

show an universal tendency among them (I think Congress -  
that is natural history) to worship rank & wealth, & to measure every  
one in conformity with these standards.

Mrn hobbs told me when she had your letter (which had only  
she did) that she did have thought of the parallel between  
the English in India & the Slaveholders. But indeed for that  
matter she has a way of comparing the kinds of tyranny  
actual & unblushing, or conventional & underhand, with  
Slaveholding - so that I regard the simile as a desirable  
iteration. Pray for the benefit of your morals & your  
lady like feelings do consider that last word but one  
as connecting merely of the first Slave letter with a long  
strife between them. I wish see that the Athenians are  
gone to P. & H. What heavy reading you will have  
when you get to Rome!

I fear I must have seemed somewhat exacting in  
my enquiries about the arrival of my letter from the  
room. The truth was that it was handed into the  
postage to a waiter in a coffee cafe in Lisbon &  
I was curious to know whether he sent it forward. I  
was greatly set up in my own esteem by the abbe  
having sent me his salutations, when a little while  
I was (a huge admirer of great, wise, learned men  
& though I knew now how foolish it is I have not  
yet got over the amiable weakness.

I think, H. M. afraid, that the involvement of the English  
must have had something to do with the Mutinies. I  
regard them as the real incident of history. There is an

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A. M. W.

Drumright Cottage, near Malahide  
September 26<sup>th</sup> - 1857

Oh! Annell Weston, do you really ask me  
to write so that you can read as you wish?  
Did not W. P. Rogers take me long ago how  
he and his wife sat up till three o'clock  
trying to decipher one of my letters? and  
did not a newly married lady to whom  
I wrote a short note within the past week  
after in vain getting the help of her hus-  
band to read it, come over to my house  
to ask me what it was I intended to say?  
and am I not past 52, and have in any  
body at such a time of life to mind in  
any particular - in beauty, wisdom, man-  
ners, morals, handwriting, or any other  
substantial respects? Is it not half  
the charm of a letter that you have to make  
it the hieroglyphics? Is a printed letter  
half so pleasant as a written one. The  
poet, as old Coryat says of the wisdom he  
got on his travels, are but Credits hastily  
gobbled up, whereas in the latter case  
particularly when I am the writer, you have  
the labour of cracking the nut before you can  
get at the kernel.

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However, to come to business - the day  
your letter reached me I wrote to Mr  
Chepman who replied immediately that  
for several ports they have heard nothing  
from his father in law - but that as a  
mail was daily expected he would let  
me know if any news came by it. I  
waited and his letter told me that they  
had heard nothing from him. It seems  
his health had been so affected by the  
climate of India that he had been  
obliged more than once to visit England.  
I think they are much more apprehensive  
on account of his health than for any  
other reason. He has of late resided  
in the neighbourhood of Calcutta which  
has been free from those terrible events  
which have horrified the world. If he  
be alive the probability is that his natural  
laugh has been increased by the relaxing  
effects of the climate and that he puts  
off writing until he feels more disposed to  
write to J. F. or to send him an advocate  
either of them I would willingly do - but he  
does not give me the address. It occurred  
to me that he would be obliged to hear from

~~From the time I was recommended to the above office.~~  
~~that the above was the only way that if,~~  
we would send me a line for him I will  
send it to his address. It would require him  
to to sit a line from a Western in India,  
I heard that he would not there to promote  
some projects that would pay him unre-  
dearly for the trouble, <sup>which</sup> if successful, might  
prove highly remunerative. I think it  
probable that these unhappy overreals may  
put an end to all such expectations for  
some time to come. I have no doubt  
that if the poor man hear from him, he will  
tell me know for your sake if not for mine.  
Whether his mother is living or not, I do not  
know - nor do I know any thing of Mrs  
Thompson. If ~~the above was the only way~~  
~~that the above was the only way~~ - or if <sup>with</sup> his great  
talents, scholastic spirit, he had possessed  
a disposition to make his wants & his ex-  
penditures square with his income, he  
would have been much more happily  
circumstanced than he now is. His  
desire to be an M. D. for a part of London,  
with all the inevitable attendant expenses  
and demands on his purse, seemed to me  
to be his insanity in one of his miserably  
restricted & precarious means, & with a wife  
who was always ready to make a show of him.

As to Miss Estlin it was months after I parted  
her in Rome before I knew any thing pre-  
cise about her. I at length heard that she  
was at Herne Bay, a fashionable watering  
place in the South of England with her  
favorite aunt Reynolds and her aunt  
Mrs. Mitchell who is not so much a  
favorite - recovering her health. Knowing  
how bad writing & much mental effort  
is for her I thought it better not to trouble  
her with my letters - and my patience was  
at length rewarded about three weeks  
ago - or perhaps less by a long and cordial  
letter (such as my soul loves) telling she  
herself, sending some money on behalf of  
the Advocate & saying how she expected them  
to start for the Lakes of Cumberland in  
company with Mrs. Nicholl & two cousins  
of hers the Watsons - two elderly ladies with  
whom Mrs. M. lodges in Bridgewater who  
are enthusiastic friends of Frederick Douglass.  
Since then I had a long and most amusing  
letter of Mrs. Nicholl - written to some friend  
of hers - to me unknown - forwarded by her  
neighbor to the Parker's - great friends of Miss  
Estlin whom I once knew - & then sent  
on to me. The letter details the adventures  
of the party of four ladies on their way  
from Lancaster to the Lakes - & is full of ad-

ventures in search of shelter & victuals. <sup>5</sup> The  
letter was dated from Ambleside - but said  
nothing of Miss Martineau except that they  
saw her house that it was pretty & beautifully  
situated which you know already. I had  
a note from Harriet's niece Maria (who lives  
with her) a day or two since - sending her  
annual pound to keep the advocate alive.  
She is I am sure a fine clever young woman  
and the very one that her aunt requires  
in her present circumstances. The letter says  
that "her aunt is much as usual, a little  
weakened just now with Indian history on  
which she is writing. You will be glad to hear  
my father is improving famously. He varies  
very much but occasionally astonishes them  
by a wonderful stroke such as reading part  
of a letter, seeing a rainbow, or some  
other unlooked for object." You have  
doubtless heard how this gentleman, Dr  
Robert Martineau of Birmingham, a  
fine, frank, cordial man who has been  
Mayor of the town & is I believe greatly  
liked & respected has been suffering for  
more than a year from blindness caused  
by rheumatism. His son Frank came to  
Dublin town a year or a commercial tour, & in

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are always rejoiced to see him. He  
is an unaffected, intelligent, pleasant  
fellow, fond of music, says "Indeed" most  
emphatically to any thing you say in the  
least unusual, and has a hearty laugh  
for any such jokes or such tales with which  
I may happen to be supplied for his enter-  
tainments. - If you were only where I am  
how you would wonder at my concentra-  
tion for there are two beautiful little bright  
green Australian parrots, called by the  
natives "Budgerry Gars", or "Pretty Bird",  
flying screaming and screeching round  
the room for their private amusement.  
My son brought one of them home - the other  
was given to us by a young man who  
came home lately - the very one who called  
over with his bride to get me to read my  
own letters. These birds are extremely beau-  
tiful with lovely grey & green mottled backs,  
-heads & bright green breasts & bright  
black intelligent eyes. They are as healthy  
as poppies - generally rather wild - but when  
hungry they will eat out of the hand. They  
go into their cage at night - but if not let  
out in the morning, they show their vexation  
by scattering their bird seed about in the  
most reckless & profuse way. They have  
long wings, & fly with a rush round the room.



When I returned from my Italian trip  
I found my son master of the position. Be-  
fore I left home he staid himself in two  
subordinates a printer. While I was away  
he had taken the reins of government, &  
I had the luxury of a secondary place,  
the diminished responsibility, the greater  
leisure & the novelty of hearing another &  
not myself referred to for sanction & direction.  
He had undertaken some heavy business which  
involved great exactness & attention & it pressed  
heavily upon him - so as to cause me after  
some time great anxiety on his account. At  
length I made way for him to visit Kilkenny,  
along with some of his friends. While there  
he exerted himself too much, riding &  
swimming, so that on his arrival at the house  
of an uncle of his mother's in Cork he took  
to his bed, and was taken ill of a fever. His  
mother had to go down to nurse him. In their  
absence, deprived of my principal assistants  
in all matters of head work, the British Asso-  
ciation came on with a flood of printing both  
day & night and several other heavy matters  
beside - each of which would have given me  
ample employment in itself. You may  
fancy how pleasantly I was circumstanced

and has little at a life for the stimulus of a  
word or for even a pack of the prettiest and  
picturesque cards. However people could  
keep complimenting me on my good looks -  
not lovely but healthy good looks amidst all  
all this turmoil. The case from Lake was  
all good, for the poor fellow seemed to mend  
as soon as he lay down - and his constitution had  
been naturally feeble he did not suffer  
much from the fever. When he returned home  
he was so weak that I was alarmed but he  
kept so well and ate so much that he  
rapidly came round, he is now decidedly  
better than he was ~~before~~ before his illness.  
The hurry is over and we both, I hope,  
have time to breathe. I never had such a  
long spell of continued hard work, and I have  
no desire for a repetition on the same  
terms. All this time we were having a  
large addition made to our printing office  
which gives us more air & room, for  
which we are now enjoying exceedingly. This  
is supposed to lead to the Eternal City  
but as it is full of interest to your Irish Cor-  
respondent it may possibly amuse you  
and contrast so strangely with your own  
position.

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A letter I had lately from Mrs Chapman says it is well likely P. Pillsbury has given up his idea of coming to England again. on the whole I do not regret it. I think the visit would do him more harm than good. To myself & my family he would be heartily welcome to stay as long as he liked and as thought was good for his health. But there are not many houses where he could be received in the same way. He would inevitably feel himself in the way if he were not at work in some way or other. And I found there was a surprising unanimity in the opinion amongst all whom I consulted in England & Scotland as to his not being suitable to push the cause forward here. It would be difficult for any one to do much in this way. There are now he many abolitionists any where - and Parker is too thorough a Yankee of a not very highly cultivated class to cleave his way through English prejudices. Some of his habits in social conventional matters would I think be greatly in his way, & it was not easy to give him hints about them. Then his phrasology & his somewhat cavalier style of statement are very unsuited to the English temperament which is prone to doubt whatever seems ultra or unusual. When I talk of conventionalities or manners I overhear English whispering "Oh dear, had they not" and

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reminding me how Abby Baker who lived  
at my fathers home ago, told us when my boys,  
laughed at her brother Sams drawl, that her  
brother Wilham, whose drawl was just as  
great, was trying to break him off it.

You have heard of Mrs Furness, H. Martineaus  
cousin & a great friend of P. Pillsbury. She was  
over here lately and my wife, my daughter &  
I were invited to meet her at the home of a  
Mr Hutton with whom she stayed. The gentle  
man is an old man - her second wife, a woman  
young enough to be his daughter - and three  
son and daughters of his first wife, as old as  
the second Mr Hutton. - Mr H. was formerly  
a foreman <sup>with</sup> of Mrs Furness, and is a very pleasing  
person. He was charmed with Mrs Furness  
who is a real lady, graceful, sensible & a  
very pleasant talker, & a staunch abso-  
lutist. She is a warm admirer & devoted  
friend of her cousin Harriet - so that, on the  
whole, as H. might well say, "we had a  
great time."

I will send you along with this an advo-  
cate containing copious extracts from  
Kellers new book of which Ben Chapman  
has doubtless told you. I regard it as  
a great event & if there be life or spirit  
left at the South its publication cannot  
fail to terrify the slaveholders and  
cause a stir among the poor whites.

When I address myself as a sensible man I know that I make a fool of myself to expect any great change from a book - I know that an abominable thing is Slavery - I see its evil results all around me - I know what oceans of ills have been wanted in denouncing & scolding it - I see how it breeds and fosters ignorance, lies, cruelty, fanaticism - I know it is the curse of Ireland - yet I know that the great majority of the Irish people cling to it & that Irish Protestant gentlemen - such as Aubrey de Vere rush into its hideous bosom to keep their souls from hell. Why then should I anticipate that his Majesty's ~~Head~~ could open the blind eyes of the ignorant, demoralized, drunken, shortsighted of the Slave States by his book no matter how good it was? Prejudice, paper & pride are far more powerful than self interest - and this fact will, I fear, not be disproved in their case.

Now would you not like to know something about Drommigh Cottage. It is a long low one storied house, separated from the high road - which is fortunately also a bye road, by a lawn and a screen of trees, ~~which~~ by the roadside & a board, a good stone, throw from the house, which is approached by an avenue of lofty, over-arching trees like the aisle of a Gothic cathedral. The back door is painted green & on the left hand side as you ~~are~~ enter is a little old fashioned

two ceiled parlours, with two windows looking  
 at upon the lawn in front, and a side window  
 looking into a large old-fashioned garden full  
 of fruit trees and very bare of flowers and  
 overgrown with ~~tree~~ weed. Behind the  
 parlours is our bed room also looking into the  
 garden and infested with bees which have a  
 hive of their own invention in the cavity  
 over the wood work of ~~the~~ one of the windows.  
 This causes a powerful humming in hot  
 weather. On the right hand of the hall is a  
 large sitting room with three windows in front  
 and a bow at the end. Here we take our  
 meals when we have company, here I am  
 writing "along, proudly" as we say to babies who  
 begin to stand alone. At the back of the  
 house are pantry, kitchen, & male room in  
 great numbers & over head an upstairs where  
 the younger members of the family sleep in  
 their several bed rooms, some of which look over  
 a green sweep of tillage towards the ancient  
 church of St. Dunstons, where a Christian  
 church has been for the last 1300 years &  
 where there is still a holy well of fully that  
 age. We have stables, cowhouse, pig sty, hen  
 coots, but neither horses, cows, pigs nor fowl.  
 The place is rather tumble down, but we don't  
 send pounds to paper the principal rooms  
 and make it snug for the season. It will  
 soon be out of lease, and nobody, except the  
 actual occupant has any inducement to  
 keep it in repair.

This place is not a bit like the Palazzo Albani  
 - but as it is on the least frequented side of  
 Dublin - the north side - about 7 miles from  
 our town house - rather inaccessible for want  
 of frequent accommodations and as much in  
 the country as if it were 50 miles from  
 Dublin - it is all enjoyed very much. Un-  
 fortunately our late extensive occupations  
 has prevented us from enjoying it so  
 much as we would otherwise have done  
 for, for make together I have only spent one  
 night and one day - Saturday night & Sunday  
 in the place. But still there is a good deal  
 in the idea that it is here, & that we might  
~~and~~ come out to a place of our own in  
 the country but for want of time. It is also  
 furnished from the town house, and every thing  
 is in a state of great simplicity but at all  
 as I have already said, "furnished after  
 the similitude of a palace."

My son Alfred (of whom I have spoken) with  
 his cousin Hannah Eliza White of Cork, a  
 charming young woman - one of the most so-  
 ber & true, has just come out this blessed  
 Sunday morning to spend the day. It was  
 at her father he was taken ill, but was  
 she who nursed him till his mother came

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If she were not his own cousin, ten years  
older than he is, and not very strong, I would  
be glad she would marry him - for she has a  
sprightly sweet temper, a handsome face, a  
lovely pair of eyes, and I love her as if she  
were my own daughter. She is a good  
farrisiacian, and when a girl of sixteen  
was in a perfect fever of enthusiasm about  
George Thompson when he first visited  
Dublin - and so was I.

About India the Times and Telegraph will  
tell you all that there is to be told. I lent you  
a Times to Florence. I do not know what the  
real substance is of India to England, or  
vice versa. I have met nobody to talk me.  
I don't know how much worse off we should  
be if we lost India altogether. But I imagine  
to hold India will be a much more costly &  
difficult thing in future. I imagine the people  
are better off under England than they would be  
under their native rulers - as I am sure Ireland  
is better ruled as a part of England than if  
she were independent & eaten up <sup>by</sup> foreign lords  
by Romish priests - I feel it is the case that a bad  
number of Irish Catholics would much rather  
have the Protestants & the Magistrates than Queen Victoria.  
So I suppose it would be with the Indian  
natives. I am very little of an Englishman &  
yet I think it would be better the natives  
should be suppressed than triumphant - better  
I mean for the swarming millions of the  
peninsula. If England is eventually suc-  
cessful she will I imagine leave a lesson of mo-



decisions that could be taught her in no  
other way. I regard the highest American  
people as essentially denouncing President.  
The work of Lynde, Britton, Bush, Litch Society  
is evident whenever it has gained wealth  
& position - the tendency is to look down  
upon & walk over their supposed inferiors. I  
abhor this spirit -

I have not had a line from your sister  
Cecilia - but I know what a number of letters  
she has had from her hands in an effort  
for others. Nothing in the way of a letter  
is a greater gratification than one from  
a Western. I can't but heartily thank you  
from wishing that I could visit home again  
in the coming winter. So do I. If I had  
lessen the force of command his duty to  
keep me at home I would rather go to home  
again than visit any other place on the  
continent. How delightful it would be if I  
could talk my dear wife with you I know  
of no one who would ~~so~~ more thoroughly  
enjoy such a visit under such circum-  
stances. "But as we say here, there is  
no use in talking."

I did not tell you that the people in  
this neighborhood show evident marks  
of their Danish origin - for this part of  
Ireland was settled by Danes before the  
English invasion & it is a fact that  
they are grave, benevolent, chronic, and

16) have none of the playful, witty, light hearted  
ness of the Irish nation. We have all  
remarked the difference during the two  
summers we have been living here. It is  
truly amazing how long the prejudices  
of race linger in nooks and corners of  
a country. This particular locality  
is out of the high way or thoroughfare of  
the neighboring country which may in part  
account for the circumstance. A gentleman  
named Plunkett lives just near whose family  
has I believe been settled here more than  
700 years. And there is a mile and a half  
from ~~to~~ an inn which we call Chancer's mile  
because it was first built in the year that  
the year that dear old Geoffrey died.

A day has passed since the first of  
this letter was written and three such a  
pleasant letter came from Miss Estlin she  
has had a great time with Miss Wigham  
at the Lakes - she says Mr. C. could see  
her friends. I also had a note from  
Harriet herself ~~which~~ in reply to some  
enquiries of mine but not a playful wa-  
(and not looking for an answer) about  
India. My daughter Anne shall copy it  
for you and then you as well I will be en-  
lightened. So now with my best affectionate  
regards to you all - Anne, Emma, Lucia &  
Anne I am yours ever truly  
Richard Webb

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