

Morrisania March 2 1815

Dear Sir

The report is wholly false of any personal difference having taken place here between myself and the party who dared invade, with base calumny, the dwelling sacred to conjugal Harmony, parental delight, and Genuine Hospitality. I have no doubt that our God, ever just, will bring from Tudor in his last moments of expiring life an acknowledgement of his horrible Slanders

Poor Dick possessed some noble qualities and, had he not married so unhappily before he was old enough to have his principles fixed, he would have ^{been} an ornament to human nature. My discovery of his weak side founded his Friendship for me. I left Home to avoid a marriage hateful to me. Having visited my father's excellent Sister, and my brother at Monticello I accepted an invitation to Briznerne. Dick entered my apartment one morning, threw himself on ^{his} knees, and begged that I would listen to him and not alarm any one. He declared his own unhappiness, that he knew his wife did not love him, that the first night of their marriage she made him sit up altogether in a

Dick repeated, the frantic kind of scene already described, and conjured me not to marry any one, that the Idea distracted him. My only refuge was in his brother - he then came to his reason, and I do think Nature made him of her best materials, but, he had one Fault of great magnitude. He was the victim, ^{tho'} of his marriage with a cold hearted malignant, haughty woman. a proper match would have established his native feelings of Honor - Indeed he was the only man I ever knew whose destiny seemed entirely to depend on his choice of a wife. To Lady I owe nothing but harsh, abusive language, When finally driven from Briznerne, I dreaded that my sufferings would drive me at last to destroy myself. I would then have made any possible sacrifice for Saint and Tudor such was my devotion to them. Saint George's misfortunes, and his affectionate letters keep alive my feelings for him. No humane person can ever wound him. I trust the age of 19 never matured more baseness than Tudor possesses. I have a tender virtuous husband

corner of their apartment at Presqu'isle (this she had boasted of) to shew her power, he endeavored to shame my principles. I said I would be silent because Polly, the woman who waited on me in 1791, would soon be up with water and she had better find him in the room than meet him coming out of it. He proceeded to tell me that he had once entered the chamber of Miss Betsey Galliaferro, afterwards Mrs. Gall, at old Mr. Wyth's, the house now Mrs. Phizwith's, in Williamsburg, that she received him to her bed - and that the same reception had been given him by a Miss Kitty Ludlow in New York. I burst into tears and exclaimed "Oh my poor Father what has your wretched marriage brought on your children I will write and conjure him to send for me" "I am engaged to your brother." The tears streamed from Dick's eyes, mine fell, with a recollection of the heart rending scene. Polly came with water, she had witnessed much anguish at Tuckahoe, she was daughter to the faithful creature who nursed all my mother's family. I made the ^{best} appearance that the case admitted by turning to her and saying Polly I wish my mother had lived

Dick left the room professing Friendships for me I wrote to pray my father would send for me; his wife answered that the horses were too lame to travel. but, it was no secret that she sat out with them to meet Frank Goble and old Colonel Trapham's. I had no home to receive me, It was a winter of extreme misery to me. I might in the Spring have married Genl. Lee, Gen. Harrison, or Archy Randolph. Two days before Dick's death finding, on his sending for me and giving the servant, sent, an errand out of the room, that he reproached himself and seemed very unhappy, I tried to soothe him, and promised as far as possible to protect his memory if I survived him and serve his children; I had then no Idea of his danger (The day after Mrs. Dudley told me I had better prepare you to hear he was ill) He seemed comforted and spoke much of my affectionate and grateful disposition. at the same time declaring that I was the only sincere friend he ever had, except you. my dear Sir myland Randolph knows that I left in Dick's care a letter from Dick to me containing this very acknowledgment, or declaration which ever it may be called. After the ^{latter} return from Bermuda

While Tudor stayed it happened, as often before, that the Table was to be enlarged for more and ^{more} guests. After dinner was dished, His frequent relapses in addition to our usual busy scene in summer, obliged us to keep a man who was denounced by many gentlemen who came here, as a notorious Thief. he is in Bridewell.

During Judy's visit our connections were continually here. all the domestics we then had, except the great Thief, were laborers wives who went home at night. "I am told by Jack that I drive away my husband's friends and old domestics that there may be no witnesses of his Death" no person has old domestics in this State. but now and then such an uncommon creature as the old man who died three years ago in our service. A portion of my husband's relatives are delighted with the slanders by which our kindness was returned - others are indignant enough at such infamous treatment to such a man as Mr Morris. Those first mentioned made Mr Parish their mouth piece to get me turned out of

the house to the wretched condition from which Mr. M's charity rescued me. But for that attempt I do not think he would have dreamt of marrying me. Jack has separated us from all those for ever - except one - and he, professes more worth than every other Syden in New York State My good Husband was 63 a few weeks ago, that morning he made ten deeds to ten nieces for a Farm to each.

Neither Mr. M. or myself have the least recollection of my ever telling him a word of any old Love of Jack's. Mr. Crocker-brough once reported that our bedding cloaths were bought. it seems Tudor told his uncle this and he drove his dirt in the boarding house till he broke it, exclaiming about his illustrious ancestors and declaring I had not one drop of his blood. My dear Sir, Jack must be made acquainted with the contents of this letter in some way. if I am compelled to make it public in any way. it will find many many to believe it, and more. J. M. M. wrote my father that Dick's morals were corrupt

2 March 1875

This, dear Sir, is entitled to deep consideration from you, Beverley, and Henry. My brother William observes to me in answer to "the rumors" as they are called. "It is impossible any one this way can believe such charges"

and a lovely promising child to leave behind me, if urged any farther I must publish the contents of this letter with one more proof of the misery brought on Dick by his marriage.

It is asked "How could she shew so much Fortitude at that time?" I answer "Easily, I knew that, which never happened, never could be proved. I was unconscious of injuring any one. I wrote a statement for Dick to take with him to Cumberland Court in 93 he burnt it. My brother dared him to make that very attempt which he avoided by throwing the paper in the fire.

There is no law of religion or morality to galliate Tudor's base calumnies - there is not one of Honor or delicacy to extenuate his throwing himself, and remaining twelve weeks, on the charity of this House (every one knows my husband was a total stranger to him) as he says he detested me when he came.

In return for giving up a charming excursion to nurse Tudor I am told by his uncle that I make my husband "a prisoner in his House that there may be no witnesses of my Lewd amours"

60 paid Wrote Emily Davison

The honorable

George Tucker

William Abrough

Virginia

Paid

My best of husband's is quite well and offers you his most cordial esteem and regard. he is now conversing with a gentleman who has been three weeks with him. a friend who lost his health and support at one time. My lovely boy's prattle is bewitching. his cheeks blooming. with love to Mr. T. and Polly I am tenderly
Wm. A. G. Morris