

2/6/51
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Nehemiah Richards

March 6-1851

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Lincolnton
Mar 8 1851

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Mr Ammon, S Richards

Fort Fairfield

M.M.C.

Lincolnton Feb. 6-1851

Dear Ammon & Frances

I catch the passing moment to write you troubles, afflictions, with grief of heart, abide me, I have often told you your mother was fast wasting away - the ^{loss of her} loss of children and absence of others, has had such an over powering an effect on her mind that at last it has crushed her and brought her to her dying bed, as we fear, - she has tried to keep about to within about ten days, our doctor told us on Tuesday last that he thought she would not live more than 48 hours, and might not over 8, - last evening called again, and left us with no better hope, - dreadful distress through the night, after he left, - a little easier at the present moment, - doctor is to call again this afternoon - if life is spared, don't know what encouragement ^{you} he may give

Oh Ammon, never will know the number of times your name has been spoken and uttered by a mothers lips and an aching and almost broken heart - yesterday she talked a little - said there must be a letter wrote ~~to~~ before Saturday to send to Ammon, again to

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day, while trying to talk a little, said I must go to writing, wants Almon to have a letter - I am now going to speak to her, what she says, I shall try to put on this paper - I have been to her bedside to speak to her, for life is just gone, she says she cannot get her thoughts together, says I must tell you how she is, that you must write back as soon as possible, that she may see the letter and hear from you should she live so long - "Tell him" says a dying Mother "that ~~his~~ going away, as he did, has shortened my life Twenty Years." - There has been more scalding tears, fallen from the eyes of those now in ^{the} room, while I have been trying to read the preceding lines, than there are letters on this sheet, these things are not fables, but eternal realities, and we feel the force of them while we talk and write and read, neither can I expect, should this reach you, that it will ever be read by you, dear Almon, without the shedding of many tears - the throbbings of my grief stricken heart, with those falling tears which bedim my eyes while trying to pen this will never be known to you, My infirmities are great and many - a dreadful disorder on my brain, my memory much impaired, been deaf 4 years in one ear, and almost, or partly blind - what a frail creature is man - I shall stop about here till tomorrow, your Mother has spoken again - thinks best keep letter open till tomorrow

Feb 7th Friday Morning 10 Minutes past 10 - A.M.
 your Mother has not slept a minute since we wrote the page yesterday, is quite wild and crazy, cant get her to take any medicine - We are in dreadful trouble, she says the letter shall be finished and sent to Almon today, so you will learn how, and where her mind is or was about the time of writing this, I have not the least expectation that your Mother will be alive when you may being this - Nancy, Ruth, Bess and the 3 youngest are with us. Farsham is here, came last night at 10. O'clock, his health is very poor - Mary's health is some better, I wish you was with, but know it cant be so, be sure to write me as soon as possible - I was pleased to have Frances's letters and yours - Many thanks for the same, Almon I should write you much oftener than I do, had I sight and health as I once had, I often think that you think strange of me for my neglect - don't think so any more -

yours ever
 Nehemiah Richards

P.S. I think the saying "Twenty Years" ought to be qualified
 A. R.