

Grand Rapids, Nov. 10, 1839

My dear Mother,

I should have acknowledge your good kind, interesting letter; long before this time, had I been able, but I have had my turn with everyone else in this vicinity; and am far from being well yet. I was taken the 27th of July with fever and ague and have yet got rid of it tho I have it much lighter than at first. None in our family or anywhere about in these parts have been brought as low with it as I have been. The first eight weeks, I was confined almost wholly to the bed with scarcely strength to get across the room.

Caroline and Hollis were both taken down within a week from myself. Turner, Charles and Aaron had already got it. For more than a month we were all down, unable to wait on ourselves. Charles began first to get better, well he might, he had been sick five months. This was a great relief to the rest of us as we had no one to do the work but a girl fifteen years old. She staid only four weeks. The work was too hard for her.

The way she done it was a curiosity. We found no fault, took everything as it came along, ate what was set before us; with or without just as we liked. For myself, I lost my appetite wholly and totally in the beginning. I could not even think of anything that would taste good. This was owing to my having the Ague every day; the rest had it only every other day. This gives us a little time to recruit, But one who has it every day, they don't get over one shake before they have another.

I have broken my ague three times. Twice with quinine and once with peruvian bark. I had been sick eight weeks when I undertook to break mine the second time with quinine. Previous to taking quinine, I was obliged to take a potion of calomel and jallup (?). I succeeded in swallowing the main part of the nauseous drug and raise a tumbler of beer (?) To my mouth when my stomach rebelled and beer and jallup all came out of my mouth together.

This was on Thursday. The same evening I felt soreness in my gums and teeth. The next day they were much worse. I did not take the hint what ailed me till Saturday when my tongue and lips began to swell. I then bethought me of the ealomel (?). My tongue and lower part of my face continued to swell till I could not speak so as to be understood; And was painful beyond description. With a continued stream runing (sic) from my mouth, I would wet through six towels in one night.

I can't begin to tell you what I suffered and so I won't try. It lasted at the highest pitch ten days, when it began to get better. Fortunately, I had no appetite; a little broth or porridge (sic), or something of that kind was all I lived on for three weeks. It was sore and painful five weeks. When it had been sore about a fortnight, I sat one evening bolstered up in a big rocking chair (for we have bought one) my swab in one hand and my cup of wash in the other; when Turner who was lying on the bed, sick with ague, asked me if I did not want to go back to Bennington. I nodded (sic) my head. He then asked me if I could get ready in three weeks. I gave another nod. He then said he had made up his mind to quit the country as soon as we were able to go.

I slept but little that night, for I had all my plans to settle for moving. I had been sick so long everything was behind hand. However, I was determined to get ready, whether or no. I began next day to make preparation. In the course of a week, Turner took all our furniture to the village to sell.

The things were emptied (sic) out of the bureau into baskets. Bedsteads were taken down and our beds made up on the floor. Everything was upside down. We had made considerable progress in little better than a week, when we found we had completely overtaken ourselves. The excitement had kept us up till we were but just alive. I gave out first, As I was the weakest and exerted myself the most. Caroline came down next and then Turner. We had all broken the Ague to get ready to go, But it had come back upon us with redoubled force. For two weeks, I could scarcely rise from my bed. My feet and legs were swelled enormously. I had the fever and ague every day; could eat nothing; even if my mouth had been well. There is bitterness on the tongue with fever and ague that spoils the taste of everything. Particularly of tea and coffee. For weeks, I could not drink either.

When I was able to drag myself around I made beer and when I couldn't, I drank water. We were all sick so long that we were compelled to give up on the idea of getting away this fall. The middle (sic) of October was the time appointed for us to start. Perhaps, it was all for the best, that we should stay where we are.

We have got away from the saw mill. We all disliked living there on many accounts. We have moved two miles nearer the Village into a nice, new framed house; neatly finished and pleasantly situated. I feel as though I was out of bondage and was once more living like white folks

when we are caught in another trap like that it will be after this. Turner agreed to stay there a year. But we could not stand the load any longer. You have been most dreadfully misinformed in regard to some things, entirely contrary from the truth.

We have not taken up any and yet, at the time of the sad, we were all sick or else I think Turner would have got some. The place he had set his mind on was bought by Richmond, the cashier of the bank in this place (when they had a bank) as soon as he was able to go and see Richmond, He did and tried to buy it of him but Richmond would not take less than ten dollars an acre. So there was an end of it. There is plenty of good land remains unsold yet, as good as any that has been taken up. And the boys are determined to have some at all events. Sickness has not discouraged Charles at all; or Aaron either.

They intend to get money this winter, if possible, to take up a lot in the spring. The state of Turner's health is so precarious he feels disheartened. Thinks he shall always be sick if stays here and wants to go where he can have health if nothing more. He has not given up the idea of going back to Bennington. It is still upermost (sic). Not that he can't get a living here easier, perhaps, than he could there. But his strength and patience is wore out with fever ague. And mine is too, for that matter.

We have both had it severely for the last ten days. The chill comes on at ten o'clock in the morning and lasts about two hours. When we begin to get warm we initially (?) go to sleep; and sleep twenty minutes or half an hour, and the wake with such a fever and this that one feels as though they could not live from one hour to another.

The fever lasts from four to six hours...after the fever goes off, one is so weak and languid as scarcely able to draw their breath. When I first began to have the fever ague, it was in the warmest weather we had all summer. I have laid night after night after my fever had left me, without strength enough to turn myself in bed. The perspiration rolling off from me till my clothes and bed were drenched through. There is but few that have had ague as hard as I had it. I do not have it near as hard now. The reason is, I suppose, because I have an appetite and the weather is cold. Or, perhaps, it has become second nature.

Caroline and Hollis still have it, though not hard. Charles and Aaron are both well at present. Aaron would have started for the east in September if he had been well. He had an opportunity of going to Detroit

free, gratis. But his health was so poor we dare not let him start for fear he would be taken sick on the road.

Charles has never had any wish to go back till he has secured a farm. He says we may go and stay three years, and in that time he will have a good place for us to come back to. But I don't like to leave him here alone.

I received a letter from Ann near three weeks ago, mailed at Marshal Oct. 19th where could Rogers be going to pass it through that place. And So, Harriet has got another little daughter. Well, the Lord bless her. We all have our troubles in one shape or another. Tell her to keep up good courage. Her age will clear her in ten or twelve years more. Fever ague comes next to children and is almost as great a calamity.

I have been so bloated, I could not get on one of my old gowns around one in a hand's breadth. So, I have got me a blue calilco (sic) to wear this winter made with drawing strings and find it a very convenient garment. I believe if I had been predisposed to dropsy, I should have died with it, as many a one has done before me. But my bloat is pretty much gone now. I never had a doctor in all my ague. They were both sick at the time we were, and the older of the two died as we began to get better. He was a great loss to this place.

Nov. 27th

I was agreeably surprised to hear Bingham's folks showed their good will in sending some strong yarn to you, for us. If no opportunity offers of sending it, I shall always feel grateful to them for so substantial a proof of their friendship. All woolen goods are dear here. Turner has bought twenty two yards of homemade red flanel (sic). He paid a dollar a yard for it. It's yard wide, very soft and fine. I have made him and the boys undershirts and drawers out of it, and they like them well. No person in this country ought to go without flanel (sic) next their skin in the winter season. The winters are longer and colder than in the east. The snow is already more than a foot deep; and the weather piercing cold.

In the margins

The times promises (sic) to be better here than they have been. Flour is only five dollars a barrel; when we came here it was ten. Pork has fallen from twelve to eight dollars a hundred and beef from ten to six dollars. Butter and cheese keep up the old prices. I want to have you send us a cheese if you have the chance.

You don't know how many castles I had built on the comfort I was going to take you with you all this winter. It was a sore disappointment to me when I was stretched upon a sick bed again with no prospect of being better this winter. We should have had to sell our things very cheap in order in order to have enough money to carry us back. This we felt willing to do if we could but more enjoy health. How is mother's health now? I hope we shall all live to meet again..

Caroline received a letter from Lucinda in September. Likewise, a Brother Jonathan paper. We were very much pleased with the paper. Charles says she must send him one. Caroline will write to Lucinda before a great while. The boys are both at home at present; expect to go away before many days.

Give my love to Aaron and Lucretia; tell Lucretia, I have not seen any of her father's family since I was with her last July. But I presume they are all well or I would have heard of it. They are holding a protracted meeting to the Rapids now. I don't know how they prosper. Should like to go if I could, but I am not well enough for one thing, and another; I have no way to go as we have sold our horses. I conclude they are not all brought in as there is to be a ball Friday evening. Caroline has got an invitation but will not go.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving in this state. Tell Ann I shall write to her in Dec. Have you had a visit from Caroline yet? I feel guilty to both her and Catharine before this time. I shall, as soon as I can. Turner could not get any money of Watson. He would not pay one cent in cash. He gave orders on other store so we were supplied with every comfort through our sickness. We should have got things for a third less if we had the money. But we could not help ourselves. It is the way we have been obliged to buy anything ever since we have been here. As to money, there is none to be got hold of.

I am sorry to hear of sister Sally's poor health. I have thought of her some months more, more than a thousand times since I had one myself. Give my love to her and all of my much loved kindred-

Do write to me as soon as you can.

I remain yours, most affectionately,

Adelia

Written to Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington, Vermont