

Grand Rapids, Feb. 7, 1847

My dear Mother,

A second letter from you which I received last night since I have written to you reminds me that I ought no longer to put it off. Somehow, I never have time to write but am always going about it as soon as is convenient. I think of you a great deal; some times for whole days together, and it then seems as though I must see you, cost what it will. I read your letter with deep interest and fully understand it all. You have my sympathy and that is all I can give you. This is a world of trial. Sorrow and disappointment (sic) is the common lot of all. Those who do not have real troubles have imaginary ones which amount to about the same thing.

I had not heard a word from you until I got your letter since last summer. Sometimes, I am almost tempted to start off and see you but now Caroline is gone I have no housekeeper and most of the time a large family.

Sometimes I keep a girl for the while and then get tired of them and get along without any one. I have a very good one now and think I shall keep her for sometime although my family is smaller than usual. I first got her on account of an accident that befell me some five weeks ago.

A drawing knife (or) I have was hanging up against the side of the house and fell from the nail on to the back of my hand cutting a deep gash an inch a half and severing the chords of my little finger and the one next to it. The gash is already healed but the chords are still weak and lame. It never pained me away from first to last of any consequence. It was my left hand.

You speak of Caroline, her health has not been very good this winter. Her old abcess broke out and run bad, her husband wanted to have her try "Sands Sasaparilla." He got one bottle by way of experiment. She took it and thought she received some benefit from it. So he got six bottles more. She is now on the third bottle and is so much better that she confidently expects a permanent cure. Her side is well and her general health much improved.

She has got one of the best of husbands and seems contented with her lot. He is a great reader and first rate player on the violin. His books, his

mucick (sic) and his wife are enough to make him as happy as any man need be and he realizes that he is well off.

He has always treated me with the greatest respect and kindness and I think a great deal of him. Aaron and him now own the Sawmill together and are doing a good business in lumbering.

Charles and Hollis are getting logs in this winter, some for our own use and some to sell. We have got a new house up, was in hopes to have got into it before this time, but had not time before the cold weather came on and so we were obliged to winter in the old house.

It is a poor, uncomfortable dwelling for winter, but I think this is the last winter we shall be obliged to stay in it and so I bear it patiently and think I shall know all the better how to prize a good new house, when I get one. I am going to make a rag carpet for the sitting room and my bedroom. I have never made anything of that kind, but now I think I shall persevere.

My excelent (sic) friend and neighbor, Mrs. Colton, encouraged me to go on. She has got a good one and will show me all about it. I never had any one in Michigan that as seemed like my own folks as much as this same Mrs. Colton. Sometimes she is Laura, then again, she is Maria, and often she is Harriet. We do have such good times together. She says she could not stay in the woods if it was not for me. She lives about as far from us as from your house to the brook below Mr. Scott's shop.

If Mr. Conklin wants a wife and Rhoda Ann Scott will have him. He had better go and have the matter settled at once. She would make a pattern (?) wife and mother, and if he has an eye to the mammon (?) of unrighteousness, her prospects are certainly very fair, for the mexican (sic) war will undoubtedly finish off uncle Mart, and then a handsome portion of the ready (?) will come directly into her hands.

Rhoda Ann is one of our own folks and no one could fill sister Harriet's place better. I am sorry to hear of sister Caroline's trouble with her eyes. I have not had a letter from her since she was to Ben(ington) and presume her eyes are so weak she cannot write. How hard it must be for one as nice about every thing as she is to be dependent on some one to do her sewing and can't help herself. I sometimes think my eyesight fails and then again I don't know but I can see as well as ever I could. I do not do as much tailoring as I use (sic) to.

My boys are getting too proud to wear my work and I am glad of it. I make their everyday pants and that is all. A tailor has seven dollars for making a coat and every thing found. Two dollars for a vest the same for

pants. I have been spinning this winter. I had a chance to get some nice wool last summer; so I set up a blue dye and colored what I wanted for the boys and had first rate luck. The first item I ever had a blue dye, I kept part white for myself. I had not spun a thread in twelve years. I only had five pounds of rolls, but it made quite a bunch of beautiful yarn and I feel very much gratified with the success of my undertaking.

We have had dreadful cold weather here this winter with fine sleighing all the time. There is (sic) balls and parties almost every night of the week. Michigan is a great place for frolicing (sic) or just around where we live is.

It makes no difference with me. I have not stepped (sic) on a sleigh this winter. Alas, I have had my day. Aaron says I must tell Grandma he is coming to see her next summer. He might come and go a dozen times and grandma nor any one else would ever suspect that the six footer was ever the little chubby bub that use (sic) to get into the wood box (?) And drive chains for a four horse team and make all the noise possible. If you ever do see him, you will see one darnation likely fellow . I can tell you so much—no mistake about that.

We have met with some losses since I wrote last. There was a gale of wind last fall, one sunday (sic) afternoon. The cattle were in the wood and tree blew over on to one of the oxen and killed him. He was fat and would have made good beef if he been found soon enough, but he was not found until the next day and then it was too late. Him and his mate were worth eighty dollars. And then about three weeks ago, our best cow got cast in the barn and was found dead in the morning. She was the best cow for butter I ever saw and would have come in in about a month. Charles always takes such things like a philosopher, never grumbles or puts on a long face.

In the margin

My new son has just made me a present of a couple of callico (sic) dresses. Does Jenette live in Mr. Scott's house yet? Give my love to her and all enquiring friends.

I have not seen any of Mr. Hinsdill's folks since they came back and scarcely hear anything about them. I never go the Rapids myself if I can get rid of it. I have not been since (? I went to) Caroline's wedding fixings a year ago.

I have not written to mother Hills yet. It is a sin and a shame that I don't do it. I shall put it off no longer. It has been very sickly last summer and fall. Mrs. Colton lay sick eleven weeks and every moment's time I could spare from my own work, I was with her until I was taken sick myself. I was sick three weeks, the first week very sick. I did not get well till cold weather came on. I was sick with chill, fever. My health is good this winter.

My pen is so bad, I will not bother you reading any more.

From young Affectionate,

Adelia