

Bloomington June 9th 1849

Dear Son,

When about ten miles from Terre Haute this day a week ago when 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 had 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 woman's saddle (a man's not being to be had) - to ride on to Humsy's six miles for another buggy - go back again for Elizabeth & then to return to Humsy's made it night. Next morning we rode in early to Terre Haute in Humsy's Buggy, & he came after on Sal. The service 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 unkind 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 allude 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 Connecticut 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 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 - a sal - a quiet house - now - at least if you come I will be able to make it quiet - in that we have though not all the restoratives that we could wish we have more of them than you can have where you are. Abber'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 concern your own state and act as you think best. At any rate do not turn away from the subject till it forces 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 a 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. Drumm 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 to have aggravated the disease under which he had long been suffering.

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

I expect to be at Convention, Ind^y, 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

D. J. H. Wyler

A. Wyler

No time to punctuate or correct.

[illegible]

No more to be furnished or covered