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Correspondence, WKW, 1874-1877

WARE MC4

SIX LECTURES

ON

Architecture and the Arts,

AT THE

MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, AT HALF-PAST THREE O'CLOCK.

with

Wm. R. Carpenter's

SIX LECTURES

ON

ARCHITECTURE AND THE ARTS.

1. Architecture,
Wednesday, Dec. 19.
2. Architecture and the Decorative
Arts, Wednesday, Dec. 26.
3. Architecture and the Useful Arts,
Wednesday, Jan. 2.
4. The same subject, concluded,
Wednesday, Jan 9.
5. Architecture and the Fine Arts,
Wednesday, Jan. 16.
6. The same subject, concluded,
Wednesday, Jan. 23.

ties of his own position, & became much more ultra
& socialist in his views than he would have been
if these platonic relations had not been accounted a
scandal & put him, or her at least, into a social
outlawry. It is painful to have the doubt raised
whether his indignation against society is any
thing more than spleen. But there is a splendid
indication of him in the Fortnightly which has
given me some comfort, after the Edinburgh. The
article in Fraser which, as one might expect from
his pen, is the worst, I have not read.

On this subject of personal bias there is a fine
& wise paragraph in the last instalment of Phineas
Radox, & by this graceful turn I come to the
other reading I have done, one of Trollope's most
successful & delightful stories, all about a really
charming man, and two women dead in love with
him. Your old friend appears as the Duchess of Omnium,
quite unchanged. Indeed at the finale when he has dis-
posed of the future career of all the rest of the people,
he adds, "As for the Duchess nothing will ever change
her." She appears delightfully, and is a little dif-
ferent, ~~too~~, charmingly so. I think Trollope under-
stands her, too, & that is a great thing in an
author. Simultaneously has been coming out in
the Fortnightly a story called Lady Anna, one
of his very best, an entirely new plot and
entirely new people. Here however it is the wo-
man who has two lovers, as usual.

Boston. Sunday. February. 7. 1874.

Dear Emma. I think my last note was only
half a note, & this shall count as the rest of it.
It will not come quite in time for your festival
day, but it is near enough to count as a grace-
ful tribute. I enclose a note that came to me
for you a day or two ago, & speaking of the trans-
mission of notes I may say that I am still the
medium of communication between Harriet Hall
& other correspondents. She is now in Trenton N.Y.,
and is glad, as she might say, to have me avail
myself of the opportunities which my position af-
fords to keep her advised of your movements.

Except to send this letter I don't know what I
should be writing, the lazy foot of time having
brought along nothing of note since I wrote last. We
have had a week's vacation at the school, in which
I planned to do great things, but the first week of
vacation is never any good and one is never good for any
thing in it, (*Tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in
illis*) and besides, it happened that a lot of office
work specially needed my personal care and put
aside all projects. The famous chemical wedding
which kept me so busy all summer, likewise to the
frustration of many plans, is getting ready for esti-
mates, & needed my sidelong attention as nobody
else really has it in his head. It is coming out very
nicely, substantially as I had arranged it, but
Vauquelin, as is his way, has made many very
clever modifications. Two heads are better than one,

especially the second one, a charmingly antiquarian
phorce, worthy of its place. If we can get it down
to the low figure desired they think they will be
able to raise the money. That will be a good thing
as we are not very busy, & there does not promise
to be much building.

A great triumph has been that the Society of
Architects have interfered to have the ^{competition for the} proposed
Latin & High School buildings properly conducted,
and have carried their point. The committee ad-
vertised for plans, without instructions & with no
guaranties that it was not a job for some of their
friends, as it seemed to be. Only six weeks were allow-
ed. The Society sent a remonstrance to the City Hall &
now the time has been extended three months and a
full set of printed instructions issued. Moreover it
is promised that the plans sent in shall be sub-
mitted to experts, and ^{none} ~~any~~ which violate the
conditions will be received, or considered.

There has also been a competition, without any guar-
anties, & in which we did not take part, for a new
prison at Concord, ~~in~~ Chelstom, removed. But they say
now that the act will be repealed & that no money
will be made. Apropos of prisons Mr's Carpenter has writ-
ten to Mr. Pierce that Sir Walter Coster is at leisure
& suggested that the authorities write him over to give
him the light of his experience. This being out of the
question Mr Pierce came to me to see whether I would
would not give him a course of Lowell Lectures, &
saying that as there was to be a prison meeting at

St. Louis in May, his coming in the Spring would be
seasonable. Moreover the new prison may be built after
all, or the old one remodelled. So I went to Mrs.
Coster, who I knew had had Mr Lowell's son in such
matters, & found that she had just sent him word that
she had no candidate to propose for a course on —
she forgotten about — which he had promised her &
Mrs. Long, if they could find the ^{right} man. So she under-
took the mediation & cause ~~of~~ ^{our} quite successful.
Sir Walter is to be offered six lectures in April. I at once
went to Miss Carpenter explaining what was about, &
begging her to give every assurance that it was a
respectable imitation. Mr Pierce & the various societies
will also, I understand, besiege his knees.

In the lazy days of my vacation I took to read-
ing, a sure sign of demoralization, & read Mr Mill's auto-
biography, with the greater delight. It is wonderfully humi-
nous and clear-headed & full of wisdom. Full of folly it is
too, if one may believe what one hears, that his worship
of Mrs. Taylor was pure infatuation. People are so unfair that
it is hard to believe anything, & one would be inclined to
think that he must know best. But the testimony seems to
be unanimous ^{though the "Anastasi" is more respectful.} that she was quite an ordinary person, &
that ~~sure~~ she certainly had no business to neglect her husband
which even in a ~~goddess~~ ^{goddess} such as Mr Mill thought her is
a little hard to ~~stand~~ ^{and} ~~stand~~ ^{she} must have known better.
What is most painful about it is the suspicion,
even if ~~it~~ only a suspicion, that he allowed his judg-
ment about things in general to be warped by the peculiar-

The chief sensation in our circles has been Charles Eliot's going to England for three months, to study Law schools, Medical schools, Universities & Commons, not the House but the Halls thereof. He will be back with the violets.

I know nothing of public affairs but what I read once a week in the Nation, & you know that as well as I. The Opera has been here a week with Nilsson, but I have not been & shall hardly get there.

Did I say that I went to see Blvia Mrs. News Day, in the evening, & that she was my light & happy.

Last night - It is not the 7th but the 8th after all. I think you do not remember the procession of the Tete-i Tete set, you were in Berlin. It always rises to my mind, beyond any other association. Good night, Dear. Love to all. Your aff. W. W.

[7 Feb. 1874]

I went to the theatre the other night with Aunt Mary & Miss Cabot, and again last night to see a similar party, and saw the Crisis on the Death, which was my niece. Other disquisitions I have had none except driving at the appetites as I may have mentioned, in memory of our June voyage. My lectures keep me pretty busy, and I began at one time to be afraid I was getting tired - I began to have the familiar symptoms - but I think my fit of Demoralization did me good. At any rate I have begun the new term quite satisfactorily, and as nine out of my eighteen Wednesdays are accomplished I shall begin to look forward to summer & vacation. To think of having the two together! The Wednesdays are quite successful, I believe, and attract a fair audience of fifty or so, in spite of some pretty forbidding weather. I have been rather surprised to learn, through Adams Hill, who heard the tale in Cambridge, that the jokes are remarkably effective. I can't think what that can

mean. Mrs. Dall also, to whom I sent a ticket,
to soothe my conscience for not calling, and
also sent me word in a note that she should
come with pleasure but if I was systematic
she should not come again, and also
is quite a regular worshipper notwithstanding,
— told me she liked them very much, espe-
cially because of a gentle sailery with
which they were invested. Perhaps this will en-
tertain you as much as it did me. Tomorrow,
say, Wednesday, I go ~~to~~ Pompeii. Then comes
Rome, and this enables me to say that I
could not hope that Harriet will get to Italy
even if the rest of you do it. The want is
just what would do her good, and it can
hardly happen that some nice people are not
going from you thither. Give her this my mes-
sage with my love. But indeed I hope you
will all of you go at least as far as Milan
& Venice — & why not Florence, or Pisa. It makes
my heart beat to think of those places, not
that I want to go myself. I have no
such hunger for myself, only for you.

You will have heard of Louie Shaw's death,
of which no particulars have yet reached us.
But I fear she suffered a great deal, and
it is very hard for Miss Hallwell & for Mrs. Law-
ell.

Miss Appleton I have not yet seen, but hope
to do so this week. I say I hope, but I do
not see how I can do it any more than
last week, with two evenings pre-occupied, &
work enough for the other three but cannot
be done by day, but I may manage it on
Friday.

your

I believe I have forgotten to, ^{your} thanks for the
picture of Mr. Mill. It is very nice and very
like and just about as most wise to have. It
was barbarous in me not to say so before.
Further have I thanked Lizzy for her copy of
a letter some time ago, for which I now make
my acknowledgments.

After my writing to Miss Carpenter the other day
came a note from her, very chatty & friendly,
lamenting that she had lost sight of you,
& mentioning the Crofton boy, so to speak.

least from James Shayer has write Mrs. Washburn was getting on. I infer from what I hear that she is disposed to stay in Milton for the present rather than go to Prosbury.

In myself, who from the more frequent theme of this pen, as I see but little other company, I do not know that I have done anything new to name in the last fortnight. I dined one day at John's, though he was away, and one day at Sw Appleton's whom I had not seen, though I am happy to say I had had the grace to call, since our voyage sur mer. Yesterday I spent half an hour at Cousin Helen Clark's, who looked pretty sad & feeble but said she was very nicely, & that she walked out every day. Mrs. Chavellin seemed very well & on the whole in pretty good spirits. Algie is still with a physician in New York leading a rather luxurious life I should think, or rather a much indulged one, but so well, under these circumstances, that nobody suspects there is any "nervousness" about her, & the doctor thinks that he can send her home well, after a preliminary course of a more constraint & discipline. The boy is in Texas on his hereditary lands, and she seems very happy, & confident that he was coming out all right. Saturday night I was at Winchester, and on the evening I have already said. Wednesday I was at Miss Bonaparte's wedding reception - they were all home for Prosbury after learning that you were in their rooms - and went thence to Miss May Penick's. They seem all very much pleased. I have been interrupted, it is past midnight, & will not add another sheet, though this seems too thin altogether.

Mrs. Washburn is very ill at present. I have been to all your home - no not quite that - but only Harriet & Charles & done the best I can. Each year I go to Boston & stay about a week. I am very affectionately with you & hope to be with you again in the next few days.

Boston. Jan. 25. 1844.

Dear Emma.

I think it is a fortnight ago that I last wrote. Since then a note has come to me from Harriet Fensholt, with a line to James Shayer, and last night I was at Winchester and saw one to Annie of the same date. Charles's last two missives from Dresden and Gieson she had already sent in for me to read. So I feel as if I had quite got the run of your gait.

Harriet begs me to tell about's come about Washburn's affairs, and I am afraid my letter must have left you pretty ignorant, to all seeming, of a thousand things which if you had been on the spot you would have known. I dare say you would, but I do not think that I do. I have seen hardly any body. I only knew that Mr Higginson says that Mr Washburn is much more pleased than he deserves, for that whatever may be thought of his changing the family investments at all the things he bought were what other people were buying, and were at the time well enough thought of, as such things go. This of course only applies to the railroad securities, and these I understand will come out all right in the end. The money that was sunk in Mr Hunt's patent artificial silver scheme is a different

A telegraph has come saying that Louisa Shaw is very ill at present. Mrs. Washburn is very ill at present.

matter. It is said that Simmell took his wife's property into his own hands, and that he was told by his lawyer that Mrs Washburn had asked his family to sign papers that no lawyer should have considered it proper to present to them, and that it was this or some other personal discredit which so much troubled his brother, and led him to make such sacrifices in order to cover the matter up and prevent an exposure. But just what this discredit is I have not heard said.

Mrs. Mrs Washburn and her child are spending the winter in West Cedar Street, as I suppose you know, as all her property is gone in the same way. Mr Washburn left about \$250000.- Of this, except Mrs. Simmell's share, there seems nothing available except, as I hear, the rent of one or two houses here in town. I was at the house once to take some message, and saw Kate, who appeared very quiet and nice, but she must be a trial to have in the house. After it was all over too I went & called upon Mrs Washburn before he went back to New York. I pitied him dreadfully, and besides it was the only thing I could think of that Washburn would have liked to have me do. He was very grateful to me for coming, and I was very glad I went, though the visit itself was not very satisfactory except for the tenderness & affection with which he spoke of Frank. But though I used to be a good deal of him, when he was in college, I do not really know him at all now, and — well there was nothing to say.

Every one says that Helen is doing very well, a little touch of fever having disappeared. I was at John Bancroft's one night a week ago, Saturday, but saw no one. He seems very well and

keeps up his boy ways. The children have been ailing but were quite well again. Drayer says the Milton parish will continue the year's salary to Helen. Mr. Perkins will be restored to \$2000.- as before. Did you know that in consideration of his railroad losses they made up a purse of \$1000.- for him for a New Year's present, but John & Dr Wolcott leading off. The Milton news there is none, I believe, except that the Perkinses have taken the Drayer's house, also go to Cambridge, probably to the Misses Wyman house, in August. He has already begun his preparation, writing & collecting materials for his discourses. Tuesday evening.

Mr. Peirce a day or two ago showed me a letter he had had from Miss Carpenter saying that if Sir Walter Crofton had an invitation from the authorities he would be glad to come over here, and give prisoners a lift. The authorities are out of the question but I took the letter to Mrs. Cabot and she & Mrs. Soring are going to try to get Mr. Sewell to offer him a few Lowell Lectures. I think this would stir Mr. Sewell's train of mind, & as Miss Carpenter spoke of Mr. Agassiz having been at over here, & as it was Mr. Sewell who got him over, or at any rate gave him his first publicity, it is just in his line. But this was Mr. Peirce's suggestion, not mine. As it happens Mr. Sewell had promised a course to some industrial educator, if Mrs. Cabot could find one. As she had just sent him word that she could not, he may accept this as a substitute.

I met Walter Anson today in the street with the news of Miss Appleton's arrival. I had just

my dear Miss Susan I am ill at these numbers,
but come if you want to, or make to that effect.
You see I think my system specially adapted to
ladies & amateurs, and I wanted to try that
on too. So I asked Miss Ellis & Miss Krummer
& Mrs. Whitman, & dare say I may have
half a dozen all together. Such laws. It is
getting towards the end of the season, and I
need a little outside stimulus to keep up my
steam.

Sunday I read my Nation and then walked out to
Storer's and dined and had a lonely time. He is as
bright as a button & always was, plunging right
into everything. I guess he was glad to see me, Julia's
lane by a little lonely perhaps, and I shall try
to go again. Then I walked over to Brooklyn, saw
Harriet's masterpiece, which I regarded with un-
mixed satisfaction, heard much news of my family,
all of which seemed good, and then walked in to
town and was to the rehearsal of the Passion Music,
singing Miss Cobb's & sitting in her presentation seat,
next to Alfred Greenough, who is spending the winter
at home and who is delightful as ever. I have
had two long talks with him. About nine came out
very. The music I find sang in the choruses
but only half the time intelligible otherwise. But
the half I did follow seemed to me wonderfully
fine, singularly frank & direct in expression

May 4, 1874.

Dear Emma. I take my pen in hand
entirely on general principles, just be-
cause I think it is high time I wrote
you a letter and because having no spe-
cial occupation for the next hour it would
be a pity to let go so good a chance.
Special cause I have none. Nothing had
happened of any sort that I know of that
anybody would want to hear of. Still the
world has run on and everybody has been
busy, I among the rest. Let me see.

Just I may confirm the tidings sent
by your correspondents as to the weather.
It has made no special difference to me,
personally, but I could not help noticing
that it continued to snow up to the very last
day of April, almost, and that it is only
today that the birds & things have begun to
stir. Even today has been gloomy and a little
raw, though I have ventured to leave my
apartment at home. But yesterday was heavenly
and Saturday not bad. I will relate them
to you, as they have constituted a regular
header, of the milder type.

Being the end of the week I had no school

and it was a kind of off-day at the office, in addition
from the strain of today when all the architectural
world sent in drawings for the proposed
High and Latin School house, having been busy
on the same for a couple of months. Indeed my
speech began Friday night when the meeting
of the Society of Architects began the month with
a professional symposium, also of the middle type.
Saturday noon I went to hear Mr. Norton give a very
interesting lecture on Turner, or rather on the history
of landscape painting culminating in Turner. He
had put an exhibition all his Turners and all
of other people's that he could borrow, including
four from Vassar College, and a very fine and
complete set of the Liber Studiorum. This was
the record of two lectures. The first was said to
have been painfully recited & unhappy, but
this had but little of that, none to hurt, and
was elegant. I was so sorry that my boys
were not there that I made bold, when the
thing was over, to borrow the key to lead to them.
I managed not to compel an acquiescence, which
is mean, but he was so cordial & I thought,
pleased, that I was every way glad I had. To
day I read it to them with great success.
They appreciated it entirely & were so much
pleased as I. I got some of the other
students in to hear. Tomorrow I am minded

to go out to Winchester & read it to Ted & Annie
if I can compass it, & carry it home on Wednesday.
But to resume. After the lecture I went to my
club & had a nice talk with Sumner about my school
work, of which he asked many questions, and also about
his notion of whom he spoke with warm regard and said
nobody was more evenly misjudged. Ellet, who was ex-
pected about this time, is still at sea, and not
looked for till Thursday. He has had a wonderfully
satisfactory time in England, seeing everybody to the
best advantage. Hence to Aunt Charlotte's tea, and
to see Mr. Harrier Hall in, a very successful fight. They
were well & in the best spirits. Harrier & Miss Sumner
had just been to Rhode, where they found a frost of
snow & left in a snowstorm, April 30. Then I went
round to the Art Club reception, getting in to the tail
end of the occasion, finding just a plate of ice-cream
and a glass of punch remaining. The collection of
pictures was remarkably good, & I had a little pleas-
ant talk with some of the artists, some of whom it
occurred to me to tell of a few perspective lectures
I am just beginning, asking them to send their pu-
pils. They said on the contrary they would come
themselves. We shall see. But I wish they would,
and this was indeed in my thought, as I have got
my views into what I believe is an entirely original
shape, and of course I think it is my superior and
am anxious to try it on to the intelligent public.
Then I sat down and wrote a little note to Miss
Rusy Hale, thus:— "Six little lessons in Perspective
One was Thursday and now there are five."

[4 May 1874]

in spite of an extraordinarily fantastic and capricious actin which reminded me of Offenbach's capers, ~~this I saw~~ though without any comic accent, naturally. This I should not venture to say if it were not that after it had several times passed through my mind my companion, who is a serious student of music, made the observation himself.

This is not exactly a specimen of my dogs, though if I add that I had invitations to a dinner-party, a few friends and a French play which these occupations obliged me to decline, at Mrs. Hale's Mrs. Tappan's & Mrs. Martin's respectively, you will think that I have sufficient diversion from anxious care. I have.

We are very busy getting the Alumni Hall ready for Commencement, which we shall surely accomplish. You will be glad to know that the Great West window is in, and is a success. If the others are as good I shall be perfectly satisfied. Already movements are making towards moving the pictures & ~~the~~ busts. When this is done the effect will be excellent. At present the hall is a little bare, of course.

I hope you will somehow get down beyond the alps, sooner or later. Why not

more upon Venice and approach Switzerland
from the south. Cisalpine Gaul is lovely in the
spring, & as interesting & truly Italian as
Rome or Florence. But I cannot advise
or even suggest.

I love to think of you all, all so
busy and idle, growing in the sun, as it
seems to me. I like the situation very
much.

Enclosed is a letter sent to me
some days ago which I suppose
I ought to have posted in stead of
waiting to enclose. Dgusee fatente

Give my best love to the Southis-
vitzers if that is what they call them-
selves, & don't think that because I
don't write I don't think about you
muchely. I don't think that of you,
either.

Ever your affectionate

Monday.

W. R. Wall.

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Barrett
request the pleasure of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Lilly S. Squan Barrett.
the Rev. George Putnam Huntington.

Emmanuel Church, Boston.
Thursday morning April sixteenth.
at half past eleven o'clock.

At home Thursdays in June.
corner of Washington & Florence Streets. Malden.

Dear Emma. Three cards & invitations came for me & for your sister, & I believe for Charles & Siggie also, though I am not sure that this hour was not shrouded upon them only by Miss Burroughs, whose cards also are lying round since February.

May 18. 1854.

Since I wrote a fortnight ago I have been to Newburyport to spend a Sunday, & had a very nice time, heard Mr May preach and had a scramble in the woods with Miss Stone, on the way back from the Corgan Mill. It was a grey sort of day & it would have been a very successful visit. As it was, I was conscious of being rather dull, & of not much contributing to the entertainment of my hosts, which was a pity. I was sorry to find Miss Stone quite as of conceiv with Mr Long, for his cavalier treatment of his pupils, which, after so long a time, seemed unhappy, just or last. I have just been to drink tea at John's, he in Baltimore & Helen moved into the Hotel, on account of bad David. They were enjoying in a long letter from your sister to Carrie. This I did not get the good of, but read it to them instead. Grace was there, for a Sunday, gave a little and

attended a little, saw some striking looking, & quite sobered some. The same remarks apply to Arthur, who has deuced himself of whistlers. Frank I did not see, nor Will, who of late has been studying by himself at Cambridge. He has been making arivist at Cambridge which is something gained. Helen & I had a good scold together about him for his ugly not-much rays, & both felt better. Every now & then I have quite a pleasant little talk with him, but next time he is so overgrained & overgrown as ever. It's pretty discouraging, but I hope he will take a turn some day. It would be so bad & dare say if I were in such a crowd. But I hate to be snubbed.

4 May 1854.

was shall be used. In the Vestibule where the band stayed & let the procession pass into the Dining Hall the din was tremendous. It seemed to sweep us in as on a whirlwind, and as the great room all light & color, with the crowd of ladies standing up & eager, broke upon the eye coming out of the darkness of the other hall it was enough to take me quite off his feet. This contrast indeed between the two halls is a thing we have aimed at heightening & it is very effective & striking whichever way you pass through the door.

Now we are at work fitting the cellar with kitchens. It will be a great thing for the students to get their daily bread amid these splendors.

These later lines I write from Newbridge, whither I was some way before I could get done with this narrative, by a presumptuous mandate from Mrs. Butler. Next week I shall be back again and hope for a couple of months good work in preparation for winter. If I can get it I shall hope for a very satisfactory winter.

I do not know that anything I could say would really make any difference in your movements, one way or another, so I forbear comment. You know well enough without my saying that now that you are over there I think you had better make the most of it.

Love to all from your ever affectionate W.P.A.

[45.014 1874]

room, for all the rest has been mainly mechanical, draughtsmanship, — with sense & taste all the time at hand to make things nice, but still quite in the way of office routine — this Vestibule is one of the most imposing places you ever saw, serious & splendid, really monumental. What is the best about it is that the people who have opposed the whole enterprise, as an incongruous embellishment, the people who insisted to the last on having an out-door monument, and "don't want to dine in a mausoleum" are perfectly satisfied that the ugly thing has been done, that no form of memorial could, probably, have been made so impressive. Indeed Judge Brewster at the Commencement dinner, speaking for himself as one of the malcontents, said as much. Every body is very congratulatory and some people really enthusiastic, Dr. Holmes for instance also drew up to speak to me at Milton the other day, said I must have given two heads taller in the last work, and that he never saw anything so magnificent. All this is very satisfactory & pleasant, and it makes me very anxious to carry on & finish the work so as to justify these encomiums, and so as to save

over if possible the qualities I feel about opportu-
nities gone by, & work half neglected. A good deal
of the work I have not followed up as closely
as I should have done, either in the office
or outside, much to my present regret. There
have consequently been some misadventures
one of which has just come to light and oc-
casioned the chagrin of which I spoke above,
the chimney question, never having been thorough-
ly worked out, and now at least the insurance
companies objecting to the way they are built.
The difficulty can be remedied, and without ^{turning}
much extra cost, but this sort of over-sight, ^{up}
at another moment, would make me miserable.

The stained glass was justly admired and four
clashes have applied for leave to put in windows,
an enterprise a little difficult to manage
but praiseworthy. The carving of the capitals to
the wood work in the Vestibule is also extremely nice,
& gives that part of the building the distinction it
ought to have. A slight movement has been
made towards getting money to finish the Theatre
at once, and I hope it may be pushed.

The chairs & benches were all cleared out du-
ring the night & Commencement morning

when the procession formed in the Vestibule to go over
to the exercises the dinner tables were all laid, a
brilliant array, eight tables each a hundred and
fifty feet long. What I had been anxious about
was the heat, the windows being so high up and
the Southern sun taking in. But the July sun rises
high and by dinner time had left the hall alto-
gether, & the breeze blowing across our heads sufficed to
make a charming atmosphere, cool & fresh, though to
be sure the day was not, happily, a hot one. Some
thing like 1100 persons sat down. No notice was taken
of the building in any formal manner an omission I
did not regret as it would have involved the awk-
wardness of bowing & perhaps of speaking, though I
should not have been sorry, if I could have been sure
of making myself heard, to have had a chance
to say, in that presence, how much ~~more~~ ~~has~~ how
entirely the success of the result is due to gifts &
accomplishments to which in my own person I make
no claim. This I take every proper occasion to
say, but no occasion would have been so proper &
efficient as this & I was sorry to have lost it.

The room is rather large for speaking, except
the audience keeps perfectly still. The vox humana
is apt to stop before it reaches a hundred and fifty
feet. Moreover the stringed noise is not adequate,
and it is understood that hereafter wood and

more substantial drawings by which they are
carried through. To us too the end seemed to
have come suddenly at last, and all the long
interval to vanish since the early days when
things first came to be thought of. It seemed
like a dream come true, like an Aladdin
palace spring from a wish, to see this
immense structure & recall the moment when
it was a mere notion, in the back of one's
head. I remembered particularly as I
sat up on the platform during the run
lying on my back in the Vertica, reproaching
myself for having done so little while away to
further this great undertaking, ready to take
it up, yet knowing that it must be done
presently & that I should not have a more
businessly moment. So, puzzling over the door-
way & stairway difficulty, which was the worst
then, I got a notion, somehow, of separating
the Dining Hall & Theatre & putting a great
entrance hall between ^{with galleries on the walls,} and though this made
the building bigger, considerably, I could not
think of any other way out of it, &
made the suggestion to V.B. when I got
home. Now this vestibule, just out of that

24 July 1874
wall beautifully, so that they seem to belong quite
as much to it as to the pictures, and the
effect on the room is just as if the woodwork
itself had been gilded, which is captivating.
The red brick walls above are rich & other, &
the deep hints of the pictures constitute, apart
from their intrinsic interest, a splendid de-
coration. The only element wanted in the gen-
eral harmony was a spot of white, and that
we got by the line of lists, set high up on
brackets down either side, in among the
pictures. I never saw this this disposition of
paintings & sculpture before, and it is very
striking and decorative. The soft transparent
white of the marble is just the thing.

I spent all the afternoon class day in the
hall supervising the arranging & hanging, the
main features of which we had already fix-
ed, measuring all the pictures and making
a drawing in the office to show how they
should go. I found the pictures on one
wall nearly hung, and looking perfectly
wild & distraught, staring up and down
the room as if they wondered where they
had got to. It is curious that it should
be so, but I found it absolutely necessary

to rearrange them so that in such compact-
ment, formed by the busts & the big masses over-
head, the ^{faces} heads should ^{be} ~~face~~ ^{be} ~~times~~ ^{times} inward, so as to
make a composition together. Finally they
came out very nicely, all the presidents'
busts in a chronological row, their portraits
near at hand, nobody hanging dos-a-dos, if
that is a parseable sentence, and a certain
attention paid to ^{the} general tone & character of
the paintings so that the pictures should not
hurt one another. Then there were some felicities.
The big John Adams has his own head in little
dangling on one side, and Governor Andrew's on
the other. There were four pictures in black frames,
which produced rather a spotted effect. There
I had taken down & hung together under
the gallery, your grandmother's grandfather a-
mong them. Then in the space left vacant Dr.
Sprague was put, and it happened to be a
profile portrait, so that he seems to be looking
down from the end of the hall, where he hangs,
and comparing the bumps before him with
the head of his friend Shrewsbury which he
holds in his hand. I believe that one may
take any fifty things however miscellane-
ous and with time & pains make such an

excellent arrangement of them that they shall
seem well to go together.

When the hall was filled on Tuesday, with
2000 people on the floor, it looked immense and
seemed to grow bigger & bigger every time one
looked round. People were very much pleased
& satisfied, surprised indeed, for it has been
going on so long that the conclusion seems to
come suddenly, and few had any idea what
a big thing had been undertaken. But I think
I liked it myself as much as anybody, &
enjoyed it as much, being quick to see the
points, and never before having had a chance
to sit down quietly for an hour and find out
what it really was like. Indeed it had never
been done, so that one could judge, till just then.
Of course there are a number of things, matters
of completeness or imperfection that one greatly
regrets, ~~but~~ and in this sense the finished work
does not equal one's hopes, vague hopes, but
so far as concerns definite expectations or
intentions go I think the real thing always
is more impressive than one's imagination
of it. The size, & material & actual presence
make a tremendous contrast to the shadowy
idea in which things start & the hazy

and you a time until now, when, in the interval
between two holidays, the tide of things to do has
fairly ebbed. Except this Swampscott visit, and the
harbour expedition a week ago, which met a
great success, I have done most in the way of
social joys except go out to Miss Winsor's to tea
Wednesday and last week, after Commencement,
spend not only two nights but the intervening
Friday at John Bauersoft's. We had some Arab deco-
ration we wanted to look up, and the repose was
welcome after the Cambridge excitements. Of these
I enclose the printed accounts, which may have
already met your eye. It had been a busy time
with us as you may imagine for a week be-
fore, hurrying up the finishing strokes of the fin-
ishing touches, getting the sweeping & garnishing
done, and most interesting of all arranging
the busts and pictures from the Library and
from Massachusetts ~~to~~ ^{on} the walls of the Dining
Hall. The effect was magical. It was like
furnishing a house, and made the building seem
no longer to put itself forward and claim attention
but to become at once just scenery and back-
ground, which is what buildings should be. As such
it holds its own & shines, very well, and looks
other and grand. Then the gilt frames, all
new gilt, on the yellow sheathing die into the

Boston, July 4. 1874. Saturday.

Dear Emma. I wrote my last missive. I for-
get exactly when, in strict accordance with
instructions, on the thinnest paper that seemed
judicious, having regard to the eyes of my cor-
respondents. To that end I carried a half
guinea of paper round in my pocket for a
day or two hiding a fit of leisure. It was all
very well for once, but I shall do it again.
I must write when and where I find oppor-
tunity and with such stationery as is at hand.
If the postage is onerous I will write quite
so often, and square it that way. If the bills
mount up too heavy you may console your-
self that under another dispensation you might
have had twice as many, and had to pay just
the same.

If one has to suffer now and then from mac-
culatable dumps it also happens from time to
time that, as the poet says, all the burden is
lightened, and one has a mighty fine life of
it for a season, equally unaccountable. Such
has been my fate for the last few days, and
this in spite of certain chagrins which another
day might have made me miserable. Perhaps
it was a bottle of Saratoga water that John gave
me yesterday before breakfast. If it is true that
the sensation we call happiness, is, physically,

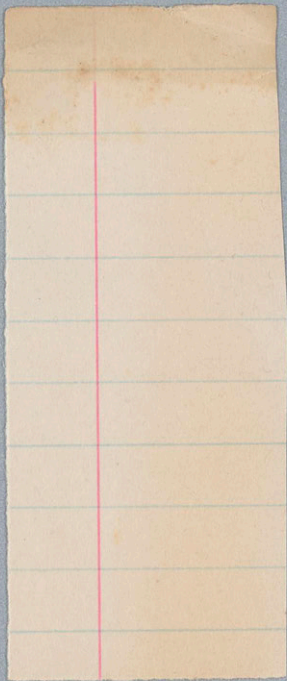
merely an increased peristaltic motion, that
may have been it. And it very likely was it, for
you know that I have long held true terrestrial
views to reside only at Saratoga Springs. But it
seemed to me that what pleased me so much
was Will's marking up his mind at last to go
to Paris. I hardly appreciated how much I had
it on my mind and how much his kicking
was bruising my shins, to speak in a figure, un-
til I felt the relief of the thing being settled.
There has really never been any other programme,
and no reason why this should not be carried
out, except his hopelessness and doubtfulness and
want of cordiality, which has prevented his real-
ly believing in anything being the best thing to
do, or being worth doing at all. Finally he has
come to the point and is ready to take a new
start. It is the energy of despair rather than of
enthusiasm, but that is no matter. I don't believe
even he can refuse to enjoy his life, once he
gets over these, and whether he enjoys it or not it
will give him just what he wants, just the same.
What a shame it is that such a lovely fellow, with
such an amiable disposition should work so hard
to make not only himself miserable but every body
else that has any thing to do with him. I
can't help hoping that a change of atmosphere
and the less conscious mode of life that will come

from having his work laid out plain before him for
a couple of years will get him out of these babyish
~~the~~ humours. For a great gain man to keep everything
in perpetual terror as to how he will look and speak,
or whether he will be civil enough to speak at all, so
that it is a relief on going into a room to find that
he is not in it, is certainly to play a ^{miserable} ~~part~~
part in human society. He and John both surrounded
themselves with an atmosphere of contempt and dis-
probation, when in the ^{family} ~~domestic~~ circle — in the dress circle
their manners were very good — which is one of the most
ridiculous things I know. Down at Swansport the
other evening I was on a broad grin for several
hours at the murtherable absurdity of the thing.
I could not keep my countenance. Finally I fell
back upon that Rice, whose visit was the occasion
of mine, and for whom I have always cherished
a certain sentiment. At the age of eight I had him
for my lesson, and there is a good deal about him,
as Will agreed with me the other day, a good deal
like Morris, capable, enthusiastic, hard-trained.
We got talking about those times and it was real
fun, and I think Will was much amused, as we
recalled the Cambridge of that date, when it was
all swamp or sand fields from Trinity Avenue to
Dana Hill — without a house, beside Dr. Webster's.

VanBuren has been this week at Danvers
River, and I have been accordingly too busy to

Map 27

✓ 175



I enclose a couple of letters that
have come to me for you. Thank
Harriet for her letters, & for her
account of C. It will be nice to
see him, though I can't help
wishing he would stay longer.
I understood the Stewardship
is given to somebody, but I do
not know to whom. L. Tappan is
a candidate, but it is said he is
not to have it. I saw James Thayer
& Gurney upon Eliza in C's behalf,
but with little hope of success. This
was better than saying anything myself,
& as he has not raised the subject
I have not. Write next time.

Ever your affectionate
W. R. Ware.

Apr. 20. 1844.

Dear Emma -

I write again ~~to~~ to you
because it is but a scrap of
a note, quite unworthy of any-
body to whom I owe any-
thing. Two letters from Harriet
remain unanswered, and when
I get away on my vacation which
was to have begun today, but
is now deferred till Saturday,
I may have time to answer them
properly. Meanwhile this is just
to say that I am still reason-
ably well, & though I have been
pretty steadily at work all the
winter & have not done any

I tried to write to H. yesterday, but was too
busy & then too tired.

of the things I meant to, and
have made no sort of prepara-
tion for school, as I promised
the gods I would do, I am still
undismayed and hope to get
along all right when the term be-
gins, which is in a fortnight.

Will went off at last in
tolerable spirits, having been
kept back a week because
his father couldn't bear to let
him go. Like two idiots they
never had any talk about it,
to speak of, till the last minute,

and then the situation appeared
so different from what he had
fancied that he was quite upset.
But, as Helen said, what can you
do with two people one of whom
won't ask and the other won't tell.
The extra work however was an
excellent thing every way, & as both
John & Will were very friendly & nice,
so far as I was concerned, all things,
I am here content. You see my relations,
all round, were a little unusual, &
I thought I was lucky to get off
without a row. But it was quite the
contrary.

imagine how it will look should it ought to be treated. It is the largest in scale of any part of the world, and the most original, being absolutely unlike anything in the world, and cannot fail of being quite stupendous in effect. But the absence of precedents makes it difficult to judge about and our own help being a little anxious. Then after all it may not be possible to hear in it.

One little incident gave me some pleasure a week or two ago, which you may share. I had a time saying that I had been just on the Municipal Committee for nominating officers for the ensuing year. The rest of the committee, six or eight, I think I had not seen a long acquaintance with, though in the way of seeing them 'round all the time. We had our meetings, a little dinner, and got satisfactorily through the business, and afterwards I was deputed to ask Mr. Brimmer if he would be President (a state secret) which he declined. I am so seldom thrown with people with whom I am not on familiar terms, in any social way, that it was quite agreeable, & as people treated me with distinction and laughed at my jokes, which though few were good, it was a pleasant variety, and made me less afraid of my fellow creatures than hitherto, which also is pleasant.

Next day I am to dine at Uncle Charles's & tea at Winchester, a conflict of interests that quite distracted me. The nurse, long a stranger, came to my aid, & dictated a copy of verses which I sent to Mary, though when the Brimmer Street invitation came, which if she admires as much as I do, will please her greatly. Some day you shall peruse them. Love to Aunt Mary & Mr. W. P. Ware. L. Harner.

Monday. 1874.

Dear Emma.

Your letter arrived not yesterday nor the day before, but long enough ago for me to have made up my mind that there was only one thing to say, and that was nothing at all. So this I have said, at length sufficient to disguise the supineness, in the apostle's words, for your information, I enclose. But though it does not amount to anything it conveys my sincere judgment. If it is best for them to come, why we will do all that hospitality & good will can do to help them. But such an expatriation seems to me an additional misfortune, at least for the boy.

The Newbury Park Modern Language University, does not exist, and never will. They have no money. The total establishment consists of some self-appointed trustees and an old carriage-factory. The concern having failed, it is proposed to convert it to educational uses. I have written to Storer to ask if scientific farming has any immediate future in this country, but as the Bussey school is without pupils I do not anticipate an affirmative answer.

Give my best love to George when you write and thank him for his photograph. It is tragical enough that such a catastrophe should have come upon them. But the saddest part seems to be Mr. Martin's hearing, & if this goes on what can they do. But if Italy is the best for the boy, there is no question that this country is the best for the girl. And I dare say that for George herself it would seem

more cheerful & hopeful than either Italy or England. But what can one say for Mr. Martin, to be soiled at his time of life? Advice it is impossible to give. All one can say is that if they do come we will do what little we can for them. But the movement must be absolutely their own.

I'm sorry to have lost that long and excellent letter you had in mind to write. I really want to know how things strike you. People never tell anything about their travels, nowadays, after they get home, it seems banal. And indeed when the freshness of the impression has worn off it isn't easy to say anything beyond the commonplace. So I am really sorry not to have heard how things seemed at the moment.

Every few months I tidy up and put my things away. Meanwhile I live chiefly on such things as I can carry in my pockets or in the unrivalled bag. Thus it happens that I forget entirely where things are, and that my memorandum of Mrs. Perkins's advice has clean gone away into some impenetrable pigeon-hole. But I believe the substance of it was in the old letter I un-earthed & sent you a fortnight ago. She now adds, too late I fear for use, that the best woman in Italy is one Filomena, the best nurse & housekeeper and counsellor, and everything else. She has rooms which to secure is bliss. Also I remember that she recommended Civita Castellana as a place not to be missed. And let me as my own account say a word for St. Gemignano between Siena and Florence, the most unchanged town in Italy, with all its private towers still standing, and for Cortona, where is the famous Museo in the ^{great old church, which if you can} Museo, the only great painting known to exist, &

new this only suspected. I hope you will not harbour long in Florence but will leave that till spring & go further north, seen to Sonetto and all that. And I do not believe Rome is bad. If you go up by the Barberini and shut your bed-room windows, but Florence & its chilly streets with the cold winds under the shady sides thereof I have great head-ache. If you are in Naples and not very well send for my old friend Dr. Smith.

For myself, I go on very much as usual, rather busy and a little behind-hand. I am very well satisfied with the condition of things at the school, in spite of some omissions of things promised. There is a capital set of fellows & I have managed to introduce a little more system without impairing the spirit. Letting is much pleased & I am in hopes we may arrange to keep him a year or two more. And our numbers have got up to thirty, which was always my goal. But it is all gone out & never fills up, and this is not very satisfactory to me. Having fed some there is a great pleasure & service to us both. He is a real comfort & satisfaction.

A scheme I have had for a drawing school at the Art Club Rooms, which standing idle seemed to hinder this occupation, promised very well as I may have said to you. But it all fell through, the authorities being lukewarm and timid. It is a pity, as the scheme was a perfectly feasible one and the thing is much needed. It is an opportunity thrown away.

The only other thing of interest is that there is again a chance of holding the Theatre at Cambridge, the low prices being favourable. I am getting quite warmed up at the prospect, which has never before seemed at all a real one, and lie awake nights trying to

a serene life, mine minding to spoil my own life and help to spoil other people's by those faults of taste & temper which ^{exercise is} rarely forgiven, but whose existence it is hard to pardon in one's self or in others. (or vice versa.) No, I think I mean it as I have written it. At any given moment one's heart is kind, but in the long run an uncertain temper mixes one indignation & self-forgiveness. I am thinking partly of myself, hating my moodiness, brutal heartless tyrannical spirit - not very demonstrative but just as poisonous - partly of you of whom I think, in your way, something of the same sort might be said, partly of Will, whom I can hardly forgive for making me so miserable as he did, months after months, and all for no reason at all and to no end. It does seem as if absolute self-sacrifice were the only rule of a life led in earnest. And as one must look out for himself nine tenths of the time, it seems to follow that he should spend nine tenths of the time alone, devoting it to his personal pursuits, including the indulgence of his various humours. But when other people are round they should be the sole consideration. If they are wrong too much measures may be taken to diminish the evil. But while it lasts there is no other way to meet it, I fancy. Don't think I sat down with malice prepared to write so venomous an epistle. I had nothing specially in view, & suppose the hitherto temper turned my thoughts into this channel, not a new nor yet a much frequented one. One thing I do believe, that though we are all getting too old to accomplish much by any efforts to improve ourselves or such other, a good deal can be done, taking things as they are, to get more comfort & satisfaction out of them than people in such case generally do.

I was last night at Winchester. They are all in capital case, especially Annie & Ted. Charley at last seems like a wild man, not like a sick one. I am perfectly well myself, in spite of having been a little yellow & unhappy for the last fortnight. But I am not habitually so abominable as this letter might seem to imply. Love to Harriet & Aunt Mary, & let Mrs. Carpenter know where you are. She is my solitary. Yours W. W. Warren

Dear Mother.

I have provided myself with some ^{thinner} paper paper for foreign correspondence. Post as usual it is not at hand when I want to use it. But I will not let the day go by without sending this line, which I have waited a number of days for a chance to write.

In the first place let me answer your last question by saying that I have learned that Eliza Barr is to write her mother because her husband behaved so badly that she had no alternative. His extravagance dissipation and personal neglect, not to say ill-treatment, finally became unendurable. I do not suppose there is any prospect of her returning to him or any wish on any body's part that she should. This may be less of a surprise to you than it has been to me. I find that to other people ^{it is} not unexpected.

This may come as Milton news. But the day's news is pleasant. The wedding was delightful. The day a real summer-spring day, though the fact mind was cool, so that the frozings were habitable though the parlours were not hot. Every body was there and this being so it was surprising that there was not more of a crowd. But the parlour is a big room. It was perfectly full. The house was

May 27th 1845
I have not yet received your letter of the 20th of May. I am sorry to hear that you are not well. I hope you will get better soon. I am your affectionate son, W. W. Warren

Union Club, Boston.
8 Park Street.

all apple blossoms within, not a greenhouse flower to be seen, and indeed hardly anything but these are, where except a superb mass of red poppies — I mean tulips. Everybody was radiant, happy and handsome. Alice appeared just herself, except that she was less embarrassed than I have sometimes seen her. In fact she was perfectly herself. People were enormously hungry and stayed and ate and stayed till after two o'clock. We came away about that time, & an hour after saw the bride & bridegroom, nearly attired, driving down to Charnet to his little cottage by the sea, in a two-horse dog cart. Everything was delightful and satisfactory. Annie looked very well and lots of people were glad to see her, as usual. So they would have been to see you & Harriet, but they were pleased also to be told that you were coming back without hurrying, saying that that was real wisdom.

My time since I last wrote to you has run on so busily, & I have two or three times written so fully to Will about the only things I cared to write about at all, that it is a long long time since I have sent you a word. I am sorry for the chance lost, which I really value, but it has not really been practicable I think for me to do otherwise. Every kind of writing is very exhausting, and I have so much writing to do which it is hard to find time for that an hour for a letter is an hour stolen. It is getting to be very pleasant to think of having you

at home again where things that I want to say can be said before I have lost my interest in them. Still I am very sensible of the domestic war between and doubt sometimes whether it is possible for people to hold any intercourse with people they see every day, at all seasons. I think people get into a way, and naturally enough, of making themselves as inconspicuous & inoffensive as possible to people ^{or} whom their company is forced. It is undoubtedly an awful bore to have any body round all the time whether he is wanted or not, except in those ~~very~~ cases where a person's mere presence is a pleasure, and a consciousness of this makes me a little shy. On this account I am inclined to hold to the wisdom of the English fashion of having such a one's own room with the understanding that he never comes into the common circle except to sacrifice himself entirely to the common life. The spectacle of domestic life as I see it is for the most part a depressing one, and I think I have myself always found it humbling & demoralizing. It affords a certain discipline of the minor virtues, to be sure, but a much sorer exercise of the minor vices, which make me detestable in his own eyes. And this makes time that should be restful, just uncomfortable & irritating. I am surprised to notice how little I have ever enjoyed myself — literally — in my own home. The incidents of life have been pleasant enough, but I never approved the life I led or the attitude, the posture I mean, in which I stood. My solitary life there two years has been free and true. As I get older, today for instance, I get less greedy, I think, less grasping, but at the same time more inclined to secure the happy hours. That is how

for another stick of wood and
can't remember what or was I
was dreaming about, so to speak.

Make my regards & remembrances
to my kind hosts and entertain-
ers, don't go to the Ex. too surely
or stay too long, and let me
know when you are coming home.
If you come tomorrow, which I
suppose you will, you can take the
last train to Milton — but this
is foolish. You'll be here before the
next Thursday any way, and I
suppose there is a chance of your
catching the 9.30 train. But
let me know any way.

Yours affectionately

C. P. W.

Harriet's address here, hopes you will stay as long as
you can, & let her know when you are home.

Milton. 1876

Wednesday evening.

Dear Emma —

I had a very comfortable
journey to New York on Sunday
in spite of the cold, and found
Mr. & Mrs. Samble expecting me.
But the weather struck to my vitals,
all the same, and Monday was
spoiled thereby. I was quite keeled
up & spent most of the day over
the fine reading Fumelle's travels,
just smart enough to get through
a book I was in expected to re-
member anything about. Not caring
to travel by night I sent word
to the school not to expect me Tuesday,

and as I was needed again till Thursday, I have taken things comfortably, going yesterday to see the pictures in an convalescent condition and today coming on my day in a parlor car with Longfellow, an extravagance which I think pays and which I commend to your imitation. It makes more difference in the fatigue than I expected.

Hannie is just getting over a two days head-ache, & says she is very well. The two children were home yesterday, opportunely, & report themselves as having had an ecstatic time, though they both of them know too much of self-punishment to spell it that way. I do not find any special news afloat except that Miss Power & Miss Smiley sailed on Saturday, for the elite, and that Henry Stone & his wife have taken their home, boys, servants and

all.

I don't know that I have any thing to add to this narration, unless it is that I bought a great coat in New York, warm cheap and handsome which I will show you when you get home. With my Hammer Street valise & my Northborough hat I felt all of a piece, and presented a scene which, from an artistic point of view, was in perfect keeping. I confess to feeling a little cheap inside, also, having stolen a ten days vacation & come home in a very lazy frame of mind. But I dare say the rumble of the coach wheels behind me will make me jog along as usual without — well, you can finish the sentence for your self if you can. I haven't the least idea what elegant time I was going to give it. The fact is I have just been into the dining room to

[16 July 1877]

and then on to the next place,
all with no fatigue or delay
and with the greatest pleasure
& satisfaction to every body.
Wassir that will thought of?
But everything about the
Peirce's visit was most felic-
itous.

Charley is laid up with our
charity figures, his charity work
ending at home, contrary to
the proverb, & though Lizzie, as
I think I said seems excessively
delicate she gains, & the children
both are perfectly well. Harriet
goes down to Dorchester once or
twice a week, but has not there
tho' on her mind so much as
a month ago apparently when
the Brady girl died. I don't
think she is getting tired, since
though the house seems pretty full,
things go so sweetly & there is

nothing particular to do.
Besides, he seems thoroughly
determined to keep well and
talks in the most serious way
about lightening her Doncaster
work, a point on which I ex-
pressed my views to Miss Winton,
she concurring therein.

I have myself been in a
sort of stupid state, but hope
to accomplish something this
week, and by the end of the
month to take my work down
to Mt. Desert or some such place
and have a quiet time. It is
impossible to do any work in
a place where every day brings
its own new duties.

Give my love to Alice. I
hope she & Sarah are profiting
by being boiled alive, and
you too. I should think it
would be kill or cure —
Ever your Aff. W. R. W.

beforehand, and on their own hook,
you will see from about painful com-
plications their tender years have
ruined us. Speaking of years here
are said to be thirty and his I am
quite sure are forty-three. It is ta-
ken for granted that they will be
married before the end of the ra-
cation.

Let me tell you of a charming
thing I heard of Mrs. Miss Lawrence
driving for Mrs. Hayes on the afternoon
of Commencement Day, on her way
from her own house at Longwood,
where they traveled to Mrs. Whitaker's
in Providence who had a sort of re-
ception in Mrs. ^{Hayes'} honor. She sent be-
forehand to all the people who had
handsome places on the road ask-
ing them to get their gates open
and let them drive through. So as
they approached all the houses they
found a party of ladies all ready
& ready to do their hour's duty
on the piazza, who came down
to the carriage, had their pe-
culiarities a few minutes chat,

Wittier, Monday July 15. 18ff.

Dear Emma -

I enclose this note from
Mrs. Fields, which is very
well so far as it goes. Har-
riet says she sent you a line
this morning from somebody
asking more particular questions.
There is no answer to be given
to such so far as I see, un-
til some scheme is decided on,
and it is clear that whether
money comes or not, and es-
pecially if it does not, the
shape things take will depend,
very much, on what may be de-
termined about the sweeping
school. ~~But~~ Mr. Whitaker and I
are going to talk the whole
thing over tomorrow, which
may further matters. But of

this I shall be able to tell
you more another day.

I spent Friday at Mrs.
Reveries, at Canton, where they
inquired for you and expressed
satisfaction at the thought that
you were eating the lotus, an
idea that I somewhat encouraged,
the wish being father to the thought.
Miss Mary Howe & Miss Sarah were
there, and were able to throw a
mysterious light so to speak on the
Cambridge socialities. It seems,
if Mrs. Hopkinson is rightly reported,
that these high contracting parties
were perfect strangers two months
ago, some authors saying that they
first met at Eliot's great party,
to which he asked all Cambridge.
Later Miss Hopkinson gave a
Lawn-party - and this must have
been quite lately, for astronomical
& meteorological reasons connected

with the latitude & longitude - to which
nobody but the members of the dramatic
club were invited, nobody that is except
the President, an exception that caused
much remark but no comment, if
one may use that word in a technical
sense. What caused the recent burst of
excitement seems to have been the
apparition of Miss Hopkinson at Cam-
bridge, near in the hour now
along with the Eliot family, but if
rumor is to be believed this must
have been in some part accidental
as Mrs. Bullard is said to have said,
on that occasion, that she didn't know
who her neighbor was. This phase of
the subject possesses as you may be-
lieve many elements of incredibility,
not to say of inscrutability, as there
was at that time no engagement at all,
then now for a week after. What is
more to the purpose is that everybody
is full of delight and appreciation,
the little boys, who are no longer very
small, singing in the choruses. It adds
that they are said to have fallen in
love with this lady independently,

of French & English lithographs ^{57 July 1877} exam-
ples of ornament, the cost of which
need be a hundred or two of
dollars, which would furnish an
abundant variety of excellent exam-
ples, capable of being analyzed
in a progressive series and of af-
fordng constant interest and va-
riety. From there to original de-
sign would be an easy step and
a small one.

All along, every day, we pro-
pose an hour's tracing & sketching
from these or other examples, pertain-
ing to the work in hand, so that
there may be an exhaustive study
of each topic taken up, far beyond
the limits of manual work with
the tool. The student would draw
many more things than she could
cut, & examine & study, for the
purpose of selection, many more
things than she could have time
to draw. But it seems to us
important 10 not to anticipate,

in these drawing exercises, topics still
 in the future, lest the simpler things in
 hand should lose their interest, and
 20 not to have many things about
 in sight, lest things become hack-
 eyed beforehand, lest they students
 get tired of seeing things before they
 have ever looked at them. In
 general they should be allowed
 to examine the portfolios of ex-
 amples only for a purpose, only
 in the active & intelligent attitude
 of choosing & selecting. This seems
 essential, if enthusiasm is to be
 kept up. But if it is to be in any
 wise a school of design some stud-
 ted instruction by books or lectures
 seems indispensable, & that again
 to expense.
 I am sure that to try the
 experiment satisfactorily the
 1500.- is necessary, hence Fred.
 Ever yours Wm. G. P. W.

to many reasons
 to signature something
 of the style, design
 of these subjects is the
 temporary way
 of the "Red-Head"
 this time, pa.

is restricted to the utmost, and the study of ornament & form is the main point, immediately, the task is as much more difficult as it is higher, demanding in the organization of the daily execution if of a much higher quality of service, and almost requiring, at least at first, a good quality of student.

The problem practically resolved itself into this, to arrange (1°) a fortnight's course of manipulation; say 12 lessons on six tools for thirty students, all doing the same thing; (2°) a fortnight's course of elementary forms, elements of design, supplying the manipulations already learned. There to be done from solid models, which need not be so numerous as the preceding, as they could be passed round, most of them not, probably, forming any regular sequence. 3° More independent & individual work, from models & flat copies, each student advancing as far as may be, as in my drawing school. Mr. Whitaker has collected a quantity

14 of aprils - Va,
Dillon.

July 17. 1888. Tuesday.

Dear Emma -

You will not expect another letter so soon, and you need not now look for a long one. But I may as well recount to you now as at any time, while it is fresh in mind, my discourse with Mr. Whitaker, which was long and difficult. Many questions came up, as we were trying to arrange a course of study and trying to make it fit both schools.

Just comes the question of the kind of pupils to provide for. If many apply it will be practicable to exercise a choice and to have just the number & kind you desire, beginners or advanced, professional or amateur. Mr. Whitaker thinks that the applicants will be numerous. In that case it is essential to decide whom you want & whom you don't. But having decided the rest will be comparatively easy.

It is by no means clear however whom to serve. Proficients best meet the main object of the undertaking, from the whole point of view. But so long as the thing is an experiment it is safer to try the experiment on a small scale perhaps, taking in only a dozen^{to} whom the result would be a serious matter and filling up with amateurs, who would in be much injured by blunders. As to the ~~grade~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ attainments, (drawing, etc.) reacted on substance, ~~by~~ which the grade of work would for some time be governed, that is purely a question of policy, and depends for its answer in great part on the state of the labor market. If you aim to provide highly skilled workmen it may be well, so as not too long to put off the period of fruition, to admit only the specially prepared, and this would perhaps suit amateurs just as well, in general. It is also a question about kind of number to set, either way.

Supposing these questions answered the main question remains, whether to make the ~~a~~ school of manipulations the leading idea or the form the leading idea. The former would organize the school very much as our workshops are

organized for mechanical handwork, with classes, and set tasks, adjusted for every hour, every student doing the same thing at the same time. This is the most efficient & certainly successful, it is probably much the best adapted for the boys in the evening, and can be made to cover a great deal of ground. But its very efficiency is likely to confound those who have a real talent with those who have none, and thus to postpone unnecessarily the necessary weeding process; it hears down at once, as has been found, as soon as the element of taste or skill comes in, those who fall behind being discouraged, so that it is found essential ^{there} to give the greater promise relative of work & to counsel personal capacity & even fancy; and the labor of administration, preparing, directing and examining the work is very laborious and expensive, while, after all, the main thing remains undone. If on the other hand this manipulative element

No harm was done and by the time
we got aboard of the water light the fog
lifted, & we had an interesting sail past
Inhant & all that till night came down.
At half-past-time we were at Cambou
on the other side of Poutbec Bay, & by nine
o'clock were at Belfort, opposite here, about
13 miles distant. Camp Meetings, the
bane of dog-days, so disturbed the usual
means of transit that only the pack-
er remained, a roomy little sloop in which
three of us embarked. The other two I gradu-
ally made out to be Miss Adams, whom I
think you saw with me once at Quincy,
& her brother Mr. Hull Adams, who once sang
songs at Mrs. Watson's party. It was a per-
fect day & I didn't mind the calms that
kept us seven hours on the water. So
it was nearly five when I arrived at
last. I found a picnic planned for
the opposite shore, which was very suc-
cessful, though my long fast had given
me a headache. Today we went across
the harbor to bathe this a.m., (going
into water always was the greatest con-
valescence of your valuable time,) and
this p.m. I have slept over the
"Homme à l'ordre carré". I have met-

to Thayer that I will come & see him next week if he lives. I
with you were here. I urge my own family much better than other people.
I've my best love to them all.

Castine, Maine.
Wednesday, Aug. 22 1877.
Dear Emma.

I did not have time
after all to get you your pa-
per, but have asked under-
wood to get it for you.
Of mean-while you have got
it for yourself and him a
line to the Institute saying
so.

I arrived in this island
yesterday p.m. and you may
be curious to know what I
have been doing with my-
self since Friday. The fact is I
found several new things to
attend to when I got to town
on Friday, so I gave up going
that night & went instead to
Cambridge, spending the night
at VanBuren's and dining

with him & his wife at Thomdike's
who is living in Dr. Webster's house
and did us this honor. It was very
pleasant. On my way I went to
see Mrs. D. whom I hadn't seen
for three or four years, as she had
moved & I didn't know where she
had gone to. She looked much younger
or than formerly & was very lively.
Saturday was so much consumed with
Cambridge matters that I failed to
catch the noon train and being en-
tangled in some researches about lifts,
for Mrs. Hill, concluded to wait &
go to Roseupworth for Sunday, and, this
proving impracticable, to go down
Sunday p.m. for a Monday morn-
ing start. This last was fixed, so far
as things can be fixed in this real-
ing sphere, by my meeting Mr. Walter
Smith on Saturday whom I much want-
ed to see, who said he should be at
home all the morning. So I spent
Saturday evening over my ac-
counts, wrote letters, and got over to
South Boston by seven on Sunday.

It was lovely over there & I had
an extremely satisfactory visit.
I was very glad to have made
it & I have really not seen
Mr. Smith for two minutes together
for a couple of years, other was
much we wanted to talk over.
He was very nice. I stayed to dinner
and until near five o'clock. Thence
to Brookline, where I wanted to see
Prutsky about his mother's estate,
& to talk over some drawing school
matters with Mr. Labor. Both these
things being satisfactorily adjusted
I returned to town, spent the day
at the Museum over accounts which
three people ought to have adjusted,
but which I couldn't leave in a mess,
and finally embarked at 5.30 on
the Katalonia, Bangor steamer, in
the midst of the densest fog I
ever saw. It was quite exciting
navigating down the harbor, espe-
cially as the John Roper, from New-
York, ran alongside into us. But

means that Lizzie likes it. Give
my love to her and to the boy.

Ever your affectionate
W. R. Ware.

Gardiner. Wednesday. Apr. 12. 1877.

Dear Emma -

I am still here, contrary
to my expectation, having intended
to go this morning to Bethel to join
Mr Letrang. But a note I sent to
him on Friday is still unanswered,
so that I have been a little un-
planned and not knowing what to
do, so, so, have done nothing. This
morning I have telegraphed, and
shall go tomorrow either to Conway
or to Bethel according as I do not
or do hear from him. Meanwhile
I am glad to be kept where I am,
and apologize for these vacillations to
my sisters on the ground that my
guardian angel, knowing that I am
well off where I am, is taking her
vacation.

Your "pencilled letter" arrived
on Monday. I have been too busy
with my braiding school Report,

to answer it till now. Last night I
managed to get it off, and feel
quite free. What you say of the philadel-
phia plan is very satisfactory, and I
see no reason why, with a little man-
agement, and perhaps a frequent em-
ployment of the superman, the
Institute material should not be put
at your disposal just as hitherto.

I must say Greek & Roman photographs
from Thanksgiving to the end of January.
After that I take up the Renaissance,
and carry it through the year. But
even if I were covering in Boston sub-
stantially the same ground that
you were going over in Philadelphia,
we could adjust our works so as not
to interfere. Both lines of work are
elastic. So I think you need not
have much regard to my conve-
nience, and it would certainly be
a great stroke to get the Phila-

delphia work out of the way while
you were in Boston, unless indeed you
could take it in the Spring, a really
wise to shorten your Boston winter.
Mrs Bradford would of course not in-
terfere with my convenience at any
time.

I shall hope to see Harriet at
Conroy, whichever way I go, and
whenever I do to get home by
the 21st or 22d. Harriet says she
has asked Robert to come over to
hunting. I shall hope to find him
there. Give my love to him and
say so. I have not seen him,
except at Mr Yeats's since his
last year's visit.

I infer from your note and
Charles's card that his Cambridge
work is definitely decided upon.
It is an admirable scheme in
every respect, and I am greatly

able & willing to undertake
this now. This sort of preparation
is somewhat expensive, but it is
worth what it costs, and saves mo-
ney in the end.

As you return you must go
over the Secretive Art Co in New-
York.

I am just starting for Win-
chester.

Ever your affectionate

W. R. Ware.

Sunday. Dec. 23. 1877.

Union Club, Boston,
8 Park Street.

Dear Emma

This is just to say that the
Pompeii things arrived all right.

As we are leaving School
I dare say you have more di-
rect & authentic news than
I can give you. I only know
that this first news has been,
as was expected a little mixed,
the red-tape at the City Hall pre-

Knowing the room from being quite
in order the first day or two,
and the scheme of instruction
being of course still in pre-
paration. But the class have
I hear been interested, and have
accomplished a good work's work.
Now Mr Whitaker has Mr Holmes
and Mr Hestings, skilful carvers,
at work under Mr Evans super-
vision putting the scheme of

instruction into shape. They are ta-
king different branches, one the
wood-work & one the work in
clay, and are proceeding on the
general system followed in the
Institute work shops, which they all
agree to be excellently well adapted
to this work, in its earlier stages.
I send you a copy of the work
done for the Whitting School, in the
same line.

Mr Whitaker seems to be very for-
tunate in finding these two Mr. H.'s

much. It seemed quite like fo-
rign travel and "I liked to be
a swell." The chief work over
these lectures has been sending about
the tickets & advertising cards,
of which there have been about a
thousand I should think. Clamur
magnus, lana parva, as the Romans
used to say. But I am already
contemplating a second course, in
Levee.

Harrier looks still a little tired,
but I shall know more about his next
work as I hope to be in Winchester on
Sunday.

I'm glad your first lesson was so
satisfactory. Don't hurry about sending
my things, but let me know what
you will send first, & what you will
want next.

Dear yours affectionately, with love
to Cousin Maggie Cousin Susy & P. W. V. A. C.

I have a line from Miss Smith at Wray,
in answer to mine from last Decr, saying
that Miss Brew is really gaining. She sends felicita-
tions as to your history lessons.

Shirburne -

Union Club, Boston, Md.
8 Park Street. Dec, 19
1877

I have been so busy with my lectures that I
have not had a chance to
send you a single word. They
have made a quantity of
work and me a dead fail-
ure so far as money goes,
for while I am sorry. I was
in hopes of making \$500.- as
every body said I could easily
do, and indeed 250 people
seems not a great many. But
I shall do well if I sell fifty
tickets, and the expenses will
eat all that up clean. But

I shall not be sorry to have
done it as it is a good thing
for the boys, and for the school,
and gives me a chance to do
the handsome thing to all the
people who have in any way
befriended us, to all of whom
I saw tickets, though not till
I had given them a chance
to buy if they wished. My dinner
of plenteous giving I managed
to get an audience of perhaps
a couple of hundred all to-
gether. The lecture was off

very well the only trouble being
that finding that night that it
took only fifteen minutes to read
it over I took figures and added
four pages, which with their
illustrations proved too much
for my hour. Poor the big screen
in the large hall was fine. Har-
riet was there but I did not get
a chance to say more than handy
as I was interrupted by what I took
to be a female reporter. Aunt Mary
and the Eschams were the only other
people I recognized, the latter pages,
which filled me with confusion.

Sunday I spent at Providence
at Mr. Weedon's who did me the ho-
nor to get up a regular dinner-
party in my honor, which quite
set me up. I suggested it very