

My dear son

Washn. 26<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1841.

I rec<sup>d.</sup> to day your favor of the 13<sup>th</sup> the only letter I have got from home since I left it but a short one from Thomas. I am obliged to you for it.

I have been ill & confined to my lodgings for a week by a swelling in my upper lip & nose, which gave me intense pain. It proceeded from a cold, and I have now got better. I hope to be able to attend the Senate tomorrow.

The currency plan of Mr. Tyler does not stand the least chance of being adopted, in the form proposed. The great body of both parties are opposed to it. All feel (at least among the Whigs) the necessity of doing something to remedy the disorders of the currency and of Exchanges; but most of them apprehend that nothing can be made of Mr. Tyler's plan. My belief is that nothing will be done.

The Treasury is empty, with very little prospect of being speedily filled. Indeed, I have never witnessed such a state of affairs as exists here — an administration, disclaimed by both parties, and drawing from neither any considerable support. In what all this is to end, I cannot see. Yet Mr. Tyler affects to believe  
that