

[Letter from Simeon Locke Doggett to his brother (in-law? Benjamin Wheeler)
Dec 13th 1849

Dear Brother

Your letter of the 2nd bearing the sad tidings of your mothers death, has been duly received & I write to send you my condolence for the great bereavement you are called upon to endure.

But human sympathy is of but little avail, when the source of grief affect so deeply the heart, when the sorrows which gather themselves together there are sorrows full of woe, that array themselves in strong array, binding him who consecrated grief, which hallowes the shrine of filial ~~Interested~~ love.

For her who gave existence, who watch with never tiring assiduity over the tender hours of infancy, who supplied with cheerfulness the many wants and wishes of childhood, who guided with prayers of hope and fear the forming years of youth, who looked with complacency on the substantial period of manhood, and who died with the cheering hope that she would again meet the object of her long affection in those realms of light where happiness forever dwells.

Human compassion ~~but/little~~ can but little console him who suffers sadness in his heart for one so dear as this, how thick and fast do memories come upon his mind of her who loved as others cannot love! how often has she assisted him in the little amusements of his childhood and the interest of his elder years. She sorrowed in his sickness, and joyed in his prosperity; offered up her fervent prayers to God, that he would watch over him, guard him, sanctify and make him holy, that only his infinite power and mercy could guide her son in the path of rectitude and holiness. She opened his tender mind to the glorious truth of immortality; to the knowledge of the infinite God, and the eternal mansions of happiness. And when the unhallowed influence of another or man's proudful nature nature, had tempted him astray, by her gentle persuasion, by her maternal love he returned to the soul from where he had wandered in an unguarded hour. The first great lessons of immortality the first lessons of repentance and prayer and the first desires for the glories above were implanted in his breast by the kind regard of a fond mother.

She who once was all this; who once walked about the familiar haunts of home relieving the inconvenience of restrictions by her cheerfulness; whose voice still seems to echo in the apartments of home, whose form still seems to walk with matronly dignity towards the village church alas! Oh! human frailties, sorrow and anguish of soul, she the fond, the loved the cherished mother, -- is dead, -- buried in the silent incommunicative grave! Tell me not of the patriot who weeps over the desolation of his country, tell me not of the praise and tears for the warrior's [?] brave, who nobly fell on the field of the slain, -- if you wish to speak of rending grief, speak of the agonizing tears shed by a dutiful son over the grave of an affectionate mother.

His is the bitter cup. He it is who tastes the very dreggs of human woe! sorrows are in his heart, dreariness compasses him about he walks in sadness where once he was happy, even the green spots on memories wastes have turned to the sear; he feels like one forsaken and alone. But O! man

of grief give not up to despair, though man can give thee no relief, yet you have God for your consolation -- tho' he casts you down with sorrows, that you may feel your dependence, yet put your trust in him and he will restore you to ever enduring bliss

With condolence for the demise of your affectionate mother &
Hopes for the happiness and the prosperity of all who are near and
Dear, to you, allow me to subscribe myself your affectionate &
Obedient Brother Simeon L. Doggett
Written to Mr. Benjamin Salisbury Wheeler

To the Warfield Schoolmaster Mendon Jan. 1850.

"Every virtue, every muse delighted range" This line is ungrammatical -- because all the virtues and muses are referred to seperately and individually. The verb must have the same construction as it has in the sentence,, -- Every one of the virtues and muses delighted ranges." Every man woman was numbered" This construction is supported by the following rule; The distributive pronouns each, every, either, agree with nouns pronouns and verbs of the singular number only 'vide Murray, ? Blair Harris, Johnson Priestly Beattie Sheridan Walker Cook & The subject may be farther confirmed by the following examples "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights" James 1.17 It is the original cause of every reproach and distress which has attended government" & Junius "To those that have lived long together, every-thing heard and everything seen, recalls some pleasure communicated &." Dr. Johnston. And also I find in Gibbon -- "Every passage, every spot has been surveyed &c"; And, also see Lord Brougham; Webster &c. A celebrated writer of Phonography writes thus, ")))'. N.'e) ~~~ '?)" Among the many examples in classic authors may be cited, -- from Cicero "Quod corque (?) obligit, id quisque tenet &c"; from Plautus "Nisi decimus quisque est qui"; also "αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ εἰς τὴν οὐρανὸν ἀναβήσκει" Homer Il. 7. 201 "πᾶς ἑαυτοῦ εὖρε ἢ ἰὼν" Xenoph. S. L. Doggett

Woman as she ought to be

That female who combines the acquirements of Miss Elizabeth *
*Of Burnhall Eng. 1776 Smith with the genius of Miss L. Davidson, who exhibits the affections of Lady Russel, the benevolence of Mrs Isabella Graham and the piety of Mrs. Judson; that female who concentrates, the virtues of these fair examples in her single character, would perhaps be a perfection too pure for earth and only fit for heaven. What admiration would such angelic nature elicit! An exalted man in public may be imersed in the commotions of government and may be borne away by the voice of fame, but in domestic life he is attracted only by the virtues which alone can adorn the female character. Tho' few females may hope to acquire the erudition of the first, yet it is the duty of all to make the attempt; and what they cannot resemble; but all can endeavor to imitate, that family love, and devotion in adversity which illustrated the happy commencement is tragical conclusion of Lady Russel's connubial life. Mark the happiness which entertained her home, originating from her virtues. In that age of depravity she was a model of female excellence, as her husband was of patriotic devotion. And when she appeared by her husband before that corrupted tribunal, which condemned him to execution, what must have been the emotions of the assembled audience

-- and if indescribable the sensations of the multitude, how speak of the pangs which entered the heart of the adorned wife!

Woman should have that perseverance and energy in the exigencies of life which were displayed by Mrs Graham. And resemble her, who having elevated her own family then sought the benefit of those creatures of poverty who surrounded her rising prosperity. View her as she accompanies her husband across the regardless ocean to the unknown wilds of America.

And when destiny bade him to Antigua, still she followed him to the land of his death.

In the distant isle in poverty and among strangers, even here observe her generosity, which like bread cast upon the waters did return to her in its apportioned time.

Shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland, with her babes around her, she prays to Him who preserved her in that trembling hour, even to Him "who maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves then are still. Oppressed by poverty, by her surmounting perseverance, she rises above the embarrassments of indigence and approves herself worthy the gratitude of both her pupils and their parents. After industry had elevated her above the reach of fortune, with alacrity she hied herself to homes of misery to lessen the sorrows of sinking hearts.

The Widow's Relief Society and the Orphan's Asylum in N. York attest to this day the blessings of her benevolent exertions. No words of adulation are required to enhance the glory of her character, nor glowing eulogy to bear her name down to posterity, nor marble nor storied urn to attract the generations of the future; -- her own works do praise her and widows & orphans do arise up and call her blessed.

Woman should be devoted to the service of Christianity, with the ardor which distinguished Mrs Judson. In observing her character we previously behold a beautiful, intellectual, volatile girl immersed in all the gaiety of fashion, and delighting in the fleeting joys of sublunary existence.

Afterward becoming interested in Bunyan's Narrative of Christian, she is aroused from her insensibility and resolves to detach herself from faithless gaieties, and devoted her energies to the advancement of religion. With willing heart, and hastening feet she hies herself to heathen lands. On Hindoostan's benighted shores behold her and her blessed husband after mastering the barbaric language of the country, endeavoring to overthrow the worship of Juggernaut that godless image to whom the surrounding thousands bend their idolatrous knees.

Amid the relentless Berbers, amid the crushing afflictions which environed her, the agonies of her tortured husband, and the woes of suffering humanity, mark the constancy, the assiduity, the devotedness with which she performed the arduous duties that devolved upon her in the days of her weakness. Overcome by the exertion which her predicament demanded in that strange land of strangers she died only as a christian dies. And he who had said: "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every nation," received his faithful & well-beloved into his glorious mansion of eternity.

The prominent inference to be drawn from the characters of these illustrious women is the preserving influence of religion. It vivifies the desponding, strengthens the weak encourages the timid, supports the afflicted as the histories of these females exemplify.

In Elizabeth Smith is found one who was indeed very learned but as humble as she was exalted. Her Philological knowlege, which often begets vainness, induced no vanity in her.

When depressed by embarrisments, her fortitude was the result of her religion. She had wealth with its attendant luxuries, friends and connection smiled upon her days of affluence, in Arcadian simplicity past the hours of her prosperity, admiring all that was good and virtuous -- she was admired by all who were virtuous and good.

But the vicissitudes of fortune did come, and the happy season of prosperity must yield to days of ~~adversity~~ penury. But like the rose whose beautiful color the fierce sun withers, and whose tender leaves the rude blast scatters in the dust, yet loses not its fragrance, nor its destiny; so this fair specimen of angelic perfection, though the ruthless blasts of poverty swept away all her riches, and withering consumption spared not her innocence, still the ~~sweet~~ fragrance of her name has descended to later periods, and her destiny is heavenly existence.

When indulgence essayed to crush her gentle spirit, not depressed by its restrictions, she tought the great lesson of resignation to her dear connections.

In Sligo's wretched camp, where neither bed, nor food was found, she discovered something for which to be grateful, even in that forlorn condition.

She demonstrated that learning & domestic duties are not incompatable, being as skilled in the kitchen as she was studious in the library. She loved to study & she loved to work. She was known to rake in the hayfields.

But death was envious of such precious life, and prepared to wither the beautiful flower in all its bloom, and died this accomplished lady, -- died as she had lived, -- lived well and died happy. So also perished the young, the gifted, the industrious Miss Davidson

Youth, beauty, learning, love, innocence, happiness, industry, ardent affections, sanguine hopes, were not able to bribe the King of Terrors. His ~~was~~ is an obdurate nature never warmed by pity, nor moved when youth & beauty plead.

It would seem that these two models of female imitation verified the assertion made by the profound Greek ("Ὁ ὁμοῖος θεὸς ἀποθνήσκει νέος") for God loved them both, and they were young. They were like tender plants designed for more congenial climes -- earth is too rough and inhospitable for such purity, and God in his wisdom transports his beloved to the perennial bloom and blissful regions of the skies.

"The good he takes too good on earth to stay,
"The bad he leaves too bad to take away."

Fair ~~creatures~~² 2belles of modern times, whose delight is in white hands and tapering fingers, slender wastes and little feet, rosy cheeks and placid brows; Whose employment is pianofortes, and latest tunes, costly dress and flippant fashions; ball-rooms and festives scenes, billet doux & idle gossips; whose ambition is to facinate conceited man, who is tempted to deride many of your arts, how do you contrast with these models of female perfection!

Remember the time will come when you will be staid matrons, and that

youth is the term of preparation. Remember the approaching period when children and domestic duties will demand your attention that your young days is the time for education. Remember adversity and change happen indiscriminately to all, that old age will come apace, whereby the rose will vanish from the cheek, the fair brow be furrowed with wrinkles, the harmonious voice will falter, and white hands, slender wastes, and little feet will be of no avail.

Your eyes which now sparkle with love, your bosoms which palpitate with youthful emotions, your minds which overflow with fancied happiness, your imaginations which revel through elysian fields of love and prospective bliss, will fail and leave but sadness behind.

Your captivating eyes will become dim, the palpitations of your bosoms will cease your heedless minds will be overwhelmed with cares and regrets, your imaginations of Elysum on Earth will vanish, and,

Like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind. Remember Tho you are now loved and honored, the objects of flattery, fascinated with voice of adulation, glorying in your attractions, elated with your accomplishments, delighted with the success of your charms, lost in reveries of delightful musing, in balmy sleep dreaming of doating lovers, fantastic and fastidious as the butterfly, like this foolish insect you will but sport your season, and be seen nomore! The days of sickness will come and supplant your pleasures with tortures, and these things which now are your delight will be no consolation then. ~~Æ~~Emaciated & depressed you will look back on the past, only to ~~feel~~ see the ~~bitterness~~ folly of vanity, and find the retrospect will only induced the pangs of remorse.

At last death, regardless death will come, and if you are unprepared he will appear in all his terrors lay his icy hand upon your ardent cheeks, stop the flutterings of your gentle hearts, and cease the breath that breath so sweet and pleasant now. Then will you be laid in the cold ground in the silent incommunicative grave, from whence in the conumations of all things you will awake in eternity before the throne of God!

S. L. D. Pensivius.

[Poor Mary Anne! But she may have agreed, after all. Hers was a stern nature. It was she, after all, who later in Iowa, having ordered photos of classical statues from the Louvre for the library or some ladies' genteel association, returned them in horror, saying, according to family legend, "Far be it for me to introduce the nude into Hudson County!" The suspicion cannot be avoided, however, that perhaps Simeon Locke protesteth too mightily. This peroration seemed endless in the typing, verbose and self-serving. Perhaps he wrote it for Julia's benefit -- one senses that he does not wholly approve of her. She should not have had that fit, should not have indulged in those orange and lemon rinds, perhaps even not have married into what appear to be slightly more affluent circumstances than Simeon Locke enjoyed. Certainly his is not a generous nature. Most of the mis spellings, by the way, seem to be the result of haste, but you can see that he had trouble with the IE rules. Sometimes he has supplied a missing word with a footnote and I have done him the service of inserting the word -- perhaps I shouldn't. But you, as editors of this wonderful document, can make the decision as to how to proceed. One remembers that much of this must have been transcribed by candle light. MK]