

From Jonathan B. Fuller to Dear Father

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Kansas City, Mo.

July 18th 1864

Dear Father[,]

Yours of the 12th and the Packet of Papers both came safely to hand last week. I am exceedingly rejoiced to hear that you are all well at home once more--but I do hope that you will not allow yourself to be overworked again upon any account. I suppose however that you will be out of any such work now that the factory is suspended.

As to the Broadhead house--please yourself. You cannot sell coin for 275 now--for I see it is a little below 230. But if you could sell \$200 at a premium anywhere between 100 and 150, we could make a heavy payment--say \$1000. to start on. You would of course have to make sure that Broadhead would still abide by his proposition of \$1400--before you made any sale of coin. But the main question in my mind is always this--will you like the place and people--can you put up with it as a place of residence. Money looks ticklish--there is no telling how soon greenbacks might be so much waste paper. Everything looks uncertain. It is impossible to say what is the best policy--so I expect the best way is to go it blind--trusting that Providence will guide us aright and prosper us in our works and undertakings. So do whatever you think best in the case--I trust that under God it will turn out all right. If you buy--inform me and I will forward you a check for \$200.--for I have that much lying by me.

Weather is intensely hot again--but I take it comfortably. Stay in the house and read all day.--for it is too hot to march a half or three quarters of a mile over these bare hills to visit Mrs. This, That and the other[.] I have got Capt. Case's Library stowed away safely in my room--so I shall not lack reading matter--although is somewhat of the lightest order being composed in great part of novels and magazines.

We have had wars and rumors of wars across the river to deversify the monotony during the past week. A good many killed--a great many scared--and an unpleasant row generally. Our troops have been over--but are now I believe home again[.] Some say that Platte City[,] some twenty five miles above has been burned to the ground by our soldiers--others say it has been only partially destroyed[.] I think the latter supposition the most probable. I do not think there is any real danger from bushwhackers here--if any mischief happens it will be

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caused by a collision of the political factions of the place. I trust however that nothing of the kind may take place.

In the meanwhile I am preaching away to the game congregations[.] No change as yet I believe for better or for worse. But I am looking forward with much anxiety and some dread to the Fast day services of Aug. 4th. I am afraid that my congregation may split upon that rock. I fear that even the utmost mildness and christian charity of my utterance will not save me, from offending some one's sensitiveness. But I suppose there is nothing for it but to speak out and take the risks. If things blow up badly I must just resign I suppose and come home. If it hurts I will be apt to know it soon--for I venture to think that there are few in town more likely to be sensitive on that point than our household here. Mrs. Lykins won't go that day--but then he will. Well if I weather this point--I think I will be safe for a while again--if I don't, then the suspense is over, and I am done again.

If I had stayed with the Pittsfield Church I should have been in a pretty church--with all the members drifting off around me. What I wonder is sending Sorin off. I thought he was doing as well as could be expected. Tell me if the Ledger comes to you all right.

There is nothing special going on here. Col. Newgent is back from the East. Has met with very poor success--having collected only about \$300. toward paying a debt of \$2300. on the Church.

I am still continuing to enjoy health. And all are well in the house. Hope that all of you are getting along with similar good fortune.

Remember me kindly to all friends--Give my best love to Mother and Mollie. Take good care of yourselves--and never mind the bushwhackers and don't be frightened on my account when you hear of tremendous wars and fighting about Kansas City. And now wishing you health--wealth--peace and prosperity in body and spirit--I remain as ever

Your very affectionate Son[,]

J.B. Fuller.