

New York. June. 21. 1837.

My dear Emma I received your last letter about two weeks ago, the day before I left town — As I had not an opportunity of writing while away, I have written as soon as possible after my return —

About a week before I received your last letter I had written you a long epistle of sixteen pages, full of news and nonsense. but as I did not direct it in the manner mentioned in your last, I fear lest it may not have been received and on that account I have now written to let you know that there is such a letter somewhere between the cities of New York and Rishwskie — You must not blame me for not having written, but the mails for not having carried letters. As the city is at present very dull you must not expect this to be a long or newsbearing letter, for two weeks cannot furnish material for a even a note, and I have not the lady-like faculty of writing about nothing —

I have just returned from spending a fortnight with Mary at Washington Irving's cottage at Tarry Town on the Hudson — we passed a delightful time indeed — the cottage is most beautifully situated immediately on the banks of the river, and every thing about it is arranged with so much taste that it is difficult to tell which is the most enchanting the beauties of nature or of art — You can have no idea of the relief which one feels at leaving the bustle (bustle) & tumult

of the odious city to spend your time at such a place as this -
- every thing is so calm, and still, so gently beautiful that mere
existence is a pleasure, you feel not the want of excitement
but pass your time delightfully, musing, and gazing on the river,
a scene that never tires - and when to all these sources of
enjoyment is added the agreeable qualities of our host (for
when he chooses he is the most agreeable of men) you may
imagine the pleasure that we must have enjoyed.

We passed our time in seeking and finding pleasure, in
reading, talking, walking and riding -

We visited all the scenes of legendary lore in the neighborhood,
Melodious Sing Sing; Narcotic Sleepy Hollow and the Abiding
Fairy Town - and last not least we lived in the mansion
of the fair Katrina Van Tassel -

We of course, for it is the custom of the country, went
on sundry Pic Nics, wandering about the country -

We used to start in the morning, after breakfast, and
ride over the country, always choosing the most romantic
routes, admiring the beauties of the scenery, until warned
by the calls of hunger, we thought of less sentimental subjects -
we then chose some picturesque spot, under a shady tree
near some bubbling brook, and there spread our table and
with mirth and light-heartedness passed our time till
near evening, when we would again resume our journey and
return to the cottage -

The two weeks that I was at Fairy Town were two weeks
of real pleasure, I had no thought of the city or its cares,
we laughed from morning till night - being in that

state of mind that we were pleased with anything -
I have seen lately in the Evening Star, a series of letters from
The Far West, in which the writer speaks of Kishwaukee,
Squaw Prairie, Belvidere &c, so you know who is the
writer, I really feel much obliged to him for his letters
for by substituting your name at the end instead of
his, I can thus read a letter from you every few days -

Eliza Storer has been quite unwell, indeed alarmingly so,
but I am happy to say that she is now fast recovering.
I came down with her brother Henry from West Point on
Monday; she was taken sick while on a visit at Utica, ~~the~~^{but}
is now in town having been brought home by her father.
Have you seen or heard any thing of Mrs. McCracken?
Mary Stevens is to be married in October, the first of the
cousinhood who have entered into that state, that
will be the breaking up of our pleasant little circle,
the first inroad of matrimony among us - it really
makes me melancholy to think of it -

All the rest of the cousins (by the bye they are all well)
say that they intend to be old maids - wait till they
are tried -

All your friends and relations are quite well, George
has been in town and is looking better than I have
ever seen him -

So tell me some news about Alex. Watts -

Give my very best love, to Aunt Ann, Matilda and
all my little cousins, and believe me that if you
will excuse the cheiography of this letter ~~the~~ I shall

ever remain your attached

Cousin Phil -

to receive them - We might as well take
advantage of our relation being in office.
Yours &c. P.R.

Mrs Emma Nichols
- Baltimore -

10th 01

As I have unfortunately directed this letter
not very straight, I have enclosed it to Mr.
Whitman; as he is P.M., that will be
the way in which I shall in future direct
my letters as thus you will be more sure