

Grand Rapids. July 20, 1843

My dear Mother,

It has been on my mind to write to you every day for the last six weeks; But something or other always prevents me from doing so. Nothing, however, has occurred of any particular consequence since I received your last letter; for which I am much obliged.

I live along from day to day and scarcely know how myself producing my usual duties from habit rather than any other cause. There is a void at my heart, that no employment, no company or amusement can fill. Ever since my husband's death I have felt alone and I believe I always shall if I should live to be to be ever so old. I can look back now, and see that he was more fully aware of the strength and depth of my affection for him; than I was myself. He has often told me in a sportive way, that he knew me better than I knew myself. More than half of my life was spent with him and yet in all that time, he never gave me an angry word. He would tell me of my faults, but with a spirit of affectionate kindness that never agitated (? Blurred) or wounded my feelings. He would always choose his time when I was neither vexed or angry about anything and it was always a benefit to me. I do not think there is another man in the world could have held such complete sway over me as he did.

But he is gone and I must finish my pilgrimage alone. And now I have only to wish that it may be short, the quicker I receive my summons to go home the better. My little George is the strongest cord that binds me to life. He is the living picture of his father in looks and disposition. I think we all love him more on that account but perhaps it makes no difference. I am afraid we think too much of him, but he as such a way with him we can't help it. He is so pleasant and coaxing that he brings us all over to his will. He is full of little pranks: but they only make me sad for I think how pleased his father could've been to have seen and him and all joy is turned to sorrow.

I received a letter from sister Caroline dated 20th of June which was not long after her visit to Bennington. You were all well at that time and I hope you are now. But I have had the impression lately that some of the family was dead and I can not get rid of the idea. I am sorry to hear sister Read is broken up again after being so pleasantly settled. I can not but think they have had great injustice done to them. Though they are as pleasantly situated this summer as existing circumstances will allow. (That

is, Carolina and the child) but Mr. Read is always so miserable away from his wife and now the child is another tie. I expect he is as unhappy as any man can be broken will bear it better than him. I know from experience that it is no slight trouble to be thrown out from a comfortable home upon a wild world with one's husband far from them and don't know when or where their next abiding place will be. This is a serious trial when there is no greater one. But when compared with swing the grave closed over a loved object we can scarcely call it a trial. And yet how common it is to see and learn of death's doings.

Not a day passes but hundreds die, some in one place, some in another, how strange it is that people think so little about dieing themselves or losing their friends. I wonder now that I never thought no more about it. Had I never seen or heard of such a thing as death I could not have been more shocked than I was when my husband died; I could not believe that one so full of life and health could in a moment yield it up and be one as a clod of the valley; Let death come when it will, or in about shape it will I can never feel so again, the idea is now familiar to me. I expect to die myself and that every body else will. I now look forward to the grave as a resting place for more than eight months after my beloved husband was buried, I never left the house only to go to his grave. Scarce a day passes that I do not visit this sacred spot. The flowers that he loved best while living are now blooming in beauty around his grave. I love to go and sit there in the twilight and imagine his gentle spirit hovering over and around me watching and waiting for the time to come that I shall be with him again, to part no more forever.

My belief in regard to the soul after it leaves the body differs in some respects from the popular preaching of he day. I have been twelve years in making up my mind on this subject tho my views have all that time been the same that they are now. Only as I thought I might some time think different. (Sic). But now, I do not think I ever shake my opinions -are founded on reason and commonsense and I am satisfied with them.

I dislike religious disagreements more than any other. Am willing every one should enjoy their own opinion in peace and want the same privilege myself.

I should have written to you and Harriet by Mr. Hinsdill if I had know when he went but I did not hear of it till he had been gone two week. Have not heard that he went for or how long he intends staying. The boys wish me to mention to their uncle Aaron that they would like to have him

make out the deed for the land he has bought for us and send it by Mr. Hinsdill, they think it has better be given directly to me and as we can manage it to suit ourselves and afterward. They are ready to go to work on it as soon as it is all right. Should Mr. Hinsdill start for home before this reaches you and Aaron has not already done it, he may keep it till the next private opportunity offers.

The boys manage their affairs extremely well. I am under no apprehensions about living. There is a great cry about hard times, but I don't see but the times are as good as they were. We had a long hard winter and hundreds of cattle starved to death. Ours all lived through the winter well enough but we lost a valuable cow in May from a disorder in the feet. Her hoofs all came off. So that she could not get about to feed and Charles was obliged to shoot her.

We have taken two young men to board this summer. They have been well brought up are from Lockport. They was (sic) once wealthy but their father died a bankrupt and they have come to Michigan to build up their fallen fortunes by making shingles. The vast quantity of pine in this region make lumbering and shingling a good business. These two men added to the family and a great part of the time one or two of our own make up more house work to do than we have ever had to do since we have lived on this place.

And then, George has to have one to look after him all the time. He climbs the fences, gets into the Baryard among the cattle, and from them into the water and tho he is one of the best natured children in the world, we can not trust hi out of sight a moment. Caroline's old complaint is troublesome this summer, her side where it was lanced has broke out and has run for the last six weeks all the time. Still her health other ways is good, and she pays no heed to her side. But I can't help but feel uneasy about it for I don't know what it may end in.

When you wore last you felt concerned about the pain in my shoulders. It is better and my general health is now pretty good. I was sick in March with a pain over my eye was not able to do anything for three weeks. When I got a little better, Hollis was taken with Quincy, his throat swelled outside and in till I thought he must choke to death; for five days he could only swallow a drop or two at a time. The doctor did not do him any good, But there was an old woman here on a visit at the time and she went to poulticing it with slippery elm bark and it got better right off. I believe it

saved his life. Charles and Aaron are both well and are tall stout men, both of them taller than their father but not as thick.

Your Adelia

In the margins of the letter: Give my love to Mr. Scott's family and all our kin. How does Harriet get along? I hope you will write soon. I don't hardly see how you get a minute to write-with so much to do. I'm sure I should not. I can't hardly now.

The young men that board here have their names are Millard, Alisha Hinsley's first wife was their aunt and everybody hates them, they are so proud. We like them well enough.

Written to Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington, Vermont.