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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. ~~Business~~ date 500, &
I am glad to receive a letter from any of my folks,
and especially from my children, for it does ap-
pear that I shall never see again all those that are
living. I have but two left with me, Darius and
Miss ~~Leah~~, Lovely Phelps with their three children, visited
us last Saturday Sunday and Monday, went home Monday
afternoon took little swaness 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 lonesome one, we have a remark-
able 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 Lincoln
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 these years; for Sarisbury has to get a letter, you can direct to Lincolnville, or Lincolnville Centre, it might lay in either, there all the same, you might direct to Camden, my care, and I could send it him.

I do wonder that Sarisbury 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,

your say Potatoes with you were good, they were here when they were dug, but the dry rot has ruined them, since they were put into the Cellars, Almon, I am all the more that is awake in the house, and I must close soon, I want 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 Love himself only knows, Almon I don't write to you without thinking it may be 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 either - yours, while life remains.

Richard

Half Sheet - please
excuse