

1853

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Lincolnville Jan 7th 1853

My Dear son. It is just 8 o'clock in the evening, I am intending to go to Camden to-morrow, shall call at the post office, so I have taken my pen, to receipt for your letter. <sup>Beaumont date 1805, &c</sup> I am glad to receive a letter from any of my folks, and especially from my children, for it does appear that I shall never see again all those that are leaving. I have but two left with me, Danes and ~~Mary~~ <sup>Lucy</sup> Phelps, with their three children, united us last Saturday Sunday and Monday, went home Monday afternoon took little brasses with them for a few months, Nancy came home with them, is some where in town now, returns to Thomaston one week from tomorrow, she has been in Thomaston since the first of last July, and is going to stay there through the winter, Mary & Richards made us a visit last evening, they have but one child, a fine pretty girl. Marys health is better at the present time than it has been for years before, Van Buren and Ruth are both at work in Camden, so you see that I am almost alone, was it not for Betsy, my life would be a tiresome one, we have a remarkable mild winter, not snow enough to steady a sled, tho pretty good sledding on dry roads for several days past, but not any frost in the woods not a swain, or hog frog over this winter. The mild winter has lengthened out the hay in Lincolnville 200 tons, it was the shortest crop last season ever known in town,



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Why I want all directed to Camden is, because all my business is there, and has been for most those years; for Farnham to get a letter, you can direct to Lincolnville, or Lincolnville Centre, it might be in either, there all the same, you might direct to Camden, my care, and I could send it him.

I do wonder that Farnham does so neglect to write you I have said much to him about his neglect, have told him it was wrong, and he ever acknowledges it, I wish you might get it out of him, but I fear you won't,

you say Potatoes with you were good, they were here when they were dry, but the dry rot has ruined them, since they were put into the Cellars, Almon, I am all the one there is awake in the house, and I must close soon,

I wasn't you to write me as often as you can, it is quite an undertaking for me to scrawl a letter, at all, my eyesight is every poor, I am an old man, you can't expect to receive many more letters from me, this may be the last, the Lord himself only knows, Almon

I don't write to you without thinking it may be the ~~the~~ last, remember me to your Wife and Children, I am not expecting that I shall ever see them, tell me how far you live from your farm, what stock you keep, you never have told me about it ~~with~~ yours, while life remains.

Richard Richards

half sheet - please  
excuse