

Grand Rapids. Feb. 10, 1845

My dear mother,

The melancholly intelligence (sic) of my respected father's death reached me in the middle of Jan. And though it was an event that I expected would take place before a great while, I was wholly unprepared for it so soon. I first saw it in the "State Banner" which merely mentioned his death without comment. I was very much shocked as you may well suppose, Since then I have received the "Gazette" with the line in the envelope. I was in hopes to have got a letter from you before this time, and learned some of the particulars of his death. Still my thoughts are more with you; than with the dead for he is happy.

But you; cannot but miss him all the time, at the table, at the fireside, and in the "silent watches of the night." Alas, I know and feel but too well, the loss of a husband. This world will never seem to me as it did before his death. All is changed. No doubt, but everything has been said to you that can be said. But after all, it matters but little and alters nothing. I want to hear from you very much. I have not heard a word since I left Ben(nington) except the line you wrote.

If you get so that you can't write to me; I shall never hear from you again. But I need not say anything about any one's not writing to see; till I correct (sic) myself for I have been talking of writing to you every week for the last three months, but had not perseverance enough to do it. I intended to have written you the particulars of my journey home, but now it seems too stale and flat; besides, I have forgotten it all except a tremendous gale on the lake that nearly sent us all to the bottom and so disabled the boat that she could no longer beat against the wind and waves and was obliged to fret (?) about and go back sixty miles, before she could get into port where she was detained twenty-four hours to be repaired. We went on land on Tuesday and did not reach Detroit till Friday morning. The same evening was the great gale at Buffalo that proved so destructive to life and property. It seemed like a narrow escape; as I put up at the same house in Buffalo that had the walls all washed in; and the inmates drowned before they could escape.

I took the cars Friday morning at Detroit and reached the Rapids Saturday night at nearly eleven o'clock. Aaron stood on the piazza of the "National" ready to help me out. It was the fourth night he had waited and watched for me. Weary and worn as I was, I should have felt most

wretchedly disapointed (sic) if him or Charles had not have been waiting for me on the stoop.

The journey from Detroit was very fatiguing as the weather was cold, the road rough and I had to ride in an open waggon (sic). I got home on Sunday, two weeks after I left Ben. The children had felt very uneasy about my not getting along before. They was (sic) afraid something had hapened (sic) on the lake, as it had been unusually rough all the fall.

The weather was much more pleasant after I got home than it (has) been before. I never knew a Nov. so pleasant as the last one was. We have had a very mild winter..no very cold weather yet and no sleighing till two weeks ago. The river has been open all winter till three weeks ago, clear acrosed (sic). It then began to freeze in the middle but still no crossing teams till last week this has been a serious inconvenience to all that live this side of the river. Before another year, we hope to have a bridge and by that means remedy the evil.

We are going to have a sawmill go up next summer within a quarter of a mile from us. It is to running the first day of July.

I received a Troy (?) paper from Daniel with the word "daughter" written on it; so I conclude from that that they are doing well. I have heard from Con.(necticut?) In the same way that Caroline had a son and was doing well but have heard nothing since. Hope to have a letter from them before long. I have been expecting one all winter but if does not get along yet.

I have thought much of those dear sisters since I visited them and hope they will long enjoy the blessings that they are now in possession of. I cannot but wonder if Caroline's baby is as perfect as little Dolly. I think likely you will have a visit from Catharine this winter, or perhaps, have had before this time.

Two have been taken within a short time of each other and when a large family is one broken in upon, many are taken away on it...it often seems to me to be so. I would like to hear from Elizabeth and Ann since I have been home, I have been sorry I did not go amidst more and see more of old acquaintances. I don't know what the reason was. It seems as though I stay at your house all the time.

Did Harriet go to New York? I wish she would write to me. I have not forgotten our ride yet. Have you got a minister yet? If not, you had better send to the Rapids. We have a surplus there. The methodist is now the most popular...draws more hearings than all the rest put together. The new

methodist preacher (whose name is Fisk is very highly spoken of by all denominations as a wonderful man.) I have never heard him.

My dear mother, have you adopted any new plan of living on? Must the remnant of your days be spent in servile drudgery over that old table behind the buttery door and down cellar working butter, besides, odds and ends of everything. Such things ought not to be...does Sylvania live with you now? I wish you could spend next summer with us, but I am afraid you could not stand the journey; it was hard for me.

Mr. Holden found a faithful friend and pleasant traveling companion. I had the company Mrs. Brush from Troy to Detroit and parted with her on a steamboat with regret. She was going on to Chicago, the boat was bound for that place.

It is a satisfaction to me now that I went to Ben(nington) when I did as two of the family are already gone; that I could not have seen if I not have gone there. When I use(d) to look at father and see his trembling hands and failing limbs, I felt his work on earth was nearly done. The garden seeds he saved, must be planted by other hands.

So the world goes; one here and another free. How soon one or the other of us may be called, we know not. Caroline and the boys send much love to you. My health is good this winter. I have not been as fleshy in many years as I am now. I had a sick turn after I got home, but soon got well.

Give much love to Brother and Sister Harmon, and Grandma Harmon in particular, and to all enquiring friends. I hope to hear from you soon. Do take care of yourself.

From your ever affectionate. .. I am interupted (sic) the third time and must stop...daughter,

Adelia