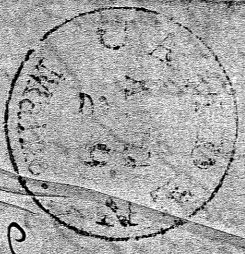


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Schemiah Richards  
Aug 27 - 1851



Mr. Amos S. Richards  
North Ferrisfield

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Lincolnton Aug. 27 - 1851

My Dear Son,

Your letter of June 22<sup>d</sup>. I received on Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> of the present month, I wrote you, last of March, or first of April, and not receiving an answer to the same, I wrote you again, and doubtless you have received it since you wrote, I had begun to think that you were sick, or dead, or had gone to some far off land, but it seems otherwise -

You speak of sorrow, I painfully know what it is, I am a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, you speak of afflictions. I know what afflictions are, two cannot fully sympathize with each other unless they have experienced like afflictions, you speak of care, or duty devolving on me respecting those little children that are left with me -

Soon after your Mother was taken sick, she was satisfied she should not recover, and all that seemed to bind her to earth, was, the two little girls, she would often say she should have been glad to live a little longer till the two little girls could have taken care of themselves could it have been so, but it is all right, she said, At the



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time she gave each one of us over charge she told the little girls she then gave them to me, charging them to be sure and mind their father, - to me, she said, take good care of them, I promised her I would, and that faithfully, while they and I were spared to live together, she then gave them up, and never again spoke of them while she lived, I often think of my promise, and mean to try to perform -

you speak of my coming to the Aravastock tent that you must not expect, you speak of Nancy's coming, - she don't come home very often she lives with George L. McHenry's folks, - don't know when I shall see her again - when I do, will talk with her about coming, and let you know, or she will - Farnham is on the place that he talked buying a part of, hires it by the year - believe they are all well - can say no more - only, that he will never go North,

9 o'clock evening, all in the house to bed and a sleep, I expect to go to Camden tomorrow - want to put this in the office - want you to direct all to Nehemiah Richards - Camden - be sure to do so - Death has made many inroads among our relatives and friends since you left your native town; My Uncle Moses young, My own dear Mother, two aunts, Jeannina Parsons, and Sarah Nash, your sister Lois, and ~~your~~ your dear Mother, Uncle Sedate Wadsworth, Charlotte <sup>are all gone</sup> Wadsworth (you can remember) is now

dying, and William, Son of Jer<sup>h</sup>. Wadsworth, is just gone - Jeremiah is in California,

How certain is it that this world is not our home and certain is it, that the moment we began to live ~~that~~ we began to die, and, how soon, you may receive the last letter, I shall ever write, you, is uncertain, but it can't be long, Lois has written her last, your Mother her last, and doubtless it will soon be the case with me, I should have been glad to see you once more in the land of the dying, but it is not at all probable I ever shall. I and the children that are with me are all well, dear Ruth is my housekeeper, she is one of the best of girls, is in <sup>the</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> year, I must soon close,

I want you to write me oftener than you do, while I do live, for I am very lonesome, and a letter is a great comfort to me, be sure to direct to Camden, three Cents, carries a letter three thousand miles if the postage is pre paid,

We had a very cold night last night think you must have had a frost, corn, with us, is two weeks or more in the rear - hay was good, wheat is good, can't count on potatoes, no way, I hope this will find you all well - Frances, I think much of you although I never see <sup>you,</sup> you must overlook my odd way of writing, so good bye - affectionately yours  
Nehemiah Richards