

Spring 6-6-1826

## Letter to Philander Chase

John Stow

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My Right Reverend & in reverence treasured Friend

The spirit of true friendship shewn by you towards me in the remembrance of the Greenwich of Old England & its Connections, and in the Patriarchal admonition to take heed, lest, amidst the good things of this life, so freely bestowed upon me, I forget The HOLY SPIRIT, whence they flow, intitles you to every feeling & expression of thankfulness on my part.

As some earnest that this life & the things thereof do not wholly engross my attention or divert my thoughts from the worthies & more enduring objects of the Life to come, I send you some views I have taken of a spot so cherished in your recollection - the Park of Greenwich - and add to them some effort made (under the Goodly Guidance of GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT may I hope!) to shew that Spiritual Subjects are not foreign from my pursuit or indifferent to my heart.

On the accompanying version of those Psalms, which are wrapt around your heart, I shall welcome your sentiments communicated with your wonted frankness - And with all the filial reverence that a Son of the same Church should entertain towards such a true Father of it, allow me to subscribe myself

Admiringly & Devotedly yours  
 John Stow

Croome Hill Greenwich  
 England - 6 June 1826.

My Wife joins in wishes for your Family's peace & spiritual prosperity.

Two Summers Views of Greenwich Park in Great Britain - dedicated  
by the Author, who had the pleasure of introducing him to

Morning.

Sweetly opens the Day on the eye of Devotion

As the Dawn spreads its silvery tint o'er the sky;

Richly swells in the bosom the grateful emotion

As the flood-gates of gold the Sun's rising descry:

Mockingly led to retirement the Stars in their courses

Their pale and yet paler effulgence withdraw;

And the Moon's waning orb the same impulse enforces

To surrender its charms to the same golden law:

Softly gliding in fleeces the Clouds seem repairing

From a westerly couch to the Regent of Day,

In his livery of purest vermilion appearing

All their homage in faithful allegiance to pay:

Gently waving their tops to the play of the breezes

The Trees in majestic erection are seen

The eye-feast extending as the lustre increases

By their inlets of azure midst openings of green:

Stiffly rising the Stag from the seat of his slumbers

His fine limbs outstretches their point to regain;

Whilst the Cow, who her senses from sleep disencumbers

Still the seat of those slumbers does idly retain.

Boldly utters the Cock his shrill challenge to labour

By honest monition Man's duty to aid,

Which the Wood-Choir with all their soft melody favours

Bidding Chearfulness Toil's furrow'd forehead pervade:

Blythely cawing the Daw with his Jack appellation

His jet wings outspreads their short flutter to bear;

Whilst the Crow on his scheme of remote destination

Calmly sails through a loftier region of air:

Artly woven both pleasure and use for expanding

The carpet of Nature with dew-gems bedeck'd,

Must the lights and the shadows harmoniously blending

Do the heart in full measure with rapture affect:

Fondly gazes the eye on each Vista's succession

As view'd up the road way or trac'd o'er the lawn

Where the boughs and the branches with Beauty's impression

And Variety's features the landscape adorn:

Continued at the back of next page -

d to The Right Reverend Philander Chase, Bishop of Ohio in North America,  
the Spot on the 22<sup>d</sup> April 1824. Evening

Calmly closes the Day on the eye of Reflection  
As the Sun veils his face the horizon beneath,  
When he leaves an impression, that kindles affection  
Such as flows from the blessings that Parents bequeath;  
Richly mellows the Sky, the boon's value enhancing,  
To a lovely suffusion of azure and gold,  
Which the eye in a pleasing composure entrancing  
To the heart doth a joy beatific unfold:

Gently shows thro' the foliage, whose beauty it heightens,  
The lustre of evening, so soft and so pure,  
That the weight of the day-toll it instantly lightens  
And presents for its troubles the readiest cure:

Softly breaks on the ear with delightful sensations  
The Nightingale's love-song, so melody true,  
Awakening the heart to congenial vibrations  
And repaid by the bliss that to Nature is due:

Balmily breathes from the fir-trees an odour sweet smelling  
In grateful return for the Evening's gale;  
Whilst the Dew from the herbage the fragrance is smelling  
Which the senses rejoice as its freshness they hale;

Quickly started at footsteps, though harmlessly guided,  
The Stag from his browsings flits over the lawn  
At the view of whose form halt the joy not subsided  
Though the season the pride of his antlers has shown:

Slowly circles the Bat in his twilight meanderings  
Midst the boughs of the Chesnuts, that ages have seen,  
Repaying the eye, that will follow his wanderings,  
With the charm of cerulean blue leaves with green:

Brightly sparkles the Star, that proclaims the advances  
Of the Night with her solemn and beautiful Train,  
Bedeckt with the points of the loftiest branches,  
As they woo the light breezes, nor woo them in vain:

Richly spreads her full orb in sublimest resplendence  
The Moon, as the hill-top she gracefully mounts;  
Embracing the Thames, who awaits her attendance,  
And with love-lighted eyes her high merits recounts:  
continued at the back -

Mr John Storer

Jan 6<sup>th</sup> 1826

The Right Revd Amos A. Phelps

Bishop of Ohio

North Amherst

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Sweetly opens the Day on the eye of  
As the Dawn spreads its silvery  
Richly smells in the bosom the grateful  
As the floodgates of gold the sun's

Calmly closes the Day on the eye of  
As the Sun veils his face the horizon  
When he leaves an impression that  
Such as flows from the blessings

To The GOD of the Evening, The GOD of the Morning,  
THE FOUNTAIN from Whence all this blessedness  
WHO, the pathos of this life thus so richly adorning  
Still reserves to the hope all Salvation bestows,  
May glory and honour, thanksgivings and praises,  
All that thought can conceive, or that words can  
Round the altar of incense that Gratitude raises  
Through the remnant be offered of Life's fleeting days!