Cambridge Oct. 7th 1830

Dear Mary,

The enclosed letter was written to go by Mrs Schuyler, but we had no opportunity of giving it to her, for when your mother called she was from home. This goes by the handsome Miss Higginson. I meant to send Frank Knapp's trial and procured a copy, but when I came to read it, I did not think it worth sending. When the trial of the elder brother is ended, there will be probably a complete narrative, and not before and then I will send one, that may be a penny-worth and not a catch-penny. Would you believe it? there are passionate parties now in Salem since Frank K.'s execution, compassionating him, and condemning honest Mr Coleman; for my self I have long despised the predominating character of that old Salem, where there is a sad pejoration of morals, and where Mammon is more worshipped than any other deity. They envied and abused the good William Gray because he was rich, and almost adored Dr Holyoke because his charges were not higher than a barber's,

nor

nor half so high as a horse farriers — and yet no man can get shaved in Salem on Sunday, although he can all other days of the week upon 'Change —

I send you a specimen of Orthodox beggary by parson Bennet who is going round the country repeating the same harangue, and meets with no small success. — I have not seen Henry or his wife since you left us! — I have called at their house thrice, and your mother once. I expect, however that they are about come to an anchor by this time —

The best Cambridge new that I can tell is, that your friend Mrs Holton has added a little son to her pleasant family, which I did not ex-pect quite so soon —, and I am very hard put to't to add any more

Give our united loves to the little brood and tell them that we have not forgotten them, nor shall we very soon — not even the little well bred Lady, renowned for belle ringing and Johnny cake. Remember us also to your hus-band, and dont forget your affectionate father

B. Waterhouse

To

Mrs. Mary Ware

New-York

By Miss
E. Higginson

Cambridge Sep. 14th 1831.

Dear Mary, I have just parted with your brother Andrew in serious sadness not without a severe trial of my feelings as a parent, and that chiefly because he goes off with the unfortunate impression that I am not sufficiently attentive to his needs & circumstances and that I could aid him to live in ease & comfort if I would. I have talked to him and so has your mother and for the moment he appears to think right, but it soon gives place to that train of gloomy & false ideas that haunts his unsettled mind. He said he could not take leave, but walked up & down the yard in tears. The fact is he lingers about his native place which has called up all his early, pleasant and innocent associations when & where he never met with any thing but kindness and marks of affection. The house where he slept — the garden once so neat & beautiful, the common, the meeting house, the school-house where he was both teacher and pupil, the college, and every thing, and amidst it all his Mother; have wrought upon his good feelings so as to make him miserable at being torn away from them. For all these things I more than pity him, for even his brother John did not surpass him in affection to us all, and in humane & honorable feeling & principles to all around him.

I have discussed the painful subject of intemperate drinking. He acknowledges it, laments it, and yet vindicates it as a southern custom. He wishes to be employed here in a rail-road, but I convinced him that he could never be employed here with such habits in this neighborhood. When I suggested the probability of its growing upon him, and that intemperance would

would shorten his life, he replied that he was in-
-different to life — In the course of this conversa-
-tion he said that abstracted from occasional free
drinking, he suspected that his mind was not,
at all times, right. He told me that Reuben Haines
was touched with ~~insanity~~ insanity, and that
he was obliged to use a vegetable Diet, and
avoid every thing stimulant. This was to me
an affecting confession as it regarded himself,
for how could either of them help it? I believe your
grandmother, who was at times very nervous, and
~~was~~ whose son Daniel had an obliquity of mind as it
regarded his mother (that could hardly be reconciled
to sanity) had considered it in her last will, and
provided for ~~him~~ Andrew accordingly — The dread of the
loss of reason is one of the most deplorable con-
-ditions of man, and if so Andrews enlistment
must have been a cool act of judgment. What-
-ever may have been the cause he is an object
of our commiseration —

It is doubly afflictive to me that he has the
impression that I am harsh & unfriendly towards
him while in fact he is of all my children the
most prominent object of my unceasing soli-
-citude. With, as you know, to do him all the
good I can without indulging him in what
I am convinced will be more injurious than
beneficial. He must be made to feel the
necessity of trusting to his own industry, and to
dread idleness, and the indulgence of a destructive
habit, the aggravator if not the source of all
his unhappy feelings.

Still we must not overlook him nor neglect
him — should sickness overtake him when within our
reach —

reach. Should you communicate with him by letter or conversation I hope you will lessen his false notion that I disregard him, and have unfriendly feelings towards him. His mother has conversed with him in a very friendly manner, and has I hope removed some of his prejudices concerning me.

He talks now of going from Boston to Baltimore by water, where he says he can get an employ though laborious, which is better than a laborious employ in this region where few or none would wish to engage one of his education and connexions — Without some occupation he will be miserable. Idleness will ruin him; and indulgence in this place while it softened his mind has weakened all his industrious feelings, so that he has become unfit for exertion here, and requires a change of place and scenes to set out afresh —

I hope, notwithstg. the lowry sky the weather may be more propitious tomorrow. Kiss the little brood for me. I have taken great pleasure in their company and a deep interest in their welfare and nothing has crossed or disturbed it but the sombre events already alluded to, and which no reason or philosophy can ~~very much~~ entirely remove; not but what I shall be much relieved by hearing of your safe arrival in Beech street by the first leisure your husband may have adieu! —

B. C.

Mrs Mary Wm. Ware
at Dr John Ware's
Boston

Sept 14 1831
Account of Andrews
bill for