

Dec 23, 1860

the old place up to me if I would take it, and take care of him and his wife, I told him that I had rather have nothing to do with it! but he said he could not get along alone, so I told him if he would have the writings done then, I would stay he said that he would have them done right away but he did not do nothing as he agreed to, ~~to~~ but I went to work until the second day of January, then David Manning and I were on the road with the team, we stopped the team about of Richard Maddock's we had three pair of cattle, I went between the middle pair to hook of the chain, when I took hold of the hook to haul back on it, the forward pair started quick

and slat the hook through my hand, the point of the hook ~~caught~~ ^{caught} on the back of my hand went through between the bones of my little finger and one next to it, I held my hand through the ring and when my shoulder brought up in the ring the hook tore out through the side of my hand, breaking the bone and cords, we sent for a doctor to do it up then I went home, and for five days and nights I did not sleep a wink, so you may know that I had a pretty comfortable time of it I did not go out for about seven weeks, but my hand got so well by spring that I went a fishing, I was gone about five months but I

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don't know how much I
made for I have not
settled yet so no more on
this subject, I have
lost a child about a week
ago I believe it was about
three months old, I have
lived in ~~Soek~~ land, but I can't
write much more on this sheet
I want you to write to me as
soon as you get this tell me what
you are doing this winter, and
when you are coming this way
I think you had better tell
out, and come this way and live
a few years, then I think I will
go up North with you so no
more this time, Nancy sends
her wedding card to you
and your wife give my love
to your wife and children and
also to the pretty girls
I should be very glad to see you all
from your brother

Darius J Richards

Lincolnton, Dec 23rd 1860

Dear brother, having an opportunity
I thought I would write a few
lines to you, to let you know that
I have not forgotten you; I am
at home this winter, I have been
a fishing for the three last
summers, I liked it very
well, but I think that I
had full at live work on the
land; we are all well and I
hope this will find you and
yours the same. I should be
very glad to see you, and suppose
I should if it had not been
for father, I intended to have gone
and made you a visit a
year ago; but as soon as father
found out that I talked of
going, to see you, he wanted
me to stay at home. he said
if I would, that he would give