Cambridge 15th July 1829

Dear Sir,

The special reason for writing to you at this time is upon pulpitical rather than domestic matters. Mr Whitman of Waltham preached last sunday, and preachers are engaged up to sunday August the 2d, and not knowing but that you would like to be in Cambridge the sunday after namely the 9th of August, I write this to ascertain from you whether such a desirable event will be more than probable, and if you can answer this enquiry pretty soon after the receipt of this, it will aid their arrangements; and you may be able to say when you will come. The college vacation commenced this day, and I understood that your father intended an excursion eastward taking Andover in his way to see John. With this view of things you can acquaint me with your arrangement. I want the citizens of Cambridge to hear what they have never yet heard, Unitarian doctrines, as well as anti calvinistical ones — In the last Boston Recorder (June 25th) you may see the result of the Exparte council of May 19th and directly under it that called by Dr Holmes, both printed by his friends, and printed by thousands in the form of hand-bills, and sent from Dan to Barsheba — Last sunday, the mail members of the congregation were desired to remain after the benediction, when they in a solemn & formal manner dismissed from all service Deacon William Hilliard — and Deacon James Monroe — and elected Abel Whitney as their deacon, solus. The sunday preceding the sacrament was administered, at the same hour in the meeting house, and in the Court house by Dr Holmes, at which last place, the now dislocated Deacons officiated, evincing thereby their derelection of the steeple-house. So far every thing has gone on in perfect order on our side — not so the other side, for they neglected to notify as they ought, the first parish, and sat one day with closed doors — and so much for church affairs —

I am now better than at any period of my excursion. The first meal I eat with due relish, was my breakfast on board the Chan. Livingston, between Newport & Providence, but I have

I have not ~~got~~ regained my former appetite, yet no great to complain of. We have both been out till eleven o clock to the Widow Cragie's truly elegant jam, made in honor of President Quincy. There was more than we expected to delight the eye — ear and palate. Mrs Cragie may I hope live the longer for it —

Give my best respects to Mr & Mrs Van P. and particular thanks to "Lady Bountiful," for her kindness to me in the shape of patent barley, and for waiting upon me home. Also to Col. and Mrs Gibbs, and emphatically so to the venerable patriot Gov.r Woolcot. I delight to meet such a patriot of the old school, who has the same belief in the immaculate views of the Hartford Convention that I have. I have not yet seen Mr Adams, but hope to in a few days — I say nothing of Mrs Schuyler who I suppose is not in your city. I was much pleased in the company of Capt.n Holmes — his wife and sister, and considered myself fortunate in his company in our way from Providence to Boston. They called here in a carriage the day before their departure. I was sorry they were so much in haste as not to allow me to pay them more attention. Remember me to him and them.

The mercury stood to day in the shade at 90 — and I suppose higher in Boston; but a delightful shower hardly yet ended has sunk it down to point comfort. Give my love to the dear little plagues not forgetting the least of them with her red mocasins, and ever smiling coun-tenance. As to little L. with her knit brow of thoughtfulness I shall remember her for her stinginess, when we cautioned me not to eat up all the crackers in the basket. Henry I hope reads his book and digs in the dirt every day, and I hope does not walk too much in this hot weather. As to Elizabeth she I hope is going on her steady course in learning and progressive goodness. I feel an interest for her in proportion to her years and expanding mind. Your "Fresh Butter" is shown & admired, in all its gilded ho-nors — to many. Your Chinese fly scarer was also a judicious present. Both may be like bread cast on the water, in expec-tation of having an answer soon and bid you all adieu

B. Waterhouse —

Cambridge Mass
July 16 – 18 3/4 –

The Revd William Ware

in

New-York –

Single –

1967 m 918-947
H MS c.16.1

Aug – 29

Cambridge July 28th 1829

Dear Sir

Your letter of the 21st was received yesterday, and the matters of the pulpit stand exactly right. The Parish Comtee for supplying the desk have secured preachers for a month to come, if not longer; but when ever you come, being a foreigner they will, agreeably to the laws of courtesy towards strangers and sojourners, give way to your reverence; come when you will — but hope, and expect that you will come during the college vacation, when we have a full house; for Whitfield used to tell his crowded assemblies that "he loved dearly to preach to a full house"; that he always preached the better for it. — The young parson Hedge fodders the flock next Sunday — Greenwood — Coleman and Walker have given in their adherence; but they will stand aside for you — so that your own convenience, and, as "the Friends" expressit, "concern of mind", must be your Gubernator in your missionary cruise, Eastward. The Letters from you, and from Mary, by Mr Burton came to me without delay; but without my seeing, as I wished, the bearer. Mrs Waterhouse's letter which you sent back came to my hands through your father. It was not the less acceptable for being a "returned" letter — She says in it, which I hope you will repeat in your best manner — "although I do not know personally, Madam Van Salorner, I wish you to make my best respects to her, with my grateful acknowledgements for her kind attention to you." — "You give a very pleasant account of the children, but it is just such a one as might be expected from a Grand father". again — "Notwithstanding the repetition of being told that you look so well and so young, I really suspect that you are growing old & infirm, and that home is the best and most proper place for you; and where you will be most welcome". — "What can I say to you pleasant from this solitary mansion of an old man? who grows more restless, and troublesome to all around him, myself excepted; for I never can be tired of attending to one

who

who has always been kindly attentive to me; yet have I be-
-come nervous during your absence.!! — and this I send
as a ~~picture~~ family picture, which, like all other pictures
composed, groups, its lights and its shades; yet taken all
together, valuable and even precious.

What a shocking! what a horrid affair is that of John
Mellen, in your city? As I see by the papers that your friend
Dr Perkins was called in on the shocking occasion, he
can tell you more than I can. His mother only knows
that he died suddenly, but not the way and manner of
his death — Now for the (surmissed) cause of it — His, and
his family's property was chiefly in the Dover & Lowell fac-
-tories, which have failed — Mellen himself was cashier
of a fallable Bank — But that is not all by a plaguey
deal. He married a very fine looking woman — a Juno of
a figure and carriage; a daughter of Judge Wild's; and
a descendant of the Bradish family of this town; which
explains a great deal to those who can remember it. —
All the daughters and two of the sons, at least, died insa
and one destroyed himself — General Cobb married one of them,
and she lived insane thirty years; this Mrs Mellen is her
grand daughter: she became nervous, and took to eating opium
by wholesale; and to drinking whatever she could get at.
The husband endured this for years — at length, he took the same
course, and was advised to travel for his health — He did so;
and when at N. York, he put an end to his wretched existence
by a pen knife and Aqua fortis! and died in your
hospital, while the miserable object of a widow still breathes
at Portland. I am very glad that the very worthy parson
Mellen died before this complicated catastrophe arrived.
The whole family has suffered by the mis fortunes of the over-
-done factories —

I have seen, in the course of my life, so much misery entailed
on wife, children and parents by the sons of clergymen, that
I begin to doubt the efficacy of a very strict religious education
The only son of Saint Samuel Philips of Andover, became a
sot and ruined his mother and his own very large family,
cum multis aliis innumerabilibus. Too tight a rein causes
the horse to stumble —

The papers of to day say that in the State of N. York it has been so cold that men have been seen hoeing corn with their mittens & great coats on !!! — If so — you will have no corn for all your hoeing. The glass in our entry is now at 50 — and the old gentleman has a small fire. — Louisa and Georgiana Lee were here yesterday with Geo. Schuyler — Mary Ann is at Brighton — It is dark — sour — and cold like an English November. It is now dog-days — and the Heavenly Dog appears to scowl & look angry — I am glad that the Connecticut Raphael relished the words of truth & soberness. He generally takes his dinner, and his sermon from Horace on a Sunday, and they are pretty much alike — ship sullibubs, trifles, and fashionable wines; and yet it is time for the Col. to be serious, and to set his house in order —

Dear Mary! — What a wonderful child is yours? She can make a bow — shake her head; w.h is always a sign of deep wisdom — pat a cake — and shake a day-day! — with these rare ripe-symptoms, I fear the little jade will live long. I hope she will get well over her teething — by your account, she has already cut her eye teeth. However — I cannot banter mothers about their children seeing Grandfathers are confessedly such simpletons concerning their grand children. The butter tub was a happy thought and so was the fly-scarer, the latter is in daily use, and out of use only when "the evening shades prevail". Give our separate, and congregate love to all four of the childrens — nor do I forget faithful Ellen, nor grateful Mary, and wish them happy in their delightful — little poke-hole underground.

They say that this cold weather is owing to spots in the sun — ask Dr M. if it be true — My compliments to Mr & Mrs Schuyler, and always to Mr & Mrs Van P — and accept of the best of feeling from your affectionate father

Benj. Walworth

dated Bath May 29th saying the Henry Ware & Wife had been with him — that he looks very well, and not at all like an invalid — that he was going to Scotland and then to Ireland and then to London — that Mr Bartram had invited him to Bath. Bery. says he has no doubt but Henry will return home hearty & well. I thought this news worth opening my letter to convey to you. B was sojourning at Bath —

Cambridge Mass
July 29 — 1
Rec. 1 o'cl. Th. 31st

Paid — 10 3/4

The Rev. W. Ware
Minister of the Unitarian Congregational
Church in
Newport

29 — 28 Jul

Cambridge 10th Sept. 1831.

Dear Sir,

Yesterday I recd. a letter from Benj. dated 25th July by which I learn that he cannot leave his congregation before the latter end of October, and asks for some better assistance, which compels me to write to him, and to the Treasurer of his church, Mr Wansey w. I here enclose and beg of you to put into the Liverpool bag so as to go by the very first ship.

I hope you got safe through the sound with a head wind malgré seasickness — Yesterday was a rainy day when I said to Mr W. — How are all our family situated — is them to sing in Long Island sound — one going round Cape Cod — Baltimore — Martha in a coaster going down East to see her Mother and Benj. on the Ocean — all afloat!

Dr Holmes has announced to his Church his resignation of his pastoral office over the First Parish of Cambridge conscience and all! — I see by to day's paper that Mr Coleman has asked a dismissal from his church in Salem. Many think — i.e Dr Jennison thinks that that loud brawler Mr C. has built his house upon the sand, and that it can hardly weather the storm any more than the venerable Pastor — who is evidently beat off his roost —

Give our united loves to all the little gabblers, and kiss the one that is yet too young to gabble. I shall attend to Mr Aspinwall's request. Benjamin had received & read the Jennings & sent him. Andrew left us in tears, and seems to have torn himself away from the place of his earliest & most pleasant associations. I pity him & feel deeply interested in him

B. W —

Rev. Wm Ware

New York

Apr 16/61

HMS 016.1

Rev. Henry Ware — Cambridge April ~~19th~~ 15th 1833,

My Dear Sir & Ma'ame or

Dr. Wm Ware — We heard last evening in a round about way, of your welfare, or rather betterment, and rejoiced at it, especially as it regarded the poorest of you. I hope the wife will, in the shape, not of Mentor, but Discretion personified watch over the steps of her husband and restrain him from taking too many at one time, and that when he has got to the end of a long walk, he should remember he has to walk back again. It is the fashion of late for both men and women to exercise too much. No person pursuing exercise for health should follow it to the confines of fatigue, so as to sweat. Every one does not know that there is a line of demarkation between free perspiration and sweating — and that sweating checks free perspiration.

You saw my first Lecture containing a few pages from the Great Book of Nature; but I made it "another guess thing" before I delivered it. It took; and your good Father, the Rev. Doctor approbated it with emphasis, but not so strongly as the one that followed it, being the application — or the face of Nature a Book of Instruction, — or a glass reflecting moral & political truths. This took "mightily" with all, so that I must be excused from writing it down. The approbation of such a grave and staid Patriarch was more wellcome to me than the applause of a houseful of a different character. The wind was N.W. the sky serene, the air elastic, and my spirits buoyant — and for matter of fatigue, I could have "held forth" an hour longer, so that on the next day I could have spoken as long as loud, and as firm as ever I did 30 years ago, whereas the week before, I was unwell, and found my entrails scraped by the exertion, and that sinking

at my stomach, which some of our country women express, when they say — "I feel, Dr. a kind of all gone ish ness" — at my stomach" — This led me to conceal it by exertion, and if I succeeded, it was at the cost of an almost sleepless night, with pulsations at the end of every finger; but this was by no means the case in my final lecture which closed the course — Now there is a partial call for printing it; but I am not to be flattered into such an act of imprudence: — no! I will keep my Dermot Mc. M. in my desk — The common report is that Mr A. has made 10,000 dolrs by that solid poem; but sober people put it at half that sum; such is the delight the world takes in plucking off the feathers of a wounded Eagle —

I sent Mr Adams an "Oregon," and yesterday I receivd. a letter from him in wc. he says of it — "Your tale of the New Robinson Crusoe &c — whether it is the familiar spirit of Daniel De foe, or of John Bunyan that visited you nightly, when you wrought up this tale of the Land, I cannot tell, but it is a fit companion for the tale of the Sea, the Dartmore Prisoner. Nor is it at all surprising that it allures swarms of readers for one who will undertake to scrutinize that more than Masonic secret, the author of Junius." —

He expects to return home by the 20th. while Mrs A. will not venture till June, as she is not entirely recovered from a lung fever.

Mr Ashmun's lungs having been almost entirely consumed, died suddenly last week; and Judge Story pronounced his funeral eulogy ~~last week~~ in the Chapel; and, as usual, said too much. The day after the funeral President Quincy sat out for Philadelphia. Shall John Pickering succeed Ashmun? — I had a short but good letter from John by master Howe, who came down from Framingham to Prof. A's funeral —

Please to tell Mary — I mean Wms Mary — not yours — that I really do think that there has been a plentiful lack of letters from Beech street to me during the past winter, while I, who have been through the deserts of Missouri — over the Rocky-Mountains quite to the boisterous Pacific, and home

home again by the way of New Orleans, have not been deficient in that sort of expression of affection. But I have not time to scold now, and so I will postpone it to a more convenient season — I wish I could not think of Benjn and of "There is a time in the affairs of men, which &c &c

Heard from Miss Allen that William is determined on building, and if so I say — Amen. They know best — I only regret that they should leave the fine square of Saint John, because it is such a delightful Pound for ~~xxxx~~ their Ewes and Lambs — Every situation has its conveniences — and no one all of them.

By conversing with the rev. Mr Johnson, I fear that Mr Lowrie will not find Pittsburgh so pleasant to him as Cambridge — Salem or Providence. He says that Mrs Trollope's account of the manners in the West is nearer the truth than he imagined before his travels —

No news that I hear of — The weather at present is raw as we say — and sour as the English say — both meaning disagreeable 13th. It is not now raw or sour, but neutral & mawkish

All this from your steady & affectionate friend

Benjn Wadsworth

Nota Bene — I heard to day that the rev. Mr. Yates morning preacher

This economical Letter, intended for Henry, rather than write another, I thought would do well enough for his brother Wm & Wife; for I ware tells me that Henry is expected home in two or three days —

Rev. ~~Henry~~ William Ware ~~xxxx~~
in New York —

I have acquiesced in Mr Herring's request, if he should persist in strongly wishing me to give a biography of Stewart, allowing you to see it, and to be influenced by your judgement. I have written to him to know when will be the latest period to transmit it

If you have J. L. A's Dermot Mc Morrough read & admire as I do his XIV stanza. p. 21. My own Hymn Book does not con-
-tain one so fine — viz.

Divine Religion! bliss of man below,
Thou link of union between earth and skies;
Nurse of our virtue, solace of our woe;
Love of the learned, wisdom of the wise.
Thou from whose fountain, streams perennial flow. &c &c.

Oct. 18 1833

The Revd
William
Henry Ware Junr.
at
Revd. William Ware's
Beech St
Newburyport

H MS C 16.1