

To Mr. Wm. Constable.

Please to tear off this leaf, and give it
to Mr. Sherman Van Ness.

My dear Sir,

Tray. Sept. 2 - 1837.

I am told by Mr. Smith, that Mr. Constable
set off for your father's house. His father
came here yesterday to see him. I am au-
thorized by him, to conduct his father's af-
fairs, as my judge most expedient.

I, therefore, engage, that his father
shall pay you and your father, for tuition
and board, as I engaged in writing, in
Mr. Bondinot's case; until his father,
or myself, give you different directions.

I am to require of you particular
information respecting his application and
improvement from time to time - also
respecting his moral conduct, &c.
If you succeed in improving the
minds of Messrs. Constable and Bon-
dinal, and in the right direction of
their moral conduct, you will
have the enduring thanks of their
very amiable parents. They have
talents; and their parents have wealth
for them in abundance. If you
will make scholars and moral,
pious, temperate, upright men
of them, heaven and their parents
will ever bless you.

I remember, that you had considerable
knowledge of drafting. Do teach them to plat
survey, and draft well. Your real friend, A. Eaton

Manchester Institute, Troy, Sep. 2^d - 1837

My dear William,

This I write you confidentially. Your most excellent father came here yesterday. He came into our sleeping-room. He could but barely speak. "I have come to see to my unfortunate boy." The tears flowed down his cheeks. His noble manly countenance seemed to sink down like the deathly pallor of a wounded giant. Nothing but a favorite Jones's ruin can conquer that noble mind. He said, "I will forgive William, I will do all for his happiness in my power, notwithstanding his unfaithfulness to me. I love that boy, with all his errors."

Now William, for heaven's sake! do look about you!! Will you, for the accursed stimulus of artificial spirits, ruin yourself and father? He said to me and Mrs E. "William is rapidly bringing my grey hair with sorrow to the grave." Are you an accursed ^{unfeeling} statue of Satan, ever expecting that you will bring to a ~~premature~~ ^{premature} death, the best man that the God of Nature ever created? "Turn on your heel", like Calhoun, and say that your virtuous efforts shall never stop short of the presidency of the United States. Who knows but you may yet show this letter, transmitting your father's feelings, as the grand starting-point to your future fame? In congress I all we may hear of you. I may hear your father quote this lofty letter, as ~~your~~ transit step from wretched intemperance to the pinnacle of fame, when his head is whitened with age, and when I am in dotage, I scarcely of sufficiently of intellectual ~~and~~ energy to participate in his glory?

I am an old man. I had a son devoted to his own ruin as you are. Nature did her duty in regard to genius, as she has you. His fall at the feet of the Alcoholic God was like yours. He has paid the Rubicon of Hope. I turned my mind to better sons. I have been fortunate in them. Not what the influence of Alcohol left, death came for. But the hand of death was but a "love-touch," compared that of alcohol.

So read and heed this article from your friend, Amos Eaton.

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Mr ~~Am~~ Constable.
 Malden Bridge
 Chatham
 Col. Lieut.