

Waimea Nov. 2^d - 1852

Dear Sister Wilcox,

I wrote sister J. a few lines yesterday by Kualoa, and now Rahaaba comes and wants a palapala, says she is going round to Waioli.

She and her husband, do not live very comfortably together. I do not know where the blame should lie. From all accounts, I should think that he had a mind of his own, and perhaps does not try to please her as much as he ought. If he would obey her, as she would like to have him, I suppose there would be less difficulty between them. I suppose you know what she is, a great talker, & sometimes likes to have her own way. I regret that they do not live more happily together.

She complains here to get away from her husband, and says she is going to stay, till she feels more comfortable. She will probably have a "long yarn" to tell you.

I have no news to communicate. Sister R. is comfortable about the house, & will probably report herself.

I send you & sister J. a few ^{Rahaaba cannot take many} dried grapes, ^{as} do not know whether you care for them dry, or not.

I sent bath of you some last year, but never heard whether they reached you or not. My grapes are not all dry yet. These have not been heated since they were brought in. It will be well to put them in your oven when partly cooled, but sufficiently hot to scald any eggs which the little millers or any other insect, may have deposited on them, when drying. I usually do it, after I bring them all in.

It is so long since I have had a line from you, that I cannot tell when you ~~wrote~~ ^{wrote} last. I think not however, since the arrival of your husband, from the States. But I suppose you have your hands full, as well as the rest of us.

With love to you all including your associates, I must close.
As ever, M. P. Whitney.

Mrs J. E. G. Wilcox
Baird

1891