

husband was ill in bed -  
 My health was destroyed by Tudor's long illness here - however, we parted most cordially - When I left the City, Sack and Tudor formed the determination to destroy me - The former declares in New York that no one's life is safe in the house with me. I am so cruel a monster

Oh my friend - I have passed almost five years of matrimonial harmony - we are blessed by Heaven with the most lovely boy who is now sweetly prattling near me - a darling babe whom I have nursed without aid - Tudor told a Gentleman that I was so cruel to this child he thought I should destroy him - Oh God! my friend - my father - I never hurt an infant in my life - The whole purport of Sack's charges against me I know not - they are communicated to my best

I often mentioned to my very dear friend the treatment I received at Bizarre, when, and exactly, as it occurred - In April last Tudor wrote from Cambridge an account of his declining health and requested the loan of \$30 or 40 "will you, my very good Aunt, lend me this to make an excursion for my health" I sent it without delay - always rejoiced to forward the period at which I could say "now I owe not a crumb to the Bizarre family" - The hardships which had driven me on a merciless world could not be forgotten tho' most heartily forgiven - On the 4<sup>th</sup> of August Tudor came here with a carriage, three horses and a servant - in a very short time he had to borrow money and never received even a mention of supplies in his many letters from his mother and Uncle - he shewed me all

These letters - in one from her she in-  
forms him that Jack has not seen or  
written to her since <sup>he knew</sup> she resolved on  
coming to him - that you had furnished  
her "the means" - imparting to him her  
intention of passing the winter in Boston  
declaring that no one should again part  
her from both her children - my heart  
bled for them - Some time after a short  
letter came from the mother announcing  
her departure - adding - "I hope my dear  
son is well enough to make arrangements  
for us both" Tudor seemed in agony -  
I kissed his cheek and told him his mother  
had better pass the winter here - a few  
days before this I was near his chamber  
door and heard his servant asking for  
money - on entering to offer my services,  
I saw this youth rising from the bed to slip  
on his shoes - "Aunt" said he "I was coming

to ask you" a day or two succeeding this  
his man came, while we were together,  
for money to get "bleaching" - Tudor's con-  
fusion was so distressing that I said - "my  
dear I have some small notes," and gave  
the man what he wanted - My beloved  
my best of husbands (whom I worship next  
to my creator) allowed me to keep his  
purse open perpetually for Tudor - his  
wants were many - he came on the  
fourth of August and remained until  
the 26 of October - Tudy was with us  
a fortnight - at her desire I accompanied  
them to the city - they there accepted  
presents from me with many thanks -  
Jack came here on Saturday to dinner  
and left us the next afternoon - his  
manner was kind, to me = most affectionate  
to M<sup>r</sup> - M<sup>r</sup> - I had written to him of Tudy's  
last relapse which took place when my

Nov 19 14

of husbands who, I discover, suppresses a great  
 This, I find from an answer he shewed me  
 of his to a letter his sister wrote him  
 in which she declines all intercourse with  
 me in future: - Oh my God - This is  
 the return for all our tendernezs to Tudor  
 when he was thrown on our country - on  
 our mercy - we relinquished all our  
 amusements to take care of him -  
 Tudor found me fat - blooming - most  
 happy - I can now scarcely sit up  
 to write - My darling husband is  
 nearly 63 years old - becoming infirm  
 while these people poured out  
 testimonials of gratitude for his kindness  
 they were planning the most certain  
 mode of forturing his heart -  
 In Feb: last I received a letter from  
 Saint George - as follows - " You must not  
 think, dear Aunt, that my not writing often

Saint George Tickner Esq

Williamsburg

Nancy Morris  
 Nov: 2 1814  
 Received from Mrs  
 & Banister  
 bill extract from my  
 America  
 Dec: 5. 1814

is from want of affection - I am obliged  
to work hard for my brother and mother  
I can't take my pleasure as you rich  
people in New York do" - etc - Judy  
wrote herself to thank me for ~~that~~  
my answer to this letter of complaint  
In an affectionate address to Tack I  
mentioned having received a letter from  
Saint which hurt my feelings - he  
tells in New York that this letter  
from St George was filled with re-  
proaches to me for my bad conduct  
from boy - almost ten years have elapsed  
since I parted tenderly with <sup>him</sup> - giving  
him a pocket watch which delighted  
him - I should never have alluded  
to his letter above mentioned, but  
as the melancholy it breathed eventu-  
ated so unfortunately that I deemed  
it a duty so to do - Tack's words

(which I always ascribed to Judy) "Nancy  
when do you leave this house - the  
sooner the better" - Oh my Dear Sir  
this scene first rushed on my memory  
when I heard the house was burnt -  
but - I felt not the less sorry -  
Judy wrote me <sup>she</sup> rejoiced to find her  
brother had brought out in safety  
the portrait I sent Saint George -  
Great God! volumes might be filled with  
what I suffered at the Hay market -  
Tuckmanoe and New England in con-  
sequence of being turned <sup>out</sup> of the house  
which is now in ashes - You were  
in Richmond and remember how kind  
my friends (not relatives) were to me

God bless you and my  
Dear Mr Tucker - with the same  
glow (long felt) of filial tenderness I am your  
A. C. Morris