

Grand Rapids. June 28, 1858

My dear Mother,

I wrote to you about the middle of April in answer to your letter of Feb. 18-But have since then received a letter from Catherine saying you had left before my letter got there. Catherine's letter was dated the 18 of May and from the time I received it until today. I have strove in vain to write to you-I have never had a harder siege than I have had this spring and summer so far.

The laying upon the cellar was a tremendous undertaking; but was finally accomplished in a substantial workmanlike manner that will last till the end of time-You may not remember that our cellar was a wooden frame planked up but as that was the case of course, It did not last a great while. The timbers got rotten when the heavy rains came in March. The west side all tumbled in. We had posts put under the house to keep it up till the wall could be put upright (?). I thought I had had all kinds of experience in building operations (sic)-but one thing was lacking. I had never lived in a house before while it was being aired with jack screws-one corner of the house had settled fourteen inches.

As the jack screws raised the house Stalwart men stood with sledge hammers to drive the wedges under and every blow would nearly take me from my feet-Scales of whitewash fell in tiny showers over everything. And I had to be constantly on the alert to keep things from falling off the pantry shelves-All this was merely the preliminaries-Then came the mason work-It rained almost all the time. Clay, mud, and mortar was brought into the house in such quantities that the broom and mop were in constant requisition (sic)-yet I had no help-it took four weeks-The cellar is nine feet deep and under the whole house. The spring that was in one order was sunk two feet deeper and stoved up by a workman; with large flat stone laid on the ground around it-The water is clear as chrystal (sic) and very abundant.

No expense has been spared to make a first rate cellar-and it does keep milk and butter beautifully- After the cellar was done-I had the mason whitewash the whole house. Since then I have painted and papered, scrubed (sic) and scoured till I have got things in tolerable order,

I am expecting Charles and his wife out the week after the fourth—Her baby is now nearly nine months old. The call her Carrie—Charles writes that she is healthy and pretty. She was all Wheeler when I saw her.

I have not heard a word from you since you went home—and feel very anxious to know how you are—if your health and strength is spared to you yet. And how all the family are getting along—I have often thought I would write to brother Aaron—but have been so taken up with my own affairs that I have not answered any of the letters I have received—and am in debt all around. Tell sisters Laura and Maria that I am going to write to them before a great while. Likewise Betsy Olin— and give my love to them all.

Ann has another little daughter born the 21 of May—Jennie just beginning to run alone—Will be fourteen months old the first day of July—The New baby is healthy though small; Ann has no milk for her—and will be obliged to raise her on a bottle—Hattie loves mama Hills the best of anybody and so stays with her a good deal of the time—And as mama thinks Hattie is a pretty smart likely child we get along well together. The new baby's name is Anna—

(Written in the margins)

I have not been to the Rapids but once since the bridge was burnt and then crossed the river in a little skiff—I went to get paper for a room—

I suppose you have heard of Auntie's death. I am so sorry I did not see her—I did not know she was sick till I heard of her death.

I have not got my programme marked out for the “glorious fourth” yet but think now I shall wash tag locks.

If you are able I want to have you write; if it is only two lines to say you are well, I was going to say something about poor Robert. I got very much attached to him while with him—He was a good boy. How much you must all miss him and what a dreadful thing it was to lose him—I am glad I was there—though it has given me many a heartache.

I received the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Smith post marked Stamford and expect the happy couple are now in Sharon.

Yours affectionately,
Adelia

Written to Mrs. Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington, Vermont
Tiny envelope: 2 1/2” by 4 1/4”

