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Lynchville, Va. Nov 18-1853

My Dear Son

It is now 40 minutes past 7 in the evening. We had quite a snow storm last night & quite a rain to day, snow all gone by 12 O'clock, but quite calm this evening, don't know but I may go to Camden tomorrow. If I do I shall mail this, I write you in October, when I got to Camden to receive the letter mailed, I learned that your Postoffice had gone down the saint (Johns?) so, I did not ~~write~~ the whereabouts of it was, neither did I learn that it was a political matter that swept it away, against some that it will exist, or the image of it, so I shall direct this there, the other was mailed for Prespie (he) hope you have got it, once or twice I have said something about your not writing to Martin B. V., He has thought it strange you have not, he says he has sent your seal ~~letters~~, he has now gone to Virginia, will be gone 5 or 6 months, about 20 in the

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Crew, have gone to Cut Ship timber, to
be brought to Rockland, when I get a
letter from him, I will give you informa-
tion how you can direct, tell me if you
get any info, tell me why you have not
answered any of his, with you, Nancy
(I believe) has gone again to Boston to work,
Ruth lives in Rockland, Sam's seems to
be a little better just now, the two lit-
tle girls are well, Frances is quite a
pretty girl, had her miniature taken
when she was at Tharveston, she paid
one dollar, It is a pretty thing to look
at, guess you, and your wife too, would
be pleased to see it, Last Saturday evening
Seaside had worth left home to go to help build
a house, left his wife well, returned home
between 3 and 4 o'clock took care of his oxen,
asked the youngest children where their
mother was, they told him she was laying
down, he went to chopping wood in the
door yard, about 4 o'clock he went into
her room, found her laying on the bed,
but rather in a strange posture, he spoke
to her, but no answer, he turned her partly
over, but she was dead, a drunkard, by the
name of Tharveston, her son in law let her have
a quart of rum, with rum to sedate, drank
every drop, by 2 o'clock after noon, write me
soon, want to hear from you — Wm. Richardson