

Grand Rapids, June 2, 1852

My dear mother,

Your welcome letter of May 6, I reviewed in due time from late, and found us all well, and very much rejoiced to hear of your comfortable health, not a day passes, but I think of you a great many times; and live over again our morning visits in Sharon and Orange; how often when I am dressing in the morning here at home do I think how I wish Mother would put her hand in the door and ask if I am up. Ah, those were great times, nothing to do but to visit and take comfort—I should like to make the visits again this summer if I could, but I am living alone with no one at home but Georgy. Aaron still lives at the Rapids and Charles and Hollis have gone to Muskegon to make shingles.

Hollis has lived there two years and has now persuaded Charles to go too. They went a week ago today; until they left, I had a very large family. Six men to do the work for and no one to take a step but myself. I never was so nearly done over.

Charles wanted to log off a piece of new ground and get his crops in before he went away; as he does not expect to get home till October, he could do nothing himself as he cut his finger off just as he had begun to get ready to go.

The accident happened on the morning of the 7th of May. He was cutting feed for the oxen with cutting machine when somehow he got his finger under the knives and cut it off twice with one blow once just below the nail and next near the middle joint. It is the fore finger on his left hand. It got along remarkably well and is now is nearly well. All he ever done for it was to keep it with cold water. He does not appear to care anything about the loss of his finger, all he regards is the loss of time.

I believe I told you our chambers had never been finished off; we have got along with the temporary partitions for sleeping rooms. This spring we'll have them done off; it was a dreadful job; everything had to be brought down stairs and everything covered with lime and dust. But for all that, I rejoiced in every hod of mortar that was carried up.

They are neatly done with nice large closets to every room. I have put the carpet I brought with me on the parlour chamber. I have always kept it for that purpose. And yesterday, I sent off to the weavers, a piece of rag carpeting for the rest of the rooms. I have worked through thick and thin to bring my plans all about. And have finally triumphed over all obstacles. My house will all be carpeted except the kitchen. I never have

carpets wove at random; but have a fancy stripe of good colors that matched exactly, and I think they look pretty well.

My work will be light this summer; and I am going to write to everyone that I think would read a letter from me. I have not wrote Caroline or Catharine in six months, but am going to right away.

I got a letter from Catherine since Lydia was sick. I was surprised and disbelieved to hear of Lydia's suffering for she seems as near to me as any niece I have got. She wrote to me last October. I never have wrote to her yet, but certainly shall if I live.

So you expect Hubbell and his lady to sped the summer with you? I should like to see them very much; give my kind regards to them. Tell them if they want to rusticate to their heart's content to come to Michigan.

Aaron is not married nor is not going to be very soon, certainly not before next fall or winter and perhaps not then. For a wonder, I am perfectly satisfied with the girl is he going to marry; she has grown up under my eye and I have no fault to find in her. She is just about right.

Lucy and Sarah Tilton was (sic) here all the winter and spring, but have now each taken a school for the summer season. So, I shall not be bothered with them again till fall. Neither of them would have any objection to taking up their permanent residence here, but that won't do. I would sooner see a son of mine chained to a telegraph wire and sent through the country once a second the twenty four hour around; than tied to either of them; so they may hang up their fiddles there.

Sarah has recovered her health. She was sick eight months. My old neighbor, Mrs. Colton, has been very sick with inflammatory rheumatism. She was here yesterday. The first time she had been out in ten weeks. She lay wrapt in wet sheets for four weeks and then came out in big boils all over her; she was a perfect job in all but patience. She had but precious little of that.

We have had a long cold winter. Cattle that was (sic) scantily fed became diseased and hundreds have died. Some farmers have lost their entire stock. Ours was (sic) well fed and well housed and come out fat. The spring was backward, but when warm weather did come on, our vegetation came forward rapidly. We had thirty apple trees in full blossom and as many peach trees, beside plumb and every tree we never had a promise of such a fruit season. When on the nights of the 18th and 19th of May, we had a dreadful frost. It froze the ground hard enough to bear a

man and totally destroyed everything; even currants. It was a severe disappointment to me and to everybody else.

Mrs. Hinsdill and Aunty made us a visit last winter. Stephen drove. They staid all night and I enjoyed it very much. They had just got a letter from Lucretia giving the particulars of her trip to New York and Hubs wedding. I was not surprised to hear about it. It was just what I expected. Some difference in the style of living between Hubbell and Charles; one in Broadway in New York; the other in the wild woods of Michigan.

For Charles will strike right in the depths of the forest and put up a shanty to do their own cooking, washing and baking. They have taken a young man with them so there will be three altogether. They bought a new stove with any quantity of fixings to it and I baked up a great quantity of provisions and fixed them out with everything I thought they would need to make them comfortable and it was no small task, I assure you.

I worked day and night to get them ready. They have enough to do with if they only know how to do it.

Remember me to all enquiring friends..from you ever affectionate
Daughter,
Adelia

In the margin

I hope I shall hear from you soon but whether I do or not I, shall write to you again in July.

(Again, I could not resist putting in capital letters, commas and such to clarify the run on sentences...authored for sure for brevity and to maximize the precious paper and ink. JAC 2023)..