

Grand Rapids. April 3, 1853

My dear Mother,

Your last letter was mailed Dec. 9th, but as I had written before I received it, I did not write again. I was sorry enough I did not write sooner, but as I have already explained my reasons in another letter. I will not go over with them again now; I hope you are well; I think much of you; and have lately imagined you was (sic) sick. I never wanted to see you more since I came to Michigan than I do now. The winter has passed quickly away with me. I scarcely know what has become of it.

Georgy and I pretend to live alone though, in fact, we never are alone. The school teacher made it her home here; and for the first six weeks pretended to board around and was only here on Saturdays and Sundays. The remaining amount of the time she was here all the times till her school closed. She was a methodist preacher's daughter; about seventeen, very handsome and very foolish; perfectly good natured on the whole. I liked her tolerably well.

Charles and Hollis are now at Muskegon. Charles met with a very serious accident as of Jan. He had been to the saw mill business and was going home just as a rail road car had unloaded the log; so he jumped on the car to ride as it was going his way. The car was drawn by horses and was going at full speed where his ankle was caught between the axle tree and a stump twisting his foot completely around breaking the joint and one of the bones of his leg and misplacing the small bones on the top of his foot; besides wrenching the chords all out of place nearly to his knee. He had to go down the river twenty-one miles before he could get it set. Fortunately, he fell into the hands of skilled surgeon and thinks he shall finally recover the use of his foot. He came home in three weeks, after he was hurt and had said five weeks. He went back a week ago today. He is doing well, the swelling has gone down and the soreness has nearly left it, though he is not able to put it to the floor yet.

I have not heard from him since he left...am afraid that riding over the rough road in a wagon will put him back. Aaron and Ann went out after him with a sleigh when he came home; he had to lie down all the way. He was doing a first rate business when he got hurt but this will throw him all behind hand. He gets the blues in the worst way about it. I sometimes hardly know how to get along with him. He can not bear confinement; staying in the house kills him. The handsome school marm being here at the time was a godsend to us both. She took care of his foot, took off the

bandages, washed it, showered it, rubbed it with ligaments, laughed, chatted and talked nonsense while he was never weary looking at her pretty face, besides he had the satisfaction of having all the young fellows in the neighborhood tell him they would give boot to change places with him.

He is impatient that he gets along so slowly. The doctors tell him they would give boot to change places within. He is impatient that he gets along so slowly. The doctors tell him if stress (?) on if in three months from the time it was broke, he will do well.

Miranda, Hollis' wife has been out here...sick; went back with Charles. She staid with me three weeks. She took cold and had a shocking cough. I was very much alarmed about her, was afraid it would run into consumption, but it yielded to remedies. And left her before she went back-

She is a good girl, but will never be worth much for hard work, her constitution is slender and Hollis won't have her breathe for herself. Every red hair in her head he looks upon as a mine of gold, now if he can bring us all over to his views, it will go well enough, but I think there is a smart chance for a difference of opinion; though there is none at present, for my own part, I feel disposed to hold her up and help her along all I can.

She will have hard enough of it then. This mishap of Charles will keep him at Muskegon another year and most likely Hollis and Miranda will stay too. Miranda's mother and my self made them a visit last winter. They live right in the woods, no neighbors within four miles. They have a snug comfortable cabin with two good sized rooms; a shop to work in and a stable for cattle with a barn for hay, a good wood house, a creek of clear water runs within two roads of the house. Altogether, they live more like folks than half the people in Michigan. It has cost them a great deal to get up their buildings, cut roads, and get established.

They have kept two men most of the time and their experiences have been heavy. And now they are bound to stay till they can make it pay; Lumbering is carried on to a great extent in that vicinity; they have a rail way and draw the logs on cars to the river where the mills are, hundreds of men are engaged in the lumber and shingle trade. But I shall be glad if ever my folks get out of it.

Sometime in the month of January last, I went out to Henry Seymour's visiting and staid over night and had a very pleasant visit. I did not go to the Ballards as Mrs. Caroline Hinsdill and Mrs. Ballard was (sic) expected

there-that afternoon they came. Mrs. Ballard went home in the evening and next morning Aunty came over while we were eating breakfast. Caroline Hinsdale's health is improving and I have not seen Mrs. Ballard look as well in ten years as she did then. She talks some of going home with Caroline Hinsdill.

I have been expecting a visit from them all winter, but they don't get along yet. Mrs. Hinsdill was well so was Janette and the children. The children are all singers. I was well entertained having them sing. They are pretty behaved children-all of them.

We have not had much snow last winter nor but little extreme cold weather; the spring seems to come on slowly. People are now making sugar. It has not been a first rate season. We have done making sugar. I don't know as we shall ever make again. We have got our new neighbors, Mr. Colton had a sister from Massachusetts move in about a month ago. She has a husband and one daughter. They have bought a place within half a mile of us and commenced living.

They are folks of the right stamp and I look upon them as a valuable acquisition to this community. I don't know but I shall be obliged to look upon Mr Colton's relations as my own. I am afraid I shall never see any of my own kin here, and acting upon that principle I invited them all here yesterday and there was a room full, and a merry room full too. I am always invited at Mr. Colton's with the family connections and so occasionally I return the compliment.

It is a long time since I have heard from any one of you-your last was the latest news I have had from Bennington. I hope you are well and will be able to write a few lines to me before long.

From your affectionate,
Adelia

In the margins

I am going to farming myself this summer. Georgy is to be my man and I expect to carry on a heavy business. I have never tried my hand at it yet, but I am full in the faith that I shall make a good farmer. Give my love to all enquiring friends.

Aaron is living to Mr. Colton's at present but intends building his own place this summer. He has already got the materials in readiness. He prefers living in his own house.

