

New York, August 18th, 1807.

My dear Child:

I am unanimously appointed by the family a Committee of Correspondence, and am requested to wish you with all indoor and outdoor, to forward you all the packets of love, friendship and remembrance that may be committed to your charge; in short to say unto you all that is to be said, to tell you all that is to be told and as much more as I please.

The reason why I am elected to this important office is that some of the family happen to be sick, and some happen to be lazy, which latter reason is always an unanswerable one for not writing a letter. As influenza is the order of the day, and as the first question on the end of your tongue inquiring after a body's health, I shall endeavor to give you as accurate a return as was furnished by a Health Committee.

Your good old Grandmama was siezed with a violent suspicion that she had the influenza on Thursday evening last. Her suspicion gained ground on Friday, but she still resolutely ate a hearty dinner in defiance of it. But by the evening she became so absolutely convinced that she was sick that she went to bed on sheer conviction of the fact and remained very grievously afflicted in hear^d and limbs and stomach all the next day. She is now once more on the eating list, and can even muster her forces at a moments warning to the dinner table. Your father, good man took a week to prepare for a grand shooting expedition to Rockaway, and took the children down with him, I suppose by way of _____. I took charge of the house during his absence and had reigned

New York, August 10th, 1857.

My dear child:

I am unanimously appointed by the family a Committee of Correspondence, and am requested to wish you with all tender and outdoor, to forward you all the packets of love, friendship and remembrance that may be committed to your charge; in short to say unto you all that is to be said, to tell you all that is to be told and as much more as I please.

The reason why I am elected to this important office is that some of the family happen to be sick, and some happen to be lazy, which latter reason is always an unanswerable one for not writing a letter. As influence is the order of the day, and as the first position on the end of your tongue indicating a body's health, I shall endeavor to give you an accurate return as was furnished by a Health Committee.

Your good old Grandmother was seized with a violent suspicion that she had the influenza on Thursday evening last. Her suspicion gained ground on Friday, but she still resolutely ate a hearty dinner in defiance of it. But by the evening she became so absolutely convinced that she was sick that she went to bed on sheer conviction of the fact and remained very extensively afflicted in her head, limbs and stomach all the next day. She is now more on the wane than last, and can even master her forces at a moment's warning to the dinner table. Your father, good man took a week to prepare a grand shooting expedition to Rockaway, and took the children down with him, I suppose by way of taking charge of the house during his absence and had returned

very tranquilly for two days when the poor man returned to town in a complete fit of the influenza and a touch of the headache. It was evident that he had a pretty tolerable attack, for he ate nothing, and mentioned the name of Belial three or four times in a minute - a gentleman he seldom makes mention of except when out of sorts or in a fit of perplexity. He is likewise in a fair way to recovery, though he still struts about in his picturesque "robe de chambre" and his countenance retains a most unheard of longitude and a kind of pea green complexion. Your Mama hinted to me two or three times that she had a great inclination to be sick, but upon my representing the folly and inconvenience of the measure, she kindly altered her mind.

As to Matilda, her only complaint is "nothing". A malady that seizes her under a thousand different forms, for whatever may be the matter with her I never heard her complain of anything else.

Gertrude Kemble has had an attack likewise, but I have not heard how she managed it. Your Uncle also came in for a share, but got over it by writing letters, eating onion soup and wearing purple velvet slippers. Maria and Jane both kept to their rooms, but were cured by a tea party at McCouts and Mary Fairlie stayed at home two days waiting for it, and actually began to wax unwell until I administered to her a pair of Chinese shoes, which she declared re-

lieved her stomach immediately and she has not complained since.

Ogden has been woefully sick, and Jim Paulding has run grunting about town for a week past. For myself, the only complaint I have had ^{was} that of my being shut out one night by the family when I was playing master of the house during your father's absence. I went up next day to turn over a new loaf, when I was appeased by finding them in the sick state I have mentioned.

I have given you a complete bill of health, with exception of poor Charles Fenno, who is quite unwell, and rather unmanageable. I shall start for Morristown in coach to-morrow morning and bring him and Eliza to town to pass some days, & will cheer his spirits.

The family all desire their love to you and Mr. and Mrs. Colden. Remember me likewise to all the good family. My next I shall give you a history of the Adventures of me and Lary, or rather for politeness sake, Lary and myself.

Yours ever

Washington Irving.

Miss Alive Hoffman

At Thomas Colden's Esq.,

Coldenham.

very tranquilly for two days when the poor man returned to town in a complete fit of the indigestion and a touch of the headache. It was evident that he had a pretty tolerable attack, for he ate nothing, and mentioned the name of Helix three or four times in a minute - a gentleman he seldom makes mention of except when out of court or in a fit of perplexity. He is like-wise in a fair way to recovery, though he still starts about in his picturesque "robe de chambre" and his countenance retains a most unbecoming of longitude and a kind of pea green complexion. Your mamma hinted to me two or three times that she had a great inclination to be sick, but upon my representing the folly and inconvenience of the measure, she kindly altered her mind. As to Matilda, her only complaint is "nothing". A malady that seizes her under a thousand different forms, for whatever may be the matter with her I never heard her complain of anything else. Gertrude Kemble has had an attack likewise, but I have not heard how she managed it. Your Uncle also came in for a share, but got over it by writing letters, eating onion soup and wearing purple velvet slippers. Maria and Jane both kept to their rooms, but were cured by a tea party at McGonza and Mary Fairlie stayed at home two days waiting for it, and actually began to wax unwell until I administered to her a pair of Chinese shoes, which she declared re-

