

Letter from Simeon Doggett to his brother Samuel]
 Raynham, Mass.
 March 29th, 1852

Dear Brother,

Having been urgently requested by my father, I write you the following letter.

My last letter to you closed with the solemn, sad intelligence of the demise of our grandfather, the rev. Simeon Doggett, of Raynham. He died at this his last residence, at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 o'clock of the night, following Friday the 19th inst; having attained to the age of 87 years and 14d.

He died in the full possession of his senses, with the bright, the glorious future before him, to cheer and support him, as he passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death. He had suffered for some time with shortness of breath, but on the monday the 11th, he became very sick, insomuch that he thought, and those of his family present thought, that he would die.

However, by some medical assistance, on tuesday following he had sofar recovered, that he could set to the table.

But such was the nature of his malady (dropsy ~~in the~~ about the heart, that after much distress and suffering, his life terminated, the friday night above mentioned.

His daughters, Abby and Prudence, and his son in law, William R. Deane, were with in his last hours, to attend to his wants, and to alleviate his distress, as much as possible. Though it was agony to their souls, to be seperated forever from their venerable old father on earth, yet was it a consolation to them also, to be present in that chamber of death, and behold the patience, the serenity, the equanimity, and the lovely countenance of their dying parent. For he died as he had lived -- lived a calm, a peaceful, holy life -- died a calm, a peaceful, holy death. Died only as a Christian can die -- with the glorious hope of immortality, the bright prospect of eternal happiness, and the ineffable joys of heaven, in, around, and before him, to cheer and bless his dying hour, to bless and enrapture him through all future time. In him was verified that saying; O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? He had fought the good fight, he had finished his course, and a glorious crown was ready for him in heaven. No doubt, bright angels hovered around, to solace and support him in the expiring moment, and to guide and accompany his freed spirit to the blissful mansion of the skies. Interesting and instructive he was in his life, but if possible, more so was he in his death, for he showed to his weeping children and his friends, the truth, the efficacy, the beatitude of the Christian Religion.

He has gone, and the chair in which he set will rest him no more; the table on which I write, he will use not again; the books around me, the furniture and the domestic utensils, alas! not again will he touch; and the places which have known him shall know him no more forever. -- Silent is the floor, that once echoed to his tread; cheerless, the fire once so bright in his presence; doleful the sound of the clock that talked with him of time, and tearful the eyes, that gazed upon his serene and beneficent countenance. Sad the hearts of those that loved him, the guide, the guardian of their young days, the pleasure and delight of their reape years. They weep as though their hearts would break with grief, and as though they would sink beneath the ~~the~~ weight of their bereavement. But may the mourners seek consolation and strength from the same source, that consoled

and supported the venerated dead. -- The beloved dead -- The clods of the valley now rest upon him; and the green grass shall grow over his grave, watered and fertilized with the tears of affectionate children; the willow and the evergreen shall spread their branches over his narrow bed, and sanctify the spot where he lays -- Bright flowers will also grow there, to emblem forth, how fresh and glorious in the eternal skies, must be his immortal spirit; and children's children will seek out his grave to take one fond one lingering look to shed a tear to his memory, and to catch inspiration from the sacred spot.

He directed that his affairs should be continued in the same quiet orderly course, as he had left them, until the death of his wife; that nothing different should be done to disturb the regular and peaceful tenor of the ways he pursued, until the silent tomb enclosed the last remains of himself, and the partner of his joys and cares. I was present, when his Will was read. He has bequeathed to Perez, Theo, and Abby the Tanton Land in equal shares. To Aunt Prudence he has left this place in Raynham. To our father the Mendon Farm. His books he has distributed among his children. His will is to take effect after the death of his wife, our grandmother -- He has appointed W.R. Deane to be his executor. All concern'd were present at the reading, and each one showed a specimen of his character. Of course, Theo, as the son, was hot, would not fail to strike; of course, he said to himself; "long looked for comes at last." This was the place, and the time had arrived, and all were present.

Theo heard the will read with considerable satisfaction. And having heard it, looked at father with no unmistakable look.

He shall not hesitate to commence speaking of the note he held against father, and his determination now that Grandfather was dead, to get its value.

But my father most especially wishes me to mention to you, that Theo at last said before the company, that he would take 50 per ct. for his note, that is, he said, he would give it up to father, for \$500.00. But I must here close this letter, in which, I speak of one dead who has gone to glory, and some living who are going to where?

But my dear brother, we will still love one another.

Yours in haste, Simeon L. Doggett.

To Samuel W. Doggett. California.