

Oct. 8, 1822

My ever dear Friend

Each day my heart impels me to determine on addressing a few lines to you - but, I have nothing to say worth your reading - You, your good wife, lovely daughter, and amiable sons can not be forgotten by me a single moment -

For myself, I rise early and toil constantly - each day is alike - Thank God my darling boy is every thing the fondest mother can wish - of obedience, ^{he} is a pattern for all boys -

I send you some poetry which I think you will like and pray heaven to bless you and yours to whom I beg to be most affectionately presented

Your tenderly attached
Morrisania
October 8 - 1822
A. C. Morris

~~George Tucker~~
The honorable
St George Tucker

Mary Morris
Oct. 8. 1822.
Ans. Dec. 30. 4

October 8 - 1852
Providence
Your truly attached
most affectionately forwarded
and yours to whom I feel to be
and great pleasure to help you
which I think you will like
I send you more books
for all days - of (bebeaves) is a pattern
is every thing the finest pattern
to like - thank God my darling
and still constantly - each day
to myself, I raised early
a single moment -
see how can not be forgotten by me
good wife, lovely daughter and son
and with your reading - your, your
live to you - but I have nothing to
me to be remembered or addressing a few
back but my heart is full
My ever dear friends

Ms. A. 9. 20.
Oct. 8. 1852.
North Providence

~~Ms. A. 9. 20.~~
Ms. A. 9. 20.
Ms. A. 9. 20.

The Lady looked, with a fearful smile
On the youth who thus sought her woes to beguile;
On his lips and cheek, on his eyes and brow,
Then murmured softly "My Vow! My Vow!!!"

"Nay Lady, I ask no place but this,
To be the scene of our wedded bliss."
"Lord! His Ghost would haunt us, & I should scream!"
"Don't you think 't would be better to turn the stream?"

Hark to that song. How cheerful is the strain!
His lip is smiling; tearless is his eye;
Yet none who hear can sympathy repair
For one who strives with grief so gratefully.

That smile deceives not. In that faithful heart
Hope soothes the grief that preys upon its core,
The cheering Hope, that they may meet who part,
And dwell in bliss celestial evermore.

"There is a look of uncomplaining sadness,
Which, to the unpractised eye might seem a smile:
There is a tone most like the voice of gladness,
And yet the heart is breaking all the while!"
So sang the Lady. Cheerful was the strain;
Her lip was smiling; tearful was her eye;
And none that heard could sympathy refrain
For one who strove with grief so gracefully.

The Lady sat by a new made grave;
And her tears are swelling the sparkling wave
Of the limpid brooklet, that rippling by,
Murmured a voice of sympathy.

That stream had witnessed the pledged vow
Of the gentle youth that slept below:
And she swears by its waters never to leave
That spot while it flows by her Lover's grave.

"O Lady, permit me your grief to share;
For my cherished friend was your Lover dear.
But alas! he is dead, and can never awake.
Don't you think you could love me for his sake?"