

Grand Rapids. July 6, 1842

My dear Mother,

I was upon the point of writing you, in answer to your letter of May 4, when learned of Mrs. Rolland's intention of visiting Ben. I think you must have got my last letter about the time I received yours and, if so, you would hear all about everything that you most wanted to hear about, I have not heard one word from Ben from Connecticut since your last letter, I need not tell you how anxious I am to hear from both places. I am now expecting a letter every mail, and yet I almost dread to hear from sister Caroline. I should open a letter with fear than trembling tho I hope for the best and mean to keep hoping till I hear from him.

Next to Caroline I think of Harriet. Although it is what might be called an every day occurrence . Yet in my view, that does not lessen the danger or make it any more agreeable to go through with. I was in hopes to have heard from you before!

Mrs. Ballard started, but can not expect to now. Mr. Hinsdill was here a few days ago and offered to take me along. It was a strong temptation, I had made up my mind on the subject and thought it best to wait a little longer.

The facilities for traveling are growing better every year, that is, there is more (nicks?) broke and more steamboats burnt and sunken than there was the year preceding it, yet I feel willing to run the risque (sic) of fire and water for the sake of seeing you once more. I suppose I could come this summer but on many accounts it would be better to put it off for another year.

Our baby is the best natured child I ever had; he is very healthy and fleshy (?) and weighs eighteen pounds and I look upon him as one of my chief earthly treasures. I think you would be amused to see what a fuss we make over him. I should have been well blessed with a girl, but it would have made little difference-if he had been for, by the time girls get old enough to to be any help, they get married and as a body might as well not have any. There are a great many young men here and but few girls; the consequence is the girls marry very young when they would be better off to stay single. I do not mean to insinuate. I am likely to lose my girl at present for I do not think I am. Only things look a little squally

Hollis's arm is not well yet though there is no news and some will make it sore. The flesh is scaly and tender and the least hurt will make it bleed. It is drained up yet and I am afraid it will never come entirely straight.

Caroline has had an abscess, Charles cut his foot off and Aaron jammed all his finger nails odd between two potash kettles. Turner has had the rheumatism in his leg this three months and I have had my baby. But all the calamities put in one that we have had since we came to Michigan, would not begin to be as bad as Hollis's arm.

It has made the most work and trouble that ever anything did. And he has suffered dreadfully with it, more than any body can tell. He wants me to tell Grandma that his heifer will calve in a month and she was cunning all the time. As soon as the rain came, she yoked- she will fly at them and hook them and kick them till they are taken away. She is a never failing source of amusement to Hollis, but I am afraid her funny pranks will turn into ugliness when she comes to be a cow. You want to know if Charles' foot is well. It is not, it is larger than the other, where the chords was (sic) cut off. There is a large bunch that bothers him about getting on his boot. It is better than it was six months ago.

Our farming prospect looks rather dull. This season is too cold for corn- ours is most killed by the frost. It had come up and looked well, but on the night of 10 of June we had a frost that killed everything. Turner has borrowed our corn ground and sowed it over to millet. That is excellent fodder for cattle. We keep fixing things around us more and more comfortable. We have got a door yard fence, before that, our house stood in the middle of a forty acre lot, and we have got a swarm of bees we can now raise our own honey; There is plenty of wild honey to be got. The swarm that we have got was in a pine tree a little ways from the house. They cut the tree down and sawed out the part that had the bees in and brought it to the house without disturbing the bees, some of the old...comb came out and I made a cake of bees wax that weighted three pounds. There is a great many bee trees within a mile of us and we are going to take them up this fall the wild honey is as good as any tame honey. I want to have you dry some currants for me if you can, those you sent in the box last fall was (sic) worth everything, they almost saved Hollis's life when he was sick with his arm; he had no appetite-only as he ate the currants with his food. I had put them away for myself. But there was enough for both . I have never seen anything of the dried apples yet, that you helped to dry last fall. I should have liked some very well as there was (sic) none to be

bought when I needed them most. Next year, I mean to help myself. You will have reason to be thankful when we raise aples (sic) in Michigan if you have been got to have the trouble every fall of having some of us there to dry apples. I want to have Caroline come with me when I come, but there is no other one I could trust little Georgy with but her so she can't come.

Caroline wanted to write to Lucinda by Mrs. Ballard but she could not get time. We made a party here the 4th of July and invited our old neighbours; in all about thirty. Turnan built a bough house in the door yard and we set a long table and got one best we could to eat and really had a pleasant time. They all enjoyed themselves well but had taken up our time so that we want neither of us write as much as was intended-one of the girls is here yet or I think Caroline could have written a letter.

I have had another letter from Ann. She thinks they shall move on here in September. There is (sic) a great many coming in this summer. They are settling in all around us, we shall soon have folks enough here. We have none nearer than a half a mile now, but I think we shall have before winter. I should rather not have every one settle nearer than half a mile now, but I think but I think we shall have before winter.

I should rather not have any one settle here nearer than half mile with out its Ann or some other of our own folks. I am never lonesome and don't hardly know what it means when I have any one talk about it. My time is so taken up with work and my baby that I have no thought of my neighbours.

In the margins:

I wanted to write to Harriet but have not time and as I have nothing at present very important to communicate. As soon as I do have, I will write. I think I shall go to the Deag (?), before they go. The visiting between us is chiefly on my side. I have been three times in four years, neither Mrs. Ballard or Jenette has even been to see us. Caroline has not seen Jenette in more than three years. I want to have her go with me to take care of the baby when I go, but she does not want to go much. I hope you will write to me before long and tell me all about Caroline, Harriet. And the rest of the sisters. How is sister Betsey's lameness? Father was not well when you wrote last. I want to hear from you all-Have you seen Mother Hills lately? I am going to write to her as soon as I can.

I remain yours, affectionately,                      Adelia

Written to Mrs. Lucinda Hubbell or Mrs. Harriet Conklin, Bennington