

Rev. Orville Dewey -
2 Mr. P. J. Schuyler

Sheffield Oct. 16. 1847

My Dear friend - friends I may say,
for I shall feel that I am writing to Regina
as well as you; perhaps I may include
the Gentlemen too. What an audience! I
am afraid, it will turn out a sermon. But
the audience is not so serious perhaps as
a certain feeling I have that it is a great
thing to write a letter that is to go over the
ocean. Often as I have done it, I can't
get over the feeling - I wish I could. I
think it has partly prevented my sending
a letter sooner - for I have been ~~very~~
stating it these two months. It is true
however that much quill-driving has
been the main hindrance; for I am
writing sermons whenever I am able.
I have heard with much concern that
Mr. With is very unwell & that the
party cannot go to Italy this winter
in consequence. I shall go down to New-
York in two or three weeks & then shall
know all about it; & I hope to hear that
things are not so bad. I want much
to see Eliza Schuyler - for I have not seen
her all summer - & to know how you are going on.

Going on: that includes a good deal. More
than carriages & horses, more than hotels and
waiters - does it not? More even than
being sick & well. Travel in Europe is
to us Americans a journey thro' fairy
land. I fancy that you, Xenobia, take
it quite en province - very calm & majes-
tical: but I pray you not to pass things
by too philosophically. And do write it
down. You can't trust your memory. You
will be glad of it afterwards. As Mr
Southey said to me - "travel is a sacrifice
of the present to the future." And when
that future comes, you will wish to have
some memoranda to refer to. Don't fail
to see the Hotel de Clugny in Paris - for many
know nothing about it. And look for me
at the picture of Phedra & Hippolytus by
Guérin in the Louvre - the beautiful face &
air of the youth & the awful countenance
of the mother. And could it you bring me home
some little pet souvenir de Paris - a couple of
aïl of that glorious out-of-door multitude
in the Champs Elysées, a statue of Erixi or a
paring & of Taglioni's toe nail? I shall look
to your Journal for them: I am sure you
will have them packed away somewhere - in
the leaves or between them. As for us - we
live here pretty much as we list: not obliged

(43)
to see solemn Clugny nor graceful Taglioni, nor to
hear Erixi nor Guérin nor Caspary. With no ma-
jesty of the antique nor fairy forms swimming
in air, and I surrounded; but with a squad
of carpenters, masons, painters, diggers, stone-
menders - putting us in order for the winter
- in most admired disorder for the present.
But then there is something else, stretching ar-
ound this little hubbub - something that you
might see if you were riding down from
Baden to Schaffhausen, about this time, but
can't see at Paris - & that is, the mosaic
mountains, the far-sprinkling carpet of Autumn
leaves, the bright hyacinth - the glowing
zone of this great beauty. I wish I could
think of something to tell you: but you get
the newspapers & words of letters from home;
and what can I do - that will set all com-
-pass in the way of fabrication? (I mean the
newspapers.) Bellows is going on bravely,
fast widening the basis of his influence, and
I think he will build it high - tho' he
does every now & then tumble down a stone
that he had laid rather hastily a little while
before. He is fitted to be a great Demom-
-inational man, as I never was. We have
just found out a young Universalist of the name
of King of Charlestown (Mass.) who writes & preaches
so well that I don't know but the "Hypocrite"

will try to get him. But don't you think
that New York is likely to get on very badly
with only a quarter of me & none of you?
Pray come back, & make all whole again.
My Wife & Mary send their love to you &
Mr Regina & their kind regards to the Gentlemen.
I hear that none of the party is very well but you

A. Madam,
Madame Schuyler
Care of Greene St.
26 Rue de George
Paris

But I don't mean to believe any thing so bad
of them. However I'm forgiving & send my love
to them all. You did not ask me to write.
I shall not ask you, & I will see what you
will do. However you can hardly do any
thing that will make me any the less
my Mother desires her kind {your friend
remembrances to you. Orville Dewey