

May 29, 1861



NOTICE FOR THE PUBLIC

My pen is so poor, my hands so feeble  
and paper so thin I cannot write but  
a few lines more

I will send a sheet for little Mary  
to fill out to send back to her Grandfather,  
or she may keep it and write on some other.

War fighting has begun, to say the  
Telegraph we shall have in print tonight.  
Don't you write me, till you get time

Yours Truly  
Abel Richards

May 29, 1861

A. Richards  
May 29<sup>th</sup> 1861



OUR CAPITOL,  
"United we stand, divided we fall."

Lincolnton May 29 - 1861

Dear Son,

Sixteen days  
more, and twentyone  
years will have passed  
away since we saw  
each other; What a  
change, and yet how short

the time, especially so when we look back,  
or, at least, so it seems to me, I find myself  
away down in my seventieth year, I am so  
infirm and so broken down, that you would  
not know me should you meet me in your  
door-yard, It would have been pleasing  
to me to have seen you, and your wife and  
children, but I am inclined to think I never  
shall, should you 26 years ~~more~~ you will find  
your self an old man.

My wife is very feeble, Frances is  
with us, she is in her nineteenth year,

she is not so rugged as could wish.