

Dec. 2, 1816

My ever dear Friends kindness ever found me grateful - Providence has torn from my bosom the best of Husband's and most charming of companions - I adore his memory - My heart is agonised - never have I been in bed since the week my Darling husband was taken sick - He died the death of the righteous - his departure was most noble - not a murmur ever escaped him - his time past in attempts to fortify my mind, he knew me to the last - that night our beds' table was first moved out - I had it put in the drawing room and pass the hours of misery between the two - since, I have lain on a sofa near my parlor bay - David Ogden has swindled us almost out of every thing - My husband discovered his villainy too late - Old Sam Ogden the Father sold his son northern lands to the amount of \$85000 - my noble minded husband became his security getting a mortgage which he delayed recording - D. O. begged him to endorse largely

Hannah Morris
Dec 2 2. 1816

West Family Oct 4

25 paid

The Honorable

Saint George Tucker

Williamsburg

Virginia

paid

assuring him he was paying off the
principal to his mother and his sisters
He has not even paid them the
Interest and has mortgaged the land
to another - This falls on me with
all the encumbrances - I am not well
enough to give you details of this
matchless swindler - Mr. M^r Kent
who is left to act with me, tells
me we shall lose one hundred and
forty thousand dollars by David
Ogden's deep laid fraud -

Gouverneur, who is all
intelligence, often cries to see his
dear father - The little creature fre-
quently clasps his hands and says
"I pray God to help my mother
and not to take her too from her
poor little boy"

I am having a vault made
the old one is on Colonel Morris's side
My husband told Mr. Kent to have
it done that I might again lie close by
him - he assured all around that I
was his only comfort except our son

Good night my dear Friend - Give
my love to Mr. Tucker - and do
not ascribe my silence to diminished
affection - I am borne down by
business and sorrow -

Unalterably I am your
grateful and affectionate Friend

A. C. Morris

Monday night Dec^r 2^d

1816