

(newspaper article retyped)

We insert the following extract of a letter from A.A. Skinner, Esq. of Oregon, to Judge Skinner, of the village, not on account of its adding anything new to the facts published in our last, but as an additional testimony of excellence of the country.

Yam Hill, O.T., Feb. 21, 1846

Dear Friend: It would undoubtedly afford you much pleasure were I able to give you a detailed account of my trip to the country and of the scenery along the route, but the space I can occupy in writing to you will not permit, and indeed it will be rendered almost entirely unnecessary by the number of accounts that will be sent back for publication by different individuals. From the limited opportunity I have had of seeing the country it is quite impossible for me to give you any description of it. All I have yet seen is the valley of the Clackamas through which we passed in coming from the Cascade Mountains to Oregon City, and the Yam Hill Valley. But with what little I have seen of the country I am highly pleased - much more so than I had anticipated when I left Ohio.

The Yam Hill valley or rather the level part of it, is from 10 to 15 miles long and from 8 to 10 wide, surrounded on three sides by gentle hills of from 2 to 5 miles wide, and these hills are surrounded by mountains covered by a most luxurious growth of timber of white and red fir and cedar, furnishing an inexhaustible supply of buildings & fence timber. The soil is equally as fertile, and far better adapted to the growth of wheat than any of the bottom lands in Putnam County.

I have been no higher up the country than this valley, but am informed by persons who have, that the country grows better the farther up you go for at least 150 miles, there is however, scarcity of timber in many parts of the upper country, in the plains, but plenty in the mountains. I of course have not had a very favorable opportunity of judging of the climate, but from what I have seen I like it far better than Ohio. We have not yet had a flake of snow in the valley this winter and there have not been harder frosts than you usually have in Ohio during Sept. and the fore-part of Oct.

We have not had a larger proportion of rainy weather this winter than you ordinarily have of stormy, including rain and snow, in Ohio. The grass has remained green all winter, and cattle and horses have kept fat on it along. This is certainly one of the finest grazing countries in the world. A man can attend to 200 head of cattle with less labor than is requisite to keep two head anywhere in the Northern or Middle states. It appears to me if the people of

the states were only acquainted with the facilities this country affords to farmers and indeed to every species of industry, we should have a very large portion of the population of the Union here in less than five years. And from what I have seen and can learn from others, we could accommodate at least one third of the population of the United States in the Willamette Valley without being much crowded.

I have taken a claim (640 acres) about 5 miles from Willamette river and 1 mile from the falls of the Yam Hill where will undoubtedly be located the seat of justice of Yam Hill country - There is considerable water power at the falls and there will undoubtedly be something of a tower there. I have been teaching the young ideas how to shoot this winter, getting \$4.00 per scholar, but have not a large school. In the fall I shall go to work on my claim. My health is at present perfectly good, and has been so since I recovered from a slight attack of bilious fever which I had on my first arrival here, produced probably by my exposure and hardships in the Cascade Mountains in coming over. Please show this to A__ and Dr. ____ and tell them to get MARRIED and come over here as soon as they can. It is the finest place for raising children in the world - they can go barefoot all the year around.

I would write something more; if the confounded mosquitoes were not so troublesome - think of that Master Brook! mosquitoes in February.

The following excerpt from the diary of John Wilcox was written by Sarah Wilcox Brower, his daughter. Over the handwritten pages, were pasted many newspaper articles pertaining to the death of Col. O.J. Hopkins and Charles Wilcox)

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY ANCESTRY

I was born in Greensburg Township, Putnam County, Ohio September 22, 1844. My parents were John and Jemima Wilcox of good Scotch and English parentage. My mothers name was Hopkins.

My great-grandparents on both sides came over to America just prior to the Revolutionary War and settled in the Easter states - Vermont, Connecticut and New Jersey, and took a part in the struggle for liberty and I will say here, that in every war since, in which the country has been engaged there have been representatives of these forefathers to uphold the flag in the succeeding generations. Some have been killed in battle, some have died in prison, and some were made cripples for life, and others came out unscathed. In every condition, they obeyed the mandate of the Spartan Mothers - "With your shield on it".

This book belonged to my father, John Wilcox, whose writing in the first part related to his service In the army during the war of the Rebellion.

He first enlisted as a private in Co. 1, Seventh Iowa Volunteer Infantry, but for desirable soldierly qualities and bravery In the battle of Belmont, Ky., he was promoted to the second Lieutenant of his company. He was wounded at Belmont, slightly, and was a partial cripple, never again regaining the free use of his left arm. He was with his regiment in the battle of Belmont, Ft. Donelson, Shiloh and luka. He was in command of his company at the battle of Ft. Donelson.

In the fall of 1862, he resigned his office as 2nd Lieut. of Co. 1, 7th I.V.I. and came home and raised a company and was mustered in as Captain of Co. B, 7th Iowa Val. Cavalry. It seems that it was his fortune to be a soldier of one of Iowa's "7th" Regiments. This time he was sent west to fight the Indians who had broken out of the frontier in the spring of 1866, this regiment was mustered out at Atchison, Kansas.

Father had been promoted to be Major of his regiment, and had the command on the march home. He lived fifteen years after the war closed at Eddyville, Iowa. He filled various positions in his home town. Was editor and publisher of the Gazette, the principal paper of the town. He was postmaster during Grant's administration. He was a councilman and a school

director. In 1881, he made a visit to his old home in Ohio, and while there, died of paralysis, and is buried at the Soldiers Home, Dayton, Ohio with the military honors befitting his rank. He was born at London, Madison Co., Ohio on March 12, 1825, and died June 3, 1881 at Dayton Ohio, aged fifty-six years.

When I was five years old, we moved to Mercer Co., Ohio and lived there four years. Only one child was born to my parents during our residence here, a sister named Martha Elizabeth. Father owned a quarter section of land which he partially cleared up and I never saw richer soil anywhere than was here.

It was here I began to go to school when in my eighth year, having been taught at home by my mother (I cannot recollect when I learned to read) read fluently in McGuffey's Fourth Reader and had spelled through Webster's Elementary Spelling book and was hard to "turn down" by my classmates. I also could write legibly in my copy book constructed of foolscap paper. I wrote with a goose quill and was taught to cross my Ts and dot my I's, and not to make any blots.

In this new country covered with dense woods people lived far apart, the settlements being scattered. As young as I was, I could go to any neighbor's house within a distance of three or four miles though often the road was only a path or "blazed trail", through the deep woods. Though pretty courageous in the main, yet I had a wholesome fear of Indians and Bears.

When I was seven years old, my father sent me one day on an errand to a neighbors by the name of Alfred Freeman. He was a newcomer, who had built a house - a log cabin - about two and one half miles from us. He had borrowed an auger from father, who needing it, sent me for it. Undaunted, I started and was soon alone among the trees, whose tops, to my childish fancy, reached the sky. I had nothing but a blazed path before me, and as it was fall, the leaves were falling and covered the ground so that it stood me in hand to be on the alert for the blazes on the sides of the trees. I dared not wander, either to the right or the left, or I would be lost. Father had taken my hand and started me and warned me repeatedly, that I must not leave the blazed path under no circumstances.

Trudging along, I came to the cabin of Mr. Freeman's. It stood in a very small clearing without any fence. Mr. Freeman, who was chopping near the door, saw me and went into the house with me. I told my errand and he was profuse in apologies for not returning the auger sooner. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman but insisted upon my staying to dinner, which was just ready, but I had been told by father to "come right back" and I did as I was bade. Mr. Freeman

handed me the auger and going a short distance with me, as father had done, to put me on the trail again.

When about half way, I went under a tree, one of the marked ones, to pick up some walnuts, for multiplied bushels lay on the ground, I heard a noise not far away, and looking up behold an animal drinking at a little branch of water I had just jumped across. It looked at me, and its view of me was but a hasty glance, for throwing down my walnuts, I sprang away and never stopped running until I met father who had come to meet me.

I told him what I had seen, and he said it was a deer, he supposed, but I had heard enough about bears and had seen pictures of them, and did not believe it was a deer I had seen. Not long after that, a party of hunters ran a big brown bear across our barn lot. Then father believed I had seen a bear, the day of my adventure in the woods.

Our new house, a double-log house with loft overhead reached by broad open steps at one side of the fireplace, and porches front and rear the whole length of the house, stood on the public road to Celina, the county seat. This had been the Old Wayne Trace, when he was in pursuit of the Indians and there were many relics left of the march.

Across the large creek, that formed the boundary of our land called Big Beaver and a tributary to the Wabash River was an Indian burying ground. The graves were very shallow and bones often protruded from them. One time father found a red clay pipe and a bone of the forearm. These he brought home and placed on the mantel shelf above the fireplace.

Soon after he and mother were invited to a wedding and attended leaving us children at home alone, I was so much afraid of those things I would not go near the fire nor let the other children. I do not think it was superstitious fear, but a fear of them as something that had once belonged to an Indian.

The first wedding I ever attended was in this neighborhood. It was in a log cabin, a single room and was filled with company, which sat on the three beds, a few split bottomed chairs, and benches the cabin afforded. The bridal couple were known as Jim Lewis and Mary McLosh. The bride wore a dark delain dress with huge figures of red roses over it. She wore pink ribbon in her hair and around her neck and waist. She also wore very long earrings that nearly reached her shoulders. Altogether, she looked perfectly beautiful to me, no doubt owing to the enchanting thought that she was a bride.

While living here, a sister of my mother's came to visit us and was prevailed upon to stay and lived with us for a period of over two years. She was a merry, good looking girl and was soon very popular with both old and young. One young man became especially fond of

her with no return. But acting upon the motto that "a faint heart ne'er won a fair lady", pursued his attentions whether agreeable or not. One Sunday evening stands out in strong relief in my memory because of a circumstance which I will relate.

This swain came early eating supper with us, after which he retired into the best room "on courting bent". Aunt knowing his errand remained out of the room intending a final rebuff if possible, Father and Mother "smelling a mouse" tried their skill at entertaining the young man. All went well for a time, but after a while he became uneasy and kept looking towards the door he expected my Aunt to enter. She did not come, and it was growing late. Finally, Aunt's patience was exhausted and becoming reckless of consequences, she cut a slice of bread and spreading it with butter, she persuaded me to take it to the visitor, and ask him if it wasn't time to go home at the same time presenting him with the bread of her compliments.

For this little interposition on my part into her affairs, I narrowly escaped severe punishment from my parents. However, the young man accepted the hint, if not the bread, and went home and never came again.

Another event of that period is a very pleasant remembrance and that was a blackberrying expedition by a young party of which my Aunt was a prominent actor. She allowed me to accompany her which I considered a great privileged. We went to what was called an old "deadening", which was a tract of about ten acres that some newcomer had begun in the woods and relinquished before finishing. There was an old decayed cabin standing in the midst of logs "cross-crossed" laying as they fell from the ax. Among these grew the vines - such luxuriant ones! And the berries were the largest and most luscious I ever ate. The taste of those berries lingers in my memory yet, if not in my mouth. We stood on the logs and just filled our pails to heaping in a short time.

The young men with long sticks raised the vines, while the girls picked the berries, occasionally rewarding their gallant helpers by giving them a handful of the choicest ones. At noon, the lunch baskets were opened and long white cloths spread on the ground on which (with much laughter and many merry jests) was laid the numerous good things that make a country picnic dinner. After cleaning away the dinner, the young man and women coupled off sitting under some tree, or on a log over which the vines threw their shadows until time to go home. That portion of the day I did not enjoy so much. There was another little girl along, but we could not do much towards play in that wild place. We felt and acted very much detrop and succeeded by our importunities in starting the party homeward.

In 1854, my parents moved to Wapello Co., Iowa, near the town of Eddyville, where they settled on a farm in what was called the "Rock Schoolhouse neighborhood". This trip to the West was one of the most important events in my life. It took us thirteen days to go from our home near Celina, Mercer Co., Ohio to Eddyville, Wapello Co., Iowa. We went first in a carriage to St. Mary's, Auglaze Co., where we took a canal boat to Piqua, Ohio, where I saw the first R.R. Train, which took us to Dayton, Ohio, where we changed for another train which bore us to Cincinnati. Here we went on board a steamboat called the "Lady Pike". This boat was a model of luxuriousness and one of the largest and finest on the river. Her cabin was crowded and it was a great pleasure to me. Among the passengers were very many Southerners with their Negro servants - slaves - and I got my first glimpse of slavery then. There was nothing abhorrent in it to me. The Negroes looked well fed and were certainly comfortably clad. These Southerners were going South and left us at Cairo, Ill. [At this point, the page in the diary had been cut in half. Turning the page & in mid-sentence] children, she having lost her husband soon after going to Iowa.

These people were well settled and we bought a farm in their neighborhood and lived there for twelve years. It was a fine, rich country and we all prospered. In 1867, I married Stanley Brower, the son of an old neighbor in Putnam Co., Ohio. He was my senior by several years and had rocked me in my cradle, when I was a baby. [Here again the page is cut. This ends the writing of Mrs. Brower]

[Originally in Mrs. Brower's handwriting]

Mothers Family

Mother

Great-grand Parents

1. David Carter and Jemima Hatheway

Children

Abraham Carter
Sarah Carter
Elizabeth Carter
Ann Carter
Rachel Carter
Phoebe Carter
Jane Carter
Maria Carter
Abner Carter

Father

1. Joseph Hopkins and Olivia Howard

Children

Howard Hopkins
George Hopkins
Almon Hopkins
Dan Hopkins
Harris Hopkins
Sarah Hopkins

Grandparents

2. Dan Hopkins and Sarah Carter

Children

Jemima Hopkins
Almon Hopkins
Martha Ann Hopkins
Elizabeth Hopkins
William Hopkins
Newton Hopkins
Sarah Eliza Hopkins
Mary Hopkins
Owen Johnston Hopkins
Livingston Yourtee Hopkins
Frank Hopkins
Three died in infancy unnamed

Parents

3. John Wilcox and Jemima Hopkins

Children

Sarah Eliza Wilcox
Almon Hopkins Wilcox
Elmira Jane Wilcox
Martha Elizabeth Wilcox
Frank Pomeroy Wilcox
John Charles Fremont Wilcox
Peter Kelley Knox Wilcox
Clarie Anna Althea Wilcox

Father's Family

Mother

Great-grand parents

1. Richard Williams and Mary McCartney
Children

Sarah Williams

Joseph Williams

Father

Great-grand parents

1. Joel Wilcox and Elizabeth Cowen
Children

Ruth Wilcox

Cynthia Wilcox

Elizabeth Wilcox

Lucinda Wilcox

Nancy Wilcox

Susan Wilcox

Loami Wilcox

Joel Wilcox

Alvin Wilcox

Grandparents

2. Joel Wilcox and **Sarah Williams**
Children

Mary Wilcox

John Wilcox

Loami Wilcox

Elmira Wilcox

Clarissa Wilcox

George Wilcox

William Wilcox

Hannah Wilcox (infant died)

Edmund Wilcox “

Edward Wilcox “

Parents

3. (see preceding page column 1)

Elizabeth Cowen died of cancer.

Copartnerships

4. Staley Brower and **Sarah Eliza Wilcox**

Children

Milford Mead Brower
Florence Mead Brower
Laura Helena Brower
Lulu Wilcox Brower
Lester Irvin Brower
Frank Wilcox Brower
Bertha Brower (born dead)

Fifth Generation

5. Milford Mead Brower and Isabel Ann Laws

Children

Myron Taylor Brower
Ora May Brower

Copartnerships

Staley Brower and Sarah Wilcox were married April 18, 1867 at Erie Michigan

Samuel P. Wright and Elmira J. Wilcox were married March 1st 1870 at Ottawa, Ohio.

Charles Woodward and Martha Elizabeth Wilcox were married at the residence of Nelson McCracken at Ottawa, Ohio April 14, 1872.

Charles Fremont Wilcox and Minnie Cressmen were married Nov. 1879 at Toledo, Ohio.

Frank P. Wilcox and Edith May Dutton were married at Detroit, Mich., April 12, 1894.

(the following pages are copies of various loose pieces of paper, ie. newspaper articles and notes of misc. sources)

Good Friday - On this, the world's most solemn anniversary, let Christians look to Calvary, and all union, freedom loving patriots, revere the name of Lincoln. The present anniversary recalls in review, the sad reflections of four years ago. In looking over our journal, we find the following, which were our thoughts upon that eventful day, and its never to be forgotten calamity:

Ft. Laramie, April 15th 1865, a sad day. The awful tragedy perpetrated yesterday (good Friday) reminds us that it was the eighteen hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of the crucifixion of Christ. Nature's sun never shone more beautiful in the firmament, than today, but a dark pall overshadows our beloved country, her flag floats at half mast in condolence of her greatest statesman fallen. Lincoln is no more! After having steered the old ship of State safely across a sea of shoals, reefs and whirlpools, in the most terrible storm of rebellion ever known, he fell a martyr to freedom in sight of the haven of peace. He fell, not by shipwreck, nor in the battle's van, but by the assassin traitor's hand, the most fiendish tragedy ever perpetrated by villainous man, or incarnate devil (save in the crucifixion of the blessed Jesus upon Calvary). A nation in tears bewails the untimely demise of her noblest son; but the country still lives. As Lincoln sealed his patriotic devotion to country with his life's blood, so will it seal the Union to freedom forever - freedom the word that thrills our every heart - from every mountain top let freedom's banner wave; the tyrant blast and liberate the slave. And now, to the glory of God, on this anniversary of 1869, though the old ship had been drifting for nearly four years without a competent captain or helmsman, she again, with Lincoln's old engineer at the helm, rides monarch of the main with the stars and stripes proudly floating at her masthead, where long may they wave.

(newspaper article, John Wilcox)

WHAT IS PRAYER

Thoughts elicited by hearing Rev. Horace Dutton's discourse last Sabbath, on the subject of prayer.

Prayer is aspiration, or that beauty breathed in words, which ascends as silently as perfume of flowers, prompted by the needs of the soul. And, the attitude, the purpose of prayer when the soul turns inward, finding another sphere, where shutting out the world, she may pour out the story of her needs, reaching higher and yet higher, until on tireless wing, she seemingly ascends to the great Creator of life, whose fountains of light are ever sending forth their vitalizing streams, with creation laid out before the Creator all around, is more than beautiful - is sublime. Belonging to the inner sanctuary of the soul, true prayer can never be fully expressed in words. As spirit rises, it requires matter more and still more refined for manifestation; so thoughts, so prayers approaching the Divine, become so pure and impersonal, that earthly language is inadequate; the soul no long speaks but feels, and blends in holiest communion with the Infinite, and thus blending becomes conscious of its own Infinity. Nor is this feeling altogether deceptive. The soul in self-communion, feels its immensity, its relation to the universe, and its illimitable future. And though prayer and meditation, the external universe partially reveals its inmost self, and another universe - that within - the subjective, opens in grandeur, seemingly limitless before the spirit vision.

We are strange beings, and our strangeness is an inexhaustible study. It is impossible to perfectly know one's self. In our every day lives we are as scum on rolling waters. While in the divine interior life, we are as majestic as the gleaming heavens, and as much obey the fixed laws of destiny, as the starry host above us. Prayer measurably opens the gate to this inner life, for in silence and solitude we best know our deepest selves. In these precious moments of contemplation and aspiration, the soul's feelers reaching heavenward, the angels come around us in love, while the Divine Parent imprints the kiss of holiness upon our upturned brows, and we return from this state of exaltation, becalmed and at peace with all the world, feeling that the Infinite Father doth all things well, from these moments of prayer, standing on the mount of transfiguration, we return with wonder at the contrast. Ourselves in the future - how vast! In the present objective world how insignificant. And yet an infinite future, all rainbowed and golden with promises, lies before us.

(newspaper article, John Wilcox)

FAMILY WAR RECORD

I had two great-grandfathers and one great-great uncle in the Revolutionary War. My great-grandfather, Joel Wilcox and his brother, John Wilcox, were members of the Connecticut Regiment.

Great-grandfather, Major Richard Williams was a soldier in a N.J. Regt. and was one of those who built the 100 first log cabins in Cincinnati, Ohio. Later, in the War of 1812, my mother's grandfather, Joseph Hopkins, was slain at the battle of the Raisin River in Michigan.

During the War of the Rebellion, my father, John Wilcox, enlisted as a private in the 7th Iowa Inf., and for meritorious service at the Battle of Belmont, Ky., he was commissioned 2nd Lieut. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson (commanding his company there), Ft. Henry, Shiloh, and Iuka. Was wounded in battle and finally resigned and came home. Recuperated his health, raised a com. for the 7th Iowa Cavalry, with which Regt. he served until June 1865 (letter of pension says 1866). He went as Capt. of Co. B, and returned in command of the Regt. as Major.

As a soldier and officer, his record was fine. I had numerous other relations of nearly every degree of kinship in the Rebellion. Among them was an uncle who enlisted when only 16 in the 42nd O.V.I., Col. Garfield's Regt.

One uncle was a surgeon. A cousin belonging to an Indiana Regt. starved to death in the Rebel Prison at Andersonville. Another cousin was wounded three times at Gettysburg. An uncle was in those awful trenches before Petersburg, Va. In the Spanish - American War, I had two nephews, one in the Inf. and one in the navy.

In every War of consequence, my relatives have fought for liberty and the right. The feminine part were just as loyal and performed their part just as bravely at home. My mother was the President of one of the earliest organized Soldiers Aid Society and her children had to scrape lint, wind balls of bandage, wind yarn for knitting, tack comforts, etc., as supplies for boxes to be sent to the front.

S.E. Brower

CONSTITUTION

- Art. 1 This Society shall be called the "Soldier's Aid Society of Columbia Township", auxiliary to the state organization.
- Art. 2 The officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Sec. & Directresses.
- Art. 3 The officers of this society shall be elected annually, & shall hold over until their officers are elected or re-elected.
- Art. 4 It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all business meetings & take a personal supervision of the affairs of the society.
- Art. 5 It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform the duties of the president in her absence.
- Art. 6 It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys belonging to the society, holding the same subject to the order of the President & Corresponding Secretary, & whenever called on to make an exhibit of the receipts & disbursements of the society.
- Art. 7 It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to record the proceedings of each meeting, of goods received & disbursed by the society.
- Art. 8 It shall be the duty of the Cor. Sec. to conduct the correspondence of the society.
- Art. 9 It shall be the duty of the Directresses to make purchases as directed by the society, prepare & take charge of the work.
- Art. 10 Any lady may become a member of this society by paying the sum of 25 cents for one year, any gentleman by paying 50 cents.
- Art. 11 This society shall meet at least once a week.
- Art. 12 This society shall report to the parent society semi-annually.

Mrs. Martha Baker	.25	Miss Mallissa Neighbor	.25
Mrs. Eliza Burkey	.25	Mrs. Sarah Starr	.25
Mrs. Miriam Conwell	.25	Miss E.A. Conwell	.25
Mrs. Kitty C. Conwell	.25	Mr. George D. White	.50
Miss Rose Dunkley	.25	Mrs. Louise E. White	.25

This was the constitution of the Ladies Aid Society of Columbus Township, Wapello Co., Iowa. During the war of the Rebellion, my mother was the President and I was Secy. Polly Knox was Vice Pres. (handwritten by Sarah Brower)

Grandfather Wilcox's Last Letter to Mother
April 27, 1881
(written on the back of the letter)

National Soldiers Home, Dayton Ohio
April 27, 1881

Dear Daughter

My health is about status quo but little change having occurred since I came to the "Home," nor do I ever expect to be well again. While tabernacting here before, I can only be healed in spirit and that through Christ - the Great Physician in whom I have implicit and unbound confidence. I will venture on him and will venture freely, having partaken of the waters of life freely. "Lide" has not appeared at the home yet, but look daily for her coming. I have been living in hopes for the last year of learning Kelly's address, and am disappointed beyond measure. I hope you and family are enjoying usual health once again. I have not heard from "Nattie" for some time, but was in poor health the last account. Enclosed I send you my last from "Am I May." (?)

Kiss baby for grandpa,
Affectionately your father
John Wilcox

National Soldiers Home, Dayton Ohio
April 27th 1881

Dear Daughter

My health is about status quo
- but little change having occurred since
I came to the "Home", nor do I even expect to
be well again while tabernacling herebelow, I ^{can}
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and unbounded confidence. I will venture on him
and will venture freely, having partaken of the
waters of life, freely. "Lidi" has not appeared
at the Home yet, but look daily for her coming.
I have been living in hopes for the last year, of
learning Kelly's address, and am disappointed
beyond measure. I hope you and family are
enjoying usual health ~~once again~~. I have
not heard from "Mattie" for some time, but
was in poor health the last account.
Enclosed I send you my last from "Aunt
May". Kiss Baby for Grandpa,
Affectionately your father
John Wilcox

National Soldiers Home, Dayton Ohio

April 27th 1881

Dear Daughter

My health is about status quo - but little change having occurred since I came to the "Home", nor do I even expect to be well again while tabernacling here below, I can only be healed in spirit and that through Christ - The Great Physician, in whom I have implicit and unbounded confidence. I will venture on him and will venture freely, having partaken of the waters of life freely. "Lidi" has not appeared at the Home yet, but look daily for her coming. I have been living in hopes for the last year, of learning Kelly's address, and am disappointed beyond measure. I hope you and family are enjoying usual health. Love again. I have not heard from "Nattie" for some time, but was in poor health the last account. Enclosed I send you my last from "Aunt May".

Kiss baby for Grandpa,

affectionately your father
John Wiley

