

Cambridge Oct 19th 1833

Dear Sir,

Not being able to return, in time, to your office yesterday, as I wished and intended, I commit to paper what I wished to say—

I disregard, pretty much, the opinion of the multitude on any elaborate work, especially the multitude of readers of the present day amongst us—a period of book builders and puffery, whose motives are profit, and whose practice is to echo the fashion of the day in Boston. However lightly I may estimate the vox populi (which, in times of political excitement, is as often vox Diaboli as vox Dei) I covet the opinion of such able & honest men as John Pickering and Nathaniel Bowditch because I conceive them to be men, like the late Timothy Pickering—constitutionally honest—each a "homo perpendiculariter honestus—i. e., an upright, downright honest man—

To you therefore I freely avow that I laid out all my strength in writing the historical & characteristical book on Junius, the first literary production of England. My Essay on it was the work of full seven years of my life, and more. I did my best—and after I had written it, I went over it twice by myself, and examined every word, as I conceived, in imagination, you Mathematicians do a figure. Had I done this when thirty years younger, I may have executed it more rigidly—more thoroughly and more to my own satisfaction. Still I have at this late period of my life (dating from March 5th 1754) done my best, as an historian; for the identity of Junius with Earl Chatham is, after all but a secondary object of the book in question, as

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maybe inferred from my title page, its motto, and more especially from the biographical preface of the volume.

I am conscious that it is not sifted so clean from tares, and so cleared from weeds as it might have been had I commenced the task earlier, before my memory was on the wane.

But under all circumstances I have done my best, and am willing to leave ^{it} to my relatives and friends as such.

Nevertheless, I wish a more scrutinizing eye than mine should correct what I have overlooked; for, to use the words of the great John Locke — "the eye can see every thing but itself."

I have therefore sent you an interteaved-junius, that you might if so inclined read it, between now and next spring, whenever you felt a nothing to do disposition, or relaxation from severe occupation, & by way of amusement, and note down in the blank paper by a note of interrogation [?] or any other mark, any thing denoting doubt, or need of direction — as I seek correction rather than eulogy, accuracy rather than poetical flourish: for I assure you that I am of a teachable disposition, and always was, and I trust that approaching dotage will not diminish that habitual cast of mind, grown, I hope, into character.

Between John Pickering & myself there exists a mutual respect and friendship, notwithstanding some repellent ^{political} points, between me & our cousin Timothy Pickering, his father — an man constitutional, honest, and of great worth, yet rather too inflexible; for there are few wise men, any where, who have not changed their opinions, one time or other. That I should wish to clarify my opinions by straining them through the brains of such men ~~and~~ as yourself, & John Pickering, can be no matter of wonder to those who know you both.

Benjamin Waterhouse To

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4 DEC 1942

Gift: Dr. Edwin A. Locke

I.Mh. 1833. W

To Nathaniel Bowditch Esq. L.L.D. &c

[letter]

Nathaniel Bowditch Esq^r L.L.D &c

Boston

Dr. Waterhouse Oct 19 1833