

Grand Rapids, Oct. 30, 1858

My dear Mother,

I wrote to you sometime in July and not many days after received a letter from you that must have been written about the same time and that is the last time I have heard from you. I hope and trust you are in comfortable health and that I shall hear from you before a great while. I know it must be a task for you to write and so I will not ask for a long letter—but if you will send me a few lines to let me know how you are, I shall rejoice with an exceeding great joy.

Your last letter was a very interesting one to me and I owe you many thanks for it. I have since received a paper from brother Aaron and that is the last I have heard from Ben(nington).

It is a year yesterday since I got home from my journey. It seems to me a very short year. There has been but little change with me. I have had neither ups or downs. To be sure, I am a year older but that I do not realize at all. The greatest change I can see is in Georgy. He has grown very much—is now taller than his father was and looks and acts much like him; that his is a well spring of comfort and happiness all the time. My heart rests with the same confidence on him that it did on his father, and that is saying all that need be said.

As you always take an interest in all my undertakings, I must tell you I have been spinning (sic) this fall. We had forty four pounds of rolls. I have spun forty runs for white flannel of the finest wool, and am now spinning (sic) the ears wool for white blankets. The warp part, the filling, I shall put out. George owns the sheep and so I put labor against capital and go snucks (?).

I have got nearly through now. I began the 23 of Sept. and have pun as though I was possessed ever since. I bought a new wheel that is a perfect gem in its way; and does not tire me like any other wheel I ever spun on. Other things require my attention now, so that I shall be as busy as ever—when the spinning is done.

How often I wish I did not live so far from you. How glad I should be to have you here this winter. Georgy will go to school and I shall be alone in the house day after day. You would be good company for me—and I would try and be good company for you.

I have never had an opportunity to do any thing for you. If I only could..it would be the the greatest satisfaction in the world. But here I am, a thousand miles off and can do nothing but wish and hope.

The rail road is through now from Kalamazoo to the Rapids so that will take a day less to come to Mich. than it did last year. If I had plenty of money and nothing to do, I should pop in to your old dark bedroom sometime when you least expected me. And then I would relay my experience for the last year. Of course, I should want to do all the talking and as I should feel that you are a patient listener, I don't know when I might stop.

There are many things that will do to talk about that is (sic) not worth writing. I live such a monotonous life that I really have nothing worth writing about.

Sunday evening, Oct. 31

Aaron and Georgie went to the Rapids yesterday to attend a great mass meeting and when they came home in the evening, they brought me a letter from sister Catharine. Written the 26 of Oct. the day we all left Ben(nington) together. She had just received a letter from Caroline and through that channel I heard from you. You was (sic) suffering from a severe cold when you wrote and Catharine speaks of you with the greatest tenderness and concern. She likewise mentioned Kina Janning's visit to Ben(nington) and was glad you had lived to behold the famous twins.

She mentioned several other items that was (sic) new to me but with which you are already acquainted. Her letter was excelent I(sic) like all her letters.

You spoke about peaches in your letter. We did not have any of our own, but John Elli's made me a present of a bushel of very fine ones. He bought them, he never omits an opportunity to do me a kindness, nor his wife either..and the children make great account of their grand ma. It is very pleasant

In the margin

for us to live in such friendship and harmony.

Charles' wife went to Waukegan for a visit and has not got back to Muskegon yet. Her child was taken sick on the lake and has been sick ever since. Charles has been twice to see her die but she was living at the last

account though reduced to a mere skeleton. Her disease was dropsy on the kidneys. She is better of the dropsy but very feeble. Their first child died in Waukegan and I rather think this one will.

Aaron's family is all well as is Hollis' and John Ollis'. Give my love to Aaron and Lucretia and all the kin.

Your truly affectionate daughter, Adelia

Another margin

This letter will go to town tomorrow and tuesday (sic) get started off. I wrote Betsy Olin in July but have not heard anything from her yet.

We can hear the Whistle and the clatter from the cars, it seems very pleasant.

We had but very few apples this year. But lots of potatoes, turnips, pumpkins and big winter squashes.