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Letter to Rachel Denison

Philander Chase

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My dear Sister Rachel; 4th of July 1801.
K. Ch. 010704

I am exceedingly sorry that you did not write to me by Mrs Brick. You certainly had as much time as our dear Father, and you know you can write five times as fast as he. — Besides it seems I must never cease complaining of you; for you did not so much as tell us from that day to this whether you got your neck broken or not in going home ~~from~~. I believe if I were asked five, I was five hundred times whether I had heard of your safe arrival at home. Besides my own individual anxiety I felt an additional shame in thinking other people must know, by this mean, how little I was regarded, how little my tenderest feelings were attended to, by my best friends and nearest relations. —

However, with a true Roman spirit, I forgive all when you signify your desire it by writing over so short a scroll to your loving Brother, Philander Chase —

I mean, if possible to procure for you one of the prettiest, most pleasing poems I ever read

The title is "The Farmer's Boy" Not even Gold-Smith's golden scraps are above it. In the character of Giles you'll readily see what I used to be, with only a little change of customs and country. But my remarks will only excite needly curiosity if I don't obtain it, and if I do you can read and discern for your self.

My poor wife has been exceedingly low in health and in spirits - And I deem it, by God especial mercy that she is now recovering. Dear innocent woman! I really think her as ~~incompetent~~ ^{indef} as a person as walks on the earth. As to great talents they are but of little consequence in the scale, since she improves what she has to the best advantage and since every so many and brilliant ones if turned to improper and bad purposes will avail so little in the Kingdom of God. She speaks of it

as one of the most signal blessings of her life that she has been permitted to see you Bro. D. & Oliver and her beloved son last winter. And ardently I long with me that the time may come when some of the rest of our dear relatives ~~here~~ may come and spend some weeks with us -

As for us, the disappointments incident to this state of trial, the sicknesses, long and expensive which have happened to us &c seem to render it impossible that ever I or my wife will be able to get to Cornith again! in a wordly sense, melancholy is the truth! But it may turn out for the best in the end. God's will be done - Philander is very well and growing in mind and stature. The youngest (whom we shall call Edwin Dudley) is one of the handsomest children I ever saw. May God keep all who are right in the good old path - and bring those who are in error speedily into them. P. C. Your affectionate Brother
Michael Chepely

LAURA Smith Collection

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College
Library

1801

My Rachel Chase

Cornish

By Mr

By Mr