

April 19, 1883

We have had a remarkable winter, first part of December - we had a heavy fall of snow, it blew up in dreadful drifts, in a few weeks it went off, and then there was a month or two of pretty good wheeling. First part of April had two feet of solid snow, drifted very badly, but now is about all gone, as it has rained here now for about a week.

Frances had a letter from Davius yesterday, he was well, Robert Cary saw him on Friday, April 10th,

Cary got home, Friday last, he is discharged, has the dropsy, badly, young Clark of Lincolnville came with Cary, he is discharged, has been dying with Cramp, for two months, when he has had those spells, it has taken 4 men to keep him from twisting himself to pieces, he has, and does suffer, badly,

The army of the Potomac is expecting to have a fight soon, I fear that many a brave fellow will fall, it seems to me that nothing better than bad luck, attends all the movements of our armies. When the Lord has punished this nation sufficiently for its sins, then will one of the parties gain a victory, and not till then.

My wife and I, are here on earth, all alone, not in very good health, I believe the people round here are as well as usual as a general thing.

Hoping this may find all as well as can be expected I will close, Please write me when you can.

Abner Richards

^{you}
Huldah, I want to write ^{you} me as soon as you get ready, or before if you can.

April 19, 1863

Mr. Richard
April 19/63

Lincolnton April 19th 1863

My Dear Son

In answer to yours of the 16th of January I will say, I received it in due time, 'Was glad to hear from you, but it filled me with sorrow, to hear that you had been so unfortunate, and to know the pain and distress you must have experienced, I know it must be a dreadful affliction to you. I know how to sympathize with you, in some measure, although I cannot fully comprehend what your affliction may lead to.

One thing I do know, that we are all together dependant on God, for all the health, strength, and other numerous blessings we are made the recipients of, while making our short journey of life, for of a certainty, this world is not our home, so we should all look to that God who created us, for into his hands we have got to fall, and we shall receive our just deserts, My prayer is, that we may be found among them He has promised to set at his right hand, even them, who, shall reign and dwell with Him on the new earth, His promise, which is as sure as the throne of God, is, there shall be no more pain, no sorrow, no crying, and no more death, But in order to reach there, we have got to comply with the calls of mercy, May the Lord help us.

I hope what is written on this page will meet with good acceptance, if it should, I should like for you to write me on the same subject. I know not what to put on the next page, but I will pause a few moments, and try what I can do,