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X
New York, Dec^r 3^d / 1840.

Dear Eliza,
It was my intention
to have gone up to New this
morning, join the party for Souther's
who dine & sleep at Ludlow's &c, &
come home in the evening. But some
how or other I find I am getting
older than I used to was, and
all these frolics begin to lose
their charm. You will say perhaps
it was the early rising - excuse
me, my dear friend, for I intended
to go up in Telegraph at one
o'clock, dine at Ludlow's &c -

Here I am quietly studying
Renwick on steam engines, and
Barlow on the strength of materials.
Whether I shall go to the ball
tonight or not depends upon

my feelings at the hour.

I got your letter by Richards and am rejoiced that all went on well; do not fear about the return. There are enough drawbacks to the pleasures of life in the evils which actually do occur, without embittering it by the constant apprehension of those which may occur. I feel every sympathy with your troubles of constitutional fears; but you must not let them affect the powers of the mind.

Suppose it were certain that we should both perish on a given day, what then? your fears at the moment of death would be natural, but the intervening space should be tranquil, because the soul is the

should be master of the body.

Read Mr Wares Probus over again -

The part of this epistle which is to the point, announces to you my departure for Boston on Friday at 2 P.M.

arrival next day - & departure on Monday - think of that -

This is in order to save you from the dreaded Narragansett -

I am very busy but all affairs go on pretty smoothly - good news from Baltimore about shafts &c. & a cylinder was cast yesterday.

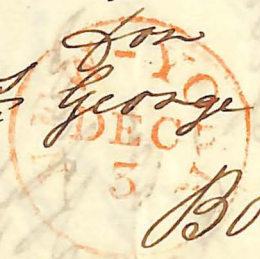
Love to John &c. Kiss the children & expect me early

Thine ever

G. L. S.

1840.
Dec. 3.

John Bryant & Co
for
Mrs George L. Schuyler
Boston.



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