

Richmond Feb 7th 10th 1847..

I yesterday received your most welcome letter, my beloved M^r Tucker - and was, this morning, visited by dear Fan - sweet Frances, Polly Bush, and little Kitty to whom I gave your bids - Your friend really feels as if her dwelling was between heaven and earth in which planet, I have not yet ascertained - I am not sufficiently gloomy to be among the inhabitants of Saturn - but derive pure pleasure from feeling at home, where neither caprice nor "weak nerves" can molest me - I sit quietly and let the coal dirt accumulate without making an effort to have it removed lest the total calm, in which I delight, should be interrupted for a moment - After the letter I wrote you from Powhatan, my brother settled on me all he could, with his family, afford - I supposed myself, at length, about to sail gently down the current of life - however the breath of some brandolph, with pretended regard, or avowed enmity, is ever ready to blow me into a whirlpool - D-M-K volunteered in seeking out a comfortable apartment - relying on his words I went to the room a fortnight after he engaged it - the filth I will not attempt describing - but the walls were so wet that I soon had an ague - Old Khebe's grand daughter and myself contracted colds which have never left us, altho' nearly four weeks have since elapsed - mine, after my whole system, had

suffered, concentrated all its ^{force} and made an attack on
my lungs - I cough and laugh together sometimes.
Also - forgive M^r B - altho' the woman refuses
to refund a cent of the most unreasonable price
advanced for the first quarter - I was there four
days, she did not comply with M^r B's bargain,
hardwit, was, for me - she, made it more so -
Has she a right to keep the money?

Give my love, this time, to dear big Harry -
recollect an anecdote of the celebrated Nicole who
complimented the "little eyes" of his fair entertain-
er - tell Harry he is a fine large gentleman
all over - Present me most affectionately to

M^r. Tucker and Polly Cabell - God bless you -
it is quite impossible to say half what I feel
for you, of course filial love - Your A. C. B.

Wm. H. B. B.
May 10. 1807.