

Cambridge 7<sup>th</sup> July 1823.

My Dear Daughters.

Mary & Elizabeth married  
George Ware Henry Ware Jr  
Brother of William

Although you will find a letter written yesterday in Mr Ware's packet, put up in Boston, & addressed to write again by Mr Banet who goes from this place, being I understand a student of Divinity.

I can easily conceive that Andrew was extremely disappointed on his arrival at your house in Boston, to find it deserted by his sisters; after a very tedious voyage, and the last nine days of it in a thick fog near Nantucket shoals, & then a confinement of several days at the quarantine ground in Boston harbour. He did not choose to come directly to our house, but called at Mr Tolson's room, who called to inform me of it, who returning, told him that we should expect him at dinner. When he came he knocked at the door, and as he entered the room, where I was alone, he reeled into a chair, or he would have fainted. He shed tears and appeared more like the returned prodigal son than an high spirited soldier; and I recollect nothing but his good qualities; and did all I could to make him feel easy. He required however a night's rest to compose him. At breakfast he was cheerful, & related some of his adventures, went to meeting all day & to chapel, while your mother & I went in the afternoon into Boston, and to meeting as she wished to see the old meeting house, which her great-grandfather was so zealous to build, before they tore its entrails out, and gave an aspect of modernity to the revered work of olden-time; and was not displeased with this trait in a daughter of the old school. How singular it is, that she is not a Calvinist? When I was out of the room, after meeting, for we went to your house, Mr Ware, whether prudently, or imprudently, I am not

not at present prepared to say, that he considered An-  
drew permanently insane on some points, which  
shocked her very much, and made her very uneasy on  
her return home to tea. She told me that she noticed  
talents in Andrew's conversation, but a wild manner,  
and now & then an imprudence of speech, respecting  
the characters of men. I am afraid she never will be  
happy, or quite easy while he is in this house, altho' he  
is very respectful & attentive to her. The idea of a trait of  
derangement seems to appal her; yet has she spoken  
on the subject but very little, & that but once. I however  
see her uneasiness. In such a case, what can I do? —  
He intends going to see his Grand Mother, and I have this  
day notified her of his intentions; and told her that the in-  
undation of <sup>the</sup> country has caused many beside him to quit  
it; for on the subsiding of the waters it will probably be  
very sickly in all that vast region, recently overflowed.

He has not two dollars in the world, and by what I can  
discover pretty bare of shirting & other clothing. What can  
I do in such a case? I am sure I know not. I never was  
yet very happy long. There is one consolation however. He is  
honest, & honorable. He owes no man. He has defrauded none;  
and if he actually suffers under a mental malady, it is the  
hand of Heaven; for he did not make himself; and never  
injured his intellect by intemperance, altho' he has resided  
long in a country where they are obliged to mix spirit with  
their river, and rain water. The three past years, has been  
to him a school of adversity; and I flatter myself that he  
has been made better by it. He is certainly able & entertaining  
in his narratives, & full of rapid thought; but I suspect that  
he has never made many friends, owing to his constitutional  
impetuosity, w<sup>ch</sup> actually occasioned his resignation in the  
army.

My present view is, to encourage him to go to Middlebrook,  
and devote himself to please his Grand mother, and stay  
with her this summer. He may possibly get some school in  
the

the neighbourhood, or be employed by Judge Woods  
in his probate office; for it will not do for him to  
make our house his home, and that for the reasons  
already intimated; and I wish if you can, either of  
you, intimate as delicately <sup>as possible</sup> as possible, that  
idea by letter. Few things could have happened to me more  
distressing & embarrassing, as you can easily conceive  
after what Mr W. said to Mrs W. — I have designedly  
hinted to you his destitute condition, with a view that you  
might assist him, if you conveniently could, with some  
of those articles w<sup>ch</sup> require the domestic needle & thread,  
and other things may follow in due time from another  
source; but they must come spontaneously, which you  
will doubtless understand. He is your Mother's first born  
and favourite son, and I feel for him as such, although  
he has behaved to me as he has. He has, and always had,  
some inestimable qualities. A better child never was. His  
change began before he left college. It is the head and  
not the heart that has been defective. I wish  
grandmother could be induced to have him  
as long as she lived. If I thought I could forward such  
a plan by going with him myself, I would not he-  
-sitate a moment in my determination.

I wish you both would write to me freely on this in-  
-teresting subject, and speak your opinion & wishes;  
and write ~~also~~ also to your grandmother if you think  
it expedient. Your mother sent her a fine wedge of  
wedding-cake in an oval box by Dr Farnsworth.

Tell John & little Nincka that I think of them every  
day, and that I long to be plaguing them. His letter gave me  
more information about Uncle Will's little pretty meeting-house  
than I had ever heard of it before. Ask Uncle W. if he will change  
his little meeting-house for one of mine up stairs, one that has  
got a steeple to it. Why don't you make poor of the pigs that run  
about your streets; & why do you not whip the boys who play in the  
streets on Sunday? I hope none of Uncle Will's lambs will ever be seen  
baa-ing about the streets on the sabbath, and do you tell him so from  
your dear Grandfather

B. W.

Recd again  
Account of Quadrant  
the Son who disappeared  
Son of Brent-Nathaniel

To

Mrs Elizabeth & Mary Wares

New York

By Mr Barret //

1823

St Matthews Jan 5 7