

Philander Chase Letters

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4-15-1839

## Letter to Rebecca Morse

Intrepid Morse

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### Recommended Citation

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Steubenville April 15, 1839.

My dear wife,

I rec'd yours of the 8th from Philadelphia late on Saturday evening, and now early on Monday hasten to answer it that my letter may reach you if possible while in New York, which it will do by usual course of mail should you remain there as proposed a full week. I need not say how thankful we feel to the bountiful Giver of all good that you have been preserved thus far on your journey in health and peace and safety. Those also whom you have left behind are in their usual health and comfort. Father has been feeble but is rapidly gaining strength since he began a few days since to make use of ~~the~~ Saratoga water. Sister Catherine appears quite well again - walks to town & back - oversees domestic affairs &c. as usual. Owens & Her. have not arrived, but are expected. I have just rec'd a letter from Dudley C. who is well & says that the assessor has brought in a bill lately of twelve dollars tax on Mary's lot for a school house. N.B. I mean to remit it and as much more to pay all taxes that may accrue I have done with it - for the "burr oak" at this rate are too expensive to keep long on hand, unless they shall greatly increase in value, it will be best soon to part with them to the highest bidder. But this by the way for I did not mean to trouble you in this letter with a single bit of temporal cares or earthly troubles.

Rev. Mr Gray was with us on Yesterday week and I of course went to Cross Creek where I found the new Church almost ready, indeed entirely completed except seats, & pulpit & desk, and it is their intention to make the "old ones" in the former church, "do for the present" i. e. probably they will continue them in use & thereby spoil all.

On Friday 12th. Mr. Foster came for his children and on Sat. P. M. they left us by steam boat for Pittsburgh & Brownsville. They had become so much attached to the "hill" as to be quite unwilling to leave it even to go home. (By the by, the goose made battle with Elizabeth & Mary Jane (Johnston) and put them both to flight, ~~and~~ with great outcries by all parties, one day last week, & to the no small diversion of the beholders.) So you see I am left quite alone: none but poor puss & the little lame chicken to run & meet me when I visit our deserted domicile. Poor things! they, like myself, appear more affectionate in their solitariness. They seem to sigh & look & look & sigh for the other members of the family, whom they will see no more for <sup>long</sup> days & weeks & months; and although I do all in my power to make them comfortable, yet, alas, they will not be comforted while Mary & Mother are not here.

Yesterday <sup>(Sund.)</sup> at 4 o'clock P. M. I attended the funeral of Doct. Andrews' sweet little babe. It had been better & worse by turns from the time you left, & finally fell asleep in Jesus early on Friday 12 inst. The parents are smitten & afflicted, but resigned to the will of the Lord, and are enabled to say with the Humanists of old, "It is well with the child." A large concourse of people attended the funeral

I met the other day with a Traveller's Hymn by the Rev. Mr. Crosswell of Boston, one of the best of men & sweetest of poets of our day, which for our mutual benefit I will here transcribe for your use.

"Lord! go with us; and we go  
Safely through the weariest length,  
Travelling, if Thou wilt it so,  
In the greatness of thy strength.

Through the day & through the night  
O'er the land, and o'er the sea,  
Guide the wheel & steer the bark—  
And bring us where we fain would be.

In the self-controlling car,  
Mid the engine's iron din,  
Waging elemental war,  
Flood without and fire within;

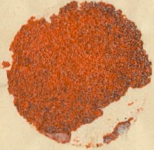
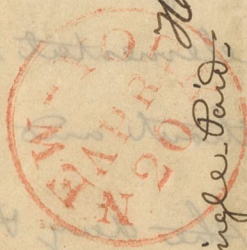
Through the day & through the night,  
O'er the land & o'er the sea,  
Guide the wheel & steer the bark—  
Bring us where we fain would be."

And now, dear wife & child, farewell;—The Lord, bless you & keep you in all your ways, & at length bring you in health, safety & peace to the earthly home where you would be, & finally to a heavenly & eternal state of blessedness & glory, is the prayer of you loving husbands & fathers,  
Write frequently & fully—Anne means to write you at Hartford—Love to all. J. W. Morse  
For my sake take care of your health

*[Faint handwritten text, possibly a signature or address fragment]*

*[Faint handwritten text]*  
To Mrs. Rebecca R. Morse

*[Faint handwritten text]*  
Care of John C. Mansfield,  
~~No. 113 North Street~~  
Hartford Conn. ~~March 18th~~  
Single Paid



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