

5/3/1883

9

for his board  
 dollars and about per week  
 I was told when I was there last  
 fall that, <sup>he</sup> both starved and abused  
 him, and that was the cause of his  
 having fits. I tried to get him to  
 bring home last fall, but the <sup>first</sup>  
 select man told me they had  
 paid a certain sum for one year  
 and when the year was up, then  
 if I wanted to take him off the  
 town I could have him, and now  
 the year is almost expired, and  
 if it was in my power to get  
 means to go I would start at once  
 but Mr Caswell is owing more than  
 three hundred dollars, and he has  
 to pay a large interest on the most  
 of it. and so I do not see any way  
 that he can get it for me to go.  
 and I do not dare to say a word  
 about going, he says he does wish  
 my dear son was here. no more of  
 this, we all send love to all, hoping

and let me know how  
 you all are enjoying  
 your health and  
 how you and Joe  
 are when you  
 can, please your  
 ever loving dit  
 at Shells Caswell

Lime Stone May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1883

My dear Brother and Sister  
 I will try  
 to write a few lines to let you know  
 I have heard from dear Brother Darius.  
 I got a letter from my son David last  
 Tuesday, dated Apr 24<sup>th</sup> he said he  
 got a letter from Darius the night before  
 written Apr 6<sup>th</sup> on his 7<sup>th</sup> birth day  
 Darius said it was the first letter he  
 had written to any one in Maine  
 for two years. he writes he is in good  
 health and working at his trade,  
 (building houses.) He is in Los  
 Angeles Cal, 500 miles South of  
 San Francisco, he had been there  
 a little more than one year. he writes  
 that it is the loveliest climate in  
 the world. he sent special regards  
 to all his folks. then he <sup>gives</sup> his address

Darius S Richards  
~~Los~~ Los Angeles Cal

Dear dear Brother I have tried in  
my poor way, to tel you know  
where he is, but I dont know  
as you can read it, it is so bad.  
for my right arm is so lame  
that I cant hold it on the table  
to write but a few moments at  
a time, before it becomes so  
painful that it takes all the  
strength from my hand so  
I can hardly hold my pen to  
write. it has been lame for ~~the~~  
~~most~~ most all winter, I have suffered  
very much with it day and night  
Sometimes I fear I shall loose the  
use of it all together. Mr. Caswell  
has got a very bad cold and he  
has a dry cough, he has not been  
well this winter every one around  
seem to have a bad cold. I got a letter

3  
from Sister Annah last week  
she said My dear Son Welcome  
was having fits again: some days  
he would have three, and then  
he would go a week and would not  
have any, and so on having three  
more or less. Oh how my poor  
heart aches for that dear Child  
if I had money to pay my bid  
there and back I would start at  
once and go and bring him here  
where I could have the care of him  
he should not stay on the Town  
farm any longer. but I fear he  
will <sup>have</sup> stay there and die. but oh  
dear brother when I think how  
that cruel Father has abused and  
ill treated him and caused him  
to have those fits, when he was  
so well and smart, and then as  
soon as he was twenty one he  
drove him to the Town farm.  
when the Town was paying him two