

Grand Rapids, April 22, 1849

Dear mother,

Your very kind letter has laid a long time unanswered, but not forgotten. I have for a long time been trying to write, not only to you, but to several others; I do not know what Caroline and Catharine will think of me. I have received letters from both of them but have never written one word back to either of them

I can only say that since my dear, precious darling was laid in her grave, I have been lost to myself and everyone else. I was wholly unconscious of the depth and strength of my affection for her until was on the point of losing her. The cause of her death we never knew for a certainty, though I think from appearances, it was an affliction of the heart; For the last three weeks of her life, her heart beat so hard that it would jar the bed, and this too when she was perfectly composed and, perhaps, asleep. But a little exertion or agitation would set her heart throbbing with such violence that it would be all that Mr. Ells and me could both do to keep the breath of life in her. Meantime, she had the nosebleed every day, and her blood looked thin and pale, and then she bloated some, though not enough to alarm everyone. She did not suffer much from pain after her sore throat, got well, but grew weaker and paler day by day, till her life went out.

She never thought herself dangerous, was cheerful and pleasant and thought she should get well. And her husband thought so too. He would not believe that she would die until a few hours before her death. He loved her with a love that bordered on idolatry; and when he found that he must give her up, it seemed as though he could not live. She was tenderly beloved by us all. We were (sic) anticipating so much comfort from her baby; we were (sic) going to have such a darling little pet that we could not help of speak of it among ourselves. It was indeed a beautiful little doll like looking child with perfect features as high forehead and its little head covered with a thick mat of silky brown hair; and then it was a girl too, just what I wanted.

I had named it weeks before it was born and was ready to set my heart upon it as soon as it was born. It only lived six hours; was buried in this garden Monday (sic), and the following Friday (sic) was taken up and put in the coffin with its young mother and buried

Why is it that I keep on and live, I don't know, I have sick turns every few weeks brought on from low spirits and heartache. There are

sometimes for days together I am not able to do anything. My memory is all broke to pieces and my eyes so poor that I have to wear spectacles, and feel as though I was a broken down old woman. And still, when I hear myself spoken of as the "old widow Hill", I always resent it as an insult and feel unwilling that other people should speak what I think.

Flesh and heart must and will fail, but the proud high spirit within remains, unbroken, and unsubdued and always well.

You will want to hear what we are all doing nowadays. Well, nothing new has turned up; we are lumbering, shingling and farming. This makes a large family and a great deal of work to do. I have an excelent (sic) girl living with me and she has been here nearly a year. She is one of the better sort of girls, is from a good family, can do all kinds of work; but in sewing she excels in particular.

I would like to have you see a sattin (sic) vest or a linnen (sic) bosom shirt of her make. I was in hopes to have had her settle permanently in my family. But she is not intellectual enough to suit Charles or handsome enough to please Aaron; and so, forsooth, I shall be in danger of loosing (sic) her; as there is no lack of offers from other... (letter torn here.)

My boys have no notion of marrying. I sometimes wish they had, but then a son's wife could not never fill the place of my own darling Caroline, my friend and confidant. I miss her more and more all the time.

...? Vander Spiegel is gone too. I was not surprised to hear it. I had been expecting it for three months, before I heard of it. How is sister Laura and all the family connections (?). I want to hear from them all. You will think I am setting up for a prophet if I tell you there will be another death in the family before a great while; while I hope I am deceived this time, although I've never been yet. I know who it is but do not like to tell—it is not you.

And so Mr. Conklin has showed himself in his true colors. Fourteen years ago, I told him what I thought of him to his face and from that day to this, I have never held but one opinion of him. I have never been cheated or blinded to his true character. Poor Harriet tried to conceal his short comings but, it was no go, I could always read him like a book.

Has Mrs. Buckley over taken little Hatty yet? I hope she has. I wish I had her, I would gladly take her to my home and heart and be a mother to her—bye the bye, what has become of my girl. Ann Hills, I have not relinquished the idea of sending for her. Yet, Aaron talks every little while

of going after her. Perhaps he will this summer. He will go to Chicago to sell lumber and then keep right along to Buffalo by water.

We have heard indirectly that Dewey Robinson is dead; is it so? How long has he been dead and where is (sic) his wife and children. We have not had a Ben(nington) paper in three months. Every body here is talking of going to California. Hollis would go in a minute if he could-nothing would suit him better. And I know of no one better calculated for such an enterprise. Bold, strong and tough, lighthearted, don't (sic) care what he eats nor where he sleeps, is a first rate shot, plays the violin well and will sing nigger songs from morning till night. Give him his dog (tiger?) And his fiddle and he would be happy anywhere. Charles and Aaron don't care about going.

In the margins

Do you think you will go to Con(necticut) this summer? If I know when you are there, I will write while you are there. Most all our folks are dead in Ben(nington).

There has (sic) been a great many deaths in this part of the country this spring from the fever. We had a dreadful cold winter, good sleighing three months. Poor cousin Ann (?) Kellogg. How I feel for her. How wave after wave of trouble has rolled over her. Give my love to her and Jenette McEois?

How many children has Lucinda got? I suppose (sic) they live in Troy yet at the top of the heap. Who lives in the Scott house now? Is either of the girls married yet?

Charles has been talking about writing to his uncle Aaron. I tell him, he must (go?) for it. It is no trouble at all-for him to write. He will scribe (sic) a letter in five minutes.

I hope I shall hear from you soon.

Your affectionate, Adelia

Written to Lucinda Hubbell, Bennington, Vermont

Some guesswork, punctuation additions and editing thoughts.

JAC.

Jan. 16, 2023