

Grand Rapids. May 8, 1853

My dear Mother,

My last letter to you has been gone about a week, when I received yours of March 25. So I thought I would wait a little while before I wrote again. Your letter contained much interesting news as it had been a long time since I had heard anything from you and was afraid you was (sic) not able to write.

I am glad to hear the rail road has gone into operation. It must make business lively; a regular (?) smash up once in a while don't (doesn't) alarm the public at all; go ahead is the word.

A dreadful colision (sic) took place in Chicago a few days ago, by which forty human beings lost their lives. They were mostly dutch (sic) emigrants so but little notice will be taken of it. They put them out of sight as soon as possible and there is an end of it.

You write that Edmond thinks of living in the old general's house. I hope he will buy it and keep it for his own home. And only wish his mother could have lived to have seen him the owner of it. Should they (their?) family move from Albany out there, most likely Hubbell's wife will make that her stoping (sic) place this summer.

Kina will be there too, so they will be quite a family. I don't hear anything of Hines getting married yet. Now, if she would only come to Michigan, she can have just one of the nicest old bachelors in the world; rich too. He is bald headed, but there is a luxuriant crop of whiskers more than compensates for the baldness of his pate. Weddings come off here every few days. We have had another famous one in our neighborhood. John Colton, brother to Aaron's wife was married the 20th of April. Found his wife in Grattan, a town twenty-five miles up the river.

They were married Wednesday and came down thursday in time for dinner. (Not capitalized). The family connections, including myself, was (sic) invited to dinner and the country at large to supper. Every thing was excelint (sic) and abundant. But my enjoyment was greatly curtailed by not having some one from Bennington to nudge for the bride was the most perfect image of old Rube Wickwins I ever saw.

This is not an uncommon case. I often see people that bear a striking resemblance to some forgotten face. For instance; one of the most aristocratic ladies in Grand Rapids looks precisely like Abigail Godfrey of Governor Tichenor (?) notoriety and, at first sight, I always think it is the

veritable Nabby, but as no one here has ever even heard of that goodly personage, it is of no use to mention it.

I suppose Mrs. Hinsdill has got back to Ben(nington) before this time as she was to have gone as soon as the boats run. I was in hopes to have had a visit from her before she left. I thought too it would be a satisfaction to you to see somebody that had been here and seen me in my own house. I am living alone with Georgy now, but expect to take two young men to board the first of June and shall be obliged to have them all summer. I would not be troubled with them, but it is a case of absolute necessity.

Hollis wants to get some land cleared and has hired these young men to do it. And, there is no other place where they can get in. They are real smart, first rate fellows, but they will make more more work than I feel inclined to do.

Hollis can hire his land cleared a good deal cheaper and easier than to do it himself. Charles and him are still in Muskegon. I hear from them often. Charles goes on crutches yet, but is able to work. His foot is doing well. The doctors tell him if it gets well in a year, he may consider himself well off, but he thinks it will be well in six months.

I do not expect to see him this summer unless I go where he is, and I don't see how I can leave home even for a day. George and I are going on with our garden and farming operations, but for me it is dreadful hard work by the time I have worked one hour, I am so tired, I have to quit and rest. I do my work well; my garden is coming on finely; my pears, tomatoes, onions, and cabages (sic) are all up and do credit to my skills as a scientific gardener.

We have promise of a good fruit season. We have forty peach trees right around the house just bursting in to blossom. We shall have any quantity if nothing hapens (sic) to them and they are the very best kind too. We will most likely have some few apples, but our trees are too young to expect much from them. If I should live a few years longer, I shall have fruit of all kinds plenty and what is more; know how I came by it.

I don't know as my family will ever be all together again. I have some dismal forebodings. Sometimes life and health hang on such brittle threads, I dare not expect any good thing with any degree of certainty.

I was glad to hear you had been to Conklins. You ought go go every little while and never lose sight of those little girls. If I had lived in Ben(nington) not a month should go over my head but I would know what

was going on. Poor little Hatty: that one so young should be tied to shirt bosoms. Amelia is older but too young to be tied to such kind of work. It is abusive...look at in what light you will. I hope they will move to Ben(nington). I think it will be an advantage to her little sisters. Kate, I suppose (sic) is in Troy with Lucinda. I shall always take a deep interest in all Harriet's children.

It will make it very pleasant for you to have Mary and Lucinda both in town where you can visit them when you like. I hope you will have health to enjoy a great many good days, yet, it would be the greatest comfort in the world to me if I should see you once in a while. But here I am, away off by myself, no female kin within a thousand miles of me. If I only had a sister, a niece or even a far off cousin, I should prize it above all Michigan.

I use(d) to indulge in such hopes sometimes that somebody would come here some time or other and that I should not always be alone. But, I don't see any prospect of the kind. I begin to think I shall live alone and die alone. To be sure, I have good neighbors, but they are neither mother nor sisters. And it is not unusual for me to get sick and tired of every body around me. But then, I know that will never do. And so, I buckle my armour (sic) of patience, charity, and what little love I can muster; and pull ahead again and try to look on the bright side and think how many there is (sic) that is worse off than I am, but I am writing what I ought not to. So I will stop or only say my health is good and that I have all the comforts of life and that an occasional fits of the dumps does me no harm as I feel better when I get over them. I have written a good deal and all about myself..a most interesting subject.

Truly yours,  
Adelia

In the margin...

I wish Charles could come to Ben(nington) but the mishap of breaking his leg will put him back a year. You would never recognize him. He wears enormously heavy whiskers. Last summer he took them off and had a soar throat three months in consequence.

As the letter is one continuous paragraph, I attempted to put in punctuation and separation. Singular/plural issues. JAC '23