

Grand Rapids, May 25, 1838

My Dear Mother,

I expect you have heard through Aaron of our arrival at this place as he wrote some days ago to that purpose. We got along as well as could be expected on the canal and the journey was slow and tiresome in account of its sameness, as we did not reach Buffalo till the next tuesday (sic) evening (?) week from the time we left Troy.

We all went to the city Hotel in Buffalo and put up where we had everything good on reasonable terms. The provisions you and sister Betsy furnished us with held out and was good till it was gone. The only things we bought on the canal was (sic) two loaves of bread, some rusk (?) once two dozen of eggs and milk for tea and coffee.

We get along well in regard to eatables much better than any thing else. Our places to sleep was (sic) was the climax, but Aaron can tell you about that.

We was (sic) all glad when the last night was over with. We had good beds in Buffalo and rested well the next morning. We went aboard of the steamboat. Caroline began to grow sick in less than two hours after she went on board, and did not leave her berth in twenty-four hours. Whatever she took would not stay on her stomach more than ten minutes. She got up the second day at noon but was not able to stay up but a little while before she had to go back at her berth and keep there till we landed at Toledo at 9 o'clock Friday morning.

Charles nor Hollis was not sick much; I was very sick about twelve hours. Lost one supper and breakfast by not being able to go to the table.

When we landed at Toledo, we found the cars in readiness to take us to Adrian where we arrived about 12 o'clock not finding Turner there. Aaron and Miss Egerton went on. I thought best to stay till he come which he did about 8 in the evening. He went first to Detroit expecting we should land there, but not finding us he went to the Post Office and there found a letter from me that I wrote in Troy to him in case he should go to that place first. He left his team at yapsilanty (?) And took the mail road to Detroit, a distance of thirty miles. Got in Detroit Thursday evening next morning got my letter so back he went to Yipsilanty. Took his team and came on to Adrian, 65 miles from Detroit. We all felt thankful to get

together again, though bub was missing, but as we expect to see him in a few days, that did not trouble us much.

Next morning, Caroline got up sick, complaining of faintness and soreness in the stomach, could not eat any breakfast. Drank some tea which she vomited in a few minutes afterward. However, we loaded up and went on and we rode as far as Tecumseh, 7 miles, when she got so sick we stopt (sic) at our old neighbours Austin (?). Haites (where as??), I put her to bed and made some milk poridge (sic) for her which kept down. We staid there two hours. They apeared (sic) very glad indeed to see us go, urged us to stay all day.

Austin had been gone three weeks for his Mother and Matilda so we did not see him while we was (sic) there. One of Mrs. Waites' neighbors came in for a morning call. I was introduced to her and learning I was from Bennington she asked if I was acquainted with the Hubbells of that place. I told her I was and that my name was Hubbell.

She then told me who she was, that Uncle Lim was her grandfather that she was Cousin Becca's eldest daughter and that she married some years ago and moved to Michigan where she has lived ever since. Her husband's name is Taylor. She is a real smart, good looking woman about thirty; She urged us to go home and spend the sabbath with her so hard that I do not know but we should have gone if we had not been so anxious to overtake Aaron and Miss Edgerton.

She had just had a letter from her Aunt Betsy saying they were all well. About ten, we left Tecumseh and pushed on again. Caroline grew worse and was unable to sit up, so I laid a cloak in my lap for her to lay her head on and we rode on; we stoped (sic) for dinner about three o'clock and thought we would not try to get any farther that day, but she thought she could stand it to ride to Jackson being a distance of 13 miles so on we went again and reach(ed) that place a little after dark.

We then found Aaron and Miss E meantime poor Lud (?) could scarcely stand alone. Next morning she had a severe pain in her side with a burning fever and totally unable to move herself in the bed from the pain in her side and bak. At noon, we felt so much alarmed about her, we called in a physician. He left her some medicine with directions to take it through the night. She was very sick all day and all night. Next morning she did not apear (sic) any better and we gave up the idea of moving her that day so Aaron and Charles started off on foot. But we found such hard fare

where we were that if it was possible to get away, we was (sic) determined to do it.

The house was intolerable dirty and nothing on the table fit to eat so about 5 in the PM, we started. Turner made a bed for Caroline in the wagon of some comforters he had brought along for cushions. The bed was made on a board laid length way of the wagon (sic) across the seats. We only went six miles monday (sic) before we put up again for the night. At this place we had comfortable quarters, had supper! Or that is good for a log house in the woods. We staid at this place till after breakfast, then put Caroline on her bed and went on sfofit (?) For diner (sic) about two hours at Marshall, a very pretty place. Then went on as far as Battle Creek the same afternoon around three o'clock 38 miles.

We found some parts of the road very hard all the way. Michigan abounds in marshes and we scarcely ride an hour without having to go through some of them. Those marshes were the worst part of the going. Logs are laid along over them, and often covered with water; then there is no regard paid to the placing them. Some are twice as large as others and as the wagon (sic) wheels which rise and fall over the logs. Caroline would groan and cry, So you will see we had something of a trial on all sides.

We expect to reach Grand Rapids thursday (sic) evening; but it rained all day so we were obliged to put up within ten miles. Next morning we came or (sic) here to breakfast. The Deacon and family made us welcome...done everything they could to make Caroline comfortable. As soon as breakfast was over, Turner and I went to making preparations for housekeeping. There was (sic) two bedsteads in the house; and I made our bed on the floor. We had a table, crockery, knives, and forks, iron ware...so enough.

He then bought a set of chairs, a barrel of flour, some pork and our own hook-we get along very well on some accounts; on others rather hard. I miss milk the most of everything; any thing in shape of a cow can not be got here for less than fifty dollars; and milk sells for twelve and half cents a quart.

I will not buy milk and pay for it nor ask any body to give it to me that can sell it for that price. So I get along without any, except what Mrs. Hindsill has sent to me. I wish their Grandma Hubbell could smell of it, That is the most I have done. I have not tasted butter on bread since I entered he State of Michigan. When I get my things, I hope to have some

that I can eat. Pork is eighteen cents a pound, hams the same price. Coarse, dirty grown sugar sixteen cents a pound. Molassis (sic) 81 cents a gallon; the last mentioned articles are called cheap as everything is in like proportion. The rent of the house we live in is two hundred dollars a year without an inch of ground or any out building; not even a back house and as to water in the first place, there ain't (?) any. Next place when you get it, it is so hard it is impossible. Without lye, I never saw any water so hard in my life. There is neither cave trough or cistern to the house. And we have nothing to catch water in; there is a well about 80 feet deep not but little ways from the house, but there is no bucket to it. Whoever gets water out must find their own apparatus (sic) to get it out with.

I have not undertaken the job. Grand river is about as far as from our house as from your house to Mr. Scots and on the bank of the river is a spring of clear, cold water; but very hard. At this spring, we get all the water for tea and cooking. Hollis brings it in a little tin pail. I don't know how I could get along without Hol as Turner and the boys go way early in the morning and don't get home till dark. He goes to school everyday but does his chores when he gets out of school.

Mr. Witling wrote to us when he got to Detroit saying the goods were on their way. For some reason or other, he did not go on the same boat with the goods and did not know when they would be sent along. His letter was dated the eleventh of May. He must have been in Buffalo the same day we were; as he landed the same day at Detroit we did at Toledo.

I feel some anxiety about them, as I stand in need of them now very much. I put them up, but as I have not seen them since I started, I don't know but I might have left them, or I might through mistake put them with other things in the box. I have made one afternoon's visit since I have been here to Hiram Hinsdills. Jenette staid with Caroline while I was gone.

In the margin

Dear Mother, I have written this letter so bad that you must burn it right up. I have been three days about it, bad as it looks. I'm afraid you can't make it out. Would write a better one if I had time. Do write to me as soon as you can.

Much love to father and all the folks,
From your very affectionate daughter,
Adelia

