

Grand Rapids, August 6, 1854

My dear Mother,

Our letters did not pass each other on the road this time as I had not written when I received yours, though I was thinking of it every day-and had been for a month.

I am glad to hear that your health is comfortable and that you contemplate a visit to Sharon-It always does you good to go to them. I heartily wish I could join you there-for I have got homesick or sick of home which way you will and have hardly felt that I was at home or had one—

I believe I wrote to you that Aaron was going to build a house, and that he wanted to have me board the workmen. And I did so-They came on the middle (sic) of April and was (sic) here over three months. They have but just got away. A great deal of the time there was (sic) eight here and they made an immense sight of work.

Aaron furnished everything and hired a woman to do the work—But she knew nothing about cooking or keeping any thing like order about the house. She was one of the slam bang kind-every thing was done with a jerk. I did not expect to have a whole thing left in the house. Add to all the rest, she sang at the top of her voice with little intermission from morning till night. I have been forcibly reminded of cousin James's ever memorable speech to Poll King (?) And can hear testimony to the aptness and justness of it.

Altogether, I have had a most uncomfortable summer thus far-have worked hard, had a great deal of care and have been harassed and plagued my life out of me. My good quiet home comforts have all been broken in upon and destroyed. But some good has come out of it. Aaron has got a nice house all finished off from top to bottom-pleasant and convenient with a summer kitchen, cistern and wood house-

With all the rest, I have two grandchildren. Hollis's wife has a boy born the 2nd of May-a fine little fellow-bright as a dollar. But she is a poor weakly thing, was unable to help herself till her child was six weeks old. Had terrible times with her breasts, and has got to bring up her child on a bottle at last.

They live a half a mile from me, and I went back and forth so much of the first three weeks, that I like to have killed myself without benefiting her. So I quit it in time to save myself from getting clear down. She nurses her baby a little on one side throughout the day and that is all. We call him

Charlie. He is large and healthy. Is now three months old and weighs sixteen pounds.

Aaron's wife has got a girl born the tenth of July. She, too, has had a serious time. Her baby is now four weeks old and she just begins to sit up a little..has not left her room yet. Her mother has been with her all the time so that relieves me. She has to depend upon cows milk as she has none of her own. But she has her baby fed with a spoon intending to learn it to drink from a cup as soon as it is old enough to learn anything. It is a quiet healthy child-but in looks is a boiled down Colton, a perfect daguerreotype of the old man-I think the most of little Charlie for no other reason, only that he looks Hillsy.

Mary bids fair to have her mother's number. I hope she does not look upon a large family as a trial. Good likely children are great blessings. I only wish I had had ten instead of five. You will think that is equivalent to saying mine are good likely, but I don't say anything of the kind. Merely wish I had more of them.

I am glad to hear from niece Betsy-and mean to write to her before long. You speak of very warm weather-there never was the like known here. Men almost melted down in the harvest field. But it is not dry. We have had plenty of rain. The grass all through this region of country is very heavy indeed. The wheat crop has come in well. Aaron had six acres that was (sic) first rate. And such fields of corn I never saw before.

There will be a great abundance of everything. My garden is a perfect swamp with a beautiful melon patch on one side. The hot weather and frequent showers has made everything grow beyond all account. There has been dreadful thunder and lightning all summer. It has struck near by several times. One man was killed while in his barn and the barn burned to the ground. His wife saw the barn on fire and ran through the rain to it and barely had time to drag the lifeless body of her husband out before it was all in flames.

Yesterday, there was a man came around to put up lightning rods, so I had one put up on my home. Aaron had them put up on his house and barn so I shall feel a little more safe than I did before.

I must tell you I have made cherry preserves this year-the first I have seen in Michigan. I had one tree that hung full-So I picked four quarts and as I was expecting Charles, I left the rest that he might see them growing. But in less than three days the birds got every one of them. So I lost them

and him too. I have dried 40 pounds of currants this summer from my own bushes.

I am expecting Charles home now every day. He has not been home but once in thirteen months. He writes that it is difficult for him to have an account of so many of the men being sick. Dysentery reveals very much and cholera not a little. I feel some uneasiness about him as he is predisposed to bowel complaints. He has had several attacks of bilious colic and once almost died with it. He is not afraid of cholera or any thing else but goes aboard of vessels right from Chicago where it is raging the worst way. I did not want to have him come till the men got away from here for my time was fully occupied and I could not have enjoyed the visit. I have but one boarder now. He is logging up an old saw mill. I don't know how long it will take him. He has been here four weeks and I don't know but it will be four weeks more before he gets away.

My sewing is all behind hand and I am afraid it will remain so. Should like to hear how sister Read gets along this summer. She sends Georgie a paper once a month and as I see her handwriting, I suppose she is alive, and most likely delving into work with might and main. I have not heard from Catharine in a long time. Shall write soon, should have done so long ago but could not get a minute to my self for something or other was suffering to be done all the time. Should you go to Sharon, I want to have you let me know as soon as you get time.

Yours affectionately,
Adelia

I have wrote (sic) this in a great hurry.