusually high. Will have about 20 to sell.

Am glad to hear that you are succeeding so well a farming. Think that I can have you appointed speaker for the Monroe County agriculture society if you will only give your consent.

We heard from some source or other that you are a building. If so you will have your hands full between the law, the fever & the house.

I wish to have your advice as it regards buying out the interest of John's child in our

father's estate. I do so because Prof Wylie keeps at us to sell him a part of the upper lot in order that he may build. I know that we cannot sell any real estate nor change it in any way so long as the child is under age. I would buy the interest, not that I expected to make anything by so doing, but for the convenience of myself & the rest of the family. I wish to know whether the child's undivided interest can be sold & bought without interfering with the article of agreement which each member of the family signed before John's death. I have still the note which John gave you, have not done anything with it. I intend writing to Bickle soon. I would like for you to let me know the best manner of proceeding. Am perfectly ignorant in law affairs. Think that by putting in the notes, will be able to pay for it this winter. Think that Bickle will be willing for the transaction from what he wrote me about one year ago. You must excuse this letter. Not having any other paper in the house, was forced to take a sheet both greasy & unruled. The family all join me in love to Carry, yourself & the children.

Yours affectionately  
Redick M. Wylie

*Elizabeth Louisa Wylie to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Glen. Sem.-- pouring rain  
Sat night Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 1858

Ma chere Jen,

My eyes ache tonight but the thought of writing to you my delectable cousin, banishes the very thought of pain. You know I always did love to write to you but now alas I fear my letters lie unheeded & unappreciated, for see those carefully guarded often read letters, bearing the manly characters of your friendly correspondent. Oh Hal! [Henry W. Ballantine] did you think when you wrote that last highly prized epistle of the doom which it brought to all letters around it, how they are, as though they were not. Did I not think that the attempt would prove useless, I would almost be persuaded to write to him imploring him to rescue this precious effusion from oblivion by omitting to write to you for one day, but I suppose all my words would pass unheeded. Never mind when you both go to Africa, then I will write to you conjointly, & you will feel & acknowledge then the worth of my most splendiferous productions.

Now I have let the steam off, I would fain proceed but the retiring bell has rung & my aching eyes seek the repose of the pillow, Oh sleep -- I was going on with some more high falutin' stuff but broke down, good night to you -- My profoundest wishes attend you.

Monday, Dec 6, Saturday night the wind howled round the house all night. I never did hear such a fuss. Sabbath was a glorious day, & this too, is a sunshiny day, so spring-like that I have my window open. I know you love so dearly to hear about the weather & that is the reason I write about it. These beautiful days bring with them thoughts of home & of you all. I think how I would be at your house & at Mary's & what nice times we would have playing chess, or talking, -about Hal. Oh Jen, he was a saucy fellow to carry off your heart before you knew it almost. Why don't you tell me some of his wise sayings in his letters. You girls that have such interesting correspondents are so stingy of your letters. I am away off here & you never care enough about me to tell me anything about the men folks. I expect I shall have forgotten how to speak decently to one of the masculine gender by next summer. Well, I am an exception to the general rule. I

have no gentleman correspondent, nor do I expect to have. I used to carry on a correspondence with one or more boys, but I am getting old, & one by one they have dropped away, & I am left to bewail them.

I heard this morning thru Ric Smith, that Dudley had been to see you, & had also been to see Mary, was delighted with his visit to B. but I think it must have been muddy work.

We all heard from various sources here, that Liz M' was to be married, and we thought too that Bob Ruddick was fooling her. A girl here from Columbus says he is considered a terrible flirt. -- that they say in C. that he has been engaged to six different girls living in different places at the same time & has even had the day fixed. I never did think much of him, & now I think he is a mean rascal.

Mr Reangmann again sends his regards to you. I would tell you something about him or rather tell you what the report is, but I am afraid it will prove false, for his sake I hope it may.

I have just finished the Madonna, drawing it I mean. I like to draw very much but it is tedious work. I have been a long time drawing that one head.

Mr. Zachos is now delivering lectures here & also gives reading lessons. I am trying to learn to read but I guess will make poor work of it. He lectures tonight on Shakespere -- I am getting too lazy for anything. I often wish I was at home where I had to work whether I wanted to or not, for I am naturally so lazy that I always yield to indolence if I have a chance, but when I have to do I can do even if I grumble about it. I dont want to be sick for it would utterly destroy my powers both of body & mind. I want my place in life to be where I will have to work, tho' I dislike to work as much as any one can. this life of teaching is too easy for me, at least I have not got enough of it to do, only five classes. I intend if nothing prevent to have more after Christmas. Maybe I dont study enough.

Tuesday -- Heard last night the lecture & "She never told her love," perhaps you remember -- Poor Mr Zachos has lost a little child by scarlet fever. It has been prevailing all about here. This is certainly a ridiculous letter. Dont show it to anybody for anything. I dont know when I have written one so thoroughly helter skelter. It is characteristic of the writer. You must be glad to get any kind from me. I forgot--you have an additional correspondent.

1859

*Henry W. Ballantine to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

New York City Jan. 28<sup>th</sup> 1859

So I am answered in my own coin, am I! Delay meets delay & reluctance answers to reluctance -- Served me rightly! Truly I had despaired of receiving any recognition from you; & having concluded 'twas all my scrawl deserved, had settled down in my usual contentment. No one has a right to expect more than he deserves --

Moreover, to your delay the Post Office lent its assistance, &, on the arrival of your answer here, kindly furnished it a resting place for two weeks in a "pigeon hole," that it might recover from the fatigues of its long journey before submitting to the painful operation of being dissected--i.e. analyzed.

To this latter delay, if not to the former, I must attach blame -- But where shall I fix it? You must bear it, not Uncle Sam -- The letter bore direction "Henry Ballantine, New York City" Now the Post Office Clerk was honestly ignorant that said "Henry" was a student in Union Theological Seminary at No. 9 University Place. Remember that the City of New York contains as many inhabitants as the whole state of Indiana; and a letter sent here directed simply to the City, is just as likely to find its destination as one bearing direction "John Smith, Indiana."

Accidentally I heard that a letter was advertized for me & thus I got it.

So though this letter was the first you wrote in 1859, it was by no means the first that I received. It has been so long since my first to you was written that I have in great part forgotten what was in it & in consequence some of your allusion to it are not understood -- Unfortunately I have not formed the habit of preserving copies of my letters -- A fellow student, a few days since was seen busy over a sheet of fools-cap--erasing, interlining, paring, clipping, polishing--I imagined it must have been a trial sermon, written for criticism, such was his care. Imagine my surprise when I found by his honest confession that it was a letter to his--dulcinea. He applies to his letters Horace's rule for poetry --

"---carmen reprehendite, quod -- Praesectum deciens non castigavit ad unguem."

[---condemn a poem which many a day and many a blot has not restrained and refined ten times over to the test of the close-cut nail" -test term relating to art of sculpture. Ars Poetae #294]

This, I am far from following -- Still your letter has given me great pleasure & that in all the "qualifications" you named -- Nor was it too long--Had you filled three more sheets it would have pleased me better -- I have not as you suppose a "weekly telegraph" from home -- I get a letter weekly about home matters; but I can truly say that your letter brought more news, even after its delay, than have any three from home. I mean, of course, "town news" --

Xmas here is not as you suppose -- N.Y. never becomes childish -- The best description I can give of the day is--A Sabbath without sanctity & without Church service--in other words the dullest of all conceivable days --

New Year's is different -- Then every man calls on every lady he knows, however slightly -- The streets & the whole city are lively & exciting & for that one day in the year the people of N.Y. seem to have hearts. Even I made eight calls tho' my acquaintance is too slight to justify

calling on any other day. Since then I have been busy indeed -- My studies are very absorbing -- I find opportunity to employ all my time -- The only dull-time I have had in N.Y. was during the Holidays when most of the students were gone & I thought it not best to study -- There is a great temptation here to attend lectures in the city -- The most eloquent lecturers are announced every week & one can hardly restrain his desire to hear -- For instance last week I had seven tickets, this week, five; attended five of those last week & shall have heard five this week by Saturday night.

These I confess are rather extreme. Prof Mitchell of Cin. has been lecturing here on Astronomy. I took a ticket to his course of five & another to his Complimentary lecture, or his "Benefit" to use a theatrical phrase. Being Theologues we get all our tickets at a reduction & some are given to us.

Your description of city life must have been drawn from your experience in Wheeling -- Certainly it does not apply to N.Y. I have no "twilight reveries," from the fact that one of our lectures comes just at that time -- My coal fire is neither "smoking" nor "sooty" as your Wheeling fires; but bright & emitting no perceptible smoke; I use anthracite, not bituminous coal -- My "hands are not dirty when I write you" nor does "the smoke make my eyes sore" My student friends, so far from talking gossip discuss the great questions of theology.

Your sympathy with my eyes, in relation to stone walls I appreciate, but the ladies in veils & furs affect me not as you suppose -- Did they show what they were I might be tantalized at not being able to make their acquaintance. And now after all I hope to show you next May that I have not been "spoiled" & that I can eat a "whole" oyster.

Ah! You coy damsel! You are in love are you? -- Think you not that I have enough insight into human nature to discover from your expressions that there is a very peculiar fluttering feeling awakened in your breast at the thought of your cousin's visit in the spring? How came you to set up an apology for his "love" -- Had you kept silent I should never have known you had a "cousin

McKee". Indeed, Jean, the truth of the affair lies so near the surface of your letter that I shall take it as a matter of "confidence" & say nothing about it. Only this, Beware of marrying a "cousin".

You are interested somewhat in chess I believe -- My eyes have been so for some time this year that I could not read at night & I have spent many of these evenings on Chess. Looking back on my last years's playing it seems I knew then nothing about it beyond the moves. Henry Ballantine of 1859 can beat Henry Ballantine of 1858 nine games out of ten -- I can boast of being the chess champion of the Seminary. And Jean & Fanny can meet!!! I "declare"!

I take this third sheet for that most interesting & most important subject for us both. I thank you for what you told me of yourself -- Often have I thought of your hope in Christ & prayed for you since last Summer. Possibly I have prayed the more earnestly from the fact that I was in entire uncertainty about you. I heard that you hoped in Christ soon after I left-- since then all my efforts have failed to hear aught of your soul.

You know not Jean what an interest I have taken in this matter -- From your account I have hope that you are in Christ. I think I see there the marks of one who has given up trusting in her own righteousness & who has gone to Jesus saying "Lord save me, or I perish? You have certainly taken a step far in advance of where you stood when I last saw you;--in this one word it shows itself, "I know." That is a good word--a "faithful saying" "I know whom I have believed, & that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

I fear almost to say anything to you knowing so little as I do of your exercises of mind -- I will make only a few suggestions -- First--Conversion is not always, immediately followed by

peace of mind -- Some persons live years, truly pious, yet always doubting -- "Tis mainly their own fault indeed yet true. Secondly--To feel clearly that God has accepted you" is the highest state of Christian experience. Be not surprised that you have not yet attained that -- You may attain it; but that you have not done so should not make you doubt God's willingness -- Thirdly, There is nothing more clearly revealed in the Bible than God's willingness--that is not it--God's earnest yearning for the welfare of all his creatures -- To doubt this is the highest blasphemy.

"As I live, saith the Lord God I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." "The Lord is --- not willing that any should perish." [II Peter 3:9] Read Isaiah Chapters 41, 42, 43, & 44 to the ninth verse. That is a most precious passage. See how God our Father loves us "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake & will not remember thy sins." So tender--"Put me in remembrance."

Fourthly: You are most likely--for most persons do so-- trying by your life, in some way, by your devotions, or prayers to get a kind of claim on God for acceptance.

There is nothing more blighting than this -- Were you an old Christian, had you enjoyed the clearest experience, one act of cherishing this feeling would destroy all your confidence -- Let me tell you Jean; the Christian never gets any claim on God for anything, not the slightest--Our salvation is a free gift of God, which we cannot claim--He in his mere goodness gives it to us --

Try not then to claim acceptance of God; but go to him in your own utter helplessness & ask him for his Gift & believe him that he is "more ready than earthly parents are to give good gifts unto their children" -- From your true friend

H.W.B.

My best regards to your Mother, Redick & all at your house --  
Excuse Jean, my defacing thus the margin of my letter. H.

*Margaret Wylie Martin to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomington  
Feb<sup>y</sup> 10, 1859

Dear bro. Andrew,

After an illness of one short week our dear old Mother breathed her last. She died of typhoid pneumonia. Last night, Feb<sup>y</sup> 10, at 3 o'clock in the morning she breathed her last. I was with her when she expired in the arms of Dr. Dodds who constantly watched with her for four nights, never leaving the room. I think he did everything he could do, but it was all of no avail, for you know death is the sentence passed upon all. Poor dear Mother seemed to suffer greatly for three or four days and nights previous to her departure. I do not think she knew her end was drawing nigh until the same night she died. But one week since, she had an excellent appetite, came to table and seemed as well as usual. Spent the day with Mary and the next following with cousin Rebecca. My husband left here for Texas the day before Mother was taken ill. We have missed him a great deal for he was such a good nurse in sickness. Mother seemed to be perfectly rational all the time, knowing everybody and everything that transpired. Redick has a cough that I am uneasy about and dear Jennie is almost broken hearted. She is complaining of being quite unwell this morning. My husband's health is much better than when in China but is still far from

being entirely restored. He has consulted a physician in Louisville who advises him to go to Texas. He started last week and hopes to visit the country with a view of moving. I suppose it will be two or three months before he returns. Mother could only speak in a very faint whisper and that with the greatest possible exertion, so that she left no words of remembrance to any of her children. Her pain, cough, and difficulty of breathing made it most distressing to witness, but I hope she has gone where sin and suffering are unknown. The warning to us who survive, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the 'Son of Man' cometh." Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Your affectionate sister  
M. W. M.

I forgot to mention the funeral is to take place tomorrow at two o'clock P.M. Alas! How many warnings we have had in our family during the last 10 or 15 years. William, Craig, Samuel, Father, John, and now poor dear Mother. We feel indeed like orphans now; but we will try to bow in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence and say Thy will be done. The friends of bro. John's little orphan are intending to bring her down to see us next May. I wish you & Carry and the children could make us a visit then too. Could you not—our afflictions ought to bind us together more.

*Anderson M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomsburg [Pennsylvania]  
Feb 17, 1859

My Dear Brother

Day before yesterday I received a letter from Margaret containing sad news which she requested me to convey to you—this I should have done at once but have been in bed the last day or two from the effects of a severe cold. I will copy from Margaret's letter—Feb 9<sup>th</sup> she writes—Mother has been very sick for a week past. Dr. Dodds & Maxwell have both been in attendance. Dr. D. has set up the last three nights. Prof. Ballantine came over & prayed for her this afternoon. Mother looks so very badly & occasionally spits blood that I would not be surprised if she would not survive until spring.

Feb 10<sup>th</sup> she writes—Mother died last night at 3 o'clock of typhoid pneumonia. She was sick confined to bed only six days. She seemed to suffer much from severe spells of coughing for several hours previous to her death. Yes, death has again entered the sacred precincts of our household and taken another. William, Craig, Samuel, Father, John, & now Mother is taken as I trust to a better country even an heavenly.

Mother could only speak in the faintest whisper during her sickness. But few in town even heard of her illness, but the neighbors Mrs. Ballantine, Mrs. Alexander were very kind in coming to assist. Poor Jennie is most heart broken. She does indeed feel like an orphan."

It is now for the first time that I realize that I have no place that I can call home, for my parents are gone.

Quite recently when thinking of mother it came into my mind that I should never again see her in this world. Our family has been dealt with severely within the last few years—God grant

that these warnings may not prove in vain. We have enjoyed unusual privileges & opportunities, our responsibilities are great, & the account we shall have to render to God will be a searching one.

My dear Bro, I can scarcely say that I know exactly what you deem as a sufficient preparation for eternity. If you have a hope of being saved, you ought to answer upon what you ground that hope—if you ground it upon mere fallen reason, or upon conjecture or a perverted conscience, remember it will fail you at the last. Let God be true & every man a liar. God declares that the soul that sinneth, it shall die, & whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, & he that believeth not shall be damned.”

Whatever you may affect to believe upon this subject, you will find out that God is right & you are wrong; & your conscience often hints to you (tho’ from long opposition its whispers may be feeble) that your own works will at last prove but a vain shadow. You must agree with me when I dwell upon the character of God as that of love, mercy, & condescension. What then is more reasonable than to go to that God & ask him to guide you into the truth. Here is the promise—“If any may lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally & upbraideth not & it shall be given him (James 1). And what more exalting habit than to apply to the God who made you he who is the ruler of the universe & who will be your judge, & that his judgment will be entirely independent of what your opinions may be. The point is this—you have & can have no security that you are right unless you have gone to God & been guided by him. Have you done this? I would stake everything on doing thus. If you are right then God will establish you in your opinions, if wrong (& you are a sincere inquirer) he will correct your opinions & lead you into right & duty. It is amazingly absurd for an intelligent man to talk about being guided by reason, conscience, judgment, affection etc for all these are fallen, fallen, fallen & what better proof than the history of the world & your daily observation . Look about you & see how the shrewdest men are constantly misled by reason & that too when they most attentively study their interests. Now in the name of all common sense why in the face of this do you suppose that the faculties that often betray us are all at once (independent of God) going to bring us to right conclusions where we have most need of a guide outside of ourselves. Your good works (if you have any) have no more to do in justifying you before God than your evil deeds, your virtues than your crimes, this is true or the word of God is utterly false—a shameless lie. If ever you are saved it will be by your believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. & if you are truly converted, you serve God from a love of holiness, not that you will dare ever to plead one good deed at the judgment. Ponder these things my bro, as you value your interests for Eternity. Go to God on your knees & that over your Bible. If you do not you are eternally lost. If you do, it is sincerity—God will bless & save you by & through Christ, who died to save sinners. Do read the enclosed tract. I aimed to get this letter in by this morning’s mail but visitors came in. Love to Carry, Andrew. Do write soon & speak freely your mind. Your affect. Bro

A. M. Wylie

*Elizabeth Louisa Wylie to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Glendale Seminary [Ohio]  
Wednesday night Feb. 17, 1859

My own dear Cousin.

You have seldom been absent from my thoughts, ever since I heard with deepest sorrow of your dear Mother’s death. Yet, though the thought that I shall never again on earth, behold her dear face, is very painful to me, I sorrow most for you, my dear Jennie. She is happy, but I fear that you have been desolate indeed in this most trying hour. Oh, would that your eyes had long since, been placed upon the “Rock of Ages,” then only can you find the true source of comfort. Oh have you not gone to Him & do you not find Him “a very present help in time of trouble.” Look to Jesus now call upon Him in faith, & He will “deliver you out of all your distresses.” “He healeth the broken in heart & bindeth up their wounds.” And listen, “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, & scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,” else He would not be “Our Father.”

I wish that I could be with you, I might be able to speak some words of comfort. I do indeed hope that this bereavement will be blessed by God to you. “He does not willingly afflict.” “We know that all things work together for good, to them that love God.” “Is any afflicted--let him pray,” “Call upon me in the day of trouble -- I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

Go to Jesus, “He is the same, yesterday--to-day & forever.” & never is He more precious than in time of affliction. Do not longer resist the Holy Spirit. He has sought you in the day of prosperity, & you resisted oh, do not thrust Him away now, it may be the last time that He will come to you, pray to Him--night & day let the prayer arise. “Lord grant me thy Holy Spirit.”

“Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” Read Hebrews XII chapter. Let your Bible be your companion. Dear dear Jennie, I wish I could write, as I feel that I could speak the sympathy which I feel, but human consolation is vain. Look to Jesus. My thoughts have been with you all. May this affliction, “which is but for a moment” work out for you a far more exceeding & eternal weight of glory. -- I know that you have all suffered, but Jesus suffered far more, for our sakes. May He comfort & sustain you. Dear Jennie write to me soon. My thoughts are with you. My love to Redick, it is my fervent prayer that you both may be driven to the only Ark of Safety. Go now dear Jen, delay no longer. May God bless & direct you, & cause His face to shine upon you, is the wish of your Cousin

Louisa

See then that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not, who refused Him that spoke on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from Heaven

“Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.”

*Anderson M. Wylie to Margaret Wylie Martin, Bloomington, Indiana*

Bloomsburg Feb. 18 ‘59

Dear Sister Margaret --

The sad news has reached me -- I look forward to meeting my parents in another & a better world. I see nothing to live for, but the unspeakable privilege of serving my God here, it

is a heaven on earth to live near to Christ, & tho' young yet I often think it would be far better to depart & be with Christ -- O what can the world give to allure the soul to time! all is vanity -- Let us watch & be sober & have our lamps trimmed & our loin's girt about waiting for the coming of our Lord & Master.

I have taken a fearful cold--have been in bed, have much work to do, pressed with duties, meetings almost every night--& for me to write must often really take the time I ought to be spending in sleep. To see you all I long for it, but to come out now would be impossible, much exposure now would almost kill me; I often ask myself when I shall see you. I was at Milton the other day & Theodore is very anxious for me to beg you to come on & pay them a visit & stay there & it would be a visit to me too, as we are near together. Do write soon & may the God of love keep & bless you with all sptl [spiritual] blessings --

your affect bro  
Anderson

*Andrew Wylie Jr. to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington, Indiana*

Washington 19<sup>th</sup> Feby 1859

Dear Sister

Your letter announcing the decease of our beloved mother was an afflictive missive to my heart, unprepared by prior intelligence for the sad announcement. I had been hoping to see her again some time during the approaching spring and to take little Andrew with me. But I am never more to behold her in this world. She has been removed from us to that better world whither so many of our family had gone before her, and whither, through God's good mercy, I pray we may all be advanced after the few years or days which may be allotted to us on earth, have passed. So distinctly come back to my memory the visions and incidents of my own childhood, when our parents were both in the prime of life, and we the children, were at home a united & happy family--that my lifetime, thus far, appears to have gone like a vision of the night, and I wake and find that I am myself growing old, and must expect ere long to follow our dear parents & brothers along the dark way which they have passed, as I trust, to join them again in that happy land, where youth, and union, and joy unspeakable shall be ours for evermore. Thither we are all tending swiftly as time can carry us. Nor do I mourn my fate. When the final hour comes (and soon it will be here) when I shall be called hence, it will prove a sore trial to bid farewell to my precious wife, and boys; but oh, how greatly sorer would be the trial, if I knew that the separation would be eternal. I shall go before them, but they will soon rejoin me; and this reflection will lighten the pains of my departure. So is it with our beloved parents & brothers already in their heavenly home. The heads of the family are there; there, is now the family homestead. They are now six in number, and we are but eight left behind, and scattered in different places of the world. In a few years we shall be again united. May God in his infinite mercy grant this for the Redeemer's sake! Aunt Catherine Leake has also been recently taken from this world of trouble--a troubled world it was to her, of poverty, of suffering, of cares, of disappointments, of an anguished heart. How grateful the relief, how joyful the change to her emancipated spirit.

It is my intention to go West the coming Spring and to take Bloomington on my way

returning. I cannot speak positively however of either the visit, or the time; but think I shall go, and probably in March or April. Tell Redick to keep his feet dry and to put a plaster on his breast. Something of this sort he must do, else he too will soon be followed to the grave. But for care of this kind, I feel assured, I should myself, at one time, have fallen a victim to consumption--that dread destroyer of our race.

Your affectionate Brother  
Andrew

*Mary Caroline Wylie to Margaret Wylie Martin, Bloomington*

Alexandria Feb 19<sup>th</sup> 1859

Dear Sister Margaret

Your letter was a messenger of sad sad tidings. Oh tis a bitter thought that we are never more to look upon the dear face of our Mother -- home is bereft of its best and loveliest attractions, Father and Mother both gone! -- Oh that we could live such lives of purity & religion as to insure us a happy meeting with them in those regions of the blest to which they have gone, hallowed are their memories! -- It must have been an unspeakable consolation to you to be able to close the eyes of that dying Mother, & catch the last faint sounds of her fleeting breath.

You do not speak of Elizabeth's being present at the afflictive scene, & I presume she is still in Cleveland, what steel to her heart will be the announcement, as it was to all the absent ones, my dear husband, Irene, & Anderson --

Little Andrew was much affected by the tidings, he has often expressed great fondness for G.Ma since his visit to Bloomington--

You have our heart felt sympathies both with & for you-- especially for Jennie for she has no husband & children to turn to & cling more closely to, in this hour of trial as we have.

Redick was a devoted son, he will miss dear Mother sadly when returning from his evening labors -- Mr. Wylie expects to visit Bloomington some time in the Spring, and it would afford me sincere pleasure to accompany him that I might see my relatives in Bloomington, as well as Chicago, to which point, & even beyond he intends to extend his journey, passing by my sister in Kentucky, but the expense and fatigue incident to such a long travel compels me to remain here during his absence -- I am still nursing my infant, & should have to take him, and a nurse, and Andrew is in too delicate a condition of health to think of my being separated from him --

Andrew is improving now, but had been confined to the house for two months from either a sprain, dislocation, or rheumatism in his hip, we think perhaps an injury received at school when engaged in some sport with his play fellows --

You say Mr. Martin talks of settling in Texas it is a very delightful climate, and I should prefer--(from various accounts I have received of it) to living there to almost any of the Western States -- There seems to be quite a tide of emigration that way from Virginia,--many of her wealthy and influential farmers removing there -- I should like particularly to see your dear children, and also Elizabeth's little girl --

I am very sorry to hear that Redick has a cough for I think the lungs the weak point in the

Wylie constitution--many an anxious thought have I had for my dear husband, his colds always settling on his chest, & inducing a cough -- I have to watch him & guard him from exposure, admonish him of his tendency to consumption, but for my studious care persuading him to protect his breast by flannels & his neck from the rough winds of winter, I conscientiously believe his health would have been wrecked, and perhaps a more fearful issue than that --

Affectionate Greetings for all the household  
Your Attached Sister  
Mary Caroline Wylie

Remember me to Mary, and Dr. Dodds; it was a great comfort to us to feel & know our dear Mother had such kind attentions and good medical advisers in her last moments --

*Ellen Higgins to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington, Indiana*

Cleveland Feb 20 '59

My Dear Mrs McCalla

I longed to hear from you, & anxiously watched the arrival of letters, and besides, earnest, heartfelt prayers were offered for you, that strength might be given you, to bear your afflictions, And I trust not in vain. And though our afflictions seem more than we can bear, the results are often, if not always of such a nature as to bring us nearer to God -- Oh! that I could this day see you, and whisper the words of hope & cheer -- There is much to live for. Your influence is not unseen or unfelt -- Sweet is the memory you left with us, and from the hopes we had, would much desire you to be with us again--have courage & I trust yet your physical, as well as your spiritual strength will be renewed -- "God loveth a cheerful giver"--peace to the Sacred dust -- So short is life that there is "but a stepping stone between our grief sob and our point in death" -- Alas then we must work while the day lasts, and let us be able to say--Father I thank thee that I have lived, that I have seen thy wondrous benevolence and mercies here on Earth--thy beauties here being a fore shadowing of the greater beauties of a life eternal, for which to live, to sigh, to suffer our few short years here, is but a poor compensation, or a little favor, asked in turn, for everlasting joys, where all is love and peace -- Then let us be willing to live, as well as to die,--we cannot suffer more than Christ suffered for us.

Your letter was your own Spirit breathing,--we received it gladly, & while we shed tears of sympathy we could but think that there was a joy in Heaven, for a saint had arisen, and should we not rejoice also? Yes my dear friend, let us give praise that she is happy now -- The letter was read to Dr Seelye & the money refunded -- You have his warmest sympathies, as well as those of Mrs Dunnan, Harley, Miss Leevy, Mr Deming & many others -- Mrs Wheeler sends her love -- Mrs Heath has returned and wishes a kind remembrance --

I hope to hear from you again, and to see you here, as soon as consistent for you to come

--

Mrs Bartlett left before I received your letter--I think (by mistake) she has taken the book with her

Hoping you will excuse this very hastily written letter--I subscribe myself  
Your friend most  
Sincerely, Ellen Higgins

Mrs McCalla

*Henry W. Ballantine to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

New York City Feb 20<sup>th</sup> 1859  
Sabbath P.M.

Dear friend Jennie:

I heard just yesterday of your deep affliction & feel that I must send, if only a line, to express my heartfelt sympathy -- "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

Here now you feel the need of Christian consolation -- You have hope of your dear Mother that she has gone to her chosen Savior--having left all care, & sorrow, & sin, has gone to that "rest that remaineth for the people of God." She trusted in Christ--& he received her. She has gone to meet your Father too --Can not you trust in that same Savior? I believe Jennie that you have yielded your soul to him -- Is it not so?

In bearing such bereavement as you have now suffered it requires more than that she who is called away shall have been a Christian -- You also who remain need the indwelling of the Holy Spirit to enable you to bear your trial--to make you resigned to the will of God. His will is right--he causeth that "all things shall work together for good to them that love him." What we need is, to realize this--then shall we be able to submit-- without murmuring -- This submission and consolation the Holy Spirit gives to those who ask for it in prayer. You may have it.

From the presence of death we realize the importance of our being prepared to meet the summons -- It may come soon -- Possibly we may never see each other in this world -- "So teach us Lord, to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Oh Jennie! trust in Christ for salvation without doubting -- Look not so much at your own fitness--God does not save people on account of their fitness; but for the sake of Christ -- That you are all sinful & doubting & trembling & distrustful puts you into the very class of those whom Christ came to save -- "Not the righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call."

O do humbly pray that the affliction--so deep--so hard to bear may be used of God to bring you all out from distrust & delay & lead you to acknowledge Christ openly. Often I think of Reddick -- He too ought to have an interest in Christ -- Do you pray for him? and your sister Lizzie? Now your Father and your Mother are gone you will have to go to God for your strength & your support -- And "if you seek him he will be found of you."

I have written this in great haste--My Sundays are so full of meetings. Have just returned from speaking in a meeting among the poor, two miles off, so that my hand is still tremulous from the walk.

May God ever bless you -- Truly yours

H.W.B.

*Craig D. Ritchie to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

829 Arch St Philadelphia Pa.  
Monday, February 21<sup>st</sup> 1859.

My dear Jane,

I am very sorry that I must begin this letter with an expression of the sorrow I felt at hearing of the death of Aunt Margaret. Though the few weeks I spent with you in the summer of 1855 were short and fleeting, and though that period was the only time I have ever had any intercourse with your mother, they were long enough to make me love her, and to enable me to perceive and appreciate all her many amiable and endearing qualities. I have and ever shall look back to that visit with feelings of unmingled satisfaction, and I am the more glad now that I made it as I thus had an opportunity of knowing my aunt ere she was taken away. Any consolations I could attempt to offer you all, under this bereavement, would be vain, for your hearts alone can know what it is to lose a mother,--mine was taken from me ere I knew the meaning of life or death. One sure source of comfort you have in the certainty that she is happier now than she ever could have been on earth, and while the uncountable ages of eternity roll on they will bring only fresh joys, for her last sorrow has been endured, her last trial passed away.

I have been quite unwell for a few weeks passed, having had a bad cold and a severe bilious spell. From the latter I have now recovered but my cold still harasses me. Almost every one is suffering from colds. We have had no winter in the sense of cold weather, snow and ice, but since the first of November it has rained two or three times a week, and I do not think we have a score of really clear days since that period. Today is an exception to the rule. Yesterday was rainy & exceedingly warm, almost any fire was oppressive, yet fires had to be kept up to keep the damp out. Such weather is the cause of many colds & when any one is attacked it is hard to get well.

Will Letterman had a very serious attack of typhoid fever in December. He was considered in great danger for several days but finally weathered the storm and is now well and at his business again. He lost however about two months from his confinement to bed & subsequent great weakness.

Cousin Jack Letherman is here at present. He has a furlough till some time in March, and during the meantime is amusing himself by studying as hard as if he was a second course student working for a diploma. I am sorry you are not here to make his acquaintance. He will probably be ordered to Oregon after his leave of absence expires.

Anderson was down a few weeks ago & spent about ten days in the city, during which I saw but little of him as he passed his time running about among the ministers etc.. He was buying books for a public library he has started at Bloomsburgh, is working very hard, looks well, and is much pleased with his post, the country and the people & has had many additions to his church. He positively denies being engaged to any lady.

I hope you will be able to keep your partial promise of coming East next winter. Many changes may occur before that time, but no change in my affection for you or in the pleasure a visit from you would give me can occur.

I had seen in the papers before I received your last letter a brief statement of the troubles you have had in the University. Are they settled yet, & were the charges against Dr. Daily proved to be true? Write me a full account.

I expect to hear from you very soon. You should return good for evil and if sometimes a letter from me should be delayed longer than is usual attribute it to the pressure of business, sickness or to any cause other than a lack of affection, for then you might hit upon the true reason, but in the latter case never.

Give my love to Cousins Margaret, Mary, Elizabeth and Re-dick, and believe me now, as ever,

Your affectionate Cousin,  
Craig D. Ritchie

Miss Jane Wylie,  
Bloomington, Ind.

Jack Letherman dined with us yesterday. I mentioned writing to you, & he desired me to give his love to you all --

*Craig Ritchie (uncle of Craig D. Ritchie of previous letter) to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington, Indiana*

Canonsburg [Penn] Feby 23. 1859

Dear Elizabeth

A few days ago I read a Bloomington paper containing a notice of the death of your Mother. (my sister Margaret)

I need not say with what surprise it took me as I had not heard of her illness, From her strong constitution & her usual good health I was not at all prepared to hear of her death. I presume it must have been very sudden & unexpected to you all, as well as to us at a distance.

I feel anxious dear Elizabeth to know more of the particulars of her sickness, & of the circumstances attending her last illness,

When you have leisure I hope you will write me about it. --Your mother was my oldest sister, and I was quite a small boy when she was married & left home. I remember, however quite distinctly of visiting her when she lived in Washington, Pa., but saw her only once or twice after she removed from Washington to Bloomington.

This affliction has come upon you no doubt in an unexpected time, as all usually do. My prayer for you is that you may be supported and comforted under it with those consolations of the Gospels which are neither few nor small.

Give my love & sympathy to your brother & the other members of the family that may be with you. I do deeply feel for you in the loss of such a mother, & sympathize with you, & hope that a kind providence may make this severe trial work out for you a far more exceeding weight of Glory.

There are sorrows of such a heavy weight that no earthly friend can lift them from the heart. but I rejoice that there is an almighty friend & helper, able & willing to relieve & comfort

all who come unto him

Your affect Uncle  
Craig Ritchie

P.S. I have just received the news of the death of sister Catherine, with a very full account of the particulars, written by Mr Leake himself & sent on to the Revd Mr Ewing of this place. --

How remarkable that the two sisters should almost as it were go in company together to the eternal world!

A warning to us.  
(Be ye also ready)

***Sarah McKee Dupern to Jane Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Eureka Humboldt Bay  
March 27<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dear Cousin Jinny

A few days ago, I received inclosed in one from home, your sister Maggie's letter to my mother, announcing the sad intelligence of your dear mother's death. I need not tell you how great a shock, it was to us all, having heard but the previous mail of her perfect health. Our sympathies dearest cousin are with you all, in this your sad bereavement, and O! how fervently I pray God to grant you strength to bear it, remember He doeth all things well, that it was the best time for your dear mother's removal to the other world, or she would not have been taken. And then, you have the unspeakable comfort, of knowing that she had the Christian's hope, of a happy home beyond the river, the dark river of death, over which she has now safely passed, and landed on the shores of the Heavenly Canaan where there is no sickness, nor sorrow, nor death. Let us not mourn for those who have passed on before us, (and we know not how soon we may follow), but so live that when our summons comes, our lamps may be found trimmed, and burning, and we with joy, ready to depart, to join those innumerable host of the redeemed, who worship around the Throne of God, above. O dear Jinny! you are now an orphan, and it is, I know a sad, sad thought, but remember there is One, who has promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the helper of all who put their trust in him. Read carefully, prayerfully your Bible, and its delightful promises will comfort you,

O! that you might give your heart to your Savior, and have your sins washed away in his precious blood. Without a change of heart, none can find acceptance with God, none can enter within the gates of that holy, happy place. It is only dear cousin, the true Christian, who has any real happiness in this world, and any peace in view of death, or the world to come. It was not till I had gone to my blessed Redeemer, and prayed Him, for a new heart, for strength to begin to live aright, that I enjoyed that quiet serenity of mind, and happiness in the discharge of the every day duties of life, which I now enjoy. How great an incentive to live aright, so that you may be reunited with the dear ones of your family, who are now in Heaven, The thought that the seperation is final, would indeed be awful, but thank God, such it need not be.

I think I have not written you since my marriage, but you have learned from Mother's

letters, and from brother Andrew, of my husband, and little daughter. I would that you, and all our dear friends in the East knew them both. The former, I know you would like, he is so gentle, and kind, and loves all whom I love, and the latter, is a bright, beautiful child, with black hair & eyes, & long eye lashes, rosy cheeks, and a sweet mouth, with twelve pretty, white teeth in it. You will see from my description, that she does not resemble me, she is a striking likeness of her Father. She is named for her Grandmother, (Eliza Ritchie), with whom she is a great pet.

We have been spending the most of the past year in a small, but pleasant town, some two hundred miles from San Francisco, where Mr Dupern has business, but having a partner with whom he can leave it, we anticipate returning to the city to reside permanently during the latter part of next summer. I feel very much being seperated from our dear family at home, particularly from my mother, from whom I have never been absent but for a short time. I am truly happy to hear that your sister Lib's health is so much improved of late. Give her, as well as cousin Maggie and Redick, my best love & warmest sympathies. Also to Irene, when you write to her. I will write shortly to Anderson. And now dearest Jinny, write me very soon It is a long time since you have let me hear from you Adieu dear Cousin, from your affect Cousin Sarah S. Dupern

***Andrew Wylie Jr to Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Alexa 2<sup>d</sup> April '59

Dear Brother

Our dearly loved little Andrew is extremely ill, from congestion of the brain. We are not without hope that he will be again restored to us, but our hearts ache with fear. I cannot write more. Oh what a cup of sorrow would his death be to his mother and to me.

Your devoted Brother  
Andrew Wylie

Redick M Wylie

***Andrew Wylie Jr to Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Washington April 12 '59

Dear Brother

Yesterday, with sorrowing hearts, we consigned to the tomb, all that was mortal of our darling boy. He died on the 9th (Saturday) easily and without apparent consciousness. He had not spoken for two days previous, but occasionally recognized by signs of affection, both his mother and myself. O what a blow this is to our hearts. The darling boy, was so beautiful, so intelligent, so manly and truthful, so considerate and judicious beyond his years, so affectionately devoted to his parents, so entirely guileless, so gay and happy of heart, and in all his trials for the past three months, bearing them not only without a murmur, but with heavenly cheerfulness. Why, O God of Mercy, was it necessary to cut off this flower of splendid promise in this early spring of his life? Was it that my heart should be broken? This is the bitterness of my grief. I

take it to myself and bow to the rod which has smitten me so sorely. I cannot carry on a warfare with Jehovah. I must seek his friendship and submit to his rule, so that after the few days of this life are past, I may again behold my angel child, in the Heavenly land where there is no death, no affliction, no parting, and whither in rapid succession so many of our family have gone.

Your afflicted & sorrowful Brother  
Andrew Wylie

***Henry W. Ballantine to Jane M. Wylie, Care of Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

New York Apr. 15<sup>th</sup> 1859

Dear Friend Jennie:

Somewhere back in the annals of the past I wrote you a letter & received thereto an answer in due time -- This answer has lain not neglected or unthought of; but my understanding in reference to our correspondence was that it should be "occasional", therefore I have forborne troubling you oftener.

I was glad of the particularity with which you entered into the circumstances of your Mother's death--for this reason mainly, that I might, from your expressions, judge of the state of your own heart towards Christ. Several things show me that you know how to go to Christ in trouble -- Who can have taught you this but the Holy Spirit? If this affliction--and it is a sore one-- was indeed sent "to turn (your) hearts to him" it has I hope accomplished that for which it was sent. Has it not in your case, Jennie? You say "How distressing that such a sacrifice should have to be made for us." It is truly distressing if it is so; but this we do not know, nor shall we ever know till the last day when God will vindicate all his dealings in the sight of men. This other thing we do know however: we may not have "laid our dear Mother upon the altar", but we did lay our dear Savior there -- He died not for his own sin--but that he might reconcile us to G. "by the blood of his cross"--us, sinful, careless, full of hatred & enmity towards him. Think of him Jennie, leaving the "glory which he had with the Father before the world began" & descending to our sinful, polluted earth, to take upon him our disordered human flesh, to suffer pain & scorn & death--for us! And what are we to him? He is not our natural mother who might be willing to offer herself for her children. There was nothing lovely in us that made him

"Enter the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwell among the dead."

No! it was his love to us as sinners--his pity for us in our blind obstinacy, that brought him down to earth. Could you love such a Savior? He presents himself before you to win your love, shall he have it? I believe you will--yes that you do yield your heart to him. That's all he asks, only our love, and is it not easy to love such an one?

May I make one suggestion to you Jennie -- You have ex-pressed trouble at the hardness of your heart & want of faith & love. The reason of this is obvious: you keep looking within yourself to see if there is any love or any faith springing up. Naturally enough you are disappointed -- It is like one standing on some mountain slope whence his eye can command a lovely land-scape; but instead of looking out upon the beauty stretched beneath him, he looks only inward to watch for emotions of the Beautiful. He waits & watches & is surprised that in

presence of such a scene he feels no emotion--wonders at his hardness & callousness.

Just so with you: You wonder that you feel no lively emotions of love to Christ while all the time you have been watching for the emotion instead of watching Christ himself -- You are to look away from yourself & only towards Christ; and you are not to wait for these emotions to evidence to you that you are accepted of him. The evidence of your acceptance is his promise "whoso cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out". Your duty is to cast yourself with confidence entirely on his promise & by an open profession put yourself on the Lord's side -- The emotions will very well take care of themselves.

I had the pleasure of seeing about two weeks since my friend Fannie Watts. Was surprised one morning as I was pouring over my Hebrew by her father's sudden entrance to my room & handing me her card -- Had the honor of showing her a little of N.Y. tho' the weather was very unpleasant; so much so that she must have enjoyed it not much, to say the least.

Our session is now rapidly drawing towards its close -- We have only two more weeks of study now; but these are hard ones-- full of reviews & long lessons & "crammings" for examination. After that Examinations last a week & I am through for four months!

Hope to see you & all my friends again in about five weeks from this night,

There is much that is new & interesting here but I have no time or disposition to inflict on you all that interests me. Today has been quite mild, one of our first Spring days, the trees beginning to bud. You always have my prayers & I trust also those of Christ in heaven.

My kindest regards to Redick with all at your house --

I remain, your friend, Henry.

***Elizabeth Louisa Wylie to Jane M. Wylie, Care of Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana***

Glendale Seminary

Tuesday noon, Apr 19, 1859

My dearest Jennie,

I am afraid to impose upon your good nature in writing so soon, but if you only knew what a delight it is to me to get your letters you would not wonder that I am in haste to answer them, that I may as soon as possible get another of your ever welcome letters. I can hardly expect to make MY letters very interesting to you, as I am at all times, a stiff composer, & here I can hardly find enough going to vary my letters. One day as you very well know is just like another. On Saturday & Sabbath, of late, it seems always to rain, the rest of the week is made up of mingled rain and sunshine. But we are well sheltered from the rain. & how very beautiful does all nature seem in her early garb after the soft showers.

After dinner-- I have to write by snatches, ran off from some girls to come up to write to you but find Ag Read & Julia in the room, so suppose I cannot write Wednesday. I intended to finish this letter last night, but after school Parke & myself went round to Judge Matthews and to Fannie Fosdick's, & had a very pleasant time. After tea we girls have prayermeeting. & then just as I was thinking of getting out my portfolios Dr. Monfirt sent word that he would like us--Parke & myself--to go round to Mr. Thompson's to the prayermeeting--which is held every Tuesday night

at some of the houses. We went & enjoyed the meeting very much. There were a great many villagers there. Mr. Thompson is a perfect gentleman, after prayermeeting Mr T. was talking to us, & asked me if I was a daughter of Dr. Wylie. I told him no. & he said he was slightly acquainted with your father. I suppose he was acquainted with your brother Sam, too, but I had no time to inquire. They have one little child who injured his spine by falling out of a swing. I have heard of afflicted patient children but do not remember ever having seen one before. He is dreadfully pale & very thin, has a hollow cough, but has such a resigned meek look that no one could help loving him. Mr Thompson says he--the little boy--is not afraid to die, that he is one of the sweetest little Christians he ever saw.

Things seem very different here now from what they did three months ago, when there were parties without number, wine in abundance & the dance prolonged till the morning's dawn. When the prayermeetings were attended but by two or three. Now we hear of no one drinking to excess at late parties. Our prayermeetings are well attended, & many seem to take a deep interest in church affairs. -- Judge Matthews has been a changed man since the death of his children, before he scarcely ever attended church, now he & his wife are present at every meeting both on week days & on Sabbath days, & he takes part in the meetings, last night they went before the session, & united with the church. We have communion on Sabbath week. You know Judge M. used to be a skeptic, an infidel--first he lost three children, then there was a pause, of two weeks, he felt a little serious at first but it was beginning to wear off, when his other & oldest child was taken sick and died, he says he believes it was necessary that he should be taken to teach him his duty, that he believes he would have gone back in the old path of sin and wickedness & now I think he is truly changed. He says God sent a special message to him. & He did it in love. He has spoken several times in prayermeeting I hope he will speak this eve, but fear he will not as he spoke last time. He reminds me of Anderson somewhat in appearance.

I don't know when I shall finish this, I do seem to get so little time. I have not one hour I can call my own. Louis is to be married tomorrow, it is good fun to tease him. Mr. Beangmean says his honeymoon will last always, but I don't know about it. I think Carrie will have to be greatly changed. I intended calling on her a week ago but the rain prevented. There goes the bell so good night. --

Friday -- I have made myself two dresses since Ma was here, dont you think I'm smart. I had them cut and fitted, but the sewing is my own. We had another new scholar on Tuesday although it is now only nine weeks till school is out. Only nine weeks. I am so glad that it is so near time, but yet in nine weeks how much may happen, so much that I never think about going home without thinking of the slender thread by which one's life is held, and how soon it may be severed, and we be summoned to the "Judgment Bar." But God has been very merciful thus far & I do wrong to have such fears. It is because I am so wicked and rebellious I have such fears, for of the righteous it is said "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord." I find that I do not "grow in grace" day by day, indeed sometimes I fear I am going backwards instead of forwards, for my heart seems so cold, when it might be burning with love to God & zeal for His cause. but I do believe that I desire to love Him & serve Him with all my powers. & if the desire is from my heart & I know it is--He knows it, and He will not turn away always. I have felt some degree of peace lately, but still I do not feel that my whole heart is devoted to my Master's service, that I am active enough in His cause. & God alone knows my many wandering, wicked thoughts. But I have a "Good Guide" and even in the dark wilderness

I can turn to Him, though He be surrounded with dark clouds, even in the depths of despair He did not entirely desert me. I could call upon Him, -- And He was a "refuge in time of trouble" & "delivered me out of my distress." Oh Jennie He is your "Strength & your Redeemer" too. You have found Him so have you not,--just trust Him, wait patiently for Him & He will reveal Himself to you. How gently He draws us, and assures us of His love and how unwilling we are to go to Him & love Him. Oh that we could indeed feel that "this is not our abiding place," then we would not be so easily drawn from heavenly things by the vanities of earth, but ever looking toward the unseen & eternal, we would be prepared when death comes to go to that "city not made with hande" to dwell with its Builder & our Maker, to join "the innumerable company of Angels" and to be forever with our loved ones gone before. And there is no night there, no tears, no sorrow, no pain. Oh dear Jen may we watch--may our lamps be burning,--may we all enjoy together the eternal happiness of the redeemed--that joy which so many of our dear friends as we trust are enjoying before us. Your dear parents & brother, my sister & brother, all our dear friends whose gain it was to die. Miss Poor or rather Mrs. John, in a letter written to Mrs M'F[erson] desired her great sympathy to be expressed to you. She seems to be quite busy, giving lessons I suppose.

I believe Mr Lathrop is elected pres. At least so it was said in an Evansville paper. It will be quite a change for Fanny & Mrs L. I really feel sorry for Fanny, she feels so badly about leaving Madison [WI/U. of WI]. She will be quite an ornament to society in B. Parke & Mrs M'F [McFerson] are well. I wish very much Mrs M'F would go back to B. I think she would like to go for the sake of her boys. But I am at the end of this prosy effusion. Pshaw. I meant to say at the end of the page. & will endeavor to close, but it is rather hard for me to stop when once I am started, as you can easily see.

How is Cousin Lizzie's health now? And is M Martin's health improving? I want very much to see you all. I scarcely saw Cousin Mag before I left, and that was a great source of regret to me. I hope tho to know them better this summer if I live so long. I dislike so much to think of you leaving B. but, I cannot but feel it will be best. My love to Redick & all. I must close. May God bless you -- Lou

Mary Thomas sends her best love to you.

*Elizabeth Wylie McCalla to Andrew and Mary Caroline Wylie*

Bloomington  
May 9<sup>th</sup> 1859

Dear Andrew & Carry,

Of course I can say nothing to lessen your grief for dear little Andrew's loss, nor will I attempt it; but desire to express our sympathy & to say we also feel bereaved in his death. We were all proud of him & referred to him as a model for children to imitate; can truly say we never saw, or knew his equal in good qualities, talent, etc. Everyone here, who saw him spoke with admiration of the child. It often brings tears to our eyes when we think of the severity of the stroke you are called upon to endure. We are so glad you brought him to see us. The dear

pleasant child left naught but sweet memories of himself; as oft as we think of him with pleasure we dwell on his remembrance. Poor Irene who has felt so severely the loss of her two interesting children, when speaking of Andrew's loss in her last letter, says nothing tends to lift the thoughts, desires, & affections, & efforts Heavenward so much as the loss of children, dear lovely children. We have all been called upon to endure so many afflictions the last few years & Mother's loss so recently that we indeed in an especial manner ought to lay these things to heart. This life, & the things of it, are so fleeting, uncertain, & unsatisfying, that I for one, can truly say I seem to hold them by a thread, a breath. We feel poor mother's loss so much. She was so much younger in appearance that she really was & so active & vigorous that we had never thought of her death but as far distant. Alas! How swift & unlooked for, the blow that took her from us. She had many trials, cares, & anxieties to pass through. Oh we trust she is at rest now. In the Spring she was wont to spend so much time in the yard & garden, took such an interest in everything going on, was always about & busy, that we seem to miss her more now than in the dreary winter weeks that followed her death. Samuel Martin & Redick are busy farming & gardening. The spring, until the last 10 days, has been so wet & disagreeable that there was no time for plowing. Redick is now planting corn. Peaches are mostly killed, but apples are safe thus far. We shall have enough of the former for eating. Samuel's health is better than it was. Redick I am grieved to say, still has that affection of the throat that has troubled him so much the last 7 or 10 years. Do wish you would use your influence, Andrew, (& we think you have more perhaps with him than anyone else) to induce him to apply to some skilful physician, ere it be too late. When he coughs it goes to my heart like a death knell. Margaret is kept quite busy with her children. Mary & Sue go to school. They are wild as birds & about as unmanageable. Margaret is in better health than she had been in China. She looked & felt miserably weak when she arrived last July tho she said she had been vastly recruited by the voyage. Samuel has not yet determined where he will settle; intends prospecting some farther, thinks of visiting Ill with a view to looking out a home. He will make a good farmer should he have health & strength to work. He is a good manager, tho not as economical as he might be. Irene writes she is coming out to spend part of the Summer with us & wishes to know when you will be here, Andrew, as she would like to meet you here. Carry, we would be so happy to receive a visit from you too, & to see the dear baby. Cannot you come? We see or know nothing to prevent. This is the last Summer we shall probably spend together at the old Homestead (sad it is to think so) & we would so like to have you all come. Cousin Theophilus talks of buying the House, but thinks it too high. Dunning says he will give \$5000 for the house & the 20 acres of ground & no more. We think it too little, that figure. Property here has raised very much the last five years & is still on the rise. Jane intends going on in the Fall to live with Anderson. He wishes her to go very much. Poor Jenny seems more desolate now than any of us. Mr. McCalla intends starting this afternoon for Chicago to look after that unfortunate debt due him. The Firm made an assignment some time since. The Creditors offer him a piece of land, ten (10) acres, seven miles from the City for the debt (\$3,300). It is not worth the half. He is most reluctant to take it but thinks it better than nothing. He has not capital to go into business for himself & is still clerking for Howe. These reverses are dreadful, but he bears them with great fortitude. As to myself, my mental suffering was removed at the Cure, but the long agony I passed through has left my head & whole frame in a miserable condition. Still suffer much physically. Would not take the World however, for the relief I got at the Water Cure. My ailments that were the cause of the mental suffering I endured, are not removed yet. Intended remaining at Cleveland some two or three months longer; when I learned of Mother's illness hurried home in hopes to see

her alive. But did not reach here until the day after her burial. My little Molly is a hearty child, though she has but little appetite, she is quite fat; seems intelligent, at which I wonder tho I need not say how much rejoiced we are that she is so. She is still sucking her bottle & loves it better than any eatable. Is pretty good natured & not very handsome, tho she has a sunny face. Hope she will, if she lives, look at the sunny side of life. Mary & family are well. She & the Dr. desire to be kindly remembered to you both & express great sympathy for you. So do coz. Theophilus & Rebecca. They often made mention of dear little Andrew's intelligence, beauty, good manners etc. They frequently inquire for you. I write but few letters now, writing or much reading effects my head. Indeed have but little time now for either. All the household desire to be affectionately remembered to you both. Samuel said he would write you but could say nothing to alleviate your sorrow. Affectionately your sympathizing sister

Eliz. McCalla

The papers containing obituaries of Andrew have just come to hand. We think them just & faithful notices of the dear boy. Will return them in a few days. Wish to let a few friends peruse them.

***Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.***

Bloomington  
July 27<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dear Brother,

Having not heard from you for some time, we had come to the conclusion that the reason you did not write was that you would soon be home yourself. But Anderson tells us that you will probably not be here until fall. We should have been very glad if you could have come out sooner, in order that we could have consulted your wishes & had your opinions in the final settlement of the estate.

Samuel Martin expects to leave with his family for Texas in about one month or less and is therefore very anxious that as much of the business relative to the final settlement should be gone through with as soon as possible, before he starts. We should be glad to know your wishes as to the mode of proceeding in this settlement and especially as it regards your own interest. We think that the main or chief thing of importance is to begin right.

As to myself, think that if the estate is to be settled up would rather it were done as soon as possible. We have done nothing farther than to have Mr. Bickle appointed guardian for our Brother John's child. Suppose he is already appointed. Have heard from him several times. He seems to be perfectly willing to do anything that he can, either professionally or otherwise, in order to bring about a final settlement. We have written to him urging him to come down that he may the better judge of & see things for himself.

If that interest could be bought out undivided we suppose it would very much shorten the proceedings.

Irene & Anderson are now here. Anderson will leave next week. We are all well now. Was sick a few days ago. We should like to hear from you as soon as possible. Love to all

Your affectionate brother  
Redick M. Wylie

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington, Indiana*

I hereby assign and transfer to my sister Elizabeth McCalla all my interest and share in the household furniture and utensils in the dwelling house at Bloomington, now occupied by her & other members of the family -- Witness my hand this 26<sup>th</sup> September 1859

Andrew Wylie

*Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie*

Bloomington  
Oct 12<sup>th</sup> 1859

Have just rec<sup>d</sup> yours of the 8<sup>th</sup>. Also one from Cincinnati a few days ago. You must have had a tedious trip of it. Seemed to be unfortunate at almost every step. Am glad you escaped any serious accident.

Theophilus has lifted his first note today. Enclosed send you your share in the first payment in the form of a draft as you directed. Paid the premium on it, forgot to deduct it from the amount, but will make it off of you at some other time.

You left your breast pin & toothbrush here. What will I do with them? Will box up the portrait and any other things you want, as soon as the sale is over. Am very busy now getting things ready for it. It comes off on Saturday next.

Told the Professors what you said about the books, have not yet received an answer from them.

I concur in your advice as it regards a farm & do not intend to change my locality unless for the benefit of my health. As to marrying have always held the same opinion with yourself. Nor do I intend to change that opinion unless should meet with someone with whom should irrecoverable fall in love, which at present is not likely.

As to the volumes you mention, the most of them are in the library. Do not know what has become of Burks works. But will send them if not sold to the College.

Elizabeth is going to housekeeping immediately. Has given out the notion of going to Cleveland at least for the present. Jane & Irene are a going to start on Monday next. All send their love to Carry & little Pendleton.

Yours affectionately  
Redick M. Wylie

*Mary O. Ballantine to Jane M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Monday Oct 17<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dearest Jennie--

It pains me deeply that I cannot see you this evening -- I intended all the time to have seen

you at least once more before you go, but I am sick today--too sick to go out in the damp air. And so I must write my farewell. Dear Jen, I have wanted so much to tell you, and have you feel, how dearly I love you and how truly and really I sorrow that you will here after live far away from me. You always say you don't believe me, when I tell you so, but I know you do, dear Jen. You know I love you--and your going away won't make any difference. I'll love you all the same. But I'll miss you sadly, Jennie.

I know today has been a sad day to you. I can imagine how you must feel at seeing your dear home deserted and you going far off among strangers. I have left a dear home--and it was sad enough. But I had my dear ones all with me--Mother, Father & all -- You dear Jen, go alone. I know you miss your dear careful Mother. I pray that the Lord may take you up and care for you as He does for His beloved ones. May the Divine Comforter comfort your heart, my dear Jen-- and such comfort is the sweetest of all. Accept my tenderest sympathy--my sincerest affections & love. I wish I could see you & kiss you and mingle my tears with yours-- but perhaps it is best so. You know I would have come if I could.

Write to me Jennie when you get home. This is the first in the correspondence -- I want to keep it up -- I hope you will find it all pleasant--and will make many good friends in your new home. That you will find your duties sweet, and that everything will smile around you all your days -- Above all dear Jennie--may you have the Everlasting One for your friend and "all the rest shall be added unto you" --

Anna says--Tell her I love her dearly and would be so glad if I could see her. We are all rather unwell. Ma & Liz have dreadful colds & Lou a sore throat -- All send much love and many kind wishes & Goodbye to you & Mrs Bell.

Goodbye, my dear, dear Jennie--

God bless you--

Your affectionate loving friend

Mary O. B.

A pleasant trip to you all. Don't forget me --

*Andrew Wylie Jr to Redick M. Wylie, Bloomington, Indiana*

Washington 25<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1859

Dear Redick,

Some days ago I received yr. favor of 12th instant concerning draft for 148\$, my share of cash payment for the house sold to Professor [Theophilus] Wylie--overpaying me by the amount of exchange for the draft.

Should a good opportunity offer you can send me the tooth brush & breastpin. If not you can throw away the former, and accept the latter as a small remembrance from me.

We have not heard yet of Jane's arrival in this part of the country. Carry joins me in desiring she should make us a visit some time during the winter of which I intend writing to her.

As soon as you have any news from Margaret, please let me know. I should be glad to hear all about what you have been doing at home since I left, and what you all are about now, and

what you propose to do.

I have no leisure to write more now, as I am hurried to court.

Your afft Brother  
Andrew Wylie

Redick M Wylie Esq

*Redick M. Wylie to Andrew Wylie, Jr.*

Bloomington  
Dec 17<sup>th</sup> 1859

Dear Brother,

After receiving your last intended to write you as soon as the sale was over, and other matters settled. But have been more busy since the sale than before. Did not think that I had neglected to write to you for so long until I had noticed the date of your last. Some time ago Mr. McCalla bought a small house in town, containing only two rooms. Am now living with him. Having built two more rooms we feel more comfortable. Had to attend to the building of these besides my other regular work, and the settling of the estate and moving. So you may know that I have been driven almost day and night.

Am now almost through with the most urgent work. Have almost finished gathering corn, had about 1300 bu. It is selling for 35 cts per bu, wheat \$1.00. Have to go down to Prof Wylie's to feed my horses & colts. Have rented part of the stable from him for that purpose.

We have had as beautiful weather as we could desire until recently. The snow is now about 8 in. deep, the thermometer stands at 28°. Has been down to 2°.

The things went cheap at the sale, did not go as high as they were assessed. As it regards the real estate the commissioners were duly appointed. They made out their report, and it was received during the same court. They set aside 41 ½ acres in the south east part of the land as constituting the whole of little Irene's share. They divided the house equally among the remaining heirs. You get 29 ½ acres in the southwest part of the land besides your interest in the house. I get the remaining 89 ½ acres, 6 acres below the house & my interests in the house. Jane gets 17 acres by Mrs. Allen's (the hay field), her interest in the house & \$25 to be paid by Dr. Dodds & myself. The Dr. gets the old sugar camp, the 10 acres east of Jane's and the 10 acres west of Jane's besides his interest etc in the house. Elizabeth gets the 72 acres joining Prof Wylie's on the east & 1 interest in the house. As you will perceive from the above the house was divided into 8 shares, instead of 9 as I supposed it would be when I divided out the 1<sup>st</sup> payment received from Prof Wylie. So that there will be \$18.50 coming to your on the 1<sup>st</sup> payment, deducting from this your share of the Lawyer and Court fees (\$48.00) & 1.50 the premium on the draft sent you. There will be \$11.70 cts coming to you. I enclose your 12.00 as cannot make the even change. What do you wish done with your portion of the land?

Soon after the division, wrote to Bickle telling him that if he had the power to sell little Irene's land, I should like to buy it. He immediately wrote me inquiring of me if the interest was subject to the claims which different members of our family might have against it, "if so, what were they?" & "What would I give for the land?" and "on what terms did I wish it?" I answered

his letter immediately, have not heard from him since, although it has been more than a month ago. Do not know what to make of it. Thank you for your kind advice. Think I shall stay where I am for the present at least, & am pretty sure not to marry until I can see my way clear. Although do not much like the idea of going to work on a small unimproved farm.

As to the books, the Trustees of the College have agreed to take the greater part of them, leaving the faculty to select them. They have not yet done it. Byron's & Burk's works do not know what has become of them. Suppose Anderson took them. Irene took Johnson's works & Jane took Jeremy Taylor's sermons. Will send our father's portrait & the other things soon. Sent you your brush and breast pin by Judge Watts.

After the faculty have selected what books they want, do not know what to do with the rest of them. Suppose there will be but few of any value left.

Have not heard from Jane but once since she left although she has been gone 2 months. Dr. Dodds received a letter from Sam Martin the other day. They had reached Cotton gins Texas after being on the road 49 days. Everything went on well, had good health and fine weather. They were then at their uncle's, had not yet chosen a place to live, nor had they been there long enough to know how they would like the country. We are all in our usual health. Elizabeth says she will write soon. Would be glad to hear from you soon. Love to all.

Yours affectionately  
Redick M. Wylie

*Anderson Wylie to Elizabeth Wylie McCalla, Bloomington, Indiana*

Bloomsburg Pa  
Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1859

My Dear Sister --

I feel that I must write you a few lines tonight tho' it must be few indeed, for I am pressed as usual. Next Sunday we have our anniversary--have three services & in eve' have the hardest duty to perform which ever fell to my lot. Must preach (for the good of the living) a plain & searching sermon on the decease of one of the most prominent & richest members of my cong' (not a communicant) who hanged himself--the cursed demon, drink of course the cause.

God helping me I mean to speak with the utmost degree of plainness tho' it may offend half the people for he had a large family connection. We recently had a convocation here, & one eve' a high Churchman preached a baptismal regeneration sermon & after the sermon I arose in the chancel & answered the whole thing, showing both from scripture & Prayer Book, it was utterly false, dangerous, Romish doctrine. Almost all the cong' went with me & those who opposed, for the most part are coming over; The thing has been talked of all about the country, but I felt that I had no choice & if necessary I should do it again.

I suppose of course, Jane has written you of her recent movement. Last week I tramped all over the city for her. She starts under very favorable circumstances. Her acquaintance will be large & her friends numerous. Tell her to send you one of her cards. I know of young ladies (old maids) who are scarcely equal to her, who make from \$1400 to \$2000 a year at teaching. I suspect within a year she will be making double what I am receiving.

So you see your conjectures about Bloomsburg are all out of the way. After the matter had

been much talked over between Sue Black, Theo' & ourselves I said to her not to consider me but to consult her personal interest & I would do all I could for her. I accordingly spent last week in the city for her & think it will not be in vain. As to myself I think I shall soon leave here. I have received a call to become assistant at St. Ann's Brooklyn & may receive a similar call this week from the Ascension N.Y. I have not yet fully decided but think shall go to NY or Brooklyn; I had as you know determined to settle here but God has appointed otherwise, & it is all for the best. It will be hard for me to leave here, for the people generally are much devoted to me & they tell me the church never has been so fully attended--all this would encourage me to remain but I think the indications are I ought to go. I have a Bible class of over 50 young men & women & they are devotedly interested. I suppose you are now at home in your new home. I pity poor little Molly she must be lonely. Mr Stuart (of whom you speak) sells only to the wholesale merchants, who in turn sell to the retail.

My love to Redick, Mary, John &c Do write soon. If I decide to go next week, I will write you.

Your affect' bro.

A.M. Wylie

## APPENDICES

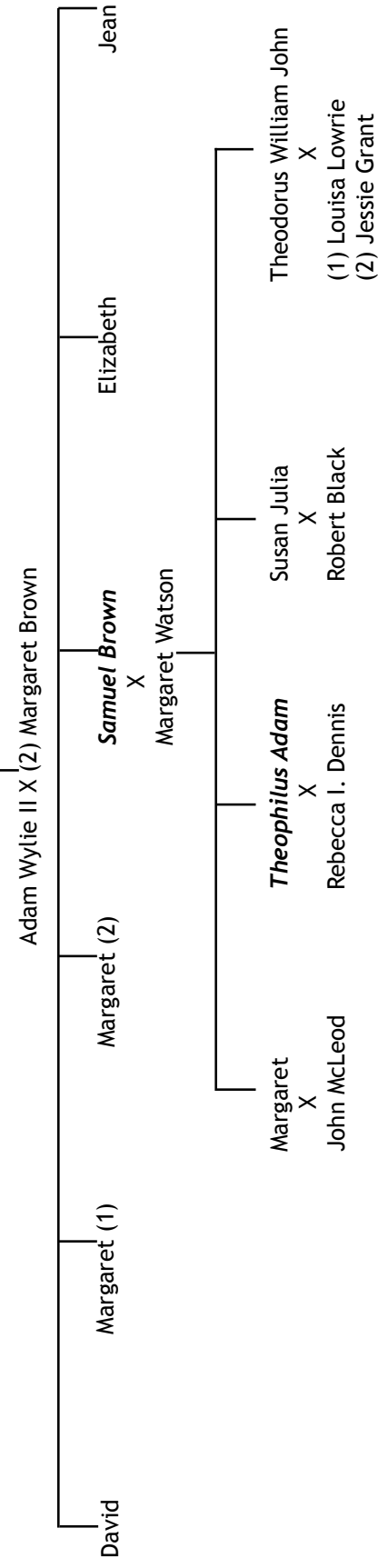
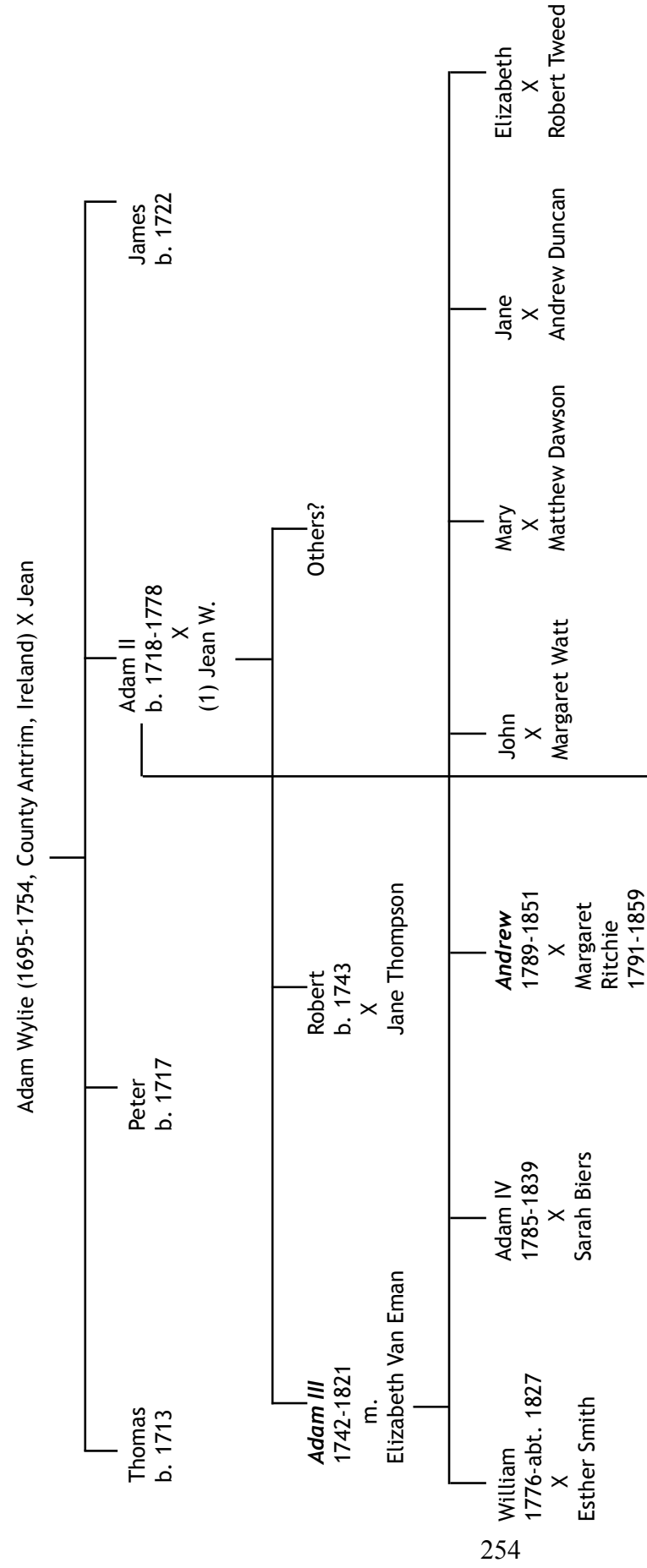
A. Genealogical Charts

B. Samples of Handwriting from Letters

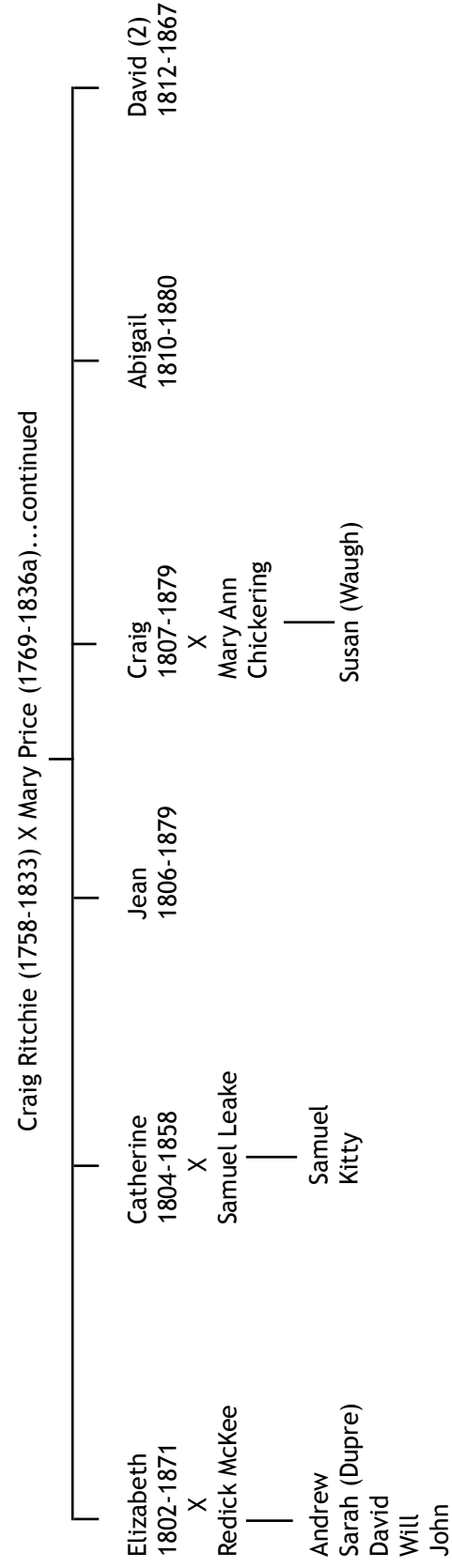
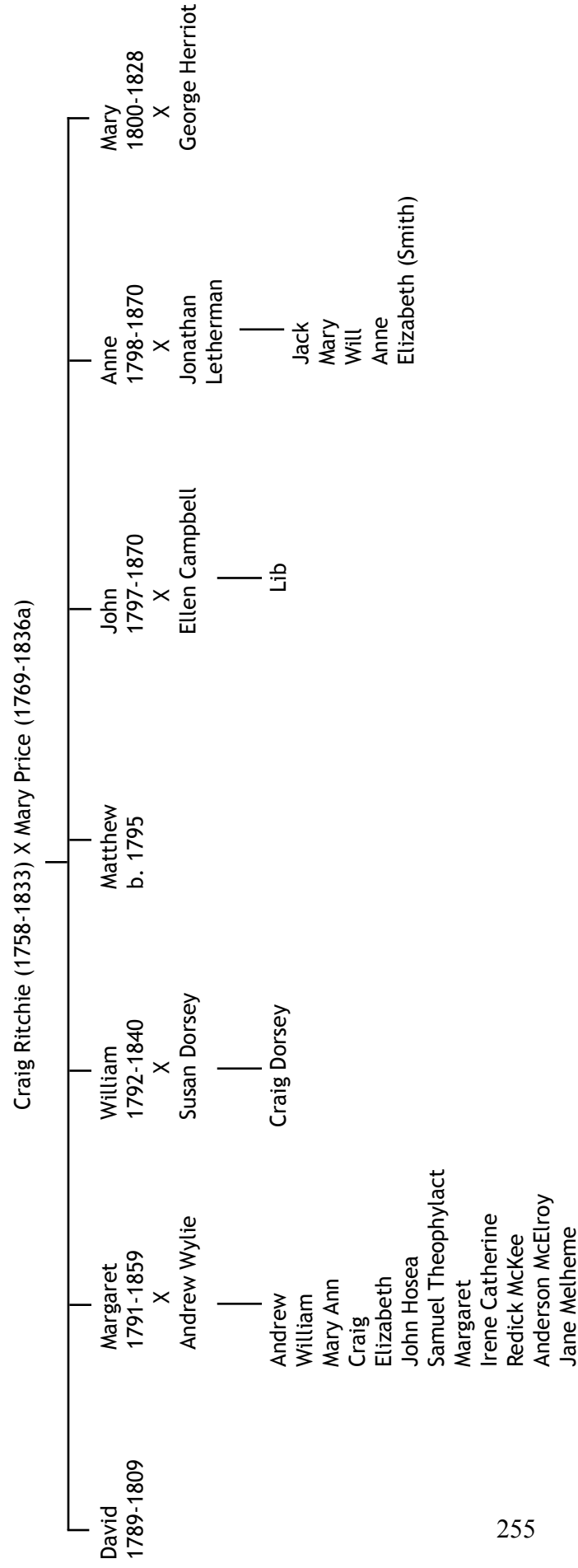
C. Chronology of Selected Events, 1829 - 1859

D. Glossary of Names

Andrew Wylie's father and Theophilus A. Wylie's father were half-brothers, making them half 1st cousins



Margaret Ritchie Wylie's family



Greenwich 21<sup>st</sup> Dec. 9. O. Old Hill

Dear wife:

I have an impression that Sam. will recover. I have had it since noon yesterday. It is not founded on reason. I know not what to call it; but it is in my heart & it comforts me. John & the other doctors do not utterly despair, but I hope & this is strange very strange to me, especially as last night it was with the utmost difficulty, by four persons rubbing his limbs, one at each limb, & then applying mustard, that signs of life were restored. But even then this strange impression that he should be restored did not leave me. It may prove fallacious but it comforts me while I have it.

About this time yesterday he had a calm & lucid interval which I tried by the help of the Prayer Book (see the service for the sick) to improve. He took part in the prayers & answered the questions distinctly, expressing his confidence in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. John, who till then when he saw all the symptoms of approaching death, now gave way to his feelings sobbing aloud. Afterwards he told me that he had never seen any to survive the "subcillus" & that it was set down in the books as a fatal sign. But Dr. Will told us of a case that had happened 30 years ago in his practice in Phil<sup>a</sup> of a man who had had this sign & in other respects was a more hopeless case than that of our dear son who had recovered & is now living. - Last night Sam had some quiet rest. He is now as he for the most part is flighty & restless. When occasionally he is calm, he speaks the names of the family at home, yourself

Andrew Wylie to his wife Margaret Wylie, 1850

A. W. to Caroly

Pittsburg July 8<sup>th</sup> 1840

Your last letter, my darling Caroly, was so long in coming that, and then when it had come contained the disappointable announcement of your ~~intention~~ <sup>determination</sup> not to return till April, that my resolution was formed not to write to you for a week, by way of let-off. But I have somewhere met with the advice, never to occupy an injury, and suppose it may be a politic as well as benevolent principle - at least I have concluded it is best to practise upon it with you. It is Saturday evening after tea, raining and gloomy without, no company within the room, the week ended, nothing particular to employ my time, - what better season to let me down and postpone fancy the scene which is at the present moment to be enacted around your own fireplace, and at the same time indulge my feelings in a sweet and precious communion with one who is dearer to me than all the angels of God's creation? - I can imagine myself, <sup>in</sup> ~~for~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~of~~ you before with you all, but then the delusive fantasia is gone, and the reality almost kills me. The only hope which under my daily life inducible, is that which points to your return at some future period, however distant. I shall con-

Andrew Wylie, Jr. to his wife Caroline Wylie, 1846

Bloomington Oct 14<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear Brother

Richard & some other individuals  
 had had such suggestions, desiring to buy us out of  
 house & home, & I wrote to know if you are  
 willing to sell at the price you would ask, &  
 the price you would take for it. We at home  
 have been very desirous to sell as we consider we  
 are being without the interest of \$4000. &  
 the amount, as long as we reside in it, the  
 house is much too large for us, taxes here  
 to be paid are so large an amount, that being  
 in nothing, & after a while, in fact right away  
 some repairs will have to be made.

Richard wishes us all to agree to the sale, &  
 the price; says half of the money will be  
 paid down & the remainder in four months  
 we have not told him our price, wait until  
 we hear from you all, we including the De  
 & Ray, think \$5000 a fair price for it, would not  
 take for less. Have two projects in view in  
 case the sale can be effected, to build a cottage  
 on the ground, you will know, designated  
 the "middle field," let John take one thousand  
 or whatever he may value his interest in the  
 Estate & <sup>make such a</sup> remainder of the remainder as you  
 think best, our other plan, is to purchase "Beard's

1853 Oct 14<sup>th</sup>  
 Elizabeth Wylie

Elizabeth Wylie to her brother Andrew Wylie, Jr., 1853

Bloomington Feb 24<sup>th</sup> 1857

Dear Brother

Yours of the 15<sup>th</sup> of Jan was  
 received in due time. I intended to have  
 complied with your requests ~~immediately~~  
 immediately, but Mother wished me to  
 wait until she could have her ambrotype  
 taken, to send to one Anderson in the  
 same box (He having several times requested  
 her to send it to him by the first opportunity)  
 The weather here has been remarkable in its  
 behavior. From the 1<sup>st</sup> of Dec to about the 1<sup>st</sup>  
 of January we had one uninterrupted freeze,  
 the ground not having thawed through once,  
 the thermometer often going down to 20° below  
 zero, since which time the wind has turned  
 to the south, and we have had warm weather  
 part of the time, too warm to have a fire  
 during the first week of Feb the wind blew a  
 perfect gale, on Friday night of which, it almost  
 blew a hurricane. Yesterday was the first clear  
 day for about a month sufficiently clear to copy  
 Father's daguerotypes, which Mother wished to send  
 along with her own. Which accounts for the  
 long delay. The copy is not a good one, but it is the  
 best we could get in this place.

I collected all the printed speeches of Father in the

Redick M. Wylie to his brother Andrew Wylie, Jr., 1857

## A CHRONOLOGY OF SELECTED EVENTS 1829-1859

- 1829 Irene C. Wylie is born, ninth child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; Andrew Wylie accepts election as first president of Indiana College and moves his family to Bloomington; his salary: \$1000 plus one-third of all tuition fees, not to exceed \$1300; Andrew Jackson inaugurated US President; William Booth founds the Salvation Army
- 1830 Bloomington's population is around 700; Indiana College has its first graduates; local products include leather, liquor, wrought iron, domestic and farm implements, flour, oil; there are numerous factories, stores, shops, mechanics, tradesmen, artisans, educators, professional men – and speculators!
- 1830-4 Andrew Wylie is minister of Presbyterian Church in Bloomington
- 1831 Redick Wylie is born, tenth child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; IU Professor Baynard Rush Hall resigns
- 1832 Andrew Wylie Jr. graduates from Indiana State College; Professor John Harney resigns; the Great Faculty War almost defeats Andrew Wylie; the Monroe County Female Seminary closes; Andrew Jackson reelected US president (defeats Henry Clay); New England Antislavery Society founded in Boston
- 1833 Anderson M. Wylie born, eleventh child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; Margaret Wylie's father Craig Ritchie dies at age 74 in Canonsburg, PA; the first worldwide cholera epidemic hits Bloomington; schools close for one month
- 1834 McCormick invents his reaper; Lincoln enters politics as an Illinois assemblyman
- 1835 Wylie House is built; William Wylie, second child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie, dies at age 19; new newspapers are the Bloomington Post and the Indiana Gazette & Advocate; the Monroe County Female seminary reopens; Second Seminole War 1835-1842; Blackhawk starts a feeble war; P.T. Barnum starts a grandiose career
- 1836 Jane M. Wylie is born, twelfth child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; the grand College Building is completed at Seminary Square; William McGuffey, former student of Andrew Wylie, publishes his 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Eclectic Readers; Martin Van Buren is elected US President; Betsy Ross dies; Texas wins independence from Mexico and becomes a republic; Arkansas admitted to the Union
- 1837 The "Panic of '37" marks beginning of a period of economic depression lasting six to seven years, the greatest this country will see until 1929; Ellettsville is platted; Samuel Morse exhibits electric telegraph in New York City; Michigan becomes a state; Victoria becomes queen
- 1838 Indiana College is made a University; it has four faculty; \$150 is appropriated to start a band; the first student "boarding club" appears, with fees of about \$1.50 per week; Craig Wylie graduates from Indiana University; Mary Ann Wylie marries Dr. James Findley Dodds; Andrew Wylie Jr. admitted to the bar
- 1839 Macmillan is credited with inventing the bicycle; Doubleday is miscredited with inventing baseball with game in Cooperstown, NY

- 1840 Craig Wylie dies near Louisville, Kentucky, where he was teaching school; Bloomington has nearly 1000 people; leading industries of the 1840s are milling, wool-carding, tanning, wagon and iron works, saddle and harness shops; the temperance movement gets a toe hold in Bloomington, driving most liquor dealers out of town; William Henry Harrison elected US President.
- 1841 John H. Wylie graduates from IU, goes to Louisville to study medicine; Andrew Wylie is ordained an Episcopal deacon, priested the following year; President Harrison dies one month after his inauguration; John Tyler succeeds him; P.T. Barnum opens his “American Museum” exhibition in New York City
- 1842 IU’s 1500-book library is catalogued by Theophilus Wylie; IU’s School of Law begins as circuit judge David McDonald teaches classes four months a year; the Regulators terrorize Harrodsburg, beginning a tradition that does not die down in Indiana until the 1920s; the winter is especially hard – many cattle starve – but the country’s economic depression is finally beginning to lift
- 1843 Samuel Wylie graduates from IU; IU now has 115 students; Baynard Rush Hall publishes The New Purchase describing his life in Indiana in satirical form; the first Morse telegraph connects Washington to Baltimore
- 1844 James K. Polk elected US President; YMCA founded in England; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charles Dickens, and James Russell Lowell are among the growing number of “popular” writers
- 1845 Andrew Wylie Jr. Mary Caroline Byran of Alexandria, VA; Samuel Wylie graduates from IU Law Dept.; Dr. Dodds and wife MaryAnn (Wylie) return to live in Bloomington after Dodds closes his practice in Corydon; Texas and Florida become states; Europe’s potato famine sends great waves of immigrants, especially the Irish
- 1846 Cornelius Pering leaves the Monroe County Female Seminary and Eliza M’Ferson takes his place as Principal – the school operates until 1863 when high school system is instituted; the last group of Indians in Indiana, the Miami, are forced to leave for Kansas; US declares war on Mexico after failing to negotiate purchase of New Mexico – Monroe County sends three companies; Iowa becomes a state; Elias Howe patents his sewing machine.
- 1847 Henry Ward Beecher takes abolitionism beyond his local pulpit (his sister Harriet will later take it further); the Mormons found Salt Lake City; US forces capture Mexico City; gold discoveries in California lead to first gold rush; Charlotte Bronte’s Jane Eyre is enjoyed by many, Elizabeth Wylie among them
- 1848 IU has six professors and still around 100 students; Treaty of Guadalupe-Hedalgo ends Mexican War; US gets Texas, New Mexico, California, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and parts of Colorado & Wyoming; Zachary Taylor elected President; Wisconsin becomes a state; Communist Manifesto issued by Marx and Engels; Macaulay’s History of England published; spiritualism becomes popular in US
- 1849 Irene C. Wylie marries Joseph Bell and Margaret “Maggie” Wylie marries Rev. Samuel Martin in double wedding ceremony; America suffers a second major cholera epidemic; Bloomingtonians Joseph Wright and Paris Dunning are elected Governor and Lt. Governor; wagon trains leave even Bloomington for California’s gold; Harriet Tubman and Amelia Bloomer add themselves to the growing ranks of revolutionary women
- 1850 Maggie and Samuel Martin go to China as missionaries; their first child William Boone Martin born in China; Samuel Wylie dies at age 25 in Cincinnati; the population in Bloomington is about 1650; railroad construction brings an influx of Irish Catholics to add to the Methodists, Baptists, Christians, Covenanters, Lutherans, Seceders, and Reformed and “pure” Presbyterians; the city now has nine lawyers and ten physicians; President Zachary dies in office; Millard Fillmore succeeds him; California becomes a state
- 1851 John Wylie marries Lizzie Leeds of Richmond, Indiana; Redick Wylie graduates from IU; Susan Louisa Martin, second child of Maggie and Samuel Martin, born in China; Andrew Wylie dies; Theophilus Wylie is appointed IU president *pro tempore*; Issac Singer invents continuous-stitch sewing machine
- 1852 Anderson Wylie graduates from IU; Alfred Ryors, Ohio University president is elected new president of IU, serves only one year; Harriet Beecher Stowe’s Uncle Tom’s Cabin is published; Franklin Pierce elected US President
- 1853 Andrew Wylie Bell, young son of Joseph and Irene Wylie Bell, dies of brain fever at Wylie House; baby Irene Wylie born to John and Lizzie Leeds Wylie; later in the year, John Wylie, suffering from tuberculosis, leaves home to travel westward in hopes of regaining his health; William Daily elected IU president; Indiana’s Wabash & Erie Canal and its New Albany & Salem Rail Road praised as engineering marvels, but the latter makes the former obsolete in a few years
- 1854 Fire destroys main IU building; Dr. David Maxwell, called father of IU, dies
- 1855 John Wylie dies on island of Kauai; the first Monroe County Fair; Florence Nightingale pioneers nursing as a profession during the Crimean War; the first iron-clad steamer crosses the Atlantic – in 9 ½ days
- 1856 Lizzie Leeds Wylie dies of tuberculosis at her home in Richmond, Indiana; Elizabeth Wylie marries John McCalla; James Allison opens Bloomington’s first photography studio, 15 years after Theophilus Wylie pioneered the process; first detailed Monroe County plat map is published; James Buchanan elected US President
- 1857 Mary Ballantine McCalla born to John and Elizabeth Wylie McCalla; Eliza M’Ferson retires from Monroe County Female Seminary; newspaper The Bloomington Advocate begins publication; Bloomington’s first bank is organized and lasts about a year
- 1858 Maggie and Samuel Martin return to the US from China; Minnesota becomes a state
- 1859 Margaret Wylie dies at her home in Bloomington; the Theophilus Wylie family moves into Wylie House; young Andrew Wylie III, son of Andrew Jr. and Caroline Wylie, dies; IU President Daily resigns, succeeded by John Lathrop; Oregon becomes a state; Darwin publishes The Origin of Species

## GLOSSARY OF NAMES

**Ammen, Amanda.** “dear friend” of Liz; daughter of Indiana University Professor of Mathematics, Jacob Ammen

**Ammen, Jacob.** Indiana University professor of mathematics 1840-43. A graduate of West Point, he also taught military tactics as a voluntary and after-school-hours course at Indiana University. Though a Virginian by birth, he later served in the Union Army during the Civil War.

**Ballantine, Anna Thankful “Little Annie”.** Daughter of Indiana University Professor of Languages Elisha Ballantine, sister of Henry and Mary O. Ballantine, friend of Sarah Parke Morrison

**Ballantine, Elisha.** Born 11 October 1809 at Schodack Landing on-the-Hudson, New York. Graduated Ohio University at Athens, studied at Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, and subsequently taught languages at both schools. Presbyterian minister in Virginia and Washington DC 1840-52. Professor at Indiana University 1854-63, becoming Chair of Languages. Secretary of American Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church 1863-66. Professor of Hebrew at Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, 1866. Returned to IU as Professor Emeritus of Greek in 1867 until he resigned in 1878. Ballantine several times refused honorary DD degrees as “inconsistent with his Christian precept,” but accepted a literary LLD from IU in 1878. Served as Acting President from November 1884 to January 1885, between the administrations of Moss and Jordan, and thereafter as Vice President and Professor of Greek until his death at his home in Bloomington in the spring of 1886.

“Professor Ballantine was highly esteemed by all who knew him, as a scholar and as a Christian. He had taken the man Christ Jesus as his model, and came perhaps as near to that faultless character as but a few of the human family have attained. Professor Ballantine was a sincere man; there was no dissembling about him. He was no flatterer, his words were the true representation of his thoughts. He was benevolent—kind to all with whom he was brought in contact. He was in constant demand when the desponding needed comfort, and when the dying needed a spiritual advisor. His services of this kind were freely rendered, and often sought by Christians of every name. He was highly esteemed by all classes—Protestant and Roman Catholic, Jew and Gentile. As a preacher, Professor Ballantine was plain and practical, often eloquent, never ostentatious.

As a literary man and scholar, Professor Ballantine stood in the first rank. He was thorough in his scholarship. In addition to his knowledge of the Greek and Latin, he was an excellent Hebrew scholar, and had also considerable knowledge of other Semitic dialects, and of modern languages he spoke and read the German language, and was an excellent French scholar.” As scholar and clergyman, his “life was spent in the service of the church and the cause of education.” (Theophilus A. Wylie, *Indiana University, Its History from 1820, When Founded, to 1890*, page 120.)

Two of Andrew Wylie’s granddaughters—Mary Ballantine McCalla and Flora Ballantine Martin—were named in honor of this family.

**Ballantine, Henry “Hal”.** Son of Elisha Ballantine, IU graduate in 1856, minister and missionary to India, friend of Sam Dodds, and correspondent of Jane Wylie.

**Ballantine, Mary O.** Daughter of Elisha and good friend of Jane Wylie.

**Barnum, Philneas Taylor.** 1810-1891. American showman known for his sensational promotions; sponsored immensely successful Jenny Lind tour; *see 11/4/50*.

**Beecher, Dr. Henry Ward.** 1813-1887. Liberal Congregational minister whose oratorical skills & social concern made him one of the most influential Protestant spokesmen of his day. First pastored a small Presbyterian congregation in Lawrenceburg, Indiana (1837), then in Indianapolis (1839-1847), then in New York. Leader in the antislavery movement, proponent of women’s suffrage, convert to the theory of evolution. Brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Catherine Beecher.

**Beecher, Lyman.** 1775-1863. Presbyterian clergyman. Born in New Haven, Connecticut; graduated from Yale 1797. Father of thirteen children – Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Catherine Beecher among them. Mother of nine was Roxanna Foote (d. 1816); mother of the other four was Harriet Porter (m. 1817). Beecher served the church in East Hampton, New York (1799), Litchfield, Connecticut (1810-1826), & Boston, Massachusetts (1826). Founded the American Bible Society in 1816; president of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio (1832-52). Especially noted for his six published sermons on intemperance, his revival services, and liberal (New Church) views.

**Bell, Andrew Wylie “Wy”.** Son and first born child of Joseph and Irene Wylie Bell; died 1853 in Bloomington of brain fever.

**Bell, Irene Catherine “Rene” “Kate”.** 1829-1878. Born in Bloomington, Indiana, the ninth child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie. Married Joseph Bell 17 May 1849 in a double wedding with her sister Maggie and Samuel Martin. Mother of five, two of whom died during visits to Bloomington and are buried in Rose Hill Cemetery. Irene died in 1878 as a result of a fall from a carriage.

**Bell, Joseph “Mr. Bell”.** From Wheeling, Virginia (West Virginia after 1861) where he owned a glassworks. Married Irene Wylie 17 May 1849.

**Bickle, William.** Maternal uncle of Irene Wylie, the daughter of John and Lizzie Leeds Wylie.

**Boone, Bishop William, & Mrs. Boone.** Episcopalian missionary friends of Samuel and Maggie Wylie Martin in China.

**Bryan, Mr. & Mrs.** Parents of Caroline Bryan Wylie, father- and mother-in-law of Andrew Wylie, Jr.

**Bryan, Sally.** Sister of Caroline Bryan Wylie

**Bryan, Thomas J. “TJ”.** Brother of Caroline Bryan Wylie, attorney in Cincinnati, friend of Sam Wylie.

**Bull, Ole.** 1810-1880. Norwegian violinist and composer; toured Europe and U.S. 1828-1844; *see 5/20/54*

**Bullock, John Oldham.** Louisville native; Indiana University graduate 1847; attorney; to marry acquaintance of Irene Wylie Bell in Wheeling; Bullock died 1856.

**Buskirk, George Abraham.** b. 1829 Bloomington, Indiana; left Indiana University as a freshman to enlist for the Mexican War; graduate of Indiana University Law Dept 1850; career in law and politics; organized First National Bank of Bloomington in 1871.

**Campbell, Matthew Monroe “Pap”.** Born 12 November 1810 near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. Came to Bloomington to study in 1829, drawn by the fine reputation of Andrew Wylie. “In 1836 he graduated with honor and with a high reputation for a devout and consistent piety. Soon after graduating, he married Miss Martha McPheeters, and in 1837 he took a school in Mississippi at a salary of \$1,200 a year. In 1840 he was called to take charge of the preparatory department of Indiana University, and though the salary was but \$500, he, through his attachment to Dr. Wylie, whom he regarded as his personal friend, accepted the offer and hastened to return. Instead of finding a full faculty and only the usual amount of work, he found but two professors--death and a *college cyclone* had swept off all the others--and thus the work of six men devolved upon himself and the other two. On the ground of his assisting so frequently in teaching the regular college classes, he was made adjunct Professor of Languages. In 1853, his health failing, he retired to his farm.” From 1861 until the end of the Civil War, Campbell was chaplain for the Eighty-second Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, then served briefly as superintendent of Public Schools in Monroe County, Indiana before retiring. In later years, he wrote and campaigned extensively for the reform of our system of spelling. (Theophilus A. Wylie, *Indiana University, Its History from 1820, When Founded, to 1890*, pages 110-11.)

**Campbell, Mr.** Merchant of Cincinnati; cousin of Wylie children’s Aunt Ellen (Mrs. John) Ritchie

**Claypool brothers, A. J. and E. F.** From Connersville, Indiana; non-graduating Indiana University students 1847-1850

**Clelland.** Probably Felix Clelland Dunn, 1818-1885, Bloomington merchant, son of Samuel Dunn, Jr.

**Cookerly, Grafton F.** b. 1818, Frederick, Maryland; 1845 graduate of Indiana University Law Dept; attorney; twice mayor of Terre Haute; elected to Indiana Legislature.

**Daily, Rev. Dr. William M.** Born 1812 in Coshocton, Ohio. Grew up in Franklin County, Indiana, where he “took charge” of a school at age 15. Famed as a “boy preacher” of the Methodist Episcopal Church at age 16. Continued his education while preaching, culminating in graduation from Indiana University in 1836. Held positions with the ME Church in St. Louis, Missouri; Madison, Rising Sun, and Evansville, Indiana; and Asbury University (now DePauw). Wed Permelia A. Northcraft of Madison. Third president of IU 1853-59. The College building burned during his term. Dr. Daily was regarded as brilliant, rather flashy and fond of society and politics, a fine looking man and popular platform speaker.

**Davis, Henry C.** Native of Lexington, Kentucky; Indiana University sophomore in 1838.

**Dodds, Dr. James Findley.** 1807-1886. Born in Lincoln County, Kentucky. 1834 graduate of IU, studied medicine at Louisville Medical College and with Dr. Mitchell of Corydon, Indiana. Married Mary Ann Wylie 12 December 1838. Practiced medicine in Bloomington. The Topolcus Building at 403 North Walnut Street was the Dodds home in Bloomington. Dr. Dodds died here 14 December, 1886.

**Dodds, Mary Ann Wylie.** Born 15 September 1817 in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, third child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie. Married Dr. James Findley Dodds 12 December 1838. Mother of nine. She and her husband died within two days of each other and are buried in the same grave.

**Dodds, Rachel Emma.** Born 9 January 1840, eldest child of James and Mary Ann Wylie Dodds. Married William W. Irwin.

**Dorsey, Mrs.** Relative of Craig Dorsey Ritchie in Philadelphia, possibly his grandmother.

**Drake, Dr. Daniel.** 1785-1852. noted scientist and physician of Cincinnati; also known as an active advocate of temperance and a man of fine character.

**Dulcinea.** Sam’s term for John’s “intended” Lizzie Leeds, meaning sweetheart, taken from a character in Cervantes’ Don Quixote.

**Dunlap, Dr.** President of Jefferson College when Andrew Wylie was a student there; Wylie succeeded Dunlap as president.

**Dunn, Samuel.** 1784-1849. Born in Virginia; m. Elizabeth Grundy; moved to Kentucky, where they held slaves; later opposed slavery, freed their slaves, and came to Indiana; died in Bloomington in 1849, father of a large family.

**Dunn, Samuel Fowler “Old Sam”.** Son of Samuel Dunn Sr.; age 33 when he married Mag Batterton.

**Dupern, Sarah D. McKee.** Daughter of Redick & Eliza Ritchie McKee; cousin of the Wylie children.

**Elliott, Bishop Steven.** Bishop of Georgia, brother of Mrs. Wm Boone, admirer of Andrew Wylie; met Maggie Wylie in China.

**Fann.** One of the Wylie family horses.

**Fiske, Rev. George.** Pastor of Episcopal Church in Richmond, Indiana 1838-1855, died February 1860.

**Flack, James.** Nephew of John Anderson, grandson of Dr. John Anderson for whom Andrew and Margaret named their eleventh child.

**Foster, Dr. William C.** b. 1798 Maryland; Bloomington physician.

**Gorman, Willis Arnold.** 1814-1876. Born Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Died St. Paul Minnesota; educated at home; admitted to the bar 1834; graduate of Indiana University Law Dept 1845; served several terms in Indiana Legislature; first Governor of Minnesota.

**Gwathmey, Isaac Benjamin “Ben”.** 1822-1856. Native of Shelbyville, Kentucky; graduate of Indiana University 1842, and Harvard Law School; gaining reputation as an outstanding lawyer when he died.

**Hamill, Dr. Robert.** b. 1809 Ohio; Bloomington physician, later moved to Chicago.

**Helton, Michael “Mike”.** Native of Heltonville, Indiana; an Indiana University junior in 1851, non-graduating classmate of Anderson Wylie.

**Hight.** probably Milton Hight. b. 1823 Bloomington, Indiana; 1847 graduate of Indiana University Law Dept; for some years a merchant, and then a miller (his father’s business); also a Justice of the Peace, Treasurer of Indiana University 1862-67; married Sarah McCalla of Bloomington.

**Hughs, Rev. Levi.** Pastor of Presbyterian church in Bloomington 1847-1851; married Amanda Maxwell, daughter of Indiana University Trustee David Maxwell.

**Hume.** Probably David Hume McDonald; Indiana University graduate 1852, classmate of Anderson Wylie; M.D. from University of Louisville; Louisville physician and Methodist preacher.

**Ingersoll, Mr.** Overseer of Lihue sugar plantation where John stayed while in Sandwich Islands.

**Jenkes, Joseph Sherburne.** b. 1804 Providence, Rhode Island d. 1888 Terre Haute, Indiana; lawyer of Vigo County, Indiana; Trustee of Indiana University 1841-1852.

**Johnston, George H.** b. 1798 Virginia; Bloomington merchant, owner of dry goods store patronized by the Wylies.

**Jullien, Paul.** Famous young violinist. *see 5/2/54*

**King Kamehameha III of Hawaii.** 1814-1854. King of Hawaii 1825-1854; promulgated Hawaii’s first constitution in 1840, obtained diplomatic recognition of Hawaiian independence by US, France, and Great Britain. *see 12/21/54*

**Know Nothings.** A greatly increasing rate of immigration to the United States beginning in the 1840s encouraged U.S. citizens’ nativism. Anti-immigration organizations grew up particularly in Eastern and Southern states, but efforts to learn something of the leaders and designs of the political movement were answered with “we know nothing.” By 1850 they had discarded the secrecy format and formed the American party. Dissolved over slavery by 1860.

**Lathrop, John Hiram.** 1799-1866. Fourth President of Indiana University, 1859-1860. Lathrop was born in Sherburne, New York, 22 January. Salutatorian of his graduating class at Yale in 1819. Taught in various colleges in the East. Elected first President of the University of Missouri at Columbia in 1840. Chancellor of University of Wisconsin 1849-1859. Accepted the twice-offered presidency of IU in 1859, but after only one year he returned to the University of Missouri as a professor, and later was reelected president there. Lathrop died of typhoid fever.

**Leake, Catherine Ritchie “Aunt Kate”.** 1804-1858. Born Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Died 1858 in Bloomington;

sister of Margaret Ritchie Wylie; married Rev. Samuel Leake of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

**Leake, Rev. Samuel S.** From Canonsburg, Pennsylvania; married Margaret Wylie’s sister Catherine Ritchie.

**Leeds, Kate.** Elder sister of John Wylie’s wife Lizzie

**Leeds, Lizzie.** Native of Richmond, Indiana; a Quaker; married John H. Wylie spring 1851; one daughter, Irene; d. 24 March 1856 of tuberculosis.

**Leeds, Noah S.** Richmond, Indiana; brother of John Wylie’s wife Lizzie Leeds Wylie.

**Letherman (Letterman), Anne “Cousin Annie”.** Daughter of Jonathan and Anne Letherman.

**Letherman, Anne Ritchie “Aunt Anne”.** 1798-1870. Sister of Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Married Dr. Jonathan Letherman, physician of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. An ardent secessionist in 1863, as was her son Will. Son Jack was an officer in the Union Army.

**Letherman, Dr. Jonathan “Jack”.** Son of Dr. Jonathan Letherman, a physician of Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, and Anne Ritchie Letherman, a sister of Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Doctor of medicine and an officer in the Union forces during the Civil War at Antietam and other battles. Petitioned Congress for formation of the first Army Ambulance Corps, which was refused at first but finally granted in 1864. He turned to private mining business in California after the war.

**Letherman, Mary.** Daughter of Jonathan and Anne Ritchie Letherman; cousin to the Wylie children.

**Letherman, Will.** Son of Johathan and Anne Ritchie Letherman; cousin to the Wylie children.

**Lib “Cousin Lib, Cousin Liz”.** Daughter of John and Ellen Ritchie.

**Lind, Jennie.** 1820-1887; famed operatic soprano dubbed “the Swedish nightingale”; toured U.S. in 1850 under sponsorship of P. T. Barnum; *see 11/4/50, 5/2/51.*

**Locofocus.** 1836-formed faction of the Democratic Party favoring a strict hard money policy; condemned Jackson’s soft money policy and closure of the National Bank; named for the matches they used to light their meetings.

**Maime “Mary”.** Daughter of Samuel and Maggie Wylie Martin.

**Marshall, Charles.** b. 1830 Warrenton, Virginia; graduate of University of Virginia; Indiana University Professor of Mathematics 1849-1852; “though a young man when he came to Bloomington, and boyish in his appearance, he soon commanded the respect of all, students, professors and citizens, by his courteous manner, his scholarship, and his aptness to teach.” (T A Wylie, *Indiana University, Its History, p. 116*).

**Martin, Margaret “Maggie” Wylie.** 1826-1898. Born in Washington Pennsylvania, the eighth child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Married Rev. Samuel Martin 17 May 1849 in a double wedding with her sister Irene and Joseph Bell. Accompanied her husband as a missionary to Ningpo, China 1850-1858. Samuel and Maggie continued to serve the church after their return, in Lancaster, Texas; Carlisle, Indiana; Grandview Illinois; Winnebago Indian Agency, Nebraska; South Mound and Oswego, Kansas; Sullivan, Indiana; and Mt. Vernon, Missouri. Everywhere they worked for very low pay and with few material comforts. Maggie was mother of seven, four of whom were born in China. Maggie died of a paralytic stroke in Seligman, Missouri and is buried there. Her son Claudius lived in nearby Joplin, Missouri.

**Martin, Samuel Newell Depeu.** Born 11 January 1825 at Livonia, Indiana, son of Presbyterian preacher Billy Martin and Susan Lawson Martin. A.B. from Indiana University in 1846, and A.M. from McCormick Presbyterian Theological Seminary in New Albany, Indiana. Samuel became a Presbyterian minister, as did his two brothers

William and Claude. Both William and Samuel aspired to enter the mission field, and both, it is said, loved daughters of Andrew Wylie. Dr. Wylie disapproved of missionaries marrying and taking their families into the field; *see 25 November 1848*. William married Jane Vansant instead and went to China. Samuel married Margaret Wylie 17 May 1849 in spite of her fathers misgivings, and the couple departed soon after, also for China. (Samuel's sister Martha and her husband Henry Venable were missionaries there, too.)

Samuel and Maggie worked in Ningpo, China from 1850-1858. Upon their return, Samuel was offered a post working with the Chinese in the San Francisco area, but he declined, preferring instead to work among American Indians and new mission congregations in the West. As a result, he and Maggie served, sometimes under appalling conditions, in Lancaster, Texas; Carlisle, Indiana; Grandview Illinois; Winnebago Indian Agency, Nebraska; South Mound and Oswego, Kansas; Sullivan, Indiana; and Mt. Vernon, Missouri. They had seven children, four of whom were born in China. Everywhere they worked for very low pay and with few material comforts. Samuel, it seems, did indeed have the spirit of martyrdom, but his wife was eventually worn down by a life of privation. Samuel is buried in Golden Dale, Washington, where his daughter Mary lived, south of the present Yakima Indian Reservation. Further information about the Martin family is available in the Indiana University Archives and at the museum in Salem, Indiana.

**Martin, Susan Lawson.** Beloved mother-in-law of Margaret Wylie Martin. Wife of Rev. "Billy" Wilson Martin, and mother of ten.

**Martin, Susan Louisa "Susie, Suzy".** Born in China in 1851, the second child of Samuel and Margaret Wylie Martin.

**Martin, William Alexander Parsons.** 1827-1916. Born 10 April in Livonia, Indiana, son of Presbyterian preacher Billy Martin and Susan Lawson Martin, and brother of Samuel Martin. Graduated from IU in 1846 and entered the McCormick Presbyterian Theological Seminary in New Albany, Indiana. Married Jane Vansant in 1849, and entered the mission field in China, as did his older brother Samuel and their sister Martha with her husband Henry Venable. William and Jane returned to the US in 1860 for William's health and to put their sons in boarding school, but William returned in 1862 to Peking. There, at the close of the Opium War, he met U.S. Minister Reid whom he helped with translations and other information for our government and the Chinese Emperor, including a translation of *Wheaton's International Law* which became the basis of diplomatic practice in China and Japan. He also wrote a number of other books, copies of which are at the Lilly Library at Indiana University. Martin was appointed President of the Interpreter's College in Peking in 1869. Having much work to do for the Emperor, William resigned his missionary post. The Martins retreated to the U.S. in 1900 when the Boxer Rebellion forced most foreigners out of China, but they returned a few years later, as William felt he was "too young to quit the field" at age 78. He held several different posts there in subsequent years, and died in Peking in 1916 at age 89. He is buried in Peking. John Foster, himself a man of distinction, called William Martin "the greatest alumnus of Indiana University."

**Martin, William Boone.** 1850-1851. First child of Samuel and Maggie Wylie Martin. Born 29 April on a ship bound for Ningpo, China; *see 23 May 1850, 21 November 1851*.

**Martin, William Wilson "Billy".** 1781-1850. Born Pennsylvania. Married to Susan Lawson Duprey. Sent to Indiana in 1818 by the Presbyterian Mission board of Philadelphia as a "horseback pastor" to the area of Livonia, Indiana. sons Samuel, William, and Claude all attended Indiana University and became Presbyterian ministers, and the five Martin daughters all married ministers. Billy Martin founded churches in Livonia and Salem, Indiana, and a school in Livonia. "There can hardly be Presbyterian Church in a dozen counties around Washington [County, Indiana] at which he did not preach some time or other, and if a neighborhood desired to organize a new church Billy Martin was always sent for and he seldom failed his purpose. He delighted to preach in log cabins and was not a stickler for church rules in every instance. He usually preached three discourses on Sunday and on communion days began the work with a sunrise prayer meeting." (*The Centennial History of Washington County*, pp. 355-6)

**Maxwell, Amanda.** Daughter of IU trustee David Maxwell; married Presbyterian minister Levi Hughs.

**McCalla, Elizabeth Wylie "Liz", "Lib".** Born 1821 in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, fifth child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Married John McCalla 17 June 1856 and had one child, Mary Ballantine McCalla. In the

1860s, Elizabeth suffered a period of severe health problems which led her to seek treatment of a plastic surgeon in New York and at a water cure in Dansville, New York. She apparently recovered, and lived until 1900.

**McCalla, John.** 1818-1899. "John McCalla was born in Chester, S.C., and was the son of Samuel and Jennett McCalla. After the death of his mother in 1833 he emigrated with his father to Indiana and settled near Bloomington, later engaging in business in the city. He formed a partnership with his brother Thomas, and under the firm name of McCalla Bros., conducted a general store from 1844 to 1852. In '52 he assumed entire charge of the business and moved in the Wylie block where he conducted the dry goods store that bore his name until the summer of 1888, when he sold to Adams Bros. and retired to private life. With the exception of about three years, a portion of this time being spent in Chicago, his entire business career had been spent in Bloomington. In the fall of 1856 he was wedded to Miss Elizabeth Wylie, daughter of the late Andrew Wylie, the first president of Indiana University. The result of this union was one child -- a daughter, Mary, the wife of Prof. Charles Harris, of Adelbert College, Cleveland, O., and at whose home he passed the last few years of his life. On Tuesday last he sustained a stroke of paralysis, and it was due to this and his extreme age that caused his death. His only sister, Mrs. Jane Paden, resides in Salem, Ark. Mrs. R. C. Foster, Henry A., Samuel and Margaret McCalla, of this city, are his half brothers and sisters. He is also a brother-in-law of Redick M. Wylie, south of the city. Mr. McCalla was a man of the highest integrity, of strong business capacity and his death will be mourned by all our older citizens who held him in the highest esteem." (Obituary in the "Bloomington Telephone," 24 March 1899).

**McCalla, Mary "Molly" Ballantine.** Born 1857, daughter and only child of John McCalla and Elizabeth Wylie McCalla. Married Charles Harris, Professor of German. Their son John Harris collected and donated to IU Archives the letters which are now transcribed in *Affectionately Yours*, volumes one and two.

**McCalla, Thomas.** b. 1811 South Carolina; Bloomington dry goods merchant with his younger brother John; Wylie records document many purchases from McCalla's store, 1837-45; son Theodore.

**McCullough, Johnson.** b. 1806 Kentucky. 1850 census lists occupation as farmer; an 1842 receipt records Andrew Wylie's payment to McCullough for a pint of oil and tanning two calf hides.

**McDonald, David (Judge McDonald).** 1803-1869. Born in Bourbon County, Kentucky; moved to Daviess County, Indiana at the age of fourteen; largely self-educated; began study of law 1830; elected Circuit Judge 1838; Indiana University Professor of Law 1841-52; in 1853 moved to Indianapolis to practice law; 1864 appointed Judge of U.S. District Court for Indiana; "Judge McDonald was a man of pure morals and of strict integrity, beloved and respected by all who knew him." (T. A. Wylie, *Indiana University, Its History*, p. 113) In his autobiography, McDonald writes "My connection with the Indiana University was highly advantageous to me, as it brought me into intimacy with that great and good man President Wylie, and with other learned men." *see document in Indiana University Archives*.

**McFerson, Eliza J. (McPherson).** Sister of Indiana University professor of languages Daniel Read; married Rev. McFerson, Presbyterian minister of Salem, Indiana; widowed with three small children, Mrs. McFerson came to Bloomington in 1846 to fill the position of Principal of the Monroe County Female Seminary, an excellent education concern previously directed by Cornelius Pering; she was assistant principal of the Glendale Female College in Ohio in the 1850s. McFerson retired in 1857.

**McGuffy, Alexander H.** Younger Brother of William H.; cooperated with Wm. H. to bring out the fifth (1844) and sixth (1857) McGuffy Eclectic Readers.

**McKee, Andrew "Cousin Andy".** Son of Redick and Eliza Ritchie McKee; cousin to the Wylie children.

**McKee, Eliza Ritchie.** 1802-1871. Younger sister of Margaret Ritchie Wylie. "Aunt Eliza" to the Wylie children. Married Redick McKee of Virginia. Mother of Andrew, John, David, Sarah, and Will.

**McKee, Redick.** Married Margaret Ritchie Wylie's sister Eliza. "Uncle McKee" to the Wylie children. Andrew and Margaret Wylie named their tenth child Redick McKee Wylie. The McKees lived in San Francisco in the 1850s and later, where John H. Wylie visited them in 1854 while traveling for his health. McKee made and lost several fortunes

in the West.

**McKelvey, Hugh Aiken.** b. 1818 Chester County, SC; Indiana University graduate 1843, classmate of Samuel T Wylie; preacher and teacher.

**McKinney.** May be John Orchard McKinney, Indiana University graduate 1843; a dentist.

**McPheeters, Dr. Joseph Glass.** 1810-1888. Born in Fayette County, Kentucky; Died in Bloomington. Indiana University graduate 1834; MD from Transylvania University in Kentucky; physician and surgeon in Bloomington; Trustee of Indiana University 1851-56; 1861-1864 surgeon and Medical Director in the Union Army.

**Morrison, John Irwin (Judge Morrison).** b. 1806-1882. Born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania; died in Knightstown, Indiana; graduate of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio 1829; founded Salem Female Institute 1835; Professor of Languages at IU 1840-43; Trustee 1846-55, President of the Board 1853-55, 1875-78; state Senator 1847-50; State Treasurer 1865-67.

**Morrison, Sarah Parke.** Daughter of the Hon. John I. Morrison; educated Salem Female Institute, Indianapolis Commercial College, Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Massachusetts; first female graduate of Indiana University (1869); teacher at Vassar College, State Normal at Terre Haute, IN, and adjunct professor of English Literature at Indiana University.

**“Old Tip” William Henry Harrison.** 1773-1841. Instrumental in securing Indian lands in Indiana and Ohio for settlers; led battle against Tecumseh at Tippecanoe; Whig candidate for president with running mate John Tyler, “Tippecanoe & Tyler too”; ninth U.S. President, 1840, died one month after taking office.

**Orchard, John & Samuel.** Brothers, born in Kentucky; proprietors of a boarding house in Bloomington since 1820s, variously called Temperance Inn, Temperance Hotel, and Orchard House; ad in "Bloomington Herald" 3/23/1850 “Temperance Hotel, J. & S. M. Orchard. Three story Brick, South West of the Public Square on West Main street, Bloomington, Indiana. Good stabling, with sheds for carriages.” *see 9/22/50*

**Otto, William T. (Judge Otto).** b. 1816 Philadelphia; 1833 graduate of University of Pennsylvania; studied law; came to Indiana in 1836; practiced law, Circuit Judge 1844-1852, Indiana University Professor of Law 1847-52; appointed Assistant Secretary of Interior by President Lincoln; Reporter for U.S. Supreme Court 1875-1884.

**Parvin, Theophilus.** b. 1829 Buenos Aires; Indiana University graduate 1847, M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania; teacher and physician; president of the American Medical Association in 1879.

**Pering, Cornelius.** Native of Bath, England; a cousin of John and Samuel Orchard; came to Bloomington in 1832 to become Principal of the Monroe County Female Seminary, which he ran very successfully until he resigned to move to Louisville, Kentucky in 1846 after the death of his wife; a contemporary recalls “Mr Pering himself was a man of fine personal appearance... Perhaps no man was better dressed than he. He wore a high silk hat and gold-rimmed glasses and presented a striking figure when he appeared on the street.” (“The Old Monroe County Female Seminary,” a paper read before the Monroe County Historical Society 11/23/1906)

**Pering, Madame.** Wife of Cornelius Pering.

**Poor, Susan B.** Daughter of Dr. Daniel Poor, missionary to Ceylon; friend of Maggie Wylie, married name John.

**Read, Daniel.** 1805-1878. Born near Marietta, Ohio; Died Missouri; graduate of University of Ohio; Professor of Ancient Languages at Indiana University 1843-1856; taught at University of Wisconsin 1856-1865; President, University of Missouri 1866-1878; brother of E. J. McFerson.

**Read, Theodore.** b. 1835, son of Professor Daniel Read, brother of Agnes and Julia who attended Glendale Seminary; graduate of Indiana University 1854; practiced law until enlisting in the Union Army; he was killed at

Appomattox Bridge, in Virginia, in the spring of 1865.

**Ritchie, Abigail “Ab, Abby”.** Born 28 June 1810, the youngest of Margaret Wylie’s siblings. Beloved Aunt to the Wylie children and a frequent guest in the Wylie home, where she lived from late 1848 through fall of 1850. Lived with sister Eliza Ritchie McKee and family in California for some time, 1854 and later. Unmarried.

**Ritchie, Craig.** 1758-1833. Born December 29 in Glasgow, Scotland. Came to America 1772; settled in Canonsburg, Washington County, PA about 1782; married Mary Price 1788; 13 children including Margaret Ritchie Wylie; Trustee and benefactor of Jefferson College; Presbyterian; warm personal friend of George Washington, whose Washington County lands he managed.

**Ritchie, Craig.** 1807-1879; eleventh child of Craig and Mary Ritchie; brother of Margaret Ritchie Wylie; married Mary Ann Chickering in 1836; a storekeeper in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

**Ritchie, Craig Dorsey.** Son of William and Susan Sumner Dorsey Ritchie, grandson of Craig Ritchie born 1758. Cousin to the Wylie children. Ritchie was a conveyancer, or writer of documents.

**Ritchie, David.** 1812-1867. Thirteenth child of Craig and Mary Ritchie; brother of Margaret Ritchie Wylie; studied in Heidelberg; attorney, congressman.

**Ritchie, Ellen Campbell “Aunt Ellen”.** Wife of Margaret Ritchie Wylie’s brother John Ritchie.

**Ritchie, Jane “Jean”.** Aunt Jane to the Wylie family. Sister of Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Unmarried and often unwell.

**Ritchie, John.** 1797-1870. d. in Texas; fifth child of Craig and Mary Ritchie; brother of Margaret Ritchie Wylie; married Ellen Campbell.

**Ritchie, William.** 1792-1840. Brother of Margaret Ritchie Wylie; store owner in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania; married Susan Dorsey; one child, Craig Dorsey Ritchie; William drowned in Ohio River near Wheeling.

**Ryors, Alfred.** 1812-1858. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; graduate of Jefferson College 1835; Presbyterian minister; Professor of Mathematics at Indiana University 1843-1848; President of Ohio University 1848-1852; President of Indiana University 1852-1853; Professor of Mathematics at Center College, Kentucky until his death.

**Sal.** Short for Salim, a Biblical name; one of the Wylie’s family’s horses.

**Sontag, Henriette “Countess Rossi”.** German operatic soprano famous throughout Europe beginning in 1823. Came to America on a singing tour in 1852. Died of Cholera 1854.

**Speed, James.** 1812-1887. Born Jefferson County, Kentucky. Graduate of St. Joseph College, Bardstown, Kentucky and Transylvania University Law School. Began law practice in Louisville, Kentucky, elected to legislature as a Whig 1847-49 and strongly opposed the “Know Nothing” party that succeeded the Whigs. Was a Louisville alderman 1851-54, taught law at University of Louisville 1856-58 and 1872-79, and served in the state senate 1861-63 as a Unionist. He and all his family were strongly opposed to slavery but gently outspoken on the subject among friends and business associates who supported it. He rather suggested gradual emancipation and perhaps colonization of African Americans to Africa. Was a long time friend of Abraham Lincoln who appointed him mustering officer for Kentucky at the outbreak of the Civil War and U.S. attorney general in 1864. In the latter position he made two important recommendations—a military trial for Lincoln’s assassins and a non-military trial for Jefferson Davis, which was one reason Davis was not tried for treason. Speed resigned the attorney general post in 1866 in opposition to President Andrew Johnson’s policies. However, he remained active in Republican party. He strongly supported the 13<sup>th</sup> amendment to the U.S. Constitution to abolish slavery, the 14<sup>th</sup> amendment for equal protection under the law, and urged Kentucky Republicans to give the vote to African Americans—this to the detriment of his further political career in Kentucky.

**Tanner, Henry.** b. 1817 London, England; Indiana University graduate 1842; the following year, Professor of Mathematics Jacob Ammen resigned and Tanner was appointed Professor pro tem for the remainder of the year; “the board expressed on their minutes their entire satisfaction with the creditable manner in which he had filled so responsible a position.” (T. A. Wylie, *Indiana University, Its History*, p. 188). In 1845 Tanner formed a partnership with fellow attorney John S. Watts and continued the practice of law.

**Thomas, Charles Benjamin “Charley”.** 1823-1873. Born in Charleston, South Carolina; died in Lexington, Kentucky; Indiana University graduate 1841, classmate of John H. Wylie; attorney and judge.

**Trimble, D. H.** Native of Shelby County, IN; Indiana University senior in 1847, did not graduate.

**Vaile.** John Wylie’s partner in medical practice in Richmond, Indiana.

**Watts.** Probably John S. Watts, partner in law practice with Henry Tanner.

**Wills, John.** Brother of William Wills, lived in San Francisco, a friend of the McKees.

**Wills, Dr. William I.** a “highly educated physician” who attended John Wylie in Hawaii.

**Wright, Dr.** New York City; cousin of Lizzie Leeds Wylie.

**Wylie Anderson McElroy.** 1833-1892. Born in Bloomington, Indiana, eleventh child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. 1852 graduate of Indiana University. Taught for three years in Philadelphia, then attended Episcopal Seminary in Virginia. Thereafter preacher, first in Episcopal Church and later in the Presbyterian, with pulpits in LeRoy, New York; Fall River, Massachusetts; and Brooklyn, New York. Married Margaret Conklin in 1860, with whom he had four children; died in Brooklyn.

**Wylie, Andrew, Jr.** 1814-1905. Born February 18 in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, the eldest child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Attended Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Graduated from Indiana University in 1832, B.A. and M.A. Studied law at Transylvania University, Kentucky, then read and practiced law in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania with noted attorney William Forward. Admitted to the bar in 1838. Married Mary Caroline Bryan in 1845, moved to Washington D.C., where he pursued a long and distinguished career in jurisprudence. Appointed Associate Justice of the District of Columbia Supreme Court by President Lincoln in 1863, which office he held until retirement in 1884.

An article by F. L. Bullard in *The American Bar Association Journal* of February 1938 gives further insight into the character and reputation of Andrew Wylie Jr. Apparently he received his Supreme Court Justice nomination from President Lincoln through the influence of Secretary Stanton and Senator Lane of Indiana. He soon showed his mettle for the position. “The courage and independence of Justice Wylie were impressively exemplified in 1865. The military court established for the purpose had completed the trial of the conspirators charged with the slaying of President Lincoln and four of them had been condemned to death. In a final desperate attempt to save the life of Mrs. Surratt, her attorneys applied to the Supreme Court of the District for a habeas corpus writ. Long before dawn they came to the home of Justice Wylie. They pleaded that the illegality of the trial and sentence of Mrs. Surratt by a military commission, and the consequent illegality of her detention by the military authorities for execution, constituted sufficient ground for such action. Justice Wylie listened with grave attention to their arguments, retired to consult his wife, and returned to say that he might himself be lodged in jail for what he was about to do. In disregard of the hysterical state of the public mind, and in pursuance of what he conceived to be his duty, he issued the writ.

The next morning, while a large company of spectators waited in the yard at the Capitol Prison, an army officer accompanied by the U.S. Attorney General, came to the home of Justice Wylie and informed him of their refusal to obey the writ on the ground of its suspension by the President [Johnson], and the execution proceeded.”

Two years later this court conducted the trial of John H. Surratt, Mrs. Mary Surratt’s son, also charged as a conspirator but who had escaped to Europe and was later arrested in Egypt. The trial resulted in a hung jury and the defendant was set free.

In 1881, Andrew Wylie Jr. presided over the lengthy and multiple Star Route trials concerning corruption in planning and administering mail routes. The second Assistant U.S. Postmaster, several senators, and other officials

came under public scrutiny as to their integrity. There were no convictions, however.

A professional peculiarity of Judge Wylie was that he seldom wrote out an opinion. “I am always kept busily employed, so that even if I wished to write out my decisions I have not time to do it,” he stated. He had the reputation of being the most impartial and able judiciary, and “clearly a scholar—extremely intelligent and hard working,” notes descendant Peter Lawrence.

Andrew Wylie, Jr. outlived all of his family generation. His papers and publications are in the Library of Congress and Harvard Law School Archives.

**Wylie, Andrew, Sr.** 1789-1851. Born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, to Adam Wylie, native of County Antrim, Ireland, and Elizabeth VanEman, native of Washington County. 1810 graduate of Jefferson College in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Unanimously elected President of that college two years later. Married Margaret Ritchie in 1813, with whom he had twelve children. President of neighboring Washington College 1817-1828. Received an honorary D. D. degree from Union College, Schenectady, New York, 1825. First president of Indiana University 1829-1851. Also instructed the seniors in literature, philosophy, and ethics, and political economy. 1840 graduate Matthew Elder remembered him thus: “Mr. Wylie was stout, had a fine healthful appearance, slightly tinged, however, with sadness which only disappeared entirely when in a mirthful mood he became a boy again. He was very intellectual... thoroughly conversant with all the metaphysical theories that had agitated the world, was one of the finest Belles Lettres scholars, read Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and German as fluently as he did his native language, and he was one of the best readers of English I ever heard. ...I became very familiar with Dr. Wylie and learned that instead of being distant and stern he was remarkably social and as tender hearted as a child.” Wylie died 11 November 1851 of pneumonia at his home in Bloomington.

**Wylie, Andrew III “Anny”.** First son of Andrew Wylie Jr. and Mary Caroline Bryan Wylie. Died in April, 1859 at a young age after a three-months’ illness.

**Wylie, Craig Ritchie.** 1819-1840. Born 25 April. Fourth child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; 1838 graduate of Indiana University; taught school near Louisville, Kentucky, where he died of congestive fever.

**Wylie, Elizabeth “Liz”.** See *McCalla, Elizabeth Wylie*

**Wylie, Elizabeth Louisa “Lou”.** 1839-1930. Eldest child of Theophilus A. and Rebecca Dennis Wylie. Second cousin to Andrew and Margaret Wylie’s children. Graduate of Glendale Female College in Ohio, and Indiana University (1871). Taught at Glendale College, Missouri State University, and Bloomington Public Schools. Married, in 1873, to Indiana University professor Hermann Balthasar Boisen, with whom she had two children: Anton T. and Marie L. Boisen. They were the last Wylie family residents of Wylie House.

**Wylie, Irene Catherine “Rene, Kate”.** See *Bell, Irene Catherine Wylie*.

**Wylie, Irene E. “Pet”.** 1853-1909. Born 24 April, daughter of John H. and Lizzie Leeds Wylie. Orphaned at a tender age, she was raised by the Leeds family. Died 6 February 1909 and is buried in Earlham Cemetery, Wayne County, Indiana.

**Wylie, Jane Melheme “Jenny, Jen”.** 1836-1865. Born May 9 in Bloomington, Indiana, the twelfth and youngest child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Attended the Monroe County Female Seminary and Glendale Female College and became an accomplished pianist. Left Bloomington in 1860 for lengthy visits in Philadelphia, Wheeling and New York state after her mother’s death and the sale of the family home. Returned to Bloomington, where she stayed with brother Redick. Suffered from diabetes, but cause of death was termed “congestive failure.” Died October 4, 1865 in Bloomington.

**Wylie, John Hosea.** 1823-1855. Born 14 February in Washington, Pennsylvania, sixth child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Graduate of Indiana University in 1841, M.D. from University of Louisville in 1845. Established a medical practice in Richmond, Indiana. Married Lizzie Leeds, a Richmond Quakeress, on 28 May 1851; they had one child, Irene. After a protracted period of declining health due to consumption (tuberculosis), John made the decision to travel in search of an environment in which he might recover, and spent time with the McKees

in California and on his own in the Washington and Oregon Territories before finally arriving in the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) where he died at Likna Plantation on the island of Kauai, 10 March.

**Wylie, Elizabeth “Lizzie” Leeds.** Native of Richmond, Indiana. A Quaker. Married John H. Wylie 28 May 1851. One daughter, Irene E., born 24 April 1853. In December 1853, after a protracted period of declining health due to consumption (tuberculosis), John Wylie left home for extended travels in the West in search of an environment in which he might recover. He never saw his wife and baby daughter again, but died on the island of Kauai on 10 March 1855. Lizzie herself had also contracted tuberculosis and died just one year later in March 1856. Their orphaned daughter Irene was raised by Lizzie’s relatives, the Leeds family.

**Wylie, Margaret “Maggie, Mag”.** *See Martin, Margaret “Maggie” Wylie.*

**Wylie, Margaret Ritchie.** 1791-1859. Born 8 September in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, second child of thirteen born to storekeeper Craig Ritchie, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and his wife Mary Price, a native of Maryland. Married Andrew Wylie in 1813. Mother of twelve. Died 10 February 1859 at her home in Bloomington, Indiana.

**Wylie, Mary Ann.** *See Dodds, Mary Ann Wylie.*

**Wylie, Mary Caroline Bryan “Carrie, Carry, Cal”.** Native of Alexandria, Virginia. Daughter of Daniel and Mary Bryan of Alexandria, VA, niece of Justice Barbour of the Supreme Court. Married Andrew Wylie, Jr. in 1845. Mother of four sons, only one of whom (Horace) survived to adulthood.

**Wylie, Rebecca Dennis.** 1812-1913. Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, just outside of Philadelphia. Daughter of Colonel Richard Dennis and Susannah Salter Smith. Married Theophilus A. Wylie November 5, 1838. Mother of eight children, six of whom survived to adulthood. Theophilus Wylie’s diaries record the happy celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on November 5, 1888. Rebecca Wylie died June 11, 1913 at her home, Wylie House, in Bloomington, Indiana. *Wylie House Museum and Indiana University Archives files include several photos of Rebecca and family on the occasion of her hundredth birthday.*

**Wylie, Redick McKee.** 1831-1904. Born May 22 in Bloomington, the tenth child of Andrew and Margaret Ritchie Wylie. Graduated from Indiana University in 1851. Married Madeline Thompson of Albion, Illinois in 1870. Farmer and Bloomington merchant with brother-in-law John McCalla. Father of four. Built a house very similar to the home of his parents. The Redick Wylie house stood near the present location of Bloomington High School South, and has since been dismantled. Died December 21 in Bloomington at the home of James and Mary Dodds, which is now the Topoligus Building at 403 North Walnut Street, Bloomington, Indiana.

**Wylie, Richard Dennis.** 1841-1861. Eldest son of Theophilus and Rebecca Dennis Wylie. As a young man, showed considerable artistic talent. (*One of his paintings is in the collection of the Wylie House Museum.*) Volunteered in the Civil War and died of disease near St. Louis.

**Wylie, Samuel Theophylact “Sam”.** 1825-1850. Born January 1 in Washington, Pennsylvania; seventh child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; 1843 graduate of Indiana University, and 1845 Indiana University Law Dept; d. December 31 in Cincinnati of typhoid fever.

**Wylie, Susan Emma “Suzy”.** 1846-1848; Born May 4, died March 26; fourth child of Theophilus and Rebecca Wylie.

**Wylie, Theodorus William John.** Brother of Theophilus A. Wylie, son of Samuel Brown Wylie, cousin of Andrew Wylie; a Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia, PA.

**Wylie, Theophilus Adam.** 1810-1895. Born October 10 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; son of Samuel Brown Wylie and Margaret Watson; graduate of University of Pennsylvania; 1836 named professor of natural philosophy and chemistry at Indiana University; married Rebecca Dennis Nov. 5, 1838; pursued a distinguished career of teaching and service at Indiana University until his retirement in 1888, except for a brief hiatus 1852-54 when he taught at

Miami University in Oxford, Ohio; a remarkably versatile and learned man, Wylie was a scientist and inventor with diverse interests and talents, a classical scholar and collector of rare books, compiler of the first Indiana University library catalog, author of the first history of Indiana University, a Presbyterian minister, and father of eight; died 9 June 1895 in Bloomington; half-cousin to Andrew Wylie (same grandfather, different grandmother); *TA Wylie’s extensive personal diaries – transcribed and indexed – are available for use at several locations, including Indiana University Archives and the Wylie House. The Wylie House holds much of his personal correspondence with his family.*

**Wylie, William.** 1/1/1816-3/18/1835. Second child of Andrew and Margaret Wylie; died of typhus in his senior year at Indiana University.

