

W. L. Garrison to  
Elizabeth P. Nichol

Boston, Oct. 18, 1859

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My dear Friend:

You have met with a great bereavement—how great, you alone can tell. The intelligence of the death of your beloved & honored husband is received by us all with sadness. Alas! that it was not my privilege & happiness to enjoy his personal acquaintance! I believe I never saw him. But my highest conviction of his worth is derived from the fact that my beloved friend Elizabeth Pease, regarded him as worthy of her life-long love in the nearest & holiest relation of life. You were deserving of all that he was, however excellent & noble. I cannot bear to think of his having passed away from earth before feeling his friendly grasp, & sitting down with you both under your own hospitable roof.

I have been dreaming of another visit to Scotland, at no distant day, & in that dream I saw myself at the Observatory, made welcome by you both. The dream can be only partially realized, if at all. He will not be there, even should I be permitted to visit your beautiful home; not there in bodily proportion, as a tangible object, with whom to commune, face to face. And yet, in a

most living & veritable sense, I believe he  
he will be there - is there already - as  
full of consciousness and affection as ever, he  
with all his faculties & powers untouched, except  
by the mysterious change through which he has  
passed, & as deeply interested in your welfare &  
happiness. With the strongest assurance  
of an immortal life, & with what I regard  
as conclusive evidence that our departed  
loved ones are often very near to us - as  
near as souls can ever be together - I have  
long since regarded what we call death,  
not only without dismay, but only with  
resignation, but with a profound perception  
of its beneficence, as well as its necessity,  
trying as the separation may be.

While I proffer you my tenderest sympathies,  
I rejoice with you in the hope of immortality.  
"He is not dead," said Jesus. It is as true  
of your beloved husband as it was of him  
whom those words are applied.

There are, as yet, but few particulars given  
of his illness. It must have been short,  
and the blow sudden; for "congestion of the  
brain" tells the whole sad story - enthusiastic  
in the promotion of his favorite science - laborious  
for the enlightenment & good of others, beyond

his natural powers - he fell as a martyr,  
and as such deserves to be craved. To say that  
he has not-lived in vain is an inadequate  
expression, for in its broadest-sense of few  
can such this be said. He had but few peers  
in the realm of mind, & in gifts & attain-  
ments stood conspicuous in the universal  
crowd of men. His children have reason to  
be proud of his memory, while they lament  
his sudden removal in the maturity of his  
powers. I am too well acquainted with  
the religiousness of your nature, my dear  
friend, not to believe that this bereavement  
will be sustained by you in the spirit of  
pious resignation to the Divine Will. "Though  
He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"  
Not to weep would be unnatural, but behind  
the cloud, the Sun of Righteousness is shining  
still. May you be sustained by all holy spirits  
& all good influences!

I ought not to have waited for an  
event like this to send you a friendly letter;  
but - as to epistolary matters, I am always  
slow to execute, though my aversion to the use  
of the pen, much as I love & cherish my friends.  
You are always a part of my memory. - Since

I first knew you, I have steadily cherished of  
you the profoundest regard as one of the best  
of women. All the past rises up before me  
and multitudinous emotions overpower me  
by your kindness & beneficence - do not suppose  
that I can ever forget them.

My health has not been good for the past  
six months & I need rest & recreation for  
a while. It is possible I may visit  
Scotland next Spring, though my aversion  
to the sea is almost unconquerable. In case  
I shall make the voyage, there will be no  
I shall more desire to see than yourself  
your unaltered & unalterable friend

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

Elizabeth P. Nichol.

My dear Helen sends you her liveliest  
sympathies and her warmest regards.

Ms. A. 1. 1. 5 p. 1170