

W. Cambridge September 2. 1852.

My dear brother,

I received your letter of July 4th yesterday, I was very glad to learn that. your health, & Nelson's were good, at that time, Surely it is a great blessing – without it, we cannot enjoy life – My health is better, than when I last wrote, my breast is nearly well – yes I have lived, through my painful sickness, beyond the expectations of myself, friends, or physician – Just as soon, as I begun to have an appetite, my breast, began to lessen in size, now I have a good steady appetite, /excepting these warm mornings/ there is no trouble but that, I shall get along, although I cannot say I feel strong yet, still, fall of the year, is coming, which is more favourable, for me. I have not got so, that I can ride, seven or eight miles, without being much fatigued – I weigh 84 lbs, which is, as much, as I expected to weigh, as I am very thin – William is well, also little Wm Ellis, Mother & the girls, are well, It is not, as sickly, as it is some seasons – Grandmother is not very smart - properly has not many years, to live. Mr Crosby's, daughter Louisa is dead, consumption wasted her frame away. I think you remember her, J F. Hopkins, was partial there, John still lives in Andover, where you saw him married he was down, a short time ago, and took dinner, with us. Mr R. Proctor, is one, of our nearest neighbours. he generally leaves me, my ?Cal felters. he own the house, we live in. A very fine man, he is. I read that part, of the letter about the plant, to him. he said, he was not as troubled with rhumetism as with, bronchitis now. he has had, a bad cough, which arose from that complaint He did not think, it would be consequence enough, to send for that, as his cough is better, thanking you, for your kindness, in taking so much pains. Andrew Giles is in the last stages of consumption, also a Sister of his, he was down to Mr. R. Proctor's yesterday, very weak indeed, just got over a bleeding spell at the lungs. he was 10 years in this town, in R. Proctor's store, now he is fast hastening to another world. let us remember our turn is to come – I have that piece of wedding cake yet, for you & Nelly – Sophia

That blossom, came in my letter without, getting broken, in the least. I shall save it. I am very sorry indeed, to read, of your repeated losses. It seems rather hard – your hay, no doubt would have been an income, to you I hope your grain, will not have the same fate. Keep up good heart, all will go right yet. I would like to get hold of your clothes. I would repair & make, untill you were comfortable. Cyrus does not write, home as often as you and A. he has written one letter within a year, he is at J. F. working at his trade. at the same place, he first worked, only now he is, for himself Thank you for information concerning the bay. I do not think you ought ever to make apology for not writing ofner, or longer letters – I know other young men out there, do not write as you do. We all take an interest in your affairs, sympathise in trouble, rejoice in prosperity. I always want my brother's to feel free, to open their hearts to me. I know, I do desire their welfare, In regard to Eliza Jane. I have not seen much of her lately. I am sorry she should take, such a course. I think she might have been too hasty in writing as she did. I have not said anything to her, since I wrote last I thought, I would not have her think, I was trying to meddle – I think it will, all come right yet. I always thought her true to you. If it is your wish, to have me get your letters, presents &c, I keep them, untill you return, please write & tell me after this. I know you mentioned it in a previous letter but Stephen, I thought it not best, to be too hasty, perhaps it would, be all right, after a more clear understanding – I am willing to do anything in this, or ought else, you desire me to, Just give me an understanding in your next. I think Uncle A & J will write soon, do not for an instant, cherish a thought, that it is not pleasant to write, to you. it is – Our dear brother Oliver's, little Emma, is boarding with Mother, a few weeks, as Henry's little boy of eight months, is not well, & Sarah & H. were obliged to leave the City for the country to get him through warm weather. Sarah is at

Billerica with boy Emma is in her eighth year – a perfect likeness of her father, in looks, form &c Mother still continues to keep boarders, the three younger girls are with her H & Sarah, go to school – I will leave a space for Wm. I have a letter to write to A. It is sometime, since I wrote to him. Now Stephen I wish you much prosperity both in spiritiual & temporal affairs. look upon disappointments as pertaining to this world – always bearing in mind, there is another, a better world, which it is our priviledge, to seek for – How vain will, all earthly things seem, when near our end. I have been laid low, then I realized these these things. you will see, that I have not written you much news, about town. one thing. I do not go about town, but very little, another thing, I never could hear, so much, as some – Good bye, for the present. I hope to see you, when you can make, your affairs come right. persevere & you will conquer from your own Sister Sophia M. B. Wood –

I want you to write, to Uncle John & Grandmother, the next letter you write, they think much of a letter from you – S M B Wood

Stephen. I owe you a long letter, I be[paper torn] but I have been so pressed with bu[paper torn] that I have been obliged to work all [paper torn] and think, & keep acct's in the evening [paper torn] Furthermore, you will remember that I am [paper torn] married, & have a son which as a matter o[paper torn] course draws the attention; and certainly th[paper torn] can be nothing more attractive, than wife [paper torn] children, to a well orderd mind. Still [unclear] [paper torn] this is not a very reasonable excuse for not writing to friend. You may rest assured however & that if I should be neglectful in writing, it is not because I do not remember you, I intend to write to you soon, but as I have a scale in my eye that troubles me to night if I have not written enough already you must excuse the sinner. From your brother & friend Wm T Wood

Address on envelope:

Mr Stephen P Blake

Nicolaus

California