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Newburgh. Sept - 12th 1815 -

My dear Friend

I know not well how to commence a Letter of apology to you
and I am convinced that such a Letter is necessary to justify an
apparent want of Inclination on my part to visit Rheinbeck —
The truth and the very truth is that no such disinclination ever
did Exist but Controlled by Circumstances, I have not
been able to gratify my own wishes by a visit to persons
of all others I hold most dear - without further details, you will
I know believe me unless I have lost that Place in your
affection I once flattered myself I possessed - I have lived
long enough in the World to know the value of real Friends
and the scarcity of the Relicks ~~of true friendship~~ Endear them
still more to me. Neither Whim nor Caprice nor Unsteadiness
on my part shall ever sever me from them - Believe me
then when I assure you that it was a serious disappointment
to me to leave Poughkeepsie without seeing you and Believe
me too when I assure you that I was compelled to forego
the anticipated Pleasure with great Reluctance -
Mr Jones has a daughter - Cert la bien venue - I am
happy that she and her husband find in this accident
pleasure, The Pleasure in all probability will not be unmingled
but let me not prophesy Evils which I feel & which may
never reach them - their Case is as different from mine
as one is from five

I have heard of your Fame from diverse Quarters and from no Quarter did I hear more flattering things than from Mrs Paton and Mr. Cruger. at Washington Next Winter you will take the field and would to heaven I could obtain some Empluy that would give me a position near you, but that can not be - I am slowly gaining the Repute of a man of Busines - my profits however are lower than my Reputation and if things do not change I shall be disgusted with unprofitable drudgery however ^{sweetened} ~~recommenced~~ by imputed industry: In truth I feel myself misplaced and only remain here to prevent the utter Loss of my Reputation for consistency: - My life has been like the feverish dreams of intoxication and now that I have awakened from my long sleep I look back with feelings of almost maddening Reproach but I try not to look back but onward - onward - What time may have in store for me I know not - but if nothing but the dry performance of Duty is left, so be it - I feel curious to know what is passing in your mind what changes have taken place in that little world in which only we can be truly said to be conscious of our Existence: do the flattering visions of hope still play before your fancy or is the delusion

over - have the painful realities of life touched you with a deadly sensation? I pray not now or ever. you may by discipline elude that Spear of St. Michael - or you may substitute something in place of the unreal Phantoms of youth health and beauty - but it is and will be still a substitute: I remember well mourning over the ghost of former Pleasures when my mind opened and my tastes improved and the Arabian Nights fairy tales ~~for~~ were no longer food as palatable as formerly - the improvement was undoubted - but what was the substitute for the joys the Caveleer boys which the Rising Power of Reason dissipate like the morning mists - a feeble consciousness of superiority or rather a feeble Pleasure in the sense of their superiority: and a painful conviction that future Pleasure was to be dearly purchased by toil and continued Labor still there is Compensation in all things, and when the mirror thro which the objects of youth are seen is broken the mind is forced to vigorous Exertion which like the healthy toils of the Husbandman nerve you to future labors and harden you to future sufferings - Lord Byron - Read him - he is a great Moralist - he paints the World as it is & by disgusting you with that prepares you to leave it if not with Pleasure at least without Regret -

120 Burner

Newburgh
Sep. 18

Mrs Philip Schuyler

Rhinebeck

Dutchess County

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