

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

A. Richards

Oct 28 - 1853

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Lincolnton Oct 28 - 1853

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10/28/53

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 Betty, this is my first  
Childs birthday. 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 <sup>a</sup> 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 Substantive 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,

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, Huldaah, &  
Frances, are all there are at home with us,  
Darius is very feeble, we fear he has got  
the grave yard 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 <sup>at</sup> 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 me 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 Destro-  
tion 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