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Lincolnvillle Oct. 24 - 1859.

Mary, As I have spoken of you on a preceding page, and did not say any thing about your sisters, or Brother, and as I have just been out in the other room talking with your Aunt Frances, and she has been ^{telling} me the names of your sisters, ^{and} brother, (tho I knew his name) I thought I would ^{pen} a few words more, But you, Mary, will have to do the errand for me. Tell Caroline and Agnes that grandfather loves them, and thinks a great deal of them, altho he has never seen them, tell them grand-pa has got to be so old he is not able to come and see them, but he hopes they will be good little girls, and learn to read well, and learn to sing, tell them some of their aunts, Ruth, Hulda, and Frances are pretty good singers, and so is Uncle Darius, tell them they must learn to write as soon as they can, and if grand-pa should live a few years longer they can write him a letter, you must play with little George, make him grow as fast as ^{he} can, when he is old enough to understand, you must tell him who it was that gave him the name of Washington, I will stop now lest I should weary you, so good bye,

Grand-pa Richards

M. Richards
Oct. 28. 1859

Lincolnvillle Oct. 24 - 1859

My Dear Son,

It being forty two years this morning since the time of your birth, and having had my mind much on the circumstances of that event of late, and looking back, trying to realise how soon those years have past, I thought I would write a few lines to you, hoping it might give a jog to your memory, and that you might realise how fast the minutes fly, and not only the minutes but days and years and even centuries. What changes have taken place within the last forty two years! Those, who were the inhabitants of a town forty two years ago, are now mostly numbered with the dead, another generation has sprung up, a very few of which are known ~~by~~ by me, I doubt if I should know my oldest son should I see him, but I am well aware I shall never have that privilege, altho less than three hundred miles separate us, I often think of a few words that I found penciled in a letter several years since, but did not suppose the writer would hold to that for twenty years, perhaps has not, it may be there are other hinderances.

Darius has got home, and talks of staying with me what little time I may live, He has got what salt water fare he cares about,

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Farnham has buried his two youngest children within a few days, they died within a very short time of each other, His health is very poor, and he is in quite uncomfortable circumstances, the town has had to help him more or less for more than a year, dont know how he will get through the winter, he now has eight in family, including himself, Richard and Mary are well as usual, the Mary's health is poor, their three little ones are all smart, Nabby is in Massachusetts in the town or village of Chicopee, I received a letter from her last evening, have mailed one to her to day in return, I wrote her to write you, and now I request you to write her, - Chicopee, Mass.

Ruth is in Camden, I suppose she would have been married and settled there before this had she not have ^{met} with quite a loss, almost seventy dollars that she let Van Buren have, but his death has left things in such a shape she cannot get the first cent. We all feel hart for Ruth, she is a hard working girl, her money came hard, she being almost a cripple, but will work while she can stand, Huldah is at Cotmans to work, she is a smart rugged girl, and works hard. Frances is in the other room with your-Marm, she says dinner is ready - I will go, - I have taken dinner and returned to my room again, - Frances is a girl people call pretty, you know most all baby's are thought to be very pretty, and why not she, she is not seventeen years old yet, but let her be ever so old, she will be the baby, I wonder if her little niece, Mary, is a pretty girl, Mary, your Grand-father wishes he could see you, but it never shall, Mary, be a good girl.

Charles and Eliza young, have buried both of their oldest daughters, Phebe has been dead most three years, was most twenty five years old when she died, Martha Ann died the 8th of this month, aged most 18 years, was sick only about one week, Myself and wife are both very feeble, It is quite a task for me to try to do any thing with a pen, dont think I shall ever try to do much more by way of writing, I have so much trembling and stiffness of limbs and joints I shall soon have to quit trying, and soon will others stop writing to me, What shall I say next, I want to fill this out, How far do you live from ^{fair} Hartford, or the place where you once lived? How far from Presque-Isle - In what direction are you from the latter place, Do you take the paper printed at that place, If you do, I want you to send me some late number of it. If this should reach you and you think it worth an answer I want you to write all the news you can, for I dont get much,

The sooner I bring this ^{to} a close the better, I shant wonder if you think so too when you come to see it, for I cant see as there is much sense in what I have written, ~~Let me hear from you~~

Nehemiah Richards
Betsey H Richards
Frances E Richards