

Grand Rapids, July 28th, 1840

My Dear Mother,

I am happy to inform you the box arrived here, the 15 of July, Not as soon as it might have got here as it lay in Buffalo with Mr. Henry's goods, four weeks, and nearly as much longer in Chicago. If it had been forwarded directly, it might have reached here; in eighteen days from the time it left Troy. But it made no difference, as it got here in perfect safety, not the least thing disturbed.

On the removing the cover, the towel lay as smooth as when first placed by your own hand. We was (sic) not expecting at the time it came. Turner went to the Rapids on business and found the box had got there the evening before. So he brings it home with him.

It was fortunate that none of our neighbours, or any other person was present when Turner drove up to the gate and told us he had got the box. Caroline made but three bounds in crossing the yard when she began such antics (sic). I was afraid she was getting a little beside herself. She could scarcely wait for her father to get into the house and open it. And when he did so, her exclamations of joy, surprise, and thankfulness were continual as one treasure after another was taken out and examined by each one of us.

My joy showed itself in quite another way. I sat in perfect silence and tears droped (sic) fast over each fresh proof of kindness from my beloved sisters and nieces. Words could but poorly express what I feel in regard to them all. Give my love and thanks to Elizabeth for her excelent (sic) letter and also to Betsy. I am sorry to hear Elizabeth's health is no better, and was perfectly astonished to hear that sister Sally had intentionally, premeditatedly (sic) salivated (?) herself. She must have been sick in good earnest to resort to such an expedunt (?); more especially as she knew what she was about. I confess, the King of terrors would have to stare me in the face pretty plain, before I could find my mind to go through with such a calamity.

Betsey's description of herself amused me very much, admiting (sic) it to be true. I would give you the best township in Michigan to have her within one year. And I mean to have her yet.

Everything about us looks as pleasant this summer; a day passes but I wish I could see somebody from Bennington. We are all well and are begining (sic) to feel ourselves at home.

We we have an excelent (sic) garden every kind of vegetable that grows at the east, we have here. I have already made a half barrel pickled and have only pickled cucumbers. Twice we have had lots of mellons (sic) coming on; and we are in hopes we shall take some comfort in eating them this year.

The cheese you sent is first rate; I never tasted a better one but I fear it will not last long. I have to let everyone taste a piece that comes here. Besides, bub (?) is making terrible (sic) inroads upon it. I keep it hid; but all won't do it will go off in spite of all I can do. The nice dried apples, I am very glad of. Everyone thinks as much of the dried apples here as they do of green ones at the east.

In so much that when I know I am going to have company and want to give them a real treat, I make a dried apple pie. We can't expect to have apples here in a great many years. But, nature does her best to make up the deficiency. The openings about us have been red with delicious strawberries. Our children have been out and brought in a half bushel at a time, the largest I ever saw. I hulled thirteen pounds and preserved them.

Huckleberries are equally abundant for three miles around us, we can't go amiss of them. They grow in clusters like grapes and are about the same size. Take them when they are part ripe and they make good sauce. I have preserved fifteen pounds. I takes 4 pounds of sugar to five of berries. They are good stewed when they are green, the likewise make good pies. I began to use them the last of May and have used them one way or another almost every day since.

But the black berries beat all. On the same quarter section we now live on, is about thirty acres of timbered land. And in that the blackberry bushes grow as thick as they can stand; and loaded with berries; just turning red Bushels, and I might say, cart loads must drop off and rot on the ground.

Then, we have crabapples; four trees near the house that hang full. I wish I could send you some; they are beautiful to look at. And I am told they make excelent (sic) preserves. In addition to all these fine things, wild plumbs are plenty. Some of them (for there are different kinds) grow

as large as horse plumbs and are yellow on one side and red on the other. I had a few last year and liked them very much.

We all look out for eatibles (sic) but as to wearing aparel (sic), we trust luck for that. We are thankful for it when it comes to us but do not trouble ourselves about anything but what is absolutely necessary. Under that head comes shoes and boots. Turner and the boys will not go without good boots, neither will I. The pair you sent fits me exactly and was just kind I needed; everything else come (sic) right.

Caroline was very much pleased with what you sent to her. I have great reason to be thankful I have but one girl; for if I had more, they would have to be cut short in many things. That one thing can be gratified in, Caroline is not unreasonable in any thing. It is but natural she should wish to appear as well as the company she goes in; and hitherto she has been able to do it.

She is in want of some things; which you sent and wonders how you could hit so well as to send her the precise things she was wishing for. The scarf Betsy sent will make her the envy of all the girls this side (of) grand river. I did not know till I got Betsey's letter that Capt. Scott made you another visit. Time has not made any alteration in his character, it seems, whatever it has in his person. I wish he was obliged to marry in twenty four hours. And if I could see him, I would tell him so.

Butter is now plenty at twelve and a half cents a pound. I expect by the time I make to sell, it will not fetch more than sixpence. Turner has harvested his wheat, it has turned out rather light. He had only twelve acres and that on shares. He says it has cost him more than it would to buy it out and out. He thinks he shall have enough to last a year.

He has got a noble piece of Corn; oats, barley and rutabagas are all good. Potatoes are very large for the time of year. The only crop I claim as my own is gourds. I do wish you could see my vines I planted against the hog pen and they have covered that completely over.

I have had frame built out in an oposite (sic) direction from the pen; ten feet wide this frame works is all covered over and the vines dangling nearly to the ground.

If the summer is only long enough, I shall have an hay rack full of gourds; Vines of all kinds grow to perfection in Michigan.

Turner and Charles went away from home yesterday morning to make hay on a march eight miles from here; it's four miles from any house. They took provisions and cooking utensils with them intending to stay all

the week and camp out. They also took a straw tick and a couple of blankets, there is a shanty roof on the edge of the marsh, but no sides to it under this; they were going to sleep, But the beauty of it is about ten o'clock of last night it began to thunder and lighten (sic) and rain, the day had been sultry, and the lightning was a continual flash. The rain poured down in torents (sic) the whole night. All the creeks have overflowed their banks, And Grand R. is higher than it has been any time this summer.

The sickly season is now coming on; and I expect nothing but they will both come home with the fever and ague and be sick the rest of the summer and fall; The marsh belongs to Uncle Lana (?) and there is more than a hundred acres in it, everybody goes and makes hay who wants to.

Last winter, Charles had to pay ten dollars a ton and go to the marsh and draw it home. I am afraid he will pay dearer than that for it this time, for they must have got drenched through and through. I never slept a wink last night thinking of them. I find I am a little akin to you in regard to lying awake. If there is any thing on my mind, there is no such thing as sleep. How do you make it this summer? I hope you sleep better than formerly. It is so tedious to be awake all night.

I went to the Rapids to see Mr. Henry the week after he got home and he told me you had not grown old at all since he saw you last...that he should not think you was (sic) over fifty. That father had grown older some in his looks but not much.

I made a great many enquiries about Bennington folks, and heard many things that had taken place since I left that I not before heard of. The talk is here that the reason Mrs. Henry's leaving Michigan for the east is on account of disagreement with her good man. She was very sick last summer and he was so careless and inattentive that she declared if she lived to get well she would leave him for good and all. This, of course, you must keep a profound secret, only just letting our little family connections into it as it is a secret of some importance. It will take them all to keep it safe.

I got a letter from Sister Caroline the first of June. At least part of it was from her; and the other part from Mr. Read. She had a disaster almost as bad as that which happened three years ago. I hope she will not be prevented from visiting you this summer. How much I want to see her, and Catharine and all the rest of you. I was disapointed (sic) that I did not get a letter from Ann in the box. I know there must have been some weighty

reasons for it; she was either sick or had not time. Caroline expected one from Lucinda; but I tell her Lucinda has other fish to fry.

Poor cousin James is gone. I first heard his death by Sister Caroline's letter. Tell Aaron I thank him for his letter and, likewise, what he contributed to the box. My love to Lucretia, her folks are well. Mr. Ballard had a meeting here last Sunday. Two sermons: one at ten in the Aell (?) And the other at two PM.

Caroline sends her love to Lucretia and thanks. Also to Aunt Sally, Harriet and all the rest. I should have written sooner if possibly could, but it has so happened, I could not get time.

Your affect(ionate), Adelia

In the margins

The freight on the box was three dollars. I mention this because I think you would like to know. The "Log Cabins" have been duly received. The Whigs must like the "Log Cabins" more than I do, I rather think they have not seen so many.

We have not bought any land yet. Charles has got money enough to get forty acres, but he has got to go to the land office at Iona to get it; and has not had time yet. It is forty miles; it will take him three days as he will go on foot. He means to go next week whether or no. Do write to me as soon as you can.

Tell Sally I am reading the old doctor and like him well.

Written to Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington, Vermont.

A few commas have been added to clarify the message. Attempts at creating paragraphs from the on going sentences.

JAC. Feb, 2023