

From Jonathan B. Fuller to Dear Father

[page 1]

Kansas City, Mo.

June 13th 1864

Dear Father[,]

I have been disappointed in not receiving my usual letter from you. I suppose it will be here tonight. All things continue as they were. Yesterday brought us our usual congregation--quiet and attentive. Evening ditto. In the morning I gave them a lecture on the duty of constant attendance upon the meetings of the Church. In the evening my subject was the great day of the Lamb's wrath.

I sent you another copy of the Journal containing a second notice of our Sunday School Picnic written by a young man--who is not a member of any Church. Rather flowery in style--but quite complimentary both to the School and me. What do you think of "giant-minded little parson" for an expression.

As usual I am helping to stir up the natives. Yesterday the Southren Methodist Church reorganized its Sabbath School. Next thing I expect to see every Church in town going it full blast. Our School yesterday had 95 scholars and 12 teachers.

Mr. Harlowe the Congregational Minister called on me one day this week--He is a rather young looking man, a regular "Down Easter" from the State of Maine--seems good natured, but I do not think he is a man of much mental force. The Congregational element is but small--so I think I shall endeavor to extend my acquaintance with him. Allen the North Methodists man has not sought my acquaintance.

Bushwhackers are I suppose in the county--but I am inclined to think their number sadly exaggerated. Patrols are out every night--but the object of them seems more to prevent smuggling ammunition & supplies out of town to the guerillas--than to guard against any attack. At least one of the soldiers on duty told me this was the object. The Patrol in this section of town generally makes its headquarters for the night either in the yard of the Catholic Church or ours. Being a cavalry Picket [*text stricken through*] their horses get an excellent supper amongst our grass--Hence their selection.

We had a little rain during the last week--but it has not amounted to much. On Friday morning it commenced turning cold--and ever since then I have found my thick undershirt and cloth coat very comfortable. The wind today is veering into the South a little today--so I expect we shall

[page 2]

have it warmer soon. Of course when I speak of the wind you will understand that it is as usual blowing a rattling little gale[.]

Did I tell you that [Dulin?] has given up his California project, and is now looking for something to do. I find he is not so much thought of here as I expected. All concede that he is an excellent preacher--and a man of great mental powers and attainments--but his fickleness and discontentedness have in great measure alienated the affections of the people for him as a Pastor. Shouse proposes to start a Religious Paper and make him Editor--but this is so insane a project that it will I think meet with nothing but discouragement.

I have just consented to deliver the Address before the Wm. Jewell College. As I closed the preceding paragraph a couple of young gentlemen[,] a delegation from the School waited upon me to know my decision--so I agreed to do so. The other invitation is as yet unanswered.

What do you conclude about the house? Gold is at a gigantic premium is'nt it? If you do invest don't go over \$200 of that article. It is growing dark so I must hurry to a close for the mail in the morning. I am still enjoying my quarters--keeping excellent health. Hope it is the same with you. I see M.M.M. did get that marriage. I am surprised. How do things go in the Church? My kindest regards to

all friends. Bro. & Sister Lykins send respects[.] Best love to Mother, Mollie and yourself. Take care of yourselves--and never mind what others may be saying or doing. By and by I trust we shall have our day--and feel as good as any of them[.]

Your Very affectionate Son,
J.B. Fuller.