Cambridge June 28th 1825

My Dear Daughter,

Here am I, safe, and in good health after six weeks absence, and after having ~~travelled~~ rode & sailed twelve hundred miles, without a single accident, and without breaking even the tongue of a buckle, or losing even a strap, or any article of personal use which, next under Providence, seems owing chiefly to wife & Daughter

We arrived at Newport about eleven o clock Wednesday after a pleasant passage, considering the heat of the afternoon & first part of the night, and the extreme noisy machinery — There was a thunder storm & copious rain that night on Rhode Island, but none in the Sound where we were.

Tarried two days at Newport, which was very lively, from several causes, & principally the sitting of the Legislature, where I was admitted to the honors of a seat, & the particular attention of the Lieut Governor, a gentleman whose person, manners, generosity & deportment would do honor to any station in the land under the President of the United States — The Gov.r in chief is a venerable & respectable man —

I bargained with Miss Elliot to tarry two nights in Providence that I might hitch on again. Accordingly I took her up on Saturday morning from the house of the Rev. Mr Eddes, and after a very agreeable ride deposited her in Dedham, after securing her a chaise for Milton

I found every body well of our connexions. Your Mother seemed like your Father, to have gained flesh in the seperation. — The next day we went to meeting, where the Rev. Dr indulged in the luxury of woe & pageantry of grief to the great delight of all those who do not know that "great grief is dumb." We did not go out in the afternoon when the general principles & sentiments expressed in the morning were applied to his particular case. I was told that his enthusiasm could hardly bear him through out the tragedy — We were glad that we were not present, being entirely of the mind with Mr Dewey respecting the show of mourning —

How does my Dear little Toby do? Can he whistle as loud as ever? Learn him to say thy,

Keep me dry, but do not starve me,
For that is not the way to serve me —
Feed me well, and that will tame me,
Or else I'll cry — and who can blame me?

Remember me most respectfully to Mr and Mrs Van Parlarnen — tell them I shall long remember them with pleasure for their politeness to me, and with gra-
-titude for their friendly attention to you — and com-
-plements to those from whom I have received attentions.
Mr & Mrs Phillips & Henry dine with us tomorrow.
The hair convenience was very acceptable indeed. Your mother was delighted with the idea of wearing hair that came off your head; for I suppose — nay I know, that she thinks with me, that while the rest of my

my children act strangely, & keep a loof from their Father, one alone testifies that affection which ought to subsist between us. The conduct of Benjamin is to be lamented, because his station in life demands correctness of heart & head. How can a preacher seriously exhort to the subduing of a stubborn will, while he himself fosters that objectionable disposition? — The eye can see everything but itself. — As to Andrew I can say nothing. I am convinced of his unhappy condition. He is an object of deep commiseration instead of rebuke. We must watch over him for good, and advise him where we can, & bear with him where we must.

Your mother has not worn that hair converter because she wishes to exchange it, & procure the large one provided, she says that Mary has hair enough left to make it of — She says she only wishes it was a shade, or half a shade lighter. Still it is very near, considering it was judged of at a distance, without a pattern. I wish you also to get a smaller pr. of scissors, & better finished than those w.c I got w.c were 4, or 5 inches long. I will send the money for them & the paper box for the head convenience by Mrs. Phillips. I cannot bear to say a Lady's wig; for it brings to my mind that of old Sam Manning's & Deacon Spooner's. I calculate to go with your mother to Providence Commencement, w.c will be on the 7th of Sep.r & possibly slip down to Newport for a day or two, and then we shall shrink again under our shell as before — Remember me to your husband, and give Toby a good bite for me — affectionately B. Waterhouse

Capt. Phillips wife hardly leave this under a week or ten days

If you go to Burlington — or at such a distance from N. York as to shut up your church, you must let me know of it. — I may attend to Mrs. Ware's wishes, when Capt. P. goes by whom I shall write. I must go on the wharves in Boston before I can say any thing with precision of his chest &c &c —

Nov. 25

Rev. & William Ware

18 3/4

for Mrs. M. Ware

Cambridge Mass

Free 20 —

New-York —

Cambridge 25th Sept 1825

My Dear Mary,

I rejoice to learn from your husband that Toby is growing robust again. I suppose before long he will be able to play football. When he is let me know, and I will send him one made of India-rubber.

I find from your letter to William of the 11th that you had not seen Andrew, & of course could not dispense any of the money I sent him to you. I have taken every possible pains in his case to render it as pleasant as the nature of it admits. I have spoken the Genl. Dearborn who has, of his own accord written Col. Bankhead, who commands at N. York, in his favour, which letter I enclosed to Andrew a fortnight ago, with directions from the Genl. to deliver it himself. I wish you to ask Andrew if he did so — Genl. Miller has, at my request written to the Col. also; and has farthermore engaged Bankhead's successor Major Cutler to befriend him. Your mother and I were at Salem & dined with Genl. Miller, and have left nothing unsaid, or undone on the subject; so that if Andrew's situation be not better, it will be from no slackness of exertion on my account; and all this has been in consequence of his addressing himself to me in a style and language more becoming that of a son to a father than heretofore, and so often as he deviate from it, so often shall I neglect him for a breach of that commandment which enjoins honoring father & mother. — I have also written twice to Major Barron, whose friendship your brother should cultivate & prize, beyond that of any one officer with whom I am acquainted. He is in the Quartermaster Depart.t and his fixed residence at the U. S. military store Washington-street. He was an excellent Tutor in the college a number of years, & persecuted for being a gentleman.

Beside these attentions we have filled a kind of seachest with a variety of ditto's which may conduce to his comfort; among them are two blankets, bolster & pillow, stockings, stocks, underwaste-coat, shirts &c — all marked A. O. W — And to these we may add as needed and opportunity may offer. Your attention to him will be, I suppose, according to his prudent and discreet conduct. He has little right to expect your kindness & sisterly attention, if he fails in that line of respectful behaviour towards you, and your husband. I hope, and believe however that his experience has convinced him that reciprocal attention is requisite to the comfort of us all. —

I send a little round flesh brush, which if not too harsh is very good to brush your little fellow round is bowels, and indeed all over him, instead of dabbing all over with a cold wet cloth.

Is it not extraordinary that Benj.n writes to none of us? Your mother made a natural remark the other day — viz that my sons appeared to her to treat their father with an uncommon degree of unfeelingness & neglect, mixed with disrespect. Of Benjamin, considering his studies and calling, it applies with force. If Daniel be living, it applies to him still stronger. Time will prove how far it may apply to Andrew. I never, for a moment, had such feelings toward my parents. Neither have you. I forget whether I mentioned in my letter the death of our Nephew Thomas Lee. There was a very strong attachment between him & his aunt. But considering his habits and mental defects, he may have been removed from greater evils than he, or his connexions had yet experienced —

Cuff Toby's ears, and give him a good pinch out of pure love from his grandfather B. Waterhouse

I enclose a five dollar bill to be added to the little fund for Andrew to be dispensed according to your discretion –

Mrs Mary Ware

Honored by
her Husband

Newyork

Cambridge 15th Nov. 1825

Dear Mary,

I have hardly heard from you once since your husband left us. Yesterday Henry read a portion of your letter to him, in which you say — Tell father that "little Henry has not whistled these two months!" I am sorry for that, & surprized too, if it be all from teething, as it denotes a want of vigour in his system sufficient to carry on the process of den-tition. Sometimes they absolutely need cutting down to freely which is a safe operation to one who is used to it. There are two indications — one to moderate the irritation, for there will always be some while the teeth are (as it were) vegetating — the second too keep the bowels a little lax, without provoking absolute purging.

I have never heard a word from Andrew since I sent him an assortment of ditto's in a large sea chest, altho' I enjoined on him to acknowledge its receipt, that I might know if it went as directed. I wish you would inform me how he is now situated and whatever you know of him. I have done every thing for him that I can after taking advice, & much consideration, but despair ever satisfying him. The last letter which I had from him was expressive of discontent and not over respectful. He expects everything from

from us as if he were a child, and we must, for what I see, treat him as such. —

As to Benjamin, if he be in health, his behaviour is absolutely without excuse. From his not writing to any of us, I infer, that he has been disappointed in his expectations. When I was of his age and in London, I had my American feelings so strong and decided that I never for a moment admitted a wish to remain there.

It appears by the papers that the Yorkers have been trying to outdo us Yankees in our Lafiatto-Bunker-hillianian-celebration. But it has been long admitted that when the Bostonians set out to do the keen-thing, they set all competition at defiance. Yet I believe that you made a very grand show, and I think the occasion justified it. — I know of nothing in the news line worth relating. Everybody seems just about so. Your mother is well and desires her love. Katty G. is like all old women, sometimes sick & sometimes not, but never complains. As to myself I never was in better health, & never weighed more. Harriat Ware, who is now in Cambridge, gives me a good account of the children, and I rejoice to hear that her friend Hall is better in health, so that I hope he will be fixed before long in his candle stick at North Hampton with H. to trim him up a great & shining light, to enlighten those who set there in darkness. Write when you can to your affectionate father

Benj.n Waterhouse —

You will, or may see by the Papers the destructive fire in Court St. Wells & Lilly and Greenleaf's bookstores totally consumed, by Burditts not. It will be the means of opening a fine wide street, from State St. to the Avenue or Adjutant Sumner's thumb, and so it is that Boston becomes more & more beautified, provided the truth of Mr Mandeville's maxim that private calamities are public benefits, as well as private vices.

To

Mrs Mary Ware

Beech street

By Miss Thaxter. // New York

fr N Waterman

Nov 2 1825

Cambridge Sep.r 28th 1829.

My dear Children,

I rejoiced to hear yesterday by Mr Ed. Pearson, that he left you all well two days before. Indeed if the weather be at New York as it has been, and is still, I can hardly see that it can be otherwise, as far as complaints arise from weather. We have not even our accustomed equinoctial. I improved this favourable state of things to snap my pen and wipe it dry, and run off to Middleborough, and New Bedford, and after a weeks absence re-turned home, twelve hours before it began to rain, and even that was in the night time, so that should a fit of the pedantics come over me, I could say, with Virgil,

'Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane.'

and the spectacula now is delightful, both from my windows towards the river, behind the house, and in the garden. The mercury in our entry has been lower this morning at six, our breakfast hour, than at any time this year, viz at 48; and now at eleven a clock A.M. I have put out my fire, and shall not light it up again before six in the evening.

I found grandmother somewhat altered by en-creased years — thinner in flesh, more grey, low-spi-rited and childish, yet healthy and capable of making short visits. She has a careful woman with her, and very attentive neighbors, yet I suppose she looks forward to winter with anxiety, very common to old people who have lost their children. She asked me if my wife had by her those red harrateen-curtains that used to be up in our east chamber, and if so, and she had no use for them whether she might have them for the winter? I enquired and learnt from your mother, that she never saw any thing of the kind whatever, not even a sheet or pillow-case except what belonged to my sister's bed, and of those she gave away every article according to her best judgment. For my own part, I have at times thought, and lamented, that there was never a single thing reserved for me that was worn, or owned by your mother, not so much as a hankerchief, or a book, or a ring. There was the remains of a shawl that I gave your mother in early life, which I

was always pleased with, and which she valued and wore perhaps 15 or 20 years: altho' not more than half remained I valued it, but I was not gratified. I afterwards recognized pieces of it in a bed quilt, and spoke of it I always thought that Mrs. Brimmer intruded her advice on these family matters; and altho' we have a great esteem for George who sometimes takes an unceremonious dinner with us, I never call upon his mother, nor ever shall, on other accounts. —

If you have that article your grandmother mentions, suppose you should send it to me for her. I would take care of it, and it would doubtless be returned ultimately to you again. I imagine the fact to be, that your Grand mother needs warm thick curtains to her bed in the large bleak room in which she sleeps. We have no such thing in this house, except a scarlet one used in winter by the old gentleman in his field-bed. I have told you the case, and you must act accordingly, provided nevertheless that you do not put yourself to any inconvenience, which would not be right — proper or desirable.

Our parish matters progress smoothly, and with undeviating regularity. The remnant that is to be saved continue to meet in the Court-house, and talk strongly of building a meeting house for the dislocated Pastor, and they speak of that lot where Palmer's-bake-house stood, and in front of old Palmer's venerable house, of which I have a drawing by Mr Alston: but our honest, thick headed Deacon Monro told me that he did not see where the money was to come from. If Dr Holmes were to die before he was a month older, they would all, or very near all, return to the old dove house again. Some of them have already lamented their leaving it.

Yesday Dr Flint preached two admirable sermons. second to none we have yet heard. Life & immortality brought to light through the gospel, in the forenoon, and "Hope" in the afternoon, both handled in a masterly manner. Mr Brazier is spoken of for [illegible]

P.S. So wrote up in the Volume, I have not left room for

In New Bedford religious difference has generated disorder through that once harmonious town. Its scattering operation has been chiefly felt among the Society of Friends. The old and "orthodox", clothed in buckram, have "read out" of the meeting the Unitarian majority, which majority consists of men and women most distinguished for education, good sense, and wealth, and by far the greatest portion of the young people. The congregationalists & baptist come in for their share of the disturbance. One thing I could not but smile at. There are two meeting-houses, orthodox & unitarian built very near each other. One has had a bell many years — the other has recently obtained a new one. They both ring together morning — noon, and night. I asked if one bell was not sufficient for a town of that size. They said yes certainly; but the people of the last built meeting house said — we have as much right to be heard as you, and as our bell is the newest, largest and best, we will ring whenever we choose, and help yourselves if you can, ~~One of them has a clock that strikes~~ and so they bang! bang! in spite of each other. One of them has got a clock that strikes, and I expect the new house will obtain one likewise, and then they can strike each other! What a pity it is that they cannot [illegible] through with the opposition, and each vanish to the opposite side of the Heavens! It brings the verse in Butler's Hudibras, when speaking of Puritans in the days of Oliver Cromwell, of whom he says

> They are so perverse and opposite
> as if they worship't God for spite.

Did you ever receive two curious, instructive and very important volumes for Miss Louisa — such as would have struck with wonder, 400 years ago, Popes, Cardinals, Philosophers and Kings, amongst whom there might have been a scramble for the possession of two such matchless curiosities in the history of literature. I entrusted them to the care of the Revd. Henry Ware D. D. Hollis Prof. of Divinity in the oldest University in the western world, as witness my [illegible]

P. S. So wrapt up in the volumes, I have not left room for Loucind's compliments — shavings in a box of bottles — Snow tuck in like that, W.

Hold
family

The Revd William Ware

(For Mrs Mary Ware)

from B Waterhouse New-York

to William, Mary Ware

Date? 20-29

Cambridge 27th. Sept. 1830

Dear Mary,

Your letter of the 17th. inst. came in due course to hand via Boston — Before it came I had been a little anxious; for Miss P. told me that you had a sad time of it, and was obliged to put into New Haven, by reason of the storm, when it turns out to be only a Newport fogg that bleaches the complexions of the Rhode Island women and makes the girls so handsome, as I have heard. One thing I know it does certainly — take all the starch out of the womens ornaments, and straitens all their curles, and spoils the Dandies cravats — I suffer in a Newport fog. It gets all the rozin out of my fidde strings. I am glad you got home safe, and found all snug, and little Mary brightened up again. She is a little great favorite in this house, and has the high character of a young Lady of good breeding and amiable disposition, and of free and easy manners, and her sister do — do — do — and her sweet singing deserves another Ditto. — and the boy comes in for his share of commendation as a good and well managed child. Considering our retired habits, and almost nun like seclusion the fortnight amusement with the little family has been delightful to us all, and has left an agreable impression. The singing of Henry and Louisa will not soon be forgotten. I send but one

one instance of partiality to the latter, and that was in the style of reproff. I do not wish the Grandmother to have better feelings towards my favorite than I know she entertains, but she will be cautious how she shows it. Perhaps bend a hairs breadth the other way —

I hope you may have some better opportunity of seeing Newport, and the Island, which is beautiful particularly its beaches and sea views. That spot was once the genteelest — and most literary town in New England, owing to the Redwood Library, and the residence of opulent men from different parts of the world who resorted to it for its healthfulness, and perhaps cheap living. Dean Berkley, Bishop of Cloyne resided there several years, and it is said that there he wrote his famous work, the Minute Philosopher. The war ruined Newport, and the whole Island, which is now like an old battered shield held up, for seven years, against the enemy in order to protect Providence which has risen to wealth and luxury on the ruins of the Capital; for Newport is still the capital of the State

I am sorry to see by the papers that Mary Bordman is a widow, with, I believe three children. We have not seen Henry + Wife since you left us. We both called at the House a few days ago, but found it

it unoccupied. Mr W. went to Boston to day and meant to call again, but was prevented. A lame horse has kept us both at home more than we wish.

We have not yet seen Mr & Mrs Schuyler, Your Mother called once but they were out. We expect they will ride out to Cambridge before they depart for home. With that in view I write this, in order that they may be the bearer of it.

Give our loves to the three children and tell them that we talk about them when we set down to our great banging table, on two of us, picking a few crumbs of fo[illegible] like two crow biddies, instead of slaughtering of it as we used to ~~day~~ do after bell ringing in the morning. How Mary and I used to stuff it!!! – and fill up the chinks with Huckelberries* and then wash down the black paint with new-genuine- unwashed milk!

A kind remembrance to your husband, and tell him not to let you go from home again before the year 1834.

B Waterhouse

* The shortning is beef-dripping is some certain baking it, the result of experience

Mrs. Mary Wm Ware

Hon^d By
Mrs Schuyler

New-York

Philip Schuyler
G.G.W. to S. Travers
Jan. 24, 1789
a Front-Stamp Letter

Cambridge July 4th 1831.

My Dear Daughter,

Altho' your husband can tell all about us yet judging by myself, I conclude that a line from me would be acceptable.

I passed three very pleasant days at Madam Vans, and three more at New Haven, one of which was the sab-bath, and went forenoon and afternoon to the Episcopal Church, and was surprised to find two such numerous congregations of the Anglican Church, at the Head Quarters of Anti-Episcopacy. I suspect they contain the most wealthy and fashionable of the inhabitants. I think I can discover that out of these two respectable congregations will issue a hive of Unitarians, I am so impressed with that idea that I have written to Abraham Bishop of New Haven to favour and aid their swarming, by bedding the warming pan, which I am confident, from his exposure of Dr Griffin's nonsense, he would gladly do — Through the polite attention of two Gentlemen, I saw enough of the really beautiful town of New Haven, and its sea shores to make a map of it. Had it but a deep harbour it would soon enrich that productive state.

I passed some pleasant hours with my old friend the learned lexicographer, Dr Noah Webster, who carried me to the President of the College. Honor Webster's learning and great industry throughout his whole life. He has deserved well of his country, and has honored it by his dictionary, which is now printing complete in a quarto form in London, where it is spoken of in high terms of commendation. Dr

Dr Webster from endeavouring to give more dignity to nouns - pronouns - verbs & participles, 40 years ago, than the public felt disposed to give to them, has been treated by them pretty much as they have treated our friend Dr Mitchill - laughed at him. But his noble Dictionary has done away all that, and given him a character that will ever render his name truly respectable in Old England and in New. He was pleased to be pleased with Jenny as far as he had read. He is an extremely sober man - almost to gloomyness - and after the strictest sect a Pharisee returns thanks after tea the same as after dinner. I concluded by these signs, that I should hardly be allowed to fetch a long breath after sun down, and the ensuing day Sunday. Instead of that, the spacious Tontine Hotel, where I put up, was crowded to excess by smokers and drinkers, and among them many collegians, till ten o clock at night, and on Sunday, there was I believe more liquor mixed and drank than in any hotel in Boston twice over. We dare no more conduct so on Sunday in Cambridge on Sunday than we dare set fire to the meeting house. A Cambridge mechanic would lose his character if not business were we to haunt the bar-room of a hotel as they do in New Haven -

From New Haven to Dedham I acted very imprudently - I rode 130 miles without stoping only four hours for sleep. I have hardly got over it yet. It was too much for a young man, and folly for an old one. I stoped at Dedham in fine quarters, and left in the morning at seven.

and was in States street by nine — The fact is, the mode of travelling on wheels through the post road of Connecticut has, since the flourishing period of steam boats, become irregular, careless and inconvenient, and the same may be said of their taverns and drivers —

I have just received a letter from Benj.n who refers to a full and particular letter not yet come to hand. His is dated May 7th. He says, we may expect him by midsummer. — that is every day — through what route he does not mention, most probably via New York. His coming will be an epoch in his life. He concludes his letter with, "Remember me to my mother — to Mary and to hers — to Henry & to William and theirs all of whom I long to [illegible]" [illegible], like some of his kinfolks this side of the water, [illegible] but forgot to sign his name to his epistle!

Yesterday your Mother expected to have a flock of the little Wares, uncles, aunts — and nephews & nieces together with such old folks as your husband — his brother & wife, but none came except William to eat gigantic rasberries. Among the fashionables, invitations should be several days before hand. Even J. F. W. Ware was pre engaged to a young frolic at the Rev D. Lowells composed almost entirely of the scholars of our neighbor Mr Wells.

Make all the apologies needful and proper to Mr Lunt, and Pearson for my not calling as I wished & intended. Why cannot a certain Lady in Fulton street, with a bonnet and ruby button come to our Athenæum next month.*

Benj.n Waterhouse? —

B Waterhouse
July 4 1861

Mrs. Mary Ware Newell
Hon. Lyman Hitchcock
Husband

Joanna Bartlett is in this quarter much better than her sister apprehended. They only seem to dread the winter.

Camb. Saturday morn. 14th Sep. 33

Dear Mary

I had a pleasant letter from Benj. last evening by w. I learn that he meant to rest last night in Providence and presuming that he did, he may be here to dinner, or tea time. He says in it — "Mary & I am both at a loss to understand why you are so anxious for my sudden de-
-parture?" — I reply — There are two vacant pulpits now in Boston — and I have twice by cautiously exercising address, and, indirectly, kept the door open to one of them; But the gentleman whose friendship had effected this began to express impatience, and seemed as if he thought we had hardly dealt fairly with him. I have avoided him this fortnight; but when the Capt.n of the Avon arrived in Boston, and his passenger not, I was em-
-barrassed, and avoided him untill yesterday. My own personal concern & anxiety was this — Benj.n wrote me on the 5th — "I intended to have started before
" this for Boston, but have been prevented by indisposition
" — a severe diarrhoea, w.ch has weakened me much, and
" I cannot say when I shall set off. —

From this I inferred, as a physician, that his disorder had reached its 2d. stage; and passed from the bowels to the general system, occasioning weakness & some fever. I therefore urged his removal from both the remote & proximate

cause

cause as soon as possible, least from the cholaic tinge of our atmosphere, his complaint might invite, or attract, like a magnet a serious dis-order — On this view of the matter I urged his speedy removal. Your mother and I did so at Washington We left city though engaged to visit the Presidential House the day of our departure — I considered B's disorder as more than slight, and probably parental anxiety magnified the risk —

I likewise knew that there was an effort, or pressure to chose the door I have mentioned. Both these matters made me uneasy, anxious, and I confess sometimes sleepless —

I see plainly, by your brother's letters, that the girls have bewitched their Uncle, and that he can hardly tear himself away from them. I do not wonder at it. There is so much talent — goodness — pleasantness and innocence wrapt up in beautiful skins, and inchanting voices. I felt the power of them myself more than once and shall I suppose again —

I am glad Wm adheres to his two excellent friends at Bridgeport. They are worthy his friendship. They are in a foreign land. They doubtless think of their natale solum, when both worlds are in their view. My affectionate regards to both.

I recommended B. to remain 14 days with you; but he has remained 19. He says he preached in Chamber St. but

but adds — he was never so much embarrassed and dissatisfied with himself — was this owing to his dis-
-order? —

Can you write me a line on Miss Allen's return — By the way — how that Lady improves. She is really a fine woman — or else my par-
-tiality carries me too far —

I send you Ed. Everett — He is in full chace after what should follow a wise man. I do not think that a man of very bright & diversified talents with a strong gale from an ambitious cloud is the best qualified for a Governor. The leaden weights of a clock are as useful as its polished wheels. I was yesterday in the Anti-Masonic-convention where though a mere visitant, I was noticed more than wished. They were a solemn & respectable assembly, with many speakers of the first class, even so as to excite my surprise. The country members exceeded the Boston one — They are a powerful body —

I enclose from the news paper my appendix to the strip I sent you. [Read Obumbration — obscurity of sight.] The Peacock of the profession is Dr H — who penned a vote to strike me off the list of Honorary members of the N.Y. State Medical Society for countenancing the discover of Lobelia, the best emetic in the Materia Medica — Mr Adams has accepted the nomination for Gov. of the Anti-masonic convention in a very handsome letter — In haste yours B. Wakeman

Dr Sr. Sept 14 ,33

Mrs Mary Ware

H. M. Crane Cotton Mather Ben. Franklin

Cambridge 26 Jan. 1837

My Dear Mary.

Your mother goes through Boston, for there is no other way to get to Brookline now for that lane leading from our bridge over the River is impassable, and always has been in snow two feet deep, w.c it always is there. I am sorry we have not a crooked squash worth sending. I am glad — very glad that Mr Ware saw B. before this snow fell — I should have been very uneasy, not knowing his situation. But I am quite easy now. He is as well off as any of us — as contented, and perhaps as happy — for his vagabon mind seems as if sunk down to that level with his miserable looking person, and we cannot help it.

Have Mr Ware in his library the works of the very learned and equally pious Cotton Mather? I do advise you to read his history of N. England. I am reading his volume with intense interest. He was really an extraordinary man — a prodigy of industry — piety and conceitedness. I have been surprised on finding his folio-book — the fountain — the source — the origin as far as I know of the prevalent pulpit phraseology — and himself erudition's monstrum. I have been exceedingly entertained with his life of Sir Wm. Phips, who was certainly a great man — I have, with others laughed at Cotton Mather, but it was when I was acquainted only

only with his harmless foibles. I consider his instructive volume equal to Montaigne and infinitely more ~~chaste~~ chaste. I used wonder that Sir John Temple, the first of American gentlemen as well as his father in law Govr Bowdoin highly valued "Mather's Magnalia. The former read it constantly. To me it appears liber ponderosus, a weighty book — a rich quarry out of which an industrious clergyman may dig materials enough to make a shelfful of sermons, provided he has a good wire sieve, and a capacious ash-hole.

The take off of Cotton Mather is his belief in Witches; but we must consider that he read in his Bible these plain words — "Thou shalt not a witch to live" — and in the New Testament — the good people supposed that the appearance of the Saviour post mortem was a spirit — an apparition. ~~Tho~~ I should rather been the author of Mather's Magnalia, lumber room as it is that of all the writings I have yet read of my townsman, the eulogizer of the stupid Dr Hopkins of New Port, whom I knew to be a mere man of straw — a vox et prekeria nihil — I have not time to read over what I have written for here comes mother — and the jingling sleigh bells — therefor farewell

BW

Dear Mary,

I gave Dr Ware some encou-
-ragement that I should come on with him, and
to go farther South, & tarry longer with you on
my return, but I find I cannot set out until
a week after his departure. I wrote to Capt.
Phillips at Baltimore, that it was probable
that I should be in N. York by the 10th or 12th.
and, he may have written to me to your hus-
-band's care, If so, I shall get it 5, or 6 days after
the time I mentioned.

Miss Beals is to be married next week, and
the old gentleman is now childish, & would construe
my absence into neglect, and your mother has
the direction of all the sweet preparations, as well
as Tom's preparations who sails in a few days on
a long voyage, and some preparations for your
Father, all of which has, or will impede my de-

departure till about a week after Dr Ware sets out; ~~but~~ or about the 10th.—

Do you hear any thing from Bery.nd? He writes to nobody here. I wonder whether his reverend back is up, because we do not write 20 letters to his one.—

Does the little monkey begin to be delightfully mischievous, & spitefully cunning? Give him a good hard pinch for me.

BC—

as I shall go on to Washington in a day or two after I arrive in New York, I should like to see Andrew, if only for five minutes, to know his views &c &c

Monday May 9th

Can you stow away Dr Ware & Wife, and your Father for one, or two nights?

Mrs Mary Ware

New York

By the
Revd. Dr Ware //.

Cambridge Dec 20

My Dear Mary —

I recv. your letter by the ½ Rev.d Mr Hale with pleasure, & perused it with satisfaction but I am very much surprized in finding by it that your little boy, your first born & only child is not one of the greatest beauties, & the cunningest creature [illegible] simply toad away or else change it with some of your acquaintance for one of their most beautiful little angels. —

Here send you four sermons — on slander, detraction, & calumny. Ask your husband if I have in his opinion rightly divided the word of truth. The numbers have been republished in different papers all over the country; & both parties, excepting some of the very few remaining of the old Essex Junto, have applauded the castigation. Pickering's treatment of Adams was shameful. He is a bad man. His own father, Deacon P. disinherited him; cut him off with five shillings. His treatment of President A in a late pamphlet is a disgrace to his years & to his religious pretensions. Fond as he is of writing, he has never answered these numbers.

I wish you had sent me Bery.n letter; for he has never written to me but once, & that was a short and somewhat fretful epistle, because he had not received so many from us as he expected —

I think I shall make you a visit in May. I want much to see your Dutch friend. I am doing more towards honoring Holland & its admirable institutions, its arts, & its learning than ever was yet done in America. I shall even make them stare in England, & admire America in spite of Knickerbocker's ill judged ridicule.

Farewell

B. Waterhouse

Dr. N. Dec 20th

1824?

Mrs Mary Ware