

Grand Rapids, April 9, 1854

My dear Mother,

You got the start of me this time, as I had not written. But had it in my mind to do so today even before I got your excelent (sic) letter; you was (sic) very good to write to me when it was my duty to write to you long ago. It is a great comfort to me to know that you are still in comfortable health and able to write,

What a dreadful night you had with your throat. I should have thought you would have died with the horrors, if nothing else. But it seems it was not to be so, you were spared awhile longer and I am glad of it. Hope I shall see you again yet. I have wintered through safe and am in good condition this spring.

The winter passed off so quick, I hardly know what became of it. I know one thing, and that is, I did not accomplish but precious little work. Hope I shall do more this summer than just eat and sleep and keep fires. I shall try hard anyway...

Tomorrow, Aaron will commence digging the cellar for his new house, and I am going to board the men. I dread it like a dog but cannot get rid of it as I see it will be so much more convenient for him. That I will try and get along with it in some way or other.

The masons and carpenters will all be on at one. The carpenters will be framing while the masons are laying up the cellar wall. He will drive it along as fast as he can for he wants to move in and get settled by the first of July as he expects doings in his family about that time. He will be a neighbor to me-his house on one corner and mine on the other..Not oposite (sic) but corner to corner.

Aaron has nice notions about everything and Ann is just like him. Now if they can only carry out their plans and keep their heads above water, they will do well enough.

Hollis came out of the woods the first of Feb. and went right to putting him up a log cabin on his own place and moved into it about a month from the time he commenced it and is now living on his "own hook."

It snowed and blowed all the time he was shingling the roof—and one less persevering would have given it up. But, he kept right on till he completed his task..done it all himself. It is roughly finished inside, but as

his wife is a nice tidy housekeeper, it looks very comfortable. I am there often, as it is within a quarter of mile, and always have pleasant visits.

Our town is improving—not rapidly, but steadily. A grist mill is going up within a half a mile from us. This summer, Mr. Colton is putting it up has got the water works done. It will be a great convenience to this place as we have no grist mill nearer than the Rapids.

There are other projects for the benefit of the place in contemplation. If they can only be brought to bear, it will be a good thing.

I had a letter from sister Caroline a few days ago—says she is afraid she will not be able go make you the promised visit—as the time between the first of May will be taken up in rigging over the piazza (?) into rooms. It will cost three hundred dollars.

Ellen had a pair of twin daughters born four weeks ago. They did not live but a few hours. They were born too soon. When she had been confined a week, I went to see her and staid three days and two nights. They live near Henry Seymour's, so I went there and made a little visit. They are all well.

William Hinsdale's wife was there and is a pretty woman. She has been to Ben(nington) but did not see you. Mr. Ballard and his wife was (sic) there. Tell Lucretia Emeline (?) is growing young. I have not seen her look as well as she does now in ten years. She was dressed becomingly and looked almost handsome. Mrs. Hinsdill looks as she always did. I don't see that she grows old any. Jenette holds her own well. I did not see Aunty, but she is coming here soon as she can.

Charles was at home Christmas (sic)..don't know when he will be able to come again—he writes often and sends me creature comforts as I need. He is doing well and likes living there much better than when he first went. It is no doubt for his interest to stay. He gives good satisfaction to his employers. There is no notion of getting married yet. His ancle (sic) is not entirely (? healed) but gains from one month to another.

What has become of little Harmon McEowen (?) and what is Vander about? Do you ever see Betsy Olin? I believe I shall have to come myself and see what you are all about, but cannot have been very soon—as I could not rest easy if I was away.

Hollis will have a house warming in May and I want to look after both girls myself tho they have own mothers close at hand. I think a great deal of my girls and shall not spare myself if it is necessary to their comfort and well doing.

Monday morning

Aaron is going to start for town and so I will send this important document right along as may not have another opportunity under a day or two. It is a great bother to live eight miles from the Post Office. I was going to gab a little more, but it is of no consequence. I will write again in May or as soon as I have any news to tell.

Ever, your affectionate daughter,

Adelia

I have introduced some punctuation for clarity. There were lots of dashes in this shorter letter. I typed the original spellings. The underlinings were from Adelia. She is writing to Lucinda Hubbell of Bennington, VT
JAC. 1/24/23