

April 26, 1857

The other page was about as much as I thought of writing, but here I am. In yours of Feb 22nd, you say you had received a letter from Ruth. If you have written, or have not, and yet should you must direct to, Athboro Massachusetts.

Care of Rev. C. D. Lathrop.

I mailed a letter to her yesterday.

The card you will find in letter (if it goes safe) is sent from my wife to you. I have no news to write. I have not drawn any kind warrant, don't know yet, what the result may be.

Now let me say, I want you to write me as often as you can, while I wish you to remember that it is quite a task for me to try to write.

My wife and self are both very infirm, no one of the family with us but the one you never saw,

She goes by the name of Frances E. Richards.

Yours in haste

Abner Richards.

The for whom you was married, Died last Thursday — Abner Sherman.

Farbman is about moving into the town of Camden. Buren says he has not heard from you since he wrote you from Virginia. He lives close by the Camden post office, I do think your Brothers & Sisters ought to write you and I often tell them so, would you answer Buren's letters, he would write you often.

I will stop now

write soon!

There now, here is the babe's measure on an old paper.

N. Richards

Washington Born Feb 22 — 1732

April 26, 1857

Lincolnville April 26 - 1857

Dear Son

I received your letter of
February 2^d but have neglected till now to
answer it. We were glad to hear from
you and yours. Should be more glad
to see you wife and children, all.

Last evening received yours of
April 13th and 14th, glad to hear again, that
you all enjoy so good health, as you do,
hope the mother and son (little George
Washington) may both do well, may be
blessed with health and strength, long life
and much happiness, We should be
pleas'd to see your wife and children,
but we fear we never shall. Old
age has fasten'd its infirmities upon
us, and we have to struggle hard to
keep up, again, time flies swiftly
and we doubtless shall soon have to
submit to nature's decree. The hand
that holds this scribbling pen, is now
in its 66th year, you can't expect much more of it,

Dr. Richard

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