

4 July 1849

[Letter from Simeon Doggett to Samuel]

July 4th 1849

Dear Brother

I with pleasure acknowledge the reception of your letter and now tresspass on you time and attention with this ans.

Mother has also the one addressed to her. You observe that the time which has past away may produce forgettfulness and Coldness. But "when you will have received this letter, however breathing as I fain would have it, for you, the same love, despite all earthborn care and taints, still as enthusiastic and pure as when first born in my heart, you will perceive your imagination in either supposition has led you astray.

You write that "You was apprehensive &c, and that the Said Aristides" by your help "Cured of the Mexican Diarrhoea, that" the report was that you had died of the Cholera in N.O. &c, that And "as the Young Blackguard" aforesaid "had never written you &c."

Now the said Aristides wrote me shortly after thus "observing in a N.Y. paper transcribed from a Moble paper, the death of a Doggett by Cholera on 1 of the steamboats plying between N.O. & M. , I was apprehensive that Cousin Samuel had fallen &c. But since then, I have addressed letters to gentlemen in N.O & M. &c and had the Matter&c; so that all doubts now are dispelled as to its being him" He furthermore states that he staid with you a week some 8 or 9 mo. ago &c and that since then he had not heard from you & supposed you had gone to California; (he also would go if he could) &c. & It appears that you intended to go, but for your misfortune, Perhaps that it is well that it has happen so, and in regard to those that go I would observe, they are mostly persons in good Circumstances (for it requires considerable to pay the passage out for food shelter &c when there) who might be contented to remain at home, considering the uncertainty of these things, ~~It is a trade~~ and it will be said of more than one of them "dum majoribus divitus inhiabat, etiam minores perdidit."

Nothing new or strange here at present; among other things I mention the burning last march of Dudley's barn, 20 T. hay, 25 cattle, 2 horses, hays &c. no insurance; All believe it to have been set afire, & Dudley, through the agency of mesmerism has implicated Seth Devenport of having hired a Paddy to do the deed, which many believe. In reference to family affairs there is no meterial alteration as yet, except what age may have produced; but you will obsere that this would not prevent a change in the future sooner or later, -- for I might have written the 3d line above thus -- except what age has prepared for. --

The fact is, if I am able to tell the fact, now they say don't tell him the fact, but I promise to write the fact; no doubt you ask what is the fact? The fact is --

The dull monotony of this life admits of but little interesting; the days of toil are wearisome, & home has become homesick. Pa mind is desirous to have the feet carry it into other lands and scenes, desirous to test at once the assertion of Uripides in his Medea -- "Ανής ὄταν τοῖς οὐδοῦ ἀποῖται ζῆλον ἔξω παύων ἐπανάστασιν ἀσπης."

The 3 papers which you sent of the 12th, 13th &c of May arrived about the 23rd. I sent 2 papers dated the 26 which I suppose you have ~~have~~

From the above sources of information, and since, it is evident that N.O. has suffered very extensively, inundations and ~~plague~~ contagions. It is w melancholy to be in the secure distance and hear the report of war & outrage, of destructive elements and dreadful plagues with which the earth is filled

Then how sad, too inexpressive, how much more terrified must he be who stands unsafe "amidst the war of elements" and the woes of this earth.

Yet it is happy, a source of thankfulness to be in the secure distance and hear unhurt the report of war distress and famine with which this Opakue, Opakue with sins is filled. -- But strange incongruity! he who stands, stands unterrified amidst the raging elements and woes of earth. -- Death and Sin more hideous than ever Milton painted them with rule supreme, -- "while he think good easy, man full surely his greatness is aripeng. Tho he read or hear the voice of warning he thinks only of enlarging his barns, not heeding the content. But die he must; no certainty more certain than this.

The flower must surely wither, the foliage of the spring in Autumn's wind will emblem forth the fate of man. The "lofty oak that proudly nods aloft The sun's defiance and the flocks' defence; By the strong strokes of laboring kind subdued; \*Loud groans its last and rushing from its heights In Cambrous ruin thunders to the ground"

The beast of the field perish; the day comes to an end as "fades the Glimmering landscape on the sight" "So have I seen the jewell best enamelled will loose its beauty, And the great Globe itself shall dissolve" and leave no trace behind. So sad man these are his prophets. But surely the withered flower will again arise and put forth its beauty; the seered leaves that on the cold wind fly again "attest their joy", with motions fantastic on their lofty homes, and the "Soul of surrounding worlds" again rejoice in the east, and the day that has past by renew with the freshness of morning; and this mortality put on more than the beauty of the flower, the freshness of the morning, and the glory of the Sun, never ending ever beginning. So hppy man these are his prophets. -- Man lives regardless of death, the world to come, and the life that never ends; but at times the horrid truth comes with full impression on his mind. Ah! then he thinks it is a fearful thing to die "Tho' shamed life is hateful

To die and go we no not where Then happy is he who from this Argumentum

To lie in cold obstruction &c. ad hominem, can resort to devine revelation and fully convince his soul of these things, and say like the venerable T. Rock: -- "I see death written upon the Countenance of every living man. All the splendors of wealth, the innocence of youth, the tears of friends, & skill of physicians are not sufficient to bribe the monster. But life in Christ is invested with the sacred rights of immortality. It depends not upon the health of the body, or the will of the enimies. It vital source is the infinite Saviour, who has said 'because I love, ye shall live also' &c or by wasting time

Yours truly

S Locke Doggett