Parkstone, Dorset

Jan[uar] y 31st · 1892

My dear Violet

Of course we have had the influenza, both of us, and are not yet quite over it. Rosa went home in a cab on Wednesday after you left, and she came back last Friday apparently quite well except that she is so hoarse we can hardly hear her speak. We had the little girl for a week who did first rate. As soon as Rosa had gone Ma was ill & in bed most of two days. Then I got it but did not stay in bed. Only dull aches in back & joints. On Friday I felt so well I went out & caught a fresh cold, & had such dreadful night with bronchitis, chills, and fever, that I sent for D[octor]. Masters in the morning. By the time he came I was much better. However, he gave me some liniment & a bottle of physic & told me not to go out (which I knew too well) and I am much better this morning.

The "Arena" was very late this month, it came about a week ago, then, 3 days later a parcel with four spare copies, so I sent you one directly. I shall send one to the London Library Reading Room which will make it known a little.

[[3]] I am glad you had the chance of seeing Henry VIII. It is a grand play and as it was written when some people were living who remembered the events it is most likely true to life so far as the characters & manners of the people represented are concerned. I saw the play once a great many years ago, when I think Macready (perhaps a greater actor than Irving) was Wolsey.
I am reading Hamlin Garland’s book. He is very clever but is so exasperating in not finishing any of his stories. They are really sketches only. He seems to be afraid of ever having a pleasant ending.

[[4]] Last week we had a little from Will \(^3\) saying that he has had two days of influenza, -- but was at college again -- with a bad cold. That I don’t like, but hope he is all right. I forgot whether Monk had left before you returned. He has gone to his old place somewhere by Isleworth as he could not get constant work on a garden here. I have no gardener yet but am going to try Old Wareham who I dare say will do. The chess game by correspondence is very slow work. Your dress has not come yet.

Your affectionate Papa │ Alfred R. Wallace. [signature]

**ENDNOTES**

1. Unknown handwritten text reads " Henry VIII [1 word illegible] [WPI/2/82]

2. Violet Isabel Wallace, ARW ’ s daughter (1869-1945)

3. William Greenell Wallace, ARW ’ s son (1871-1951)

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