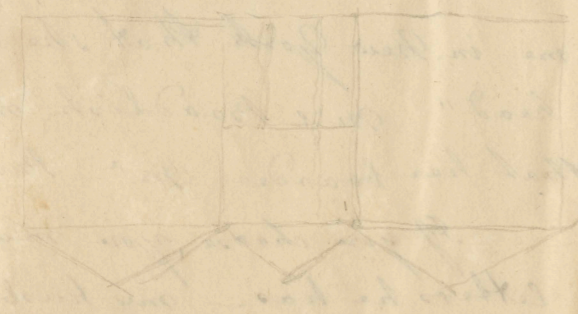


July 14, 1834

My ever beloved Beverley

Your letter has found me so much indisposed that, I would not attempt writing to address any person but a member of Judge Tuckers family - I barely name him thus because words are unequal to the expression of what I feel for his memory - Yes! I have always tenderly enquired about you and, with delight, shewed Judy your mention of me, in a letter you wrote my husband on the subject of Canals - from Coli bearing and his wife I heard you were doing well - I wrote to Henry shortly before Mr. Morris's death - the letter was not noticed - since that period mine has been a life of martyrdom - David B. Lyden swindled his uncle so heavily that I sacrificed my all to save a portion for my son - he is most exemplary - and what little he has is free from debt - I had my tongue set free from promised secrecy toward the Bizarre house when Tuder died - write explicitly - and I can say much - The letters Tack sent here were copied - those copies ^{are} in possession of my nephew in law John Mosby of Richmond - My eldest sister always said Tuder's scheme to keep all the property in her own hands was not so deep as she supposed - Our old friend L. K. - now of Alabama - wrote me - "If Tack is deranged, an artful enemy to you both has caused it." This was in the memorable 1814 - My arm aches from sweeping but I will force it on a little longer - permit me to say there are three widows named Ann Morris and my letters are very often opened by the other two - my own family find it necessary to direct to Mrs. Gov. Morris - well - do I remember our last



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Beverley Tucker Esq.
 Lees town
 Virginia

Northhampton S.D.
 July 11

Nancy Kemmels
 St. L. Morris



meeting, and that it was in Richmond - I am generally able to
arrange our two rooms before I give out - but this morning the
broom was too much for me - as Executrix - Guardian and
Trustee I have been soothed by the approbation of good people -
but Jack's horrible slanders are in the mouth of every vulgar
corrupt wretch - and I have been told on his authority, by an
Irish woman, almost too drunk to stand, the most filthy of his
calumnies - worn out in constitution I try to enjoy
my Son's company, his display of every manly virtue - and
work hard rather than hear such diabolic inventions from
the basest of female hiralings - no others are to be had - many
rich families live in boarding houses rather than encounter such
animals -

Jack was very attentive to us in Washington
in 1811, 12 - Tudor borrowed money from us to bring him here,
to accommodate him we gave up a journey we longed for, and
were prepared to begin - he had not a single cent forwarded
to him - we treated him with parental tenderness -

A step mother threw me in the power of Bizarre - God
helps me - I often thought the family had better take some
of the awful warnings sent them by heaven - after nursing
Tudor there, and losing my sleep 17 nights - my only reward
was to be ordered out of the house - Judy certainly instigated
Jack on that occasion - but I forgive them all their workings
she drove Dick out of his senses - such a wife I never saw
an affectionate heart would have made him most happy
she never loved any body but herself since she was born

July 14 - 1834

Morrisania

God bless you - yrs affectionately

A. C. Morris

Judy first told me in New York that she considered
Jack entirely "out of his head" Mrs Braddish mentioned to
Col^d Morris her belief that her boarder Mr. Randolph must
be deranged in intellect - If you choose you may ask John
Moseby to give you the letters he has - my husband had those
copies taken - I wish there was an opportunity of sending you
the originals -

professor ^{Tucker} told me last Summer of his seeing poor dear St George
in Baltimore - when Tudor's lungs were sporting blood I wrote
to urge his Uncle and Mother to come to him - his Cambridge
Doctor wrote my husband the young man was on the borders of
incurable disease and could not be managed - his chest was covered
with blisters when he came to us -

Now my dear Beverley this is a miserable scrawl but
my eyes are worn out - Mr. Morris sunk under the detection
of Ogden's frauds and falsehood - during 18 months the Co-executor re-
fused to qualify - I had to work at papers night and day -
but for my measures the property would not have paid
Ogden's swindling - Here we might have much company
but I avoid it by never asking any one to see us - and often say
I am too sick or too busy to converse when one calls - This
is a large house dreadfully out of repair - we occupy a small
part of it - To my beloved Mr. Carrington I have not written
lately - because I have nothing agreeable to say except praising my
good Son