

[Letter from Simeon Locke Doggett to his brother Samuel]

Aug 17th, 1849

A letter of Particulars

Dear Brother

Your father (favor) of the 10th, 22d, 23d was duly received on the 6th inst. It is a source of great pleasure to me betimes to enjoy such a feast of reason and flow of soul as are ever found in ~~these~~ your affectionate letters. -- But the "ambiguities," "enigmas", and "occults," which are often found in them, to say nothing else (which I might say) are apt to raise curiosity at least. As you view these to be characteristics of my last, if I should acknowledge a strong excuse by saying, -- I imitate those I love.

It is not necessary ~~that I~~ for me to mention the "occults" you discovered in my last, but I will refresh your memory by enumerating a few of those which I find in your letters. You ask who is Wheeler &c? I question who is the fair one of Carlina? What is your buisness? how profitable is it? how thrives it? have you ever yet said Gentlemen of the Jury? What do you mean by a "fellow professor", was he a schoolmaster, a lawyer, or a notary? When we might conclude what your avocation is, which at present is inconclusive.

What do you mean by "going to your rooms", and what do you there? When are you (not?) going to be married? Surely you seem like a brother who ~~that~~ has been, who is not, yet is, whom I knew, whom I know not.

This interest which I manafest here for the things ~~that~~ which concern your welfare, is the same as that which you exhibit for the family. The truth is, the home you write of is but an ideal one. It is strange that one, who has lived at home should so soon forget, and allow his imagination to lead him astray.

You saw not the perfections & capabilities when you were here, and had you since made correct deductions by exercising your past knowledge, you would have never expected them. -- Away with your Anasstasias, your Rybren [?] de Cruce, your Ever, your Tom Jones and Sophia &c. and all such vagaries as Cotgrave calls them. Let us remember the stern reality of this    ? , and consider things in there true light. Let your deduction in regard to that which is unknown, be drawn from that which is known; and your view of the future, be governed by Your knowledge of the past \* [footnote: You must pardon me for having written thus. "Ea non ut te in        evem, scripse.]

It has been inherent in the progeny of Adam, like him to seek after the knowledge of good and evil. For these reasons I have ever disliked to write the subject before us in detail. Were I to write according to your fancy, I would be governed by a false standard; and when I write as I should I will give you no great consolation.

Julia you know had neither great intellect, nor fortune to recommend her to those who admired these gifts, ergo you should not expect, that she could obtain a man as learned as yourself, or one as rich as you are learned. She depended for her success on her handsome exterior, her musical voice, pliant tongue, her industry economy, and virtue. (Gloria virtutem languam umbra sequitur:). (Nihil est virtute formosius.)

Mr. B. S. Wheeler is of Royalston Mass; his true name and nativity, no legislated name at all it is the name of his fathers.

The discrepantie you speak of are rectified thus -- Kelly, he lived some some yrs at Fitchburg, whence "of Fitchburg", 2ndly, M.I.D.'s and-  
 oded [?] letter was written sime time before and mine after the marrage,  
 writing in prospect, and I in retrospect. His height is about 6 ft. weight  
 150 lb, age, about 23 yrs, appearance, as I wrote you, express in your sen-  
 tentious criticism upon yourself; business, in copartnership with his father,  
 keepers of a large hotel at Janesville a village in Templeton Mass (we. [?] Co.)

What i said of the length of the courtship, and how the interpre-  
 tatio modicum perperam facta &c. if you wish enlarged upon, would require  
 me to say that, after their courship had progressed with considerable success,  
 it became necessary for him to return home and their address was continued  
 by letter, but Julia, thinking no good would come of that "indiscreetly, dis-  
 continued the corespondence and one of our people who went that way told  
 the suitor that, Pa had forbidden her ever writing him again. (false).  
 Thus the understanding of each others motives became wrong. But this passion  
 is as strong as hunger, which will break through stone walls, accordingly,  
 some 6 or more months after the suitor renewed the correspondence, with such  
 skill, address and affection, as to vanish all doubt.

After several months of this enterchange, they settled upon the former  
 conditions and were married at the time mentioned, making the courship  
 from the time of its commencement, to its consumation about 2 yrs.

On this account you may depend. Be not so "incorrigibly incredulous."  
 if you think I write coldly. I would assure you of the warmth of my feelings,  
 by referring you to my petition in her behalf, in my previous address to  
 you, which was written in all sincerity.

The next thing of which you require me to ease (i.e. to make uneasy)  
 your mind is Uncle Theo's visit -- It appears that Uncle Deane owed him  
 \$300.

Accordingly he left his residence at Ashby (where he has been as min-  
 ister about 2 yrs.) and making a visit (himself and wife) ist to Mendon  
 (where he appeared very good and plausable) and then continued on to Boston.  
 He demanded his money; but Mr Deane was not in condition to pay it. He  
 immediately attached his property, viz, his furniture and debts due him.  
 The proceeds of the furniture, and debts due him easily met the demand. One  
 of these debts was \$1200 against Pa. Theo says he will assume \$300 of  
 the Robbing Deacon Suit, and holds the rest \$900 with interest, payable  
 on demand.

Grandpa, who enjoys good health, thinks his end is approaching, and  
 desires Pa to take his (Grandpas) name off the N. George and Ch. Hastings  
 debts, as he cannot die in peace with his name attached thereto.

In his will he bestows, whatever the Mendon farm exceeds what has been  
 paid for it on Pa; the Raynham place on Aunt Prudence and the Taunton land  
 (worth now about \$1500) and the rest on Theo, Perez, and Abbey.

These are statements as I hear them, as i have <sup>never</sup> been to any of  
 the places in my life, except what you remember.

Among other items you enquire about, is your birth day, which was in  
 1824 Dec. 23. Ma was born in 1804 April. 2nd The papers which you send  
 I believe I mentioned particularly, all you have sent between April and

and July 1st. We have received since the Letter of July 2nd & the Picayune of the 20th ult. which had advertised the letter I wrote you on the 4th. These papers are always gladly received; for beside the reading afforded, each gives the joyous assurance, that, altho you had not written for 9 or 10 months, you were alive at that time.

I did not expect to write at this time, but I have been induced to, as you consider it my turn and as your suppositions "Found no end, in wondering mazes lost."

And if I should delay writing longer and then address you, perhaps my silence might influence you to write, whence we might both receive letters that would not correspond. By this arrangement, I ~~do not like the~~ hardly feel satisfied with the disposit which it makes of my last. The marriage account has been seized upon and mystefied & ramified, to no small detriment of the rest. It has to "Like Aarons serpent swallowed up the rest." These thoughts which have tarried in my mind and peopled its inner chambers have put me to some care to transfer them to paper. I had rather made my bricks without the straw; I.e. I had rather written without the subject herein expatiate upon.

For I have had to go contrary to all other cases, and write with all the "favor, fear, and affection" I could.

I would not mention here the subject of postage and indeed would fain be silent, but as you ask for any information, and as I have some suspicions of the postmaster's dereliction, I will state the appearance of your letter -- You have written on the letter, Paid; the postmaster has stamped it paid, but only 10 masked on it, and in the same, or more seemingly in another handwriting is written "Due" 10 cts." Now if the postmaster has been derelict in this case, you are able to determine. The Cholera rages around us. The desolated city of Sandusky, but  $\frac{1}{2}$  degree of latitude south of us, shows that issolation, and this latitude are no guarantees against cholera. There have been 20 cases of it in Boston in a week; several cases and one fatal at the falls (Woonsocket.) You will see by the papers that it is very bad in New York.

What have you suffered with the diarrhea is angu<sup>h</sup>sh to me. How could you bear the suffering you must have experienced. Are you now entirely recovered? I hope you will soon send the family this cheering news. It is my earnest wish that you write soon, and prove your affection by not forgetting. Do not labor under the impression that it needs a long time to make us relish your letters, they are always received with joy.  
see continuation below

With the desire for your prosperity and eternal happiness I remain  
as ever your Humble Brother S. L. Doggett.

For what avails valour or strength though matchless quell'd with pain  
Which all & see Milton BVI 446 to 464th line.

I can now say with its train of serious thoughts, that even years have past since I saw you last, and as I am told that even years may yet come before we will know ourselves as we once knew. How the mind has to

for employment in thinking of his subject, on the past and the future, having nothing present that it might dwell on; it cannot see the object of its affection, neither can it hear because of absence, memory tells me that once walked about these time-worne rooms, a being, whom I call my Brother. "How often" says this old looking glass "have I ~~give him rest~~ confined him", and these chairs given him rest, yet here are a clock and a stove that declare they know him not, and alas! The chimney where-by he once did sit, and burn the heavy backlog, is seen no ~~more~~ longer; that corner, which on a wintry day great cause for contention was, is not desired more; no use for chimneys now. These places so common to my view, are woven with scenes long past &c gone, and perhaps becoming dim by the flight of years. How often has he busied himself about these localities; in times now past whistled the various tune, made the "echoing horn" pour forth its pleasant sounds over the hills and dales, whilom would sing" and wake to ecstasy the living lyre", whilom would be as near as dear to me.

"Hard by yon wood now smiling 'as in scorn," &c  
we often have roved together, chased the wary hare; and by turns tried the sportsman's skill. At times would seem so happy; at times would seem so sad.

"Now drooping, woful, wan, like-one-forlorn,"  
seeing no cheering prospect to sooth the unquiet mind, I viewed as a book of life "blank leaves were these, on which no sentences of immortality was written, no ~~pictures~~ apples of gold in a picture of silver were painted.

But time past by --

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill  
"Along the heath, and near the fav'rite tree,  
"Another came; nor yet beside the Rill,  
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

The stern reality came upon my mind, -- my brother was gone to a distant land. The charge of years have come upon me since, yet I have never forgotten that parting, that last, longing lingering look"

And when time (God permitting) shall bring about a meeting --

And oh! Merciful Providence who shall live to see that happy time?  
who ere then shall be called upon to "Leave the warm precinct of the cheerful day."

Perhaps to die in a distant land; --

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies;  
"Some pious drops the closing eye require;"

then where is the dear parent to solace the dying one, and where the tears of brothers and sisters.

August 23<sup>rd</sup> It was my intention to have finished my letter on the day dated, but such things have happened, that I was constrained to leave whatever I intended to fill out this sheet with unwritten, and give place to that which has taken place. Did you think as I thought that I was above writing a preface of death? Thanks be to God, that it has terminated otherwise. How many dark forebodings, how many tears in secret, how many soul distressing thoughts have filled up these three days!

It now devolves on me to make a true statement of what has happened, which has occasioned the delay here mentioned, which prevented my sending this address at the previous date viz., the 17th

As I was engaged on the last reflection of this date, (the 17th) I was interrupted by the arrival of Isaac Wheeler (Cousin to Benjamin, to whom (J. Wh.) we consider ourselves under great obligations for the important services he has rendered, us, on occasions of moment,) direct from

Templeton with a letter, written by Benjamin, stating that Julia was very sick with the Dysintery and that the urgency of the case required the presence of her parents; lest she should die as it appeared evident without seeing them more! Mr. ~~W~~ Wheeler stated, that she suffered very much, when he left Jonesville, that her eyes has sunk back, that cramps had wracked her frame, that she picked the covering, she had become cold, and finally out of her senses, so that she continued a 1/4 of an hour almost without breath. On Saturday Pa rode thither, and we were left to live on uncertainty, until he should returned or write.

Meanwhile, was the general consternation mentioned in the family, and the Neighbors manifested more regard than was expected. J. Wheeler told us, before he returned to Wocester, (where he lives) that when Benjamin sat down to advise us of the state of things, that Julia was so crazy, she exclaimed "Oh you are agoing to kill me, you have brought me away from my home to kill me." On Monday Pa returned, confirming the previous accounts, and giving us the glad tidings, that she was more comfortable. He states that when he arrived, she did not greet him, but on the contrary pushed him away. -- It does appear from all accounts that Julia was very careless of herself about that time. -- Near the 10th of Aug. she found herself suffering under Diarrhea, but made no mention of it.

Friday (altho. having a cold on her then) she and some young ladies went into the Bathing establishment, she came out bechilled, and the same morning her diarrhea turned into the bloody flux, and the desperateness of the case became known. The Doctor (Jewett) gave her an emetic, which operated with violence for 2 or 3 hours, when she was exhausted, and now became deranged, with the prospect of recovering very doubtful. Being very cold, hot jugs of warter were applied, rubbing & hot droops which in the end induced a persperation. The only resort at this time was injection which no doubt ~~did/great~~ were of great importance, as an alteration took place. This Remedy was ordered to be continued and the diet limited only to rice warter. Saturday night she rested some, and on Sunday talked considerable with Pa, and seemed as though she would soon recover; On the Monday (20) Pa returned hither, having made arrangements for Molly to take the cars and go thither forthwith.

What began the disease we know not, we only know that food whether vegetable, tropical, or staple, was always at hand, but the only instance we learn off which must have been wrong, was that she ate lemon & orange skins more than was proper. What the sickness was appears to be uncertain; yet seems to be of a Diarrhetic, Dysenteric Choleractic nature.

In her talk to Pa she said that her life in templeton had been very happy, having been kindly treated by all, and surrounded ~~with~~ by everything comfortable. Had this sickness, she observed, taken place at home, she would have died for not at home could have been done, what has been done for her there. When told of your sickness and sufferings -- yes, said she, all of us when we get grown up are agoing to die this manner -- oh the sufferings of such a sickness! She read "The Advice to the young wife," which you sent her with gratification, and was pleased with the appropriateness. She did not look very bad except that "a green and yellow sickness sat cornered in her eyes."

Now to think when you suffered like this, we knew it not, and no

kind parent could come, and administer to your wants. You were surrounded by the unfeeling, whose attention was only obtained by money. The world is cruel; it knows not how to give to those who are fated to ~~fall~~ be at its mercy; it bestows but little sympathy, has no compassion, coming from the fountain of affection. To befriend the stranger, to protect the exile, to comfort the distressed and relieve the burdened, few samaritans are found.

Here is the priest, and there the levite, and the poor sufferer, who receives no kind regard from them, but the cold aspect of indifference and the contumely of the proud.

And should they help, as a recompense, no look of gratitude would suffice, they would strip him of his raiment and depart leaving him half dead.

Grieve then in secret; let you anguish be unknown, and go not for solace to those, who, at best, like the mirror, smile only when you smile and frown when you frown, giving no more than it receive.

Aug 26 '49

Dear Bro,

I embrace this opportunity to address you again. I would call your attention to a few things.

1stly. To the letter I indicted to you on the 17th Have you received it? If you have not you may be assured that I have written you one. 2dly. In the letter you will perceive I have dwelt in a measure on particulars; and if this has not been a particular peculiarity in some other, you will acknowledge it in this. You will observe by looking at it that I had got out of "Utica", but unluckily find myself pent up again at present. I hope that as you have got me to explain you will not treat me as the cranes did the geese, I have treated of a subject which tho' the rest of the family proposed to write about yet none ventured taking it upon myself to bell the cat. -- We received on the 24th inst a letter from Benjamin, stating that Julia tho at the time he wrote comfortably sick, was nevertheless convalescent; and mentioning the arrival of Molly. Mc Grady and Amarian Taft (those Jockeys) lodged there the night previous and state that she was recovering, tho' the sickness had terminated into the typhoid fever which is a symptomatic affection. I am engaged at this time in budding, I can get some 50 or 60 a day, have set about 200 we are doing our fall ploughing now, today, making stone wood of the spring pasture old berch, this venerable tree had died. Also of the large ash on the great lot hill, because it shaded the cornfield. What a knotty trunk! Saw it up sir, and the split it fine -- hard work this. This old "familiar tree" is connected with the memories of the past. In vain you might have sung "Oh woodman spare that tree, Touch not a single bough & see the words and sing it for me. Being constrained to conclude this appendage to Narcissa's letter, allow me to subscribe myself through having penned this quam celerrima [?]

Your Glum. Bro. SLD