

30th Mail West Ferry July 26

The Hon^{ble}

Saint George Tucker

Warminster

Amherst

Pa

Virginia

This letter returned no answer to —



Morrisania July 24th 1815

An accident to me, from lifting our heavy box, and the bad roads beyond Albany delayed our journey. We shall leave home perhaps in ten days. I have been much gratified, since I last addressed my beloved Friend, by a visit from Maudslugh Harrison's eldest daughter, and second son - two very charming young people. I every week get a letter from some Virginia Friend - and have around me a small circle of valuable female associates.

We have traced the detestable invention respecting my conduct as a wife to a nephew who lost money by the birth of Gouverneur - a man who visited here intimately and then pointed out the striking resemblance between my son and his father, to us - while he declared to others, that he did not believe them related.

I certainly had never heard or even dreamt of any mystery attending Dick's death until Tudor spoke of it in New York - The helpless condition of that youth ill, and penniless - excited our tender

sympathy so strongly that we never touched
on any but lively subjects in his presence.
I knew not what to think of his remaining
so long here without even an offer of aid
from Virginia. This I hinted at in a letter
to you. The part his mother acted
admits no doubt. Judy was false and
malignant when a Girl. I never knew
her sincere toward any one but Maria
ward. She did not ~~mean~~ ^{intend} to break with
me by any means - all the mischief was
to be in secret. We still have the robe
tack put in my husband's hands (when
he was leaving the house) to prove she
had told an untruth. God knows her
letters to Tudor caused our invitation
for her to remain here the winter - The
mother whose malignity can be gratified
by instigating a son to such baseness
under such circumstances is indeed, in
a lamentable condition - Had she not
come - her son would not have acted
so basely - before her arrival he winced
entire confidence in me - gently applying for
what he wanted - pressing my hand and
kissing me every evening when going to bed.

Poor misguided young man - left dependent
on those who have sacrificed him to
gratify their own malignant passions.
Never did Judy go thro' as much to serve
any one, as I did for Tudor. I have never
answered her last letter of affectionate
expressions.

God bless you, and Mrs. Tucker,
In Sowerne's name I took the liberty
of sending you two elegant pair of new
black small cloathes - they went in
June, I hope you will get them safe
and that they may fit well.
I write in haste - we are
going to the city to dine with Mr
Hosack -
Ever most cordially
and gratefully yours
Ann C. Morris