Dear Brother and Sister,

June 12th, 69

3rd arrived last night, and I have been in a brown study ever since. You are going to send me something, a house wife. I read it now, what on earth does that mean. Not a real flesh and blood wife. Preposterous. And Margaret is going to send Griswold one too. The whole Protestant it what on earth could we do with them here. There are eighteen of us now crowded in one sible tent, and I can assure you there is no room left for more. Nor will the government allow us anymore tents. The thing is simply impossible. Beside you spoke of sending them by mail. Would it not be very expensive? I think it would you had better give it up now do. But perhaps you did not mean that. You might after all have meant something else. Is so no matter what it is. We both beg you to send them by all means. We shall be delighted with them. It has been raining steadily for the last two weeks and wind is the order of the day but I have learned to turn even that to some advantage. It beats feather beds beyond all comparison.