

Kenyon College

Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange

Philander Chase Letters

Archives

7-13-1813

Letter to Intrepid Morse

George Chase

Follow this and additional works at: https://digital.kenyon.edu/chase_letters

Recommended Citation

Chase, George, "Letter to Intrepid Morse" (1813). *Philander Chase Letters*. 47.
https://digital.kenyon.edu/chase_letters/47

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in Philander Chase Letters by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

Heartford July 13 - 1813. Blank paper? - not a bit.

K. Ch. 130713

My Dear Cor. -

I hope you will excuse the warmth which I expressed in my letter to you - complaining of your parsimony in Epistolary Correspondence.

For a few days after, I received your two long & loving letters, and am convinced, that my suspicions were unfounded, & that you are the same kind friend as ever.

The first was pleasing - yet melanchole. That you should endure so much cold, fatigue & distress, rendered me unhappy for your sake. Yet Cor, I am glad so much Pleasure was mingled with your Pain. - I wish you had described yourself as sitting down, on some cragg of the Green Mountains, to view the extended prospect, the airy cliff, or "hear the headlong torrent rave." These I know you must have seen, and nothing could have given me more pleasure, than to know what were your feelings on thus contemplating nature in her wildest form. - The second I must say, was not so agreeable. - You say you are going farther South. Now, Cousin, reflect on the course you are about to pursue. - You are unacquainted with the habits of the Southern People. - Father has had more opportunities than either of us to observe their character. He says their wickedness & Impiety increase in a ten-fold proportion, as you go farther South. - And now in the time of so great trouble & misfortunes that surround us on every side, it will be almost impossible to obtain a livelihood. Remain if practicable in the place where you now are. Father said he was both gratified & astonished to hear, you was so well situated at Ballston: but, remember, if you remove to the Southward it is ten to one you will be so fortunate. This, my dear Cor, is the advice of a friend. - pardon me if I am rather too presumptuous & let good intentions excuse the fault. One thing I intreat you; - if you are fixed on "wandering" - write me often, & from every town of note; - that I may sympathize with you in your adversity & rejoice with you in your prosperity. -

In the first letter, you was so good as to send me a model of an Aeolian Harp. I have since been presented with one, by Miss Imbery whom you have seen. - At first it would make but an indifferent sound. Till I recel Mr Jones on the Aeolian harp & found that the cords must be all strung upon an unison. - It now sings
~~and enjoy, that leave no sting behind.~~

secretly, & from the recommendation of a friend, has become a source of great delight. - You will doubtless remember how much pleasure we used to enjoy when serenading the butcherful or butchering ladies of C. There are a number of young gentlemen in town who serenade in like manner, the young ladies at Mrs Royces boarding school opposite to our house. And frequently they awake me with the sound of their violin & hautboy. The first time that I heard them was at midnight when the moon shone fair & the music seemed celestial. -

I am now reading Jones's Memoirs, Shenstone & Gays Poems. - My library has increased considerably. Pope, Thompsons, & Collins Poems & Walter Scott's Rokeby have been lately added. - Our house is seated in a romantic spot at the north end of the town. You have probably observed how Hartford is situated - the prospect shut in on every side by distant mountains. - From the window where I now sit I can see the stream of Connecticut & the white-arched bridge over it. I am not very good at description - If I was I should tell you of the clump of trees that fling their shadows on its bosom, of green meads, & distant village spires. But leaving that to some sighing, love-sick poet hereafter, - all I want to say is comprised in this, -

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads,
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit & flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; & sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird; & this fair moon,

And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train;
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glistening starlight, without this is sweet. [Milton]

Miss Mary Lloyd the lass you gallanted from Cheshire to Hartford dwells now in our house. She is I believe a virtuous girl - and such an one I esteem. There is something so agreeable in the company of a young & blooming maid, whom you know to be chaste, that cannot be expressed. But however, fascinating lively & beautiful that girl may be, whom you know not to be pure, her sight is odious. "Familiarity" (say Father in one of his Sermons) "breeds contempt." But Cor. enough of females - gracious knows, I am talking to an old bachelor (i.e. that is to be.)

My time passes agreeably divided between my books & the work necessary for the family. I seldom go out - except now and then on a trip to Mrs Royces across the roak. - Sickness seems to be an inmate in our family for most of the time. Father has been dangerously ill & has but just recovered.

Grandma is now confined, but hope she will soon recover. - though not dangerously taken, as been quite indisposed. - My dear Mother through all this, still retains her health, & looks better than ever I saw her before. Added to this we have a great deal of company which employs a good part of my time. Now & then I steal a moment to devote to friendship & to you. -

A short time since, I went on an excursion to Cheshire with Miss Ives and my aunt. Miss Ives had been for some time since at our house & I was dispatched to carry her home. It is really astonishing how the Academy is falling away, but 34 scholars left! - Last year, you know, we had 58. The place is too ~~dim~~ - ~~etc.~~! - Linus has given up all ideas of entering into the ministry on account of ill health, & was about leaving the academy when I was there. Poor fellow he looks sick "nigh unto death." Orton, (I believe I have mentioned this in a former letter.) has entered as a Surgeon into the U.S. Army. - And from what I can learn Uncle Jed has also. - I attended Church & what do you think I saw? - Over in the pew & 4 usleep! - A stout gait was one & snored so loud as to be heard half way over their monstrous Church. - It appears, that inattention to Religion is increasing in every part of the country. Oh how shall we preserve ourselves from the temptations, the snares that are laid for our souls, but by exhorting one another to his godliness & by constant prayer. - One I was fallen, oh how low.

Just on the brink of endless woe, - But praised be God though my mind was corrupted I was preserved from any sinful action. Passion for a moment shook the reins, till Reason again resumed commands. - After Church I took a solitary walk, passing my cigar through Hull-glen - visited the spot where we bathe ourselves beneath no artificial pail. Thought of you - with a sort of pleasing melancholy: Philander told me considerable news concerning Cheshire, which I dare not trust on paper. You may rely on this, the College never will be there. They have an enlisting officer & 600 soldiers there strolling about town, getting drunk &c - and (mind this) are admitted in to the best of company. To what a height politics will carry people! Consider, I have seen so much of that levelling kind of business I am fairly sick of it. To take scoundrels & scoundrels into my bosom merely for the sake of party is what I never shall submit to. - Sonnet to Miss H. - with "H. H. Whites Remains."

Ingenial youth when soft affections play,
Security holds her universal sway,
When Love & Health in mingled blous vie
Flush the warm cheek & brighten in the eye
Oh let Religions counsel peace impart
& stamp her lasting precepts on your heart

While others quaff the sweets from Pleasures bowl,
Whose taste though mild, is poison to the soul;
While Expectation gilds each fairy scene
& throws out long life & days serene;
While others will, in false & fatal joy,
Their wild affections & their lives employ;
May you, dear Maid possess a cultivated mind
& those delights enjoy, that leave no sting behind.

May you would possess
that piece of your
admiredly
Geo. Chase.

17

Mr Intrepid Morse

Ballston

New-York.

RD.
#1
1830

My

Laura Smith Collection

Kenyon
College
Library