

New York
March 29th
1841.

I forgot to tell you, that we certainly leave for Europe
the first of October. The length of our stay is uncertain,
but, from eighteen months to three years, I expect. If I
one get over the ocean. I shall want to see very thing.

My dear Emma. It is a very long time since I have
heard from you, except a few lines, and it is at
least equally long since I have written. But I
was prevented from writing by a very unsentimental
but still very unpleasant action. I lost the good
sense, about four weeks since, to shut my hand
in the door of my wardrobe, and as it happened
to be my right hand I could not very conveniently
hold a pen. I hope that the same action had not
prevented your writing. I suppose however that
your numerous household affairs, occupy so much
of your time, that you have not many oppor-
tunities to devote to writing. I have not been
well for a long time. I think that I felt the
weather this winter more than usual, in consequence
of having spent last winter in such a warm
climate. I have not been out for nearly two months,
at least for more than a day or two, and I am
waiting now with all impatience, to go back to
Hell Gate. I hope that my health will not prevent
my intended visit to you this summer. But
I am afraid, my dear Emma, that I will have
to fight for it. At least, I ought not to say fight
for it, for if I am able to undertake such a
journey, there is no one to prevent my doing it.

They were all very anxious that I should do so, and it will only be affection for me, that will induce them to persuade me not to undertake it. I do not despair yet, for I think that when I once get started I shall conquer every thing. I shall not be able to leave here before the first of July, for I have made a promise of a good standing to take Posey to Niagara this summer, and I cannot leave school before then. Therefore I will be at Niagara about the second week in July, and when I get as far as that I can decide whether or not I can go on. They all say, that I must remember that the rough spring only begins after I leave Niagara, because I will if it can possibly be done, go by land in every case, in preference to water, for I have the greatest terror of going on the water, and I always avoid it if possible. I believe that I should have been to Europe before, if I could get there by land. There is another impediment my dear Emma, which I did not think of, which is that it is not very safe. I believe to travel in the Western Country in the latter part of August, and first of September, on account of the fever. I cannot possibly leave home before the first week in July, for it would not do, to break my promise to Posey, as she has been counting upon it since last December. You see my dearest Em, that I tell you all just as it is. If I possibly can I will come, and I will make every exertion to make it possible, but if I cannot come, you will never why, and will not think that I love you any the less, because I do not come.

I will write soon again, and let you know if I have attended any place, or made any new arrangement. Therefore take nothing for granted, dear Em, until you hear from me again. The few lines which I said I had received from you were by Mrs. Gaylord. I have not seen her yet. As I do not go out, I sent her my card & address, begging her to come and see me. She returned for answer that she was not well, and could not come, I have ordered the carriage to pay her a visit, which nothing but bad weather shall prevent my doing, but as it now threatens a hard rain, I am afraid I shall have to postpone my order until tomorrow. From the note which she wrote to me, I should think that she was a very kind hearted woman, but very little acquainted in the ways of the world. The way in which she speaks of "Dear Em" has said every thing for her goodness, to my heart, and I long to hear more from her own lips, about my "Dear Em". I trust that tomorrow it will be done, and that I can pay her a visit. I have not seen Julia June. I wrote to you, and I do not know where she is. As for Charles & George I have not seen them this winter. Uncle Ozden has as I suppose you know, left Washington, and is looking out for a house in the City. Virginia still at the Astor House, and I do not know when she comes for her house. I have not seen her for some time. She is a lovely girl and I think that you would admire her very much. I have never seen either of her children, although one bears my name "Mary Colden". And ever your affectionate cousin
Mary C. King.

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[Handwritten flourish]

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