

Dublin, August 12th 1851.

My dear Friend - In the last letter I had from you,
you asked me to write to you after I had been in London
and to give you my impressions of the Crystal Palace & of
all the London amusements and amusements to be seen
there. Now here I am, come back some weeks, and
I am not sorry to comply with your request, for I have
tried it already in my letters to you, and am conscious
I have made a poor hand of it, great as the theme. I
enjoyed my stay exceedingly. It was to me like a
feast of the gods. Your sisters - Mrs. Follen & her sister -
Mr. Follen ("your friend") and his admirable daughter, &
my own equally admirable wife, were all there - and
that grand and good woman Harriet Martineau was
there too. So that such a time I never had before, and
probably never shall again. If you are subject to the
same faults as the rest of mankind, you have probably
like them, gossiped over the faults and follies of your
friends, and you know that I am foolishly addicted
to the society of such ^{people} as I think particularly delightful.
I have a perfect passion for Boston, which they ~~shall~~
should all rejoice to know, as I frequently serve as a very good
food to them. The last evening I spent in London seated
by your sister Emma, and we talked almost the whole
time. It was that memorable evening when our anti-slavery
heart were the guests of Harriet Martineau at the Reid's
and whose nobody, but Harriet herself interrupted us
till the whole evening. You would know I greatly like
H. M. not for the last book she published in conjunction with

Mr. Alkerson (who was there too) and which has brought such
a storm of reprobation upon her - but for her moral courage,
her kindness, good nature, benevolence, pluck, and thorough
excellence and uprightness. Miss Estlin sent me the last
letter she had from you - it came by Miss Thompson - &
I was greatly pleased with you for expressing a very wise
restriction you have put upon her - to the effect that you
would no longer judge people by their professions but by
their acts. I am thoroughly persuaded that when we follow
any other rule in our estimation of character, we are liable
to be mistaken - are, nearly mistaken. I have heard much
of your judgment, I ^{now} look on you as a new and more approach-
able of John, and am liable to feel convicted when your
decisions agree with my impressions. One evening which
your people spent at our lodgings, I begged my brother James to
take a deal by Miss Chapman, that he might have a talk
with her - he excused himself on the plea that she was
too great for him. I told Emma this, and she desired me
to address James that they, (that is, the Westons) "thought very
little about her!" Only think what "the beloved Estlin" are
come to - what a height of audacity. My dear wife was
greatly delighted and surprised by this woman that Miss
Emma spoke so slightly of - and we have agreed among
ourselves that she is the most admirable woman we have ever
seen. One evening I had a great talk with Miss Martineau
at her lodgings - and she said she would be afraid to live
with Miss Chapman but, through absolute shame on her
sagacity & good sense, she should love to remain on herself.
This was much from a thoroughly honest and sincere
woman like Miss M. She thinks Miss Estlin looks as
well and is more admirable than she was in 1835 - that she
is in a state of greater self-possession - no approach to flutter or excitement.

Ms. A. 9.2.25. 108

Yesterday I received a letter from Miss Estlin giving me a glowing
 and tantalizing account of four delightful days she has just
 been spending with a sister in Devonshire Street which she declares
 were the most complete feast of the kind she ever had. She
 says Mrs G. was just as usual, but that Caroline & Emma bore
 evident traces of the great trouble from which comes the influence
 of pleasant excursions from New York they are only just emerging
 I am sure your brother is to be envied for being the object of such
 earnest and genuine affection from such a set of sisters whose
 regard I would rather enjoy than that of any other set of
 sisters the wide world over. Miss Estlin you have I doubt not
 heard abundantly described. She was a discovery to me. I
 knew her father and had frequently seen him - but I merely
 heard her mentioned as one daughter and never saw her till
 my first visit to Bristol early in last year when I went to
 his house by his pressing invitation in some apprehension of
 the young lady, who I feared might be merely civil in
 consequence to her old father's anti-slavery hobby, and
 might secretly look on me with dislike as a bore, and on me
 a grudge for aiding and abetting him. There is often the
 case where the parent has strong tastes which he has failed
 in communicating to his children. However I was totally
 and most agreeably disappointed. I have never seen father
 and daughter so beautifully united. It is heaven to see their
 unity and affection. There is a playfulness & perfect freedom
 about their intercourse of a womanly anxiety in his regard for
 her health and ^{the} powers of bodily endurance (for she is by no
 means strong) which bring the tears into your eyes as you
 witness it or look back to it. She is a very accomplished
 woman, extremely instructed in languages but without the
 least pedantry or pretension & she is entirely ladylike & unaffected.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 25. 108

I need hardly tell you after saying all this, that I found myself quite at home and that the Daughters were quite as friendly and cordial as his father, which is saying much. Mr. Estlin is a smart spirited man, then a simplicity & bon homie about such I have remarked in men remarkable for firmness of character & resolute adherence to right. Nothing could have been pleasanter than my stay - and I marched off with flying colors - that is to say I was placed so much at ease, I was so unobtrusively and had to feel awkward & foolish so seldom that I was quite on pleasant terms with myself. Truly in these countries exist in doubt an infinite variety of circles, that arranged according to wealth, family, profession, pretensions, connections, and they are so regulated by conventionalities, arranged them that our body may be enclosed for hours at a time now and then, especially if his opportunity for associating in the family circle and of his own set has been like my own very limited. But they will tell you

Mr. E. in the last letter I referred to says, Mrs. Chapman has been to go to Widdow's to pass a visit with some friends there - and from thence they will I hope visit Salisbury & Stonehenge. If you can see my letter in the Standard you will read a full & true account of my visit to that renowned temple - the most mysterious and wonderful relic of past ages in England. As which I was in London I did all I could to urge your letters to go there also, how they will have an excellent opportunity. From thence they go to Bristol and thence I half hope to Dublin - for somehow they have a cloud in the way which I greatly regret for I have been for years looking to the pleasure of seeing them under my own hand. I ~~at~~ admit in perfect sincerity that we have but little inducement to draw them. We are a sort of come outers, and accordingly our road, each is very narrow - though if we had never come out the people within our reach are nothing particular and by no means attraction worthy. It is very disagreeable to be shut out from the pleasant part of your fellow creatures to those who have as I undoubtedly have, great capacity for taking pleasure in cheerful, pre-occupied people who are wide awake.

[For a very similar reading, see p. 3 - perhaps unintentional]

Yesterday came a newspaper from my interesting benefactor 5
the letters - It was a Bristol paper and my eye was attracted
by some stanza called "the Convent" in the Post, Corner -
and then by your name as the writer and then by the stanza
therein which I think very beautiful & feeling. The maiden
is herself and the pains of the plain unadorned building
that you speak of has to this present day a history in my self
- I know was the making of a good maker. Now I go to meet
almost news - perhaps not true a great - I don't think with the
friends on almost any subject - and yet the power of association
in connection with the old home that I had in so often with
such sympathy in my early days a very strong upon my
mind.

My letter also mentions that at last
and at length you people have seen Elizabeth Pease, of which I
am truly glad. For she is a real worthy, and for many years
she was the best friend the cause had in England. There are
now some as good - but none better. I have a hearty regard for Ed.
but for some years past I have had no intercourse and but little
correspondence with her. I believe Wendell Phillips is her chief Ame-
rican "friend" as you are Mr. Estlin.

Can you tell me any thing of a Unitarian minister - J. C. Davis
who has just called on me. He had no introduction but ~~was~~
said that Mr. Bishop of Bristol desired him to call. He is a
very American looking, laugh generous man. The professor Abolition-
ism of the former stamp - I imagine from his talk that he is
friendly, but not very energetic. He called Edmund Henry whose
presence attracted my attention "your friend" but "my friend" the
pleasant introduction from Garrison & myself, that would be
a certain passport to a hearty welcome to be heard. Now
as I have been very civil & have offered him introduction,
throughout Ireland and information to guide him on his
travels. If he is not the man himself, he has certainly been heard
the way.

I remembered in the last letter Miss Estlin had from you (for
do we not live like the apothecary, in so far that we enjoy a com-
modity of Anti Slavery goods?) you mentioned something as a
propagand secret. This I do not, because it will show you that
though these good people in Bristol are such lovers of Liberty,
they have unbounded confidence in my discretion. I entreat
you to follow their example. You may talk as if you were
conversing with yourself on matters connected with the cause -
and you have nothing to fear. Would I wish to be a great gainer
by picking up the crumbs that fall from the rich "Incidents"
table.

I heartily rejoice with you that your brother is so far
removed that your letters began to feel as they did before his
alarms of illness. And you wish as your sister be interested to
learn that my sister Deborah had a prosperous voyage for the
first month of her long journey. For we had a letter from
her, written while in 8° N. Lat. (in the parallel of Sierra
Leone) in which she says that had felt as comfortably so far
and that compared with the voyage out to America and back
it was ~~like~~ like a party of pleasure. They were unhappily going
& unhappily returning from America - unhappily and discomforted.
They sailed for Antigua in a hopeful spirit and with more
agreeable expectations of the people & the climate.

Mr Webb is in Walsford with his sister - one of our children
with her - another at school in Chesterfield, England - one son Henry
sister in Law Maria having at home with me - and my remaining
son just gone off with a party to see London & the Marlborough
Exhibition - and so farewell

Ever truly yours

Rich^d Webb

Can you tell me any thing of George Bradburn?
I have heard nothing of him for years.