

Jotham Meeker to daughter Maria

Letter written to Maria Meeker from her father Jotham Meeker, a Baptist Indian missionary. This letter was written while Maria was away for schooling, and discusses the weather, poor health of her family, marriages in the Indian community, and harvests.

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Jotham Meeker to daughter Maria

J. Meeker.

Dear Daughter Maria— Since we have been home your mother and I have been sick about or nearly two weeks, and your sister was sick a day or two. But we are now all getting better. The weather has been warmer and drier, I think, for a month past, than I ever knew it to be before. We came home from Shawnee in our loaded waggon. When about half way home, it rained on us very hard, we and the load got very wet, but we have had no rain scarcely since. All are well at Mr. Barkers, Mr. Blanchards, Mr. Tratts, and Mr. Simerwells. Mr. Fuller died last week. Kusi-pash-Kum-mo-gua is dead. Sally is very sick, we fear she will not live many days. Keotowahba is married to Seseel, Kesiswahba is married to Wau-wau-sum-mo-gua, and As-si-bos is married to Mio. We ~~expect~~ ^{expect} this year ~~to~~ have plenty of Corn, Potatoes, Pumpkins, Beans, Melons, Onions, Beets, Cucumbers, and such things. We have had a great many Blackberries and Plums. While in St. Louis I bought everything necessary to finish off our meeting house, we hope to get ^{it} done before winter. We expect to build it in the brush, just beyond our garden. Thomas's daughter will probably come next week to live with us. The Indians all have good fields of corn this summer, hope they will not be hungry any more.

You know, my dear daughter, that it is hard for you and hard for us, to be separated— you know too why it is that we are separated many hundreds of miles— it is for your good.— Your mother and I do hope to always hear that Maria is a good girl, that she loves her book.

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loves and obeys her teacher, is pleased with her school, makes improvement in her studies, &c. We want you to write to us yourself as soon as you can. Do you reply that you don't know what to say? Tell us what you have been studying, how you like your school, home, companions, &c. Tell us where you have been, who you have seen, what you are going to do, how you spend your Sabbaths, Saturdays, Mornings and evenings, &c. Get Mrs. Vaill or somebody else to direct your letter. Emeline says, Tell Maria I feel very lonesome for her every day, - sometimes I dream about her in the night - sometimes I get out my little box of dishes, and my dolls, and Maria's doll that had its head broke off - I tell her that our dog got to be a big dog, but he killed chickens, and we had to kill him. - Tell her that I have only said my lesson three times since I came home. If somebody comes from Cincinnati, I want her to send me something. Kew-tauch-wan and No-squaw-ta come, and play with me sometimes. O I forgot, tell her that her colt is dead. Our Guinea eggs won't hatch. Your mother says she intends to write to Mrs. Miller soon, and that she will write to you then. She says you must take good care of your new shawl she gave you - she is afraid you will let the moths or something else injure it. Your mother & sister wish to send you all the love this little letter will hold.

From your affectionate father,

Jotham Meeker.

To Miss Maria Meeker.