

3-8-1807

## Letter to Dudley Chase

Philander Chase

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My dear Brother;

K. Ch. 910308

I wrote you a long letter some little time since; but so many things have occurred that I can not refrain from writing you another. Though it may tread close upon its precursor.

While I was in your good company at The North, I frequently mentioned the name of Andrew Burk Esq. the Gentleman with whom I boarded when in this City. And since our arrival this winter you have understood by our letters that the same person's house was that in which we met the kindest reception, and with whom we fixed our lodgings till we should go to keeping house. We had every reason to increase our love and esteem for this good Gentleman and his Lady Mrs Burk. They were kind to us - they befriended us in every respect - and they stood high very high in the esteem of all who knew them - and that was the whole City. They had two Daughters, the elder about 4 years & the younger born & baptized by myself when in the family last winter. On the 4<sup>th</sup> of this present month we all rose in good health and remarkably cheerful, breakfasted together and went to our several employments. About 10 in the same morning the infant (which was the loveliest babe I ever saw) was taken ill with Convulsions. The Father was sent for from the Counting house and two Physicians were immediately called in. No relaxations of the Spasms could be obtained - but the Fits grew evidently more and more violent. The Parents were in great distress as we all were at the agony which the dear Lamb endured. About 6 (all methods, all possible means having been fruitlessly tried) hope the fond comforter of a parent's bosom began to retire and give way to despair of the Child's recovery. The Father, who had set his heart on the baby, on seeing this irrecoverable condition, let loose the flood-gates of grief and despair which so overwhelmed the powers of Reason that his voice could no longer be



be heard. Forgetting in the agony of Grief his tender wife  
and remaining Child - forgetting his aged Father and Bro-  
ther who were wholly dependent on him - for on their only  
earthly staff - forgetting the displeasure of his Heaven-  
ly Parent - He rose hastily from his seat - ran into  
the other room and drank the last drop of a Bottle  
containing Laudanum enough to kill 20 men!  
Then a scene ensued which no words can describe -  
within 15 minutes he was speechless - and a little  
more than an hour he was a Corpse!!  
O the horror - the uproar! The screaming of his  
little Daughter and Brother; the frantic grief  
of his feeble Father and the shrieks of his wife  
flying from her dying Infant to her <sup>murder</sup> <sup>death-like</sup>  
husband mingled with his deep and <sup>dying</sup> groans -  
!!! My Brother! I am too much to han-  
dle up your feelings even with mention, a faint  
mention of this dreadful scene. The Child follow-  
ed her Father into the eternal world in about 2  
hours - and the next day they were buried  
in one Grave!

The Regulations of the Church - and the very nature  
of Christianity forbade me to read the Burial service  
for their Father - I would discharge this duty only  
to the Babe - or commit only her body to the ground  
as the deceased member of the Christian family -  
Painful - in this case the most painful of all dis-  
tinctions in the course of my whole life. He was my  
friend and like a Brother. He was a warden of my  
Church and a constant attendant on the worship  
of his Maker. - He must have been disarmed  
of his reason - For one fatal moment his accoun-  
tability (I heritably hope) was taken away.



We intended by this time to have moved down to our habitation in the Country: but, for the sake of comforting and soothing the sorrows of this distressed family, we must defer it a few days.

I mentioned to you in my last, the probable loss of the 'Colly and Eliza' and Crew, as they had then not been heard of. Though they sailed 9<sup>th</sup> of Decem<sup>r</sup>. Day before yesterday, the Crew and all the passengers arrived, in a vessel from the Island of Cuba, on the coast of which their vessel & Eliza had been wrecked. Three weeks did they all, men women & Children remain in the open air on a desolate Beach or a kind of a sandy Island, at a distance from the main land without being able to procure relief. During which time they picked up some of their effects, and those of the stowen vessel. Among the which are a few things of my own. My Co's (or Co's <sup>was</sup> we used to call it which I used to rig & fit out so often in Vermont) is one thing a Carpet, one bed, and a table and a few small articles, constitute the chief essentials of our Goods. About this our loss (though considerable) we are not dejected nor do we complain. Our misfortunes are so much less than those of the other ships which are not to be mentioned.

I have not as yet rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from you, — I thought at first, this was the effect of your negligence, & felt hurt but now, I am convinced, that it is the consequence of bad regulations in the Post Office. Yet I have rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from J<sup>r</sup>, — and 2 from Bro<sup>r</sup> Barnum!!

I will write a postscript, when this is on the eve of Departure. This is written on Sunday evening 9<sup>th</sup> of March 1857. Tell Philander that Dick and Walter and all his young sweet hearts are saved — here in N. York & happy.

Monday 9<sup>th</sup> of March } Having nothing new to add — I shall devote this to love and compliments. These I have in abundance for you and your dear wife and darling children. How are they? Do they study and learn their Books? are they good and obedient to your good & salutary Commands? Do they write to us their ever affectionate parents? Do they say their prayers and learn their Catechisms? — How happy should we be if you would answer these questions in the affirmative! Tell all our Relations and Friends in your vicinity that we think of them — love them — and pray for them. Pray write me all the News and be particular. Remember I am far away — and want to hear every thing about Rev. Adolph Bethel Royall and Cornish. May God bless you — may peace be within your house and all that dwell therein. Yours loving T. B. P. Chase



Philadelphia  
March 1884

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