

Grand Rapids. June 13, 1859

My dear Mother,

The still small voice has been telling me that I have not written to you since Feb. So I have set apart this bright morning to have a little social chat with you. First to ask you how you are and what you are doing-and if you have pieced any bed quilts lately-and are you able to get out around to see your friends? I have not had a letter from your own hand since last Nov but have heard from you through other channels.

I received a letter from sister Maria dated March 8, you was (sic) well at that time and last week received a letter from Sharon saying you was (sic) well as usual at the last account-as was (sic) Bennington friends general. Tell Maria I shall write to her before long in answer to the good letter I got from her. I have sadly neglected all my correspondents this spring and summer.

Myself and family are all well. Charles made us a flying visit two weeks ago. Came out on horseback Saturday and left early Monday morning. I never saw him so thin and pale as he is now. He has been keeping the books since last December and it does not agree with him. He stands at the desk and writes early and late-the business requires the Most intense application (sic) and he laughingly declared that he had stood at the desk and figured till his head was hot enough to bake pancakes on-In a pecuniary point of view it is better for him to stay there but his health suffers and he longs to get back to his old home-and intends to as soon as he can get this place in a way to live on it. He is having 25 acres of land cleared this summer-to be done by the first day of Sept. and got into wheat-The chopping is in front of the house-four sturdy chopping with out any remorse of consign are felling the grand old trees (with all their wealth of bright green leaves) and rejoice in every one that comes crashing down-which I in my secret soul are mourning over them. The chopping will be all done this week and as soon as the leaves are dry, the whole will be burned and cleared.

The next thing to be done will be to put up a large barn-get a stout horse team and all the implements necessary to carry on farming.

Charles does not think farming a profitable business, but pleasant and healthy. He will therefore stay where he is till he can afford to live on a farm.

His wife lost a boy baby in March and has been sick ever since. As soon as she gets well enough she is coming out here to stay three or four weeks. Her little Carrie does not stand alone yet although she is gaining otherwise. Ginny wants to come out and stay through strawberry time-and I am hurrying with might and main to get my work all out of the way before she comes. I have engaged a woman to come tomorrow to pick wool and do some other jobs that I may have nothing to hinder me from enjoying her visit when she gets here.

I have worked more out doors this spring and summer than I did before in my life. That outdoor work has been the ornamental rather than useful. The grass had grown up around my roses and other flowering shrubs-leading from the house to the different gates-and I have worked in season and of season through sunshine and storm in reviving all grass and weeds-and setting out more roses to make me more trouble. I have a great variety and they are just now bursting into bloom-and do look beautiful. George has so much big work to do that he cannot help me -and another thing-he does not like to do work that he calls fussing. He would rather take a pair of horses and plow an acre in a fair field than transplant a bed of tulips-But I have "laid down the shovel and hoe" for the present.

We had a very severe frost last Friday night. Squashes, cucumbers, melons. Beans, tomatoes, corn and potatoes were all laid flat. Corn may come come again everything else is thoroughly killed. I do not know that apples and peaches are injured. The trees are as full as they can be. We shall have an abundance if they are not hurt. My pet raspberries are all killed except for a few on the underside of he bushes. The large leaves of the strawberries protected the fruit so we shall not be disapointed (sic) there.

George has taken unwearied pains with his garden this spring-finished hoeing out his melon patch friday (sic) after sundown. Saturday, he planted the ground over to white beans-So much for human foresight. We have not had any summer weather yer. Even while am writing, I have to put a stick of wood into the stove every little while to keep comfortable.

Aaron is well and prospering. Ann goes ahead in work like a steam engine. She has made two carpets in the last six months-done them all herself-And they are really nice-Fine and smooth as yarn-good color and actually handsome. The children are healthy and well behaved. Altogether, I know of no family better situated to enjoy life then theirs-Their place is perfectly beautiful. Choice fruit trees loaded with fruit; roses

climbing over the plaza now in full bloom. I wish you could see them. Both of our places have improved very much since you were here.

I should think Aaron and Lucretia might come to Michigan this summer or fall-Can come now in two days. What's the use in always staying at home and diging (sic). Get out once in a while-see the world and grow young.

I am some in hopes of seeing my old friends and neighbors the Park family or some members of it here at not distant day. Aaron named his youngest girl Anna Park and the day she was a year old, he received by express, a sliver cup-with three little rings-one for each child. A beautiful letter to little Anna; and another to her father and mother. The cup is a beautiful one marked "Anna Park Hills from Ann C Park."

I at the same time received a letter by mail. She wrote in that that she intended to call and see you-Perhaps she has before this time. I have not written since we got the box-The 26th of May but shall before another week goes by-ought to have done it long ago.

Dear mother if you feel able to write a few lines to me-I should be glad to get them but will not insist upon it.

Very affectionately,

Adelia

Written to Mrs. Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington Centre, Vermont

From JC:

The use of dashes seems to substitute for periods. I note rather random underlinings and some spelling or capitalization errors which I have noted, Commas are rarely applied.

The stamp on the small envelope is three cents.