

I believe I told you in my last, what
Vass Burosi's request was — to write
him — direct to Thomaston Maine

N. Richards

Oct 28 - 1853

10/28/53

112

Lincolnton Oct 28 - 1853

My Dear Son — within the last 3 or 4 minutes
it has come to my mind, that to day, is your
birth day, and I said to Betsey, this is my first
childs birth day. He is 36 years old to day — Her
reply was, you must go and write him a
letter, and remind him of it, So I took
up my pen, and have got so far along,

Thirty six years this morning, since your
Mother & I were blest with our first Born,

Where have those 36 years gone! where are
those that then, were of the age I now am? I look
round for those, that were 40 — 50 — and 60, 36
years ago, and they are gone, I cant see them,
I cant hear them, I cant find them! they are gone,
I stop, I think for ^a moment, and I am forced to
the conclusion that they are only one step in
advance of me, No doubt, but many will
then remember what I have told them while I
lived, all the Sin I have committed by being,
a Substance Democrat all the day of my life,
will soon, doubtless, be brought into account,

I dont know as you receive letters,
or papers, or any thing that I send you,
for I dont hear from you but once in many,

10/28/53
2/2

Months — I say, I don't hear from you but once
in many months, I have two Books I wish
to send you, one for you, and one for Frances,
But I am most afraid to risk them by mail,
one is of 476 pages, one 426, what had I best
do, it is a pity to lose them by the way, do you
think there would be danger — please to tell me
what you think about it, Darius, Huldah, &
Frances, are all there are at home with us,
Darius is very feeble, we fear he has got
the graveyard cough, he has been ailing,
for something like a year, I don't know who
of us will go first, but doubtless some one of
us soon — For —

Man's life is like the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
A sharp wind sweeps the field,
It withers in an hour,

I want you to receipt for all that you
receive, for I ^{at} actually forget what I send, and
the time of my sending, I find it to be 13 years
the 14th of last June since I buried you,
and my grief has been the greater to think
that I buried you alive, I ever looked upon
that day, as a funeral day, and it has so

proved with a number of the family, and so
will it with me, I believe eternal things are near
at hand, not only with one but with all the earth,
and the earth itself, almost every body, and
especially those who fill high places, are crying,
peace and safety, one dear old preacher said
(a few days ago) that we were now right in
the heart of the Millennium, and as that
blessed state consists of a thousand years, and
as the heart is the centre, and the centre the
middle, it must be that we, already have
had, Five hundred years of that blessed state,
— But, as that state of things are not to exist
'till after the resurrection of the just,
their preaching amounts to this, that the
resurrection is already past, and they
over throw the faith, of not only some,
but many, The Lord, speaking of peace
and safety preachers, says, Sudden Destruction
Cometh upon them, and they shall
not escape, God says the wicked shall
wax worse and worse, and those that
have done good shall come forth to the
resurrection of life, but the wicked to
that of damnation, hope this will find
all well — write soon, Jeremiah Richards