

West Cambridge. May 17, 1852.

My dear brother

I received a letter from you dated May 9, which I shall try to answer, although it is almost impossible for me to write, as I am not as well, as I could wish, I were. Properly you have received, a letter which William wrote, for me, stating the particulars, concerning my health, at the time, the delivery, of the enclosed note &c, therefore it is needless, to repeat, any of the contents. Suffice it to say, my breast is no better, no I should not exactly, say that; but rather it has assumed, a new form. instead of looking at all, like what is called a broken breast, it is now plainly, to be seen, a humour settled. Dr Wellington says, he cannot do anything for it, nature must, do all that is to be done. It is now nearly four months, since I have suffered with it, today it is, exceedingly painful – It does not discharge any, but remains hard, inflamed, very much swollen. Dr Underwood pronounced it Scrofula. If it is, and my constitution, is not strong enough, to over power it, I expect it will, be the cause of my death. But I cannot tell, what the future, will bring forth. My dear babe does not, seem to have a strong stomach, I hardly expect that he will be with us, long. We undertook to bring him up, with the bottle, but found, he grew sick, and now, have a wet nurse. – I call him William Ellis, he is a beautiful child, I know you would like, to see him. does not weigh much over, nine pounds and is nearly, four months old. was born the 27th of Jan, Mother and U. Abner received your letters, they come very regular – I have seen Eliza Jane, since I received your last. she seemed quite solemn & sober, in regard, to what you stated concerning, your friendship. I think Stephen she is a true friend, to you, as there is - - I wish you would come home, be united & then plan for the future as would be agreeable to her. You know it is a long time, since you first, made an intimate friend, of her. also you are away much longer than she expected, she has to work diligent to support herself, & feels that you are about all on Earth that really cares for her. I think that no one, can come forward & state, one circumstance, where she has, not been perfectly true to you – I have never seen, or heard, of any one, with whom, she has been with, even to go home, from a days work. No I always thought her a very consistant girl. all I have to say is, I hope you will come home soon you have been away a great while now, I for one, would like to behold your face, once more. Tuesday eve, again I write a line, as my health will permit, I took a ride, this afternoon, with William's little French horse. Hatty just called, to tell me, of some letters, from Cal, written by you. I think, no one, writes oftener. Cyrus has not written home, since last august. he was then, at San Francisco working at his trade I do not understand, what you mean, by the bay. Is it a retired place, from the city? I do not think it right, for Mr H to state, that the only reason he did not write before, was because, he "did not know, where to direct" It must be, that he is forgetful, certainly he has been told often enough I have not seen him, for a great while. his present wife, does not, move in exactly, the same society our Sister did, consequently we do not see H, only by calling, upon him. As to Martha, I know she ought to be looked after, advised &c. I am away from her now, & together with poor health family cares &c, do not get down home, enough to know how things are, it is now, about five months, since I stepped, over the floor of my home. There is not any one, I ~~believe~~ waiting upon her, but I think, there, is a partial feeling, between George Richardson & her. he is one, of our near neighbours sons. about her age, a good likely boy, for all I know I have often given M, a word of advice, concerning who she accepted &c, she is young enough yet, years to come, to get married. still I could wish, she were situated, more for her health, than to sew for a living. I have done it

– Mother stil continues, to take boarders, H & S. go to school they have all grown up tall, since you left. I am the smallest now, But I must close, my breast reminds me, I am frail, cannot endure much. I hope you & Eliza Jane will, all come right yet, Stephen depend upon it, I had, proof enough, of sincerety towards you, write to her, tell her about when, you will come on, she would go back with you, if you wanted, yes go, any where, you were, to go, I cannot say, all upon this subject, I would like to, as it is exceeding hard for me to write, with such a sore breast, but dear brother, I feel interested, for you, if I know, my own heart, suffice it to say, my interview, with Eliza was, a good friendly one, toward you, I hope some day, to see you united, & may your married life, be as happy, as mine has been, thus far. Now if my health, was good, I should be too happy to close this, with a silent prayer, this may not be the only interview I shall have with you, but – that we may, be spared, to meet again you have my, best wishes, come home, when you think it best to leave & rejoice, the many hearts, waiting to receive you, your own Sister Sophia M. B. Wood.

(the following in a different handwriting) Stephen. As Sophia is tired I will try to fill out this sheet with something. It is difficult to tell what would be interesting ~~of~~ or proffitable to write to a person who is so far away, and of whose situation & circumstaces, and feelings, we must necsesarily have so vagu an idea. Your thoughts may be interested upon a subject, the interuption of which, by any writing of mine, might be like a persons calling a mans attention to some trifling & commo occurrence while he is trying to save his drowning boy. But it may not always be so It is often the case that a few words from ones weakest friend is a source of pleasure & encouragement. I agree with you that it is difficult telling who our friends are, if we have any, still sometimes mistakes are made respecting them, enemies ar taken for friends, & friends for [unreadable] we have many true friends when we think we have none. I have no doubt, notwithstanding you call this an unfriendly world, ~~you~~ there are many who would hear of you success, & happiness with rejoicing hearts. It is a truth however that the majority of the people have but little charity for others faults or sympathy for thier troubles you know Solomon says as iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man sharpeneth that of his friend, or somthing to that effect. We are so constituted that we need each others help, and we ought to feel it our duty to help others & of course if all did so, we might feel strengthend, & encouraged in expecting a helping hand, or a sympathizing heart from others. This may be done in a variety of ways. By feeding the hungry, relieving the disstressed, in worldly affairs either by giving money or labour, and imparting words of consolation, & instruction to the disconsolate, & inexperienced. But I am afraid my sermon is already too long. you inquire where Miss Brody, & J Hopkins are. M B is theaching the school where Mary Ann taught, and perhaps wore herself out. J H is farming in Andover, Hbough? left these parts. Perhaps you already know his Mother sold out her interest in Mr Frosts estate & now makes it her home at at J. W.s And now Stephen my advice to you is perhaps not needed to keep straight along in the paths of duty, not minding trifles, and if you have have seen dark days. hope for brighter ever feeling life is short at longest – and consequently our whole attention should not be taken up with the things of time & sense I remain your ever well wisher Wm T Wood

Address on envelope:

Mr. Stephen P Blake

Nicolaus

California