

Grand Rapids. Nov. 22, 1851

My dear mother,

You will think I am slow to answer your letters as I have two since I wrote; one from Sharon; and one from Ben. What a time you had in getting back; to visit so long and then be left at last; It must have been dreadful trying. You had more trouble in going that short distance than I did in coming from New York to Michigan. But you lived it through and that is some comfort.

Not a day goes over in my head but I think what a glorious time we had; how we enjoyed our mornings, then the last call at night and all of us almost grudging the time that was spent in sleep, the unrestrained intercourse through the days, how swift time passed. Almost three weeks in Sharon, dear delightful Sharon, and yet it seemed but a day. If I could have foreseen the weather while I was in Orange, I certainly would have staid another week, but then it would have been just as hard to part and part we must stay ever so long if I ever should go again.

I shall make a longer stay dear sisters. I don't know which I love most my visit to their houses is one of the few spots in my life that I would like to live over again. I enjoyed it so well that if we both live, we will try it over agin; in less than seven years though sister Caroline says she shall most certainly come to Michigan if she lives and I hope she will.

Poor dear Jenette, how suddenly she was called away; while I was staying at her house she told me of her rupture and had my put my hand on it. She was suffering from the pain of it at that time. She told me she thought it could be the death of her and that she should not live long; but I little thought she would go so soon. I heard of her death the next week, Seymour Merrill sent me a paper. I was un expressibly shocked for I loved her as a sister. She will be an unbearable (?) loss to her family. She was tenderly beloved by them all and well she might be for she was a most devoted wife and mother and shed a sunshine on all around her. They will never look on her like again.

How is sister Laura? I think of her often. I wish you would go and see her and tell me how she is. I know she has everything in the world to make her comfortable, but still she is alone because she has lost her husband. Has she heard from Henry lately? Mr. Peaslee from the Rapids is going to California and has beset Charles to go with him. But I will not give my consent for him to go and Charles will not go without it. If I was

willing he would go in a minute. He has been sick with fever and ague two weeks but is some better today and has gone to the Rapids.

We have lately had a visit from Hollis. He came the 4th of November. He had not been home since last June, he staid only ten days, he will not be home again till spring. He has grown very much since he went away. He is tall and fleshy. I don't know but he will be as big as his grandfather Hills.

I suppose by this time Hubbell Conklin is a married man. I wonder if he could find cloth in New York fine enough for his wedding clothes. Everything will have to be got up in the most costly and fashionable style, the more extravagant, the better. Hina (?) Will have a chance to see the world. I hope they will have pleasanter weather than we have; There has been nothing but snow, hail, rain and mud from the last three weeks. Today, it has snowed all day, but melts as fast as it falls.

The Indians prophecy an unprecedented hard winter from the unusual number of squirrels. They are as numerous as Thatchins rats (?) the corn and wheat crops have been very much injured and some entirely destroyed.

Charles had a field of corn of five acres; woods on two sides. He thinks the squirrels have taken at least a hundred bushels. The black squirrels would take an ear at a time and run off with it in the woods. The cobs lie all over the ground. He could go out in the morning and shoot fifteen before breakfast. He got a boy to shoot squirrels one day and he killed sixty, but they don't thin off at all. As soon as the corn was put in the barn, they followed it. Charles shot twenty yesterday, mostly red ones. Hundreds are shot every day. In all directions, one of our neighbours put his wheat in our barn. A few days ago, he came to look after it and found the squirrels had destroyed the whole of it. The boys had a squirrel hunt up the river three weeks ago and killed fourteen hundred in one day. Strange as this may seem, I have not told you any of the big squirrel stories yet.

I got a letter from Caroline the same day I did yours and one from Lydia; I have not written to either of them yet. I am glad Mrs. Gates is gone, for all their sakes. I liked her, she treated me well. Caroline has made her a visit in her own house, says she had everything in first rate order. I feel anxious about sister Caroline's salt rheum if she was not obliged to do any kind of house work, she would be well. If I could leave

my own family, I would go and stay with her three months and do everything so that she should not do a single thing.

Some would let the work go; and take care of themselves, but she can't do that. She is so nice and so industrious and ambitious that she will go till she dies. She has got a great house to look after.

I have papered my parlour since I came home. Got nice satin paper and it has improved the appearance of it very much.

My family is small at present: only Georgy, Charles and myself...our men are gone and glad I was to get rid of them. I am going to piece and quilt the calicos Hine (?) gave me. I have got a beautiful pattern. Georgy remembers distinctly every place we stoped (sic) at going and coming every depot and every public house. He observed everything closer than I did and remembers a great deal better.

He is now very anxious to learn to write to open a correspondence with Betty and Eddy. Our winter school has not yet commenced. How much and how often I have wished that you could be with us this winter. I have even thought it possible that you might come yet. I shall have a quiet easy winter if I am well, but it will be a lonesome one. If I could only have my chidden all at home. I should be very glad, but I don't expect that will ever be again.

Aaron comes often but stays but short time. Your four children live in four different states, mine in different towns. Aaron and Lucretia will, of course, visit Orange so you will hear direct from them when they return.

Give my kind regards to them and all enquiring friends, from your ever affectionate,

Adelia

In the margins

My house plants that I brought with me are doing nicely. I watch over them by day and by night. The one that Hates (?) poor little limping Mary is the best in the lot. You don't know how much my dried pears and currants have been admired. The pears are excellent and the currants better yet. Sarah, the young lady that has been with us so much and I am afraid she will never be any better. All say she has got the consumption. She wants to get home but is not able to ride. Ellen has been here and staid week since I came home is just as much interested in my visit as though she was my own daughter. She liked my shawl so well that she

took it to a merchant to have him go to Stewarts and get one just like it for her and he done it.

Written to Mrs. Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington, Vermont