



[REDACTED]
Mesa, 85206-2163

Arizona.

Saturday, June 25, 2005
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Dear Brian,

I have just returned from France where they are celebrating the 200th anniversary of Alexis de Tocqueville's birth. A special stamp has been issued to commemorate the occasion. I thought of you and I brought one back for you.

It was just about this time seven years ago that I reached page 692 in George Wilson Pierson's book. *Tocqueville in America*. When I read his description of Mary Mottley I took issue with it and I decided to find her. I simply did not believe that the young man I was learning to admire so much would have chosen such a loser for his wife.

I set out to find Mary and it wasn't long before I realized that for historians she was irrelevant to Alexis De Tocqueville's life. They could not have been more wrong.

It has taken me seven years during which I have never given up. Many doors have opened for me and I have not been bashful in using every opportunity and new contact that came my way. I am delighted, even proud Brian, to be able to tell you that I am the first person ever to pursue this research and it has been successful.

It is no exaggeration to say that I know more about Mary's family than my own. The Mottley family is remembered today as prominent members in the city of Portsmouth during the 18th and 19th century. Mary had good reason to be offended by the hostility she received from the French aristocrats.

I have walked in Mary's footsteps and a few weeks ago I visited the family grave. It was a desolate scene, a cold windy day, the cemetery was old and a sense of death hung everywhere. The headstones had crumbled, black birds like vultures were swooping around, and it was creepy. It reminded me of a Hitchcock movie. There was a pub across the street and called the Grave Diggers and it must be many years since a grave was dug in Highland cemetery. As I looked down at the grave, where her brother and sister were buried felt I was visiting old friends.

Because through Mary I had learned about there lives. At that moment the years slipped away and Mary was no longer a woman I met in a history book. We were all there together and I longed to ask all of them so many questions.

Brian I could go on for hours.

Sincerely,

