

9 January 1851

[Letter from Simeon Locke Doggett to his brother Samuel]
Jan. 9. 1851

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Dear Brother.

Your letter dated the 30th Oct. I recieved on the last day of the last year. By it I learn that my letter of the 20th of August 1850 has not reached you. According to your instructions I directed it thus; S. W. Doggett Esquire San francisco Calafornia. to the care of Philip P Horn. Capt. J. W. Grunnell's box. It may be observed that I received your last 60 days after date, but from Aug. 20th to Oct. 30th is 70 days, hence it is ~~un~~extremely uncertain wheather you will ever obtain the letter in question. Whence it may be of some importance for me to recollect some items therein mentioned, lest ~~by~~ by mischance you never may never know the same. By that letter I acknowledged the reception of your letter dated the 24th of June 1850 San Fran. Cal. previous to that had been received 4 letters one when departing from N.O.; one ~~at~~ from Panama; one from Acapulco; one from Sanfran. Also the Panama Echo, and the Alta Calafornia. Moreover I recieved a letter from you dated May 15th '50 N.O. announcing your departure from the Crescent City. After some observations and conjectures, fears and prayers relative to you gold-hunting expedition, and some reflections on your love of variety That letter announced that our Sister Julia gave birth on the 6th of Aug. last to a little boy. (I salute you for the ~~pp~~ute progeny, Uncle Sam!) They have named the little pilgrim in this world of storm and wrecks "Samuel Benjamin Wheeler."

The disposition of the family is somewhat different now to what it was when I last wrote. Julia and her husband are engaged in farming in the town of Northumberland Saratoga Co. N.Y. Malvina lives in Holliston employed as a tailoress. Melancthon and the rest of the children stay at home. Alfred goes to school.

By inspecting the following table you will learn the

Date	Name	Age	Height	Weight	business	residence
1851, Jan 1	Samuel	26 yr & mo. 9d.	6?	160 lbs?	Mining?	Calafornia
" "	Julia	23.11.19.	5ft.5 in	130lbs?	farming	Northumber N.Y.
" "	Simeon	21.5.3	5'10½	140	farming	Mendon
" "	Malvina	19.8.20	5.4	105	tailoring	Holliston
" "	Melancthon	17.4.4.	5.5.	125	Learning	Mendon
" "	Narcissa	14.9.4.	5.2	100	Bruding &c	Mendon
" "	Alfred	11.10.3	4 7½	66	Learning	"
" "	Gertrude	9.7.12	4.6.	62	"	"
" "	Laurance	5.8.2	3.8	45	Playing	"
		150.1.6	46ft.0	943 lb		

If you should ever write Julia, it is necessary for you to superscribed it thus. Mrs Julia H. Wheeler. Schuylersville N.Y. If to Malvina it is best to direct to Mendon.

So like winter is everything that I have little to communicate. Politics are both North and south are in a very agitated state. The fugitive Slave law has created a great clamor at the Northern states. And in consequence of the evasion and obsticles that the execution of the law meets with, the South are very much enraged. South Carolina has passed some serious resolutions and the legislature of that state almost got a vote to withdraw her members of Congress, and did get a majority to appoint members for a southern Congress to be held at Mongamery Alabama, at her ipsa dixit in about a year. Her new Governor John H. Means is very raging in his messages; "To the Union with tyrants and plunderers we owe no allegiance: for it we have no love, under it we will not

live &c." He raves like some of our Northern fanatics. The whole tone of the address is highly political; he says; "I owe no allegiance to any power upon earth, except that which I owe through South Carolina -- When she speaks, her voice must be obeyed. All that I have and all that I am I here devote to her service. And if for feeling, a deep indignation at her wrongs and a burning desire to redress them, I am to be branded by the minions of power as a traitor then be it so; I desire no more brilliant fame while living; no more glorious epitaph when dead. &c." The majority of the present congress seem inclined to harmony and business. The sub-treasury I think will not be molested. It is the fixed fait accompli, and has taken such deep root that the palice of party will not be able to shake it. The principles of which the tariff of 1846 was established, are as firmly embedded as the basis of mountain on which you stand. -- hence a protective tariff is impossible. But there there is considerable opposition to the ad valorem system, and I think it will be abandoned by the present congress. Postage will be materially reduced to 3 or 5 ¢ per oz throughout our whole country. It is unreasonable to charge so much for letters from the Pacific; -- for instance ~~what~~ the postage on your 5 letters ~~from~~ since you left N.O. was \$2.00, whereas 25 ¢ would have been suf. There is a strange inconsistency in our office holders, -- they are very desirous to have the post office department support itself, but a the same time the other departments can plunder the treasury.

I suppose you know J. W. Webster was hung last Aug. and that he had previously confessed the murder. -- Jenny Lind the Swedish Nightingale has met with wonderful applause in all our Atlantic cities. Tickets for admission are struck off at auction, and the ticket for the best seat sold for \$650.00 in in Boston, \$750.00 in Providence, and near $\frac{1}{2}$ as much in some other cities average \$5.00. Some concerts bring her and Barnum from \$20000,00 to \$300000. a night. I am inclined to think that she picks up gold faster than any one can even in California. Barnum is the man who has humbugged the people so many times. first he carried around old Joice Heath 150 yrs. old, as King Georges nurse then Tom. Thumb, next a woolly horse, a mermaid, a 5 legged calf, and now an angel's voice, -- for all who have heard, do declare Mdile Lind to be a perfect songstress. But enough of this.

I return to your letter. A letter from you always creates great sensation in the family because you suffer so long an interval to intervene that it is Uncertain wheather you are living or dead? I am grateful to you for the letter. (Grata mihi tua epistola fuit.) for it assures me that tho' among the least yet I am remembered by my Absent Brother. By your information I obtain a clearer idea of the situation of things in California -- yet the immense quantity of gold shipped from San Fran seems to argue differently. The Cholera has raged dreadfully at Sacramento. Do you remember Saddler? He died lately of cholera in Cal. He had previously written ~~W/X~~ that he was worth \$15000,00, yet not a cent of it has reached his home.

Ma is very glad to know that you are yet alive and enjoy good health. She had written part of the lost letter. Pa would write, but he has not courage, lest (being un homme sans argent et sans amis) he should weary you with importunity.

I have not heard from Julia lately, but I have no doubt in regard to her, for if she were sad or sick she would write. The last year has been rather unfavorable, -- corn crop middling, -- potatoe, spring grain and apple crop almost a complete failure! I have never seen any of

the Dust. If it is no curiosity in your region, I assure you it would, were it here be not only a curiosity but something else.

I hope you Will write immediately, for suspense is an evil next to despair. Remember, even if you should be prompt, yet I could not get an answer until 4 mo hence. Therefore it becomes an imperative duty, and tho' you were bathing your hands in gold, yet you should leave the pickaxe and cradle, and taking the fluent pen -- write. Is not love stronger than gold? And what are heaps of the latter without the sweet influence of the former? The family weary of waiting to hear from you. Ere the arrival of your last letter was a dreary pause, and anxious hearts were thinking of one who was in a distant land, in an ill favoured clime, and among a savage band; -- none pitiful and kind; But rage instead, and never but in self found, rapt, absorbed, confined. Through wastes and Sands and jungle thick, they thought him on his way; or beneath a torrid sun he lay, or toiled. Or they thought him at times within a savage den, or sometimes in the glonely shade, or struggling o'er some treacherous fen, or hastening across a sunny glade, or stopping suddenly to mumur Home! Sweet Home! How sad so far to roam, from Father Mother, sister, brother, from hearts he loves, of joy bereft, with clouds above and to danger left, But hope then came, and oh he thought of a happier time! when on his native shore, and in his natal clime, he would come to port no more. And joy, and love, and tenderness together mingled -- and happiness and Sympathy then enkindled. Oh come delightful time, welcome happy hour.

Ye minutes fly, ye hours hasten, and ye days be as the fleeting clouds. Sweet Day of meeting, love and rest! He longs for thee, and lives for thee, for thee he prays. Be kind to him ye winds, -- fan him with gentle breezes, bear away from him deseases, and soothe him with eolian sounds.

And thou auriferous land, be thou partial to him and give him wealth, to him give health. For it was thou, who didst tempt him to leave home, and love, joy and fame, peace and rest. For thee, to come to thee, He left the hearts that loved him true, He crossed the tedious ocean wave To roam in clime unkind and new^l.

And Oh red man of the woods, be mild to him, -- send not the ruthless lead, nor hurl the savage tomahawk at his dear forehead; for in him is a loving heart and a generous soul. God in heaven! who desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should live, be thou his shield and buckler, be thou his preservation and support. Thou canst govern the elements so they shall not hurt him, and morn disease, and wickedness, Into thy hands and into thine alone I commend his safety.

But time is short, and soon transient things will be no more. Soon the shadow will be displaced by the substance. Hence there are other things to be cared for, and other deeds to be done.

It is wise then to be prepared and be complete for the coming time, lest by any means, evil will be the result. If this life is a life of toil, if it is one of vanity as of vexation, if nothing is met but disappointment, nothing engages the mind but care, nothing enters the

the soul but sin, if the body, with its transient pleasures, suffers continual pain, if the eyes become weary of seeing, the ears of hearing, the lips of speaking, the hands of getting gold, if friends prove but enemies, wish got, but curses, if even love turn into hate, and if what things soever that are thought of, done, found, known, seen, felt, tasted, examined, mentioned, enjoyed, loved, and honored upon earth, if all thing but evil continually; then there must be, in another world, and in another sphere, in a more genial clime, in a more delightful scenery, in a more perpetual season of roses and beauties, in a more lasting existence, in a more abundant possession unlimited, undiminishable, indistructable, in a more blissful state exquisit and exstatic, a place for the human soul. Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Where no more pestilence, and earthquakes, euroclydons and desolations are known. But where all is bliss and peacefulness. "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" What then should prevent or induce any man to disregard, or reject the glorious eternal mansion in the sky; Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? No indeed, For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to sepearate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord! Then may we remember the main object of this life, that which will be for the benefit of both soul and body, both in this world and the world to come.

Remember that this fleeting life,
 Tho' filled with care and toil,
 Tho filled with trouble and with strife,
 Leads up to heavenly soil.
 Then may we strive to win the prize
 To seek that blissful rest
 Where with the lamb above the skies
 All are forever blest.

Yours Truly, S. L. Doggett

No. B. I have almost forgot to tell you that the family enjoy good health, because it seems to me that man seldom appreciates things he posseses until of them he is deprived. We have almost got up the wood for the year. Still keep Jack, minds [?] and old whitehead. The weather is generally very cold -- snow deep ~~seen~~ prospect dreary, no bird, nor flower, nor ought else kind and friendly cheers my lonely heart but your own sweet letter. Dear Brother I am sad and a tear struggles in my eye I have at times thought felt like the artist of Leyden, Jacques Van Zwonenburg. Like him have never found any one that was truly a friend, I have never tried to gain a thing desired long & earnestly, but what disappointment came, the flower I cherished withered; the scene that gladdened my heart vanished away; the rivulet that lulled me into pleasant slumber was dried up when I awoke; the gentle breeze that fanned me lasted but a moment. And when my soul was smitten with grief, and my eyes were hidden by my hands, no little bird came to sing to me; no kindred spirit came to whisper happiness and love. And when sleep closes my eyelids oft times I dream of higher themes and nobler deeds, but awake to find myself trammeled by more than one stern fetter; and my wild thoughts chastened by refecting on Homer the beggar, Tasso the madman, Ovid the exile and renowned men who have lived and died in misery.