

Amesbury June 29th 1850

Dear Cousin

Several times before have I set down to write to you but did not succeed in finishing a letter. I hope this one will reach you and find you in the enjoyment of good health. I suppose others who have been less negligent in writing to you, have told you all the news, so that if I tell you what has happened since your departure from here, it will not be new to you. I heard your Father read a letter from you a short time since, in which you spoke of being at San Diego where you thought of going into business with a couple of friends, if not of returning home. I wish you would come in time to get some of our peaches, though there are but a few on the trees, yet I think there will be enough to treat a friend just from California. As to the plums our trees bore about three bushels last year, so they must rest one season before bearing again; you have been deprived of all such things, I suppose since you have been in California which will make you prize them very highly. Business here is rather dull. Not much money to be had, we get a living, with working hard and that is about all. I have planted five acres of potatoes this year and one of corn but do not expect to make my fortune by it, though they look promising. We farmers must not expect to make money as you folks that go to California. I will just mention

a Five Thousand Dollar prize which come into our possession four or five months ago which we call Flora. What think you of such a prize and how do you like the name.

I am sorry to hear that so many will be disappointed who go to the mines for according to all accounts it is hard enough to go there and get rich, much harder it must be to go there and get nothing. Bring me home something if it is but a small stone, that is, if it be convenient.

Osgood is not married yet nor has he even returned to College. His mother wants him to tie up and settle down into married life, but he does not seem to be in any hurry. I do not know but he thinks with some others that 'The happiest life that ever was led, Is always to court and never to wed.'

As Daniel is writing I will write a few lines to let you know that Cousin Ephraim is not forgotten our social circle in which we were associated is broken up though we see each other often (those that remain) yet, ^{not} as we were accustomed to meet. I hope you will be here soon we want your company. I will save a piece of my cake as you requested if you will hurry home, will not that be a great inducement for you to come now. I suppose you have heard Maria is married. Esph Huntington also. Meeting house done and so forth; since you left many familiar faces you were accustomed to meet have gone never to return included in that number is my dear Father, one after another is taken, we know not when our turn will come, let us so improve time that when the last hour comes it may be one of transport to us, and we waiting to hear the summons come ye blessed of my Father inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world.

a letter would be very acceptable if you can find time

I will not take any more room leave it ^{for} Dan

remember that lump of gold. Prosperity Peace & Happiness attend your way and a meeting of with your friends in Amherst soon is the wish of you Cousin Phorry.

Write and let me know how you are getting along, what kind of a place it is there, when you are coming home which I hope will be soon, and if you see Amos tell him to write and let me hear from him.

From your Friend and Cousin
Daniel Weed

write long letters commit some sin & write a repentance copy
day vs penance

W. Amherbury, Mass. July 9 }
[scribbles]

40

Ephraim W. Morse.

San Diego.

California

[flourish]

Jan 1856
D. C. Weed

Dear Cousin

My wife has been saying to me for more than a year past "what are you thinking about, why don't you write to Eph?" and sure enough why not, I suppose I can tell the reason, and it is this, when I thought of writing, instead of sitting down immediately, and doing the thing, I would say to myself, the first-leisure day I have I will write, but alas when did that day arrive. To day is Sunday, the traveling is so bad we cannot go to meeting, and I verily believe you will hear from me. Three weeks ago to day I was taken bleeding, at the lungs or stomach, I can not tell which I have no cough and the Doctor thinks the blood to dark to come from the lungs. I have been making shoes most of the time for a year past, and I am quite sure that is the whole cause of my bleeding. I had to keep my room nearly a week, had just got well enough to take care of my horse, when I was taken with a canker throat which kept me in about ten days more. I have got out again however, and think of going to work again, (with moderation) though I never intend to make any more shoes, as I am satisfied that kind of work would soon use me up. I am preparing to build a house at the pond hills on the hill nearly opposite my Aunt's Thomas weed. As I dug and stoned my cellar last fall, I hope to be able to get into my house in good season this summer. My plan ^{of the main house} is very much like your fathers except the sitting room, which finishes out into a piazza. Then I have a building, on the end seventeen feet by thirty in which I finish one room for a kitchen and a small room for a pantry, leaving the remainder for a wood house, where we can go for wood without going out doors. I hope by the time we get settled in our new house

we shall receive a visit from E. W. Morse and wife. Don't let us hope in vain. Tell your wife; I took a walk yesterday over to her father's, I did not go into the house, but into the shop, where I found Otis and Joseph making shoes, and John making harnesses. I started to come away when Joseph told me I need not be in a hurry and drily remarked that I had as yet said nothing about their shop. So I stopt awhile longer and made a few remarks on that. I then inquired about the health of the family, learned they were well and once more started for home. My wife talks rather hard about sleigh rides, going to the beach &c., she says, now "Ephraim is gone there is no one to start anything of the kind. When he was at home he would set a day go and get out the company and be off. Now she says with I and Phil it is I don't know, and there it ends, we all know that our Captain is gone, and feel very bad about it, bad enough without being talked to in that way, but we stroke up with "There's a good time coming boys, wait a little longer" and forgive the better half, as we hope to be forgiven, trying also to wait patiently for the "good time." I have been writing as though you knew we were living, at my wife's Mother's. I suppose some one has informed you of it ere this. In my mother's last sickness my sister and her husband visited her, and told her she was treated shamefully by me and my wife, and she being sick and childish was easily wrought upon by them, which made it extremely difficult taking care of her. However we done the best we could for her (as the neighbours were willing to testify) till within three weeks of her death, when they come so hard upon us that I told them it was impossible for us to take care of her unless they left of talking to her as

they did. They refused and I gave up the care to them. I had my suspicions about the matter at the time, and soon found out why they conducted themselves in the maner they did (though I heartily wish I might have been spared the task of writing or speaking such things of them) for before they took upon themselves the care of her, they persuaded her much against her will to deed to them her entire property, which they knew she had long ago willed to me, and which she had told me would justly belong to me. That it did justly belong to me is evident from the fact that I have an account which I have kept since I was married (not thinking I should ever need it) in which she was indebted to me to the amount of one thousand dollars, whereas all the property she owned did not exceed four hundred and fifty dollars. What I had done ^{for} my mother although at my own expense I was willing to do, but to have what little there was for me taken away in such a manner was rather hard. My neighbours advised me to try and recover the property. I told them I had got a man of very little principle, to deal with, but thought I should make a trial. The will had never been destroyed so with the help of your father I took out administration (which D. F. Morrill tried to prevent) and proceeded with the case. To cut the matter short, before it had gone very far we settled the matter and I recovered most of the property. But the treatment we received from them is hard to swallow, and I very much doubt its ever going down. The old house and one acre of land was owned, two thirds by my sister and one third by me. Morrill declared she should never sell her part, so we undertook to divide. But he being determined to have the whole, quite a large paper which we had drawn up for our men, to whom we referred the case, and which was left with his brother in law, Justice of the Peace, was very conveniently lost. So by a few

more workings of that kind I found it had better sell my part to him, which
which I did by leaving it to three men what he should give me for it. They brought in
a good sum for it, and he has it. When he tried to get the whole house, he supposed
I should be obliged to stay there some ten years and perhaps my whole life time
to pay him rent for one half, with his brother Jonathan in the other half,
who is married again, and moved there soon after my mother died. But
that part of the house we occupied has been empty ever since we left, for
no sooner had I sold than we were off. And I have been very glad I sold
out as from what I have seen I have no desire to own a house with him.
And now you have my reasons for being at Bearhill. We hope soon to have
a home of our own, and you know, "there's no place like home". I have
extended my letter far beyond the usual limits (as you know my letters
are not very long, or very many) and filled them with some troubles of
mine which may not be very interesting to you, but you know we
are apt to tell our friends our troubles, so I pray you excuse me for
taking this liberty. David is driving about, the same as ever, farming,
teaming, trading &c. He has three horses and a colt, ^{had} five yoke of
oxen but has lately sold me one pair, for which I pay one hundred
and twenty five dollars, which counts up pretty fast to what it
used to a few years ago. I have bought cattle, not a great many
years back either larger by some four inches in girth for seventy
five dollars. Everything has been very high the past year. Hay
is now selling for twenty five dollars at the barn, Corn has been
one dollar twenty five cents per bushel, I sold last year fifty
bushels at that price and had it taken at the barn. At this time
corn is down to eighty cts per bushel, potatoes thirty cts, lower
than they have been for more than five years. But never mind
the price of things for, "There's plenty of gold in this world were
told On the banks of the Sacramento." and, "Uncle Sam is rich enough
to give us all a farm." The time has arrived for me to retire for the
night, so with telling you that all your friends are well and that
we are eager to welcome you back with us once more, I ask you to
give my love to your wife and bid you both (with all your children)
good by for the present

Write

Yours &c. Daniel C Weed

Amesbury April 7th 1856

My dear Lydia

Dear Cousin Lydia

My dear
I have at last sit myself down with a determination
to write to you first, which I promised I would before you went away, I begin to
think you have not forgotten it, or have forgotten me, for I have not had a line
from you, but have heard from you by others. That is better than nothing, I will not
attempt to apologize much but ~~merely~~ just say that I have commenced a war before
this but neglected to finish them, I have nothing new and interesting to write you
so you must be content with a little rattle hoping the next will be a little more
sensible, if there is any more, which I hope there will not be, for I want you to come
home where I can sit down and talk with you, I am at Mothers now it seems quite
like old times I often look out of the window and wish I could see you coming over the
hill but it does no good to wish, we have had abundance of cold and snow this
winter but it is most gone the roads will soon be dry as there is not much frost in the
ground, it is a beautiful day I can hardly content myself in doors I have not
had so many sleigh rides as I expected I told Dan I was going most all the time for
I should have nothing to keep me at home but the cold and Flora and I being
sick I have scarcely been into the street for two months past Flora has grown
quite a girl, I wish you would say if you don't come home soon you and E will not know her.
One day being so near it reminds me of days past and gone when we visited
Red Oak Hill and other places I suppose you will remember those days

Dear Dan
expense all mistakes and great mistakes

San has gone on a ride today would not let me go has got him a ~~big~~ gig so he
can go all to himself dont be frighten'd if you should see him^r some fine
day mashing up to your door with that colt and gig if he should come I will
send a bag of Apples to Eph, (as I suppose you would not be satisfied with
them) I shall have to fill a bottle of that sweet sider for you, but do not
get too much excited about it so that you ^{can} not attend to your chouse hold affairs
because he may not come, he says I must do for he is waiting to
carry it to the office. I must write it a little more, I want to know if you ever
go to meeting I should think you would miss it verry much if you
do not. I wish you would make up your minds to come home, wher you can enjoy
such privileges, and the society of your friends, and not stay there waiting
to bring your millions, riches are a good thing, but there is hapiness without
them, those porsessed of earth are fading and of shord duration, while those of a heavenly
nature which alone prepares the Soul to meet its Maker ^{are} permanent and sure
that you may be porsessed of both is the wish of Courin Phony
Mother and Patience send their love and wish to see you at home
I shall expect to hear from you, or see you
I hope by time we get in our new house you will make us a visit
tell Ephraim we cannot get along without him say: Chara the
other day all well so good night.

Amesbury Mass Jan. 20th 1857

Dear Ephraim.

What shall I say to you. It seems as though I must write to you as if nothing had happened, as though no affliction had come upon you. Although your friends here have told me that your dear wife is gone, that she has been taken from you, and that our friend Lydia we are never to see again, yet still it is impossible to realize it. How can it be, how shall I write that I may send you comfort in this your great affliction. The sympathy I feel I cannot, no I cannot send in words to you, would to God you were here, that with all the friendly love of old, which has never wavered or grown dim by your long absence, I might try and comfort you. Deep, very deep must be the grief, when man is called to mourn for a dear and loving wife, taken from his bosom by the icy hand of death. No other earthly loss could ever be like that. Even when surrounded by all the friends of youth it must be hard, very hard to bear, but for you Ephraim, away from friends and home in a distant land, how can you bear your heavy grief. It seems while I write that I must hasten to you, that I must grasp the hand so often grasped in days gone by, that you may feel by the warm pressure of my own, that you have my sympathy, that I feel deeply for you. The sympathy of your friends here is great for you, wherever I meet them, sadness is visible

on the face of each one of them and your name is upon
their lips. Sad is the news to us dear Ephraim, we have
looked forward to the time when you would return to
us, when the happy circle of Oh, should again be made
whole, when the happiness in the home of each, should,
when we met together, be joined in one happy whole, then
to talk over olden times, with every link in that chain of
friendship again brought together, brighter and stronger than
ever. But alas, how hard to speak it, one bright link is
gone, the chain severed, the circle is broken. We have counted
the months as they passed one after another, and waited
impatiently for your return. But even while we were
rejoicing in anticipation of soon meeting you both, you
in dreary sadness were mourning the loss of the sweetest
and dearest of all earthly treasures a loved and loving
wife. O Ephraim how I pity you, indeed you must
be very, very lonely. I remember you a happy husband,
joyous and glad, rejoicing in the love of a lovely wife,
and is it not so now, it must be so, may not the news
be incorrect? No with his own hand the words are penned
that tell the sad, sad news, and yet I cannot realize
it. I cannot make myself believe it. But O it must be so
and no power on earth can bring her back to us again,
But remember your loss is her gain, and in a few short
years, it may be days, or hours, we shall go to her, where
sorrows never come, where parting words are never spoken,
where with the loved who have gone before, we shall spend
one whole eternity of bliss with Him who ever cares for us.

and who orders everything for the good of all his wayward
children. Turn your thoughts as much as possible from your
dreary situation that you may be spared to take care
of your little boy, he will need, greatly need your care.
There is the link that will still bind you to earth. I
know what joy and comfort such little ones can bring.
Even while I write my little Flora comes to me for a kiss,
as says good night as she retires to rest. And your
little boy will, if he is spared to you, soon be old enough
to list his father's name, and he will be a comfort to you.
Take care of your health Ephraim, let not if possible
your great sorrow overcome you, Remember that while we
live here, such things must ever be. That troubles and
trials are the lot of mortal man. But the strong arm
of our Father in heaven is ever around us, look to him
he will sustain you in your hour of need. In the
day time I am thinking of you, in the night I dream
of you. I cannot realize that you are left alone yet
I know it is so. When I am about my work a sadness
comes upon me as though some dreadful thing had
happened, and then the sad news again comes up before
me from you, O Ephraim how can it be, Shall we never
see her again, Alas it must be so. O Ephraim I want
to write so that I may comfort you, but I fear
I shall not. Would to God I had never been called
to write such a letter to you, would that she
could have been spared to you. Be calm as possible
dear friend, I feel there is need to tell you so. I

fear in writing, I shall fail to comfort you, but
God knows it is the wish of my heart; He knows I ever
was your friend, and I will not forsake you now, no
Ephraim come back to us again, had you come to us
in happiness we would have been happy together, Come
now when great grief has come upon you and we will
try and help you bear it. Forgive me Ephraim if I
^{have written} anything that will add to your grief, perhaps I have,
but the God of heaven knows that the few lines written here
are from your true and sincerely

Friend D. C. Weed

Come back to us again

Write

Johnson March 29th 1857

D. C. Weed
Jan 20th 1857

What words of comfort of consolation can I write to you my
Cousin; I feel this is what you need in your great affliction, your heart is
filled with grief your spirit is weighed down with sorrows for her you so
fondly loved, perhaps idolized. you no doubt feel that earth has lost
its charms its attractions for you; let me ask you then to look beyond
this to that where you trust your loved one has gone, there she is with
angels with the spirits of the just made perfect, and with God himself
now she can behold him face to face and see him as he is. all
perfection. perfect happiness. no sin, or sorrow, find admittance there, not
only to remain a few short months or years but through all Eternity
was there ever aught on earth had such attractions. and now it has one
more for you than it ever had before. then try and murmur not
against him who has taken your beloved Companion from this world
of sin sorrow and suffering and placed her in such unending happiness
your loss is her Eternal gain. It is not thus with earthly things
they perish in a moment, how transient every earthly bliss, Our life what is
it; ere it begins it ends. we have nothing here we can call our own we
may have them today tomorrow they may be taken away God has only
lent them to us he has a right to take his own, think not because he has
taken he has forsaken no; Ephraim that same kind Father who has
permitted you to enjoy so much earthly happiness with your loson friend
is set watching over you, go then to him in the anguish of your heart
where no earthly eye can witness but his are ever upon you cast your
every burden on him he careth for you and is ever ready to
listen to the voice of our supplications be how upon him your
warmest affections you will then possess that which will

far outweigh the happiness of earth - try and be reconciled to
the will of God though it is hard yes hard to part with those we
love, I have parted with dear friends, but not with a dear Companion one
on whom our affections are bestowed above every other earthly friend
you know ^{it} by experience: it is hard for me to write thus, I have known
her long and loved her, but I have thought sometimes I knew not
how to prize you ^{both} when here, but since you sent for her I have missed
you very much have wished your return with us very much; little did
I think when she came to see me just before she went away it would be
the last time we should ~~never meet again~~ on earth, we parted with a
kiss and smile and write to me often, (this I neglected to do) for which
I am truly sorry but I cannot ask forgiveness now, it is too late, I can see
her now as I saw ^{her} then, I have been anticipating a meeting with you in
the spring or summer ~~with~~ with great joy but my joy is turned to sorrow
I have rejoiced with you in prosperity I can weep with you in adversity
I am afraid instead of imparting comfort I have caused you more
sorrow I am writing I could not let this go without writing a little
to you, if I have caused you sorrow forgive, far be it from me, you
have my sympathies my prayers that God will help you bear up
under this great affliction that you may go to him he can give
that lasting peace which the world can never give nor take away
you have that darling boy to live for to do for I know how it is they steal our
affections when we know it not, they are dependant upon us for every thing
God grant your life's liver may be spared to return to us again
and may you feel to say not my will but thine O God be done
write when you can to us, I will now commit you into my heavenly
Father's care hoping to meet you soon if not may we meet in Heaven with the
dear one ~~who has gone~~. believe me your sincere Cousin Ploomy

Amesbury, Mass. Nov 29¹⁸⁹²

Dear Cousin

I am afraid you will think
^{my slow}
me, in writing to thank you for your very
generous invitation to come out and visit you.
It is not an easy matter for me to sit down and
write at any time, and especially in the evening
after a hard days work, and I have had to work
hard this fall to make up lost time, as I was
laid up this last summer almost two months
with rheumatism. But I have been none the
less thankful, and I know you must want
to see us much so you would not send
such an invitation. I thought at first it
would be next to impossible for me to leave
home, as I have been in the habit of looking
after everything myself. I have ^{had} very trusty
help with me this summer, but he thought
he could not stay through the winter
and I thought I must stay at home

for I could not trust a new man on the place, as my farm for the last fifteen years has been run as a boarding place for horses thought much of by the owners, as you may think when I say there has been one boarding here since last April, freed from labour and ^{to be} made comfortable as possible as long as he lives. You know I was in younger days about one half horse, and the riding passion &c. But about the man. After talking with him awhile he concluded if I would let him go home and stay a month he would come back if I went to California. You will excuse me I know for leaving Maria to do the writing.

Doc. Bolton and Family of N. Port (formerly of Merrimac) are to start for California the fifth of Jan. they would like very much to have us go when they do. They sent to me to be sure and call on them and talk about it. Dr. Bolton's health is poor and he is

coming out to stay and try and lengthen out his days. They are to go I think on the Phillips Excursion. I think Maria has written for you to say when it will be most convenient for you to receive us, but I will say that if business or anything makes it inconvenient to receive us we will wait and come if we (my wife & self) can another year. Give my love to Amos if you have an opportunity and tell him I hope to see him soon even if we do not come out there. My best respects to your wife and I remain

Yours

Daniel O'Keefe

David G. Weed
Nov 29/67

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY ARE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes or delays, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison. For this, one half the regular rate is charged in addition. It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any UNREPEATED message, whether happening by negligence of its servants or otherwise, beyond the amount received for sending the same; nor for mistakes, or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any REPEATED message beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured, nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of its lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company, is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

Correctness in the transmission of message to any point on the lines of this Company can be INSURED by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and payment of premium thereon at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeated messages, viz: one per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1,000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance. No employee of the Company, is authorized to vary the foregoing.

No responsibility regarding messages attaches to this Company until the same are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting offices; and if a message is sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that purpose as the agent of the sender.

Messages will be delivered free within the established free delivery limits of the terminal office — For delivery at a greater distance, a special charge will be made to cover the cost of such delivery. The company will not be liable for damages in any case where the claim is not presented in writing, within sixty days after sending the message.

THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager.

NORVIN GREEN, President.

Receiver's No.	Time Filed.	Check.

Send the following message, subject to the above terms, which are hereby agreed to.

Dec 8th 1887

To Daniel G. Weed
Care Philip J. Neal
Merriman Mass.

arrange to come with
Doctor Bolton.

Shall write you tomorrow.
E. W. Morse

Telegram
to
S. O. Weed
Dec 8/67

Amesbury Mass Dec. 20th /87

E. W. Morse Esq.

Dear Ephraim,

I received your letter the 17th and Draft, for which, many thanks. Doc. Bolton will not wait to go on Philips excursion on the fifth, as I wrote you, but will go the 23rd. As he is not to return he found an Agent at N. Port who would sell him a ticket-out for less money than the P excursion. I went to see the Agent but did not like the route or stile, even if we could have got ready to go with him (Doc. B) which it was not possible for us to do. It takes longer for me to get things fixed so I can leave, than I expected

but I think I shall enjoy the trip much
more when I know my business is left
in good running order. No doubt we shall
get started some time in Jan. if not ~~the~~
as soon as the 5th. Perhaps it will be
better all round for us to come later.
As you wrote in Maria's letter we will
"get a good ready" and write so you
will know when to expect us. Phil
got a letter the 17th all right. As usual
he gets a little excited but not as much
as in his younger days. Phil and
myself are going to Boston in a few
days to make arrangements about
the trip. Phoomy's eyes are troubling
her somewhat. They ^{are} naturally weak
and she ^{has} taxed them lately a little
too much. With a day or two of rest
she thinks they will be all right-

Dec. 24

Went to Boston yesterday
and left our names with
the Phillips Co's Excursion
to start the seventeenth (17th)
of Jan. Will write just before
we start if I can get time, If
I do not, you may expect us
on that train, if nothing happens
to prevent. Could not get ready
to come the third, and perhaps
it will be as well for us
and very much better for you.

Yours in haste.

D. O. W.

Samuel C. Weed

Dec 20/87

Phoomy wishes your wife and
you to excuse her not writing
as her eyes are so bad. In fact
they do not look as if she belonged
to the W. T. U. She sends love
to both and will be glad to hear
again from you. I thank you for
the Golden Era, and I believe
it has come regularly from the first.
It has given me much pleasure
to read about the country where you
are, and know that you have
helped to make it what it is, and
have for your reward, Gold, and
that which outlasts riches, the respect
and good opinion of the world.

Yours in love D. C. Weed

Amesbury Jan. 27/68

Dear Ephraim

I did not know till prevented by sickness from coming to see you, how much I had become possessed with the feelings of boyhoods days, the days when you and I spent so many happy hours together the thoughts of which have for awhile been pushed aside by the struggle for a happiness expected, but which we do not seem to reach, surely not such as we then enjoyed. Taken down suddenly from my work in such a way as to leave me with nothing to do but think, and just ready for to visit you has set me thinking of the good old times. I remember when to make a good Bow of part of a Barrel hoop and an arrow of a piece of stungle was a great achievement I remember when

once you were staying with me I shot an arrow through a window breaking two lights, that being a great sorrowful achievement, and when as big boys we went to parties some funny times we sometimes had, one time perhaps you remember, a party at Pages S. H. when the lady who wore glasses slid from my knee to the floor she gave ^{me} a severe scolding you sitting near asked me "if it was not rather warm."

But all that is away back in the past and I must bring my thoughts to the present. I am very sorry ^{my} sickness has prevented us from visiting you very sorry on your account as I know by what you have done you must have wanted very much to have us with you. Philip is waiting, thinks I shall be so far recovered as to be able to start some time in Feb

but although my Physician says I
am gaining faster than usual in such cases,
I do not think it possible for me to get well
enough so soon for so long a journey. I have
tried to persuade Eliza and Maria to start
without us, but they still persist in
waiting. I think Maria has written you
about my sickness an attack of Paralysis
caused by a torpid liver and over work
thickening of the blood and exertion
causing the bursting of a little blood
vessel on the brain and I have to wait
Patiently till the clotted blood has
become absorbed before I can be
myself again. And here let me say
to you do not make the mistake I
have made and think that at the age of
sixty three you can do as much as at
forty three, There may have been some
excuse for my working hard but now

You say you are rich enough, there
 is no excuse for you, and I wish you
 would give up work and enjoy yourself
 in every way possible through the
 remainder of lifes journey which for
 you and I, can not at the longest, be
 very long. Perhaps as regards my health
 I might come to visit you this spring, the last
 of Feb. or first of Mar. but do not think
 I can arrange things so I can leave home,
 although it might do me a world of good
 could I lay aside all care for a while,
 And if that could be It may not be con-
 venient for you to receive us If we can
 not visit you, you and your wife must
 surely visit us and then we will try
 and make up for all disappointments
 I have heard you are coming on this next
 summer and if what you sent me is not
 used for the purpose intended will

return it to you with many many
thanks for your kind intentions

I have plenty of time on my hands
now to write and I can think of
enough I would like to write you
but it is somewhat tiresome for
me. My right hand is all right or
I should not write of course, but
my left hand is not strong enough
to even keep my paper in place
but is improving slowly I think
I better not ^{write} any more at present
Phomy is prevented from
writing she has so much to do
now but sends love to both.

write soon

Yours Truly

D. V. Weed

D. C. Weed

July 27/88

310742

Amesbury Feb 20 / 80

Dear Ephraim

I received your wife's letter the 18th, was ~~was~~ very glad to hear from you both, sorry to hear you have had a bad cold, and happy to learn of your recovery, Each one of us here have had the bad colds, excepting the two children and we feel thankful they escaped. I am improving in health every day and if nothing new happens to put me back, we shall try once more to start for the Pacific coast the 6th of March, Will send Telegram when we start. I am weak still from the attack but do most of my walking without a cane, my arm and hand, as usual in such cases, is a lagard in improvement, but by exercising a great deal of will power (which my wife has known

for a long time I ~~possess~~ I manage
to hold a pork firm enough to cut
my meat. Articles of larger size I
can handle much better. Last week
I rode to Merrimac, once and to
Amesbury Mills. My friends were
much surprised to meet me on the
Street so soon. I hope we shall have
good luck in reaching your shore.
Is Amos well? remember me to
him when you see him. Tell him
we had a visit from Hannah and
Joelitt a short time ago, they
are all well, his mother for a
woman of her age uncommon
smart. We were intending to
visit Edward before starting
but under the circumstances I
fear we shall not be able to do it.
We thought Edward would have called
on us, but he has not, was here about
Thanksgiving time to buy some
milk. Looks after his business but if he gets well whether nature or my prescription

don't go visiting much, He is a very
steady home body. We had a southerly
rain yesterday which makes it very icy
to day but very pleasant over head.
Phillip comes to see me often which helps
to pass the time, They were all well a day
or two ago, Ploomy thinks of going there to
day. She has been so much confined
since I have been sick, that I want her
to get out now as much as possible.
Yesterday Mrs. Morrill widow of the late
Hon. George Morrill at the Mills sent
her hired man with a fine white horse
for me to look after his feet, I told the
man he could do it just as well as I, but
he said Mrs. Morrill thought if I could
get out to the barn and see the horse
everything would come all right. I find
it don't make much difference whether
we know so very much if people only
get in the way of thinking it is so
I told him what to do for the horse and

works a cure I shall get the credit.
I did think to fill this page, but my
man is to drive me to the mills so I
will have to stop writing. It seems
odd enough to me, as I have been in the
habit of driving all sorts of horses, to
be obliged to have some one to drive
for me. Ploomy and the rest send
love to you and yours. write

Yours Truly
Daniel Weed

Daniel Weed
July 20/88

San. Francisco May 4 '88

Dear Cousin we landed here May 2 at 8 O'clock
All seasick but myself. Floomy & Maria were
very sick all the way, and so many days of sickness
without food has of course left them very weak.
For one who never liked on the water it was rather
strange I did not get sick. But when it was so
rough I had to hold by the rails to get around
I should have stayed outside to watch the Break-
ers had it not been so cold. I slept very well every
night and should have slept more but for think-
ing of Maria & Floomy suffering so much, it takes
somewhat from the pleasure of sight-seeing here, and
I shall ever regret we did not go back over
the route we came on, and see what it cost for
my fare to this place, go towards getting
Maria & Phillip here by rail. I do not
think the trip did me any harm, yet I did not
know how tired I was until settled in our

room here. But I am getting rested, and seeing a great deal of the City at the same time. It rained yesterday but Phil's Bro. said we had no time to loose so he transferred us from one car to another about the City for about three hours, to the museum and many other points of interest, the Mint, Market house &c. He says he is going to give us all the sight-seeing, our frail bodies will bear. We were fortunate enough to get a good nice room in five minutes after our arrival only three doors from Mr Neals. The Lady who let us the room was all alone in the house (an Eastern Lady, said she thought we were from the East, soon as she saw us) a new house which a friend of had got to leave and wanted her to occupy while she was absent. She is a very neat pleasant woman, and told us to make ourselves at home Mr James Neal & wife said they were very sorry they had no spare room, as Phil's friends were their friends, but they insist on having us with them most of the time. Tomorrow we are invited by Mr Neals daughter to spend the day with them about three miles in another part of the City. She reminds me of Maria's Alice. I thank you for what you did towards our visit to you, but I think perhaps in my state of health I ought ^{not} to have come, as of course it was not in my power to contribute so much to your enjoyment. I hope we shall see you at our home in the East before long. We must remember we are on the last ^{of a} ^{journey} ^{of} where when we arrive we can never purchase any return tickets. Therefore we had best enjoy all we can of life, and not waste our strength trying to gain what we can just as well do without. Leave to younger men the work of building up a City now you have started it for them, while it will be enough for you to look on and see it grow. Just now Phil has brought a letter from you with one from Flora. Thank you for sending it and for your letter to me. Leave work while you are well and not wait as I did and be obliged to do it from

sickness. I hope that will never be and that
you will never feel as I often feel now that
I am nothing but a wreck. Please give our love
to George and Miss Annida and tell George
that my boots and whiskers were ^{not} all there
was left of me as he said they would be.

Plsomy send love to you an Mrs. Morse
My love to both

Yours truly D O Weed

Daniel O. Weed
May 18/68

my influence helped to
send 100 acres - 100000
650 inches water
about 1/2 wherry 50 to 75000

D. O. Weed

June 10/88

Amesbury June 10 /88

Dear Cousin

I have had so much to look after since getting back home that letter writing has been out of the question. we had good luck all the way through from San Francisco. but the Excursion as far as that extended was a mean one. They took our money and left us to look out for ourselves. Nothing like Phillips Ex: From Chicago after leaving the Ex: we had nice accommodations and were looked after by Porters and Conductors all the way through although on a third class ticket. On arriving at Chicago we found Annette Gout and her Daughter waiting at the Depot for us. They took us

to their house and got us a nice supper good nice beef steak and other things
but were very much surprised when we to go with it you will come round.
told them as we had no stop over tickets And they did peer us till I told
we must leave at 10.50 that night, wanted them they meant to have us sick on
us to stop with them a long time and see their hands Mrs. Neal being in poor
the City. They have two sons and a health we objection very much to her
Daughter all well married. Phil's Bros doing so much for us, but she said
folks we found to be very nice people. We it made he feel better to see her company
took a room two doors from their house enjoy themselves She is a highly
intending to board. they let us stay there education lady writes a great deal
as they had no spare room, ^{but for Phil and Mine} but made for Magazines or Papers very witty
us take our meals at their house, and would and at times made us laugh
take no denials. We had not been ^{there} twenty till we were sore the next day. They have
minutes before they made us feel completely a fine looking son who boards at home
at home, and they gave all their time while and a married daughter living about
we stayed the ten days, to our enjoyment three miles from Mr. Neal's house
Mrs. Neal told the next morning The much like her parents, one to feel acquaint-
places he would take us to, and I said tea with as soon as introduced. and
I was afraid I should not be able to with all the good housekeeping qual-
stand quite as much, he says "I will it's of her mother as we found out-
feed you to that" with plenty of by the good dinners to which we

were invited to partake. Mr
Seal is not rich having been
burned out three times in fourteen
months by which he lost the first burn
eighty thousand and about seventy
five thousand the last, but there
is a big heart ^{left} inside of him which is
a rich thing for his family and friends
The day we started for home Mrs Seal
was not well as usual but she insisted
getting a woman to come to the house
to get us a good dinner and Mrs
Seal who makes some strong expressions
said he would sell his shirt off
his back before friends of his should
start on a journey of 3000 miles
without a good dinner with him at
his house. They were nice folks and
^{our visit there} it will be one of the pleasant memories
of our trip to California. I am doing
some work since I get home

Flora san Marcos folks yesterday
They were all well

enough to blister my hands which are
very tender have got well enough to harness and
drive my own and boarding horses. Am not
very strong yet, and get so tired sometimes
I am glad to lay down most any where
to rest. The man I left in charge kept the stock
in good order and seems to have wasted no feed
but the horses had used some of their extra vitality
on the stalls at my expense. One may have
good help, but the eye of the master is needed
to keep things straight. I suppose everything
is prosperous with you as I read in a
paper from your way that an institution
in San Diego receives a donation
from you of a quarter of a million of
dollars. Please say to Amos if you
happen to see him that we have
called on his folks and found

them all well, and his mother is please
with her new location. Edward is
having a pretty hard time with sickness
in his family, a little better he told me
but quite sick yet. I am sorry for
him for he makes long days and is working
very hard, Help in the house here is hard
to get at any price, and but for his Aunt
Maria I do not know what they would
have done. Our folks at home were
very glad to have us back again.
Everything in nature here has on its
lovely June dress and the Children
are gay and happy. I hope to hear that
you have got well of that dry cough I
did not like to hear you coughing
while I was out there. My wife sends
love to all. Please give my respects
to George and Miss Arilla and with
my best regards I remain
Yours truly D. C. Weed

Please direct to Merrimac,
P.O. Box 300

Amesbury Sep 21 / 88

Dear Cousin, To day finds me with a
lame back, my wife says I must do no work
as it is a stormy day, so I will write to
you. We have had a colol wet summer,
I did not get home in season to plant
corn, but lost nothing in that way as
those who planted corn have lost by the
early frost. I planted one acre of pota-
toes the 12th of june and shall get a
fine crop, very much above the yield of
those planted early. Phil helped me
get my hay; It was never got in better
order. I was well enough to run the
mower, and horse rake, layed and
mowed away every load but one,
and swung the old fashioned scythe
over about two acres, But trouble

with my liver keeps me from gaining as fast as I might - could I get that in good working order. But I live in hopes of overcoming the difficulty. Everything here in the grass line is green and growing, the trees have begun to show a few yellow leaves and ⁱⁿ about three weeks they will be clothed in all the glory and beauty of New England's autumnal scenery. To me the most beautiful season in the whole year. What are you doing now in the way of recreation? have you returned from camping at Sweet Water, and have you got well of that cough, hope to hear it is so and that you have added twenty five pounds of flesh to your weight.

The Horses are a little inclined to flesh up as they advance in years, but the Weeds grow poorer as they get older. Too much Weed blood

in your veins to carry much flesh I am thinking. Do you see Amos after and how is he getting on, give my love to him and did he get a letter from me since we got home. Yesterday we went down to Salisbury Beach to their big gathering, we had in our party Ploomy's Cousin Thomas Tuxbury and wife from N. Y. had a nice time meeting and greeting old friends and acquaintances. Saw Edwards Uncle Charles who works for him on the farm, he said in answer to my enquiry, that E was well and that his wife gained in health very slowly. Phil's folks are all well, my wife sends love. Write. Yours Truly D. C. Weed

Samuel J. Weed
Sept 21/48

Amesbury Nov 1 / 90

Dear Ephraim

I have been thinking I should find time to write you, a short letter at least, for a long time. But could not seem to find the time except of an evening after a hard days work, and that seemed to be the wrong time to set myself about it. From some cause I have had a very severe attack of Sciatica, I called it Rheumatism but the Doc. says they are not the same. For four days and nights I was in such pain I could get no sleep, the pain extending from my hip on the left side to the foot. So severe I told Plomey I did not care to live another four days like those. I am better but can use that leg but

a short time in walking as it is still
very sensitive. I told the Doctor
he must get me out of it as soon
as possible as I must be out to see
to my business. He said he would
give me some pills that would bring
me round but if I was in haste to
be moving he would have me paint
the muscles in three different places
on that leg with blister liniment
twice each day until blistered. I am
doing that, and improving slowly.

My wife says I must not write
much, but I think I will make
sure of one letter to my Cousin
while I am confined to the house.

We really expected to see you here
this last summer, were much disappointe
If we all live do not stay from us
another season. We have had another
wet summer no frosts as yet and the
fields look like the fields of June

"La Grippe," used us roughly last winter I had two attacks, the first coming before we had found out what it was, I kept about and made out to take care of my stock, eight horses three cows, and fourteen sheep. I grew so weak that when going to the loft to pitch hay for the stock I would have to lie on the hay awhile to recover from the exertion used in getting up the stairs. I did not know what was the matter, and told Bloomy I thought I might not see another spring. But I guess I'm a pretty tough weed, as the saying is, for I am here yet and hope I shall be as long I can be a help and comfort to others. Philip was very sick with the Grippe last winter, but has been pretty well this summer they are all well at this time. Edward is well and your

Little Grandchild is a very
 pretty promising little one
 Edward's wife is in very poor
 health, I fear she will never be
 much better. It makes it very
 hard for Edward having a sick
 wife as it takes him from his work
 a great deal, while worrying about
 her must take much of his
 energy. I am sorry for him he
 tries to make farming pay. It is
 not the best of business without the
 the drawbacks of Sickness. Staying
 in the house since the pain has
 subsided enough to allow of it.
 I think over our trip to the Pacific
 Coast and live it over again as I
 have many time before and remember
 It was Ephraim my cousin the playmate

5

of my youth, who gave me that pleasure so great. And I wish O. so often that I could have been well so I could have made it pleasanter for you. Phillis thinks he would like to live out there, but although some parts of the country are beautiful to travel over, I think I should not be willing to live away from the ever varying, beautiful scenery of New England. My wife says I am to stop writing so no more to day. Mr. D. Carpenters are at work putting new shingles on my house which has not been shingled since built thirty three years ago. Ten years ago I should have done the work but my wife says no more working on top of a house, That ends

it, I submit. When you come East you will hardly recognise Old Amesbury Mills. The Carriage business started in 1835 by J. R. Huntington on a small scale, has now become a very large industry and a great many acres are covered by the large manufactories. Almost every week a new stylish dwelling house is commenced and they are fast making the distance seem shorter from my place to the Mills. I suppose everything is steadily and surely moving on to a big thing in San Diego and it must be gratifying to you to know that you are among those who started and pushed the different enterprises till the place has become what it is. How is Amos; do you see him often; Give my love to him. Tell him we want to see him here with us. His Mother is

well Judith and Hannah also.

My Wife and Daughter send love to you and yours. Another little Granddaughter six months old, all smiles and dimples enlivens the household. Phoomys eyes trouble her a great deal, so much so, you must excuse her not writing. It is a lovely day to day the grass as bright and green as in spring time. I want to be walking about the farm looking after my business, but my (Gouty) legs (I will call it so) pains me so much I cannot when I walk I cannot endure it. But I am getting better, slowly. Now, as perhaps you have heard enough of my complaints I will close before my letter becomes too tedious to be read longer. Hope this will find you and yours well and happy.

Yours truly
D O Weed

D. C. Weed

Nov 1/90