

copy

127

Bristol Jan. 5, 1868.

Dear Mr. Mawson,

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle of the 19th ult. brings me the heart-rending intelligence of the dreadful catastrophe which took place on the Iron more two days before, by the explosion of several cauldrons of nitro-sulphuric, involving the loss of several lives, among them your own almost idolized husband, & my long-tryed, faithful & true friend, for whom my attachment has been of the strongest kind for many a year. If the blow has been stunning to me, what must it have been to you, & to the dear children of your household, now made dark & desolate through this awful bereavement. I am overwhelmed with sorrow, as though an own "brother beloved" had been fatally struck.

down by my side; and I knew no
words to express to you and your dear
ones the intensity of my feelings.

I can only mingle my tears & groans
with your own, & bow submissively to
the Divine will, & cling to the belief
that, though it is sore with us, it is well
with him whose sad and shocking
facts we so deeply deplore.

For we needed no translators to
fit him for the society of the "just
made perfect;" we were to
prepare him, in mind & spirit,
for that "great change" through
which all who are mortal must
come a later pass. Living as he
did to glorify God in his body &
spirit, to aid the oppressed &
succor the suffering, to banish
all forms of crime & degradation
from society, to advance the

cause of peace in earth & goodwill
among men, & to set an example
of moral heroism & Christian
fidelity in the performance of duty,
especially in the thorny pathway
of radical reform; he was quite
prepared for any & every event, &
calmly stood, at all times,

"dressed for the flight, & ready to be gone".

Yet I find it hard, very hard,
to convince myself that he is gone;
that I shall never again be
privileged in the flesh to feel the
warming grip of his hand, to hear
the music of his voice, to see his
beaming face all radiant with
the smiles of love & affection, &
to return his fervent embrace.

As was the attachment of
David to Jonathan, so was mine
to him. He stood among the very

light in my list of chosen friends,
& co-workers in a common cause.

In spirit he was as fresh &
sweet & pure as a newly blown
rose. His magnetism was per-
vasive & irresistible.

Truly, among the upright,
"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

Let it be no consolation that death
has no power over the immortal
soul, & that, beautiful and
attracted as was his earthly
home, he has found a heavenly
one of transcendent loveliness
& glory, & would pain him as
not to reply to sorrow.

It seems, now, but as yesterday
since I bade you both farewell
at Braintree, prior to my
embarkation for Boston. I had

repeatedly expressed to him the
 wish & the hope that he & you
 would, at no distant day, come
 to the United States, & travel ex-
 tensively in the one, & enable me
 in a measure to reciprocate
 that generous & elegant hospitality,
 & most cordial greeting, & lavish
 kindness, extended to me & my
 two children (Harvey & Frank)
 while at your dear & dear residence
 at Gateshead. But, for him,
 it is now impossible to do so in
 the earth-fare. I shall not
 entertain a doubt, however,
 that he will be very near me in
 spirit, & perhaps cognizant
 of the place of my abode, and
 capable of exerting a magnetic
 influence upon my mind.
 That he is really & intelligently

with you & the children as he
was when in the flesh, I very
fully believe.

Fanny is now in Paris, &
will be profoundly affected when
she hears the sad tidings.

My dear brother just returned
from a visit to New York, &
desires me to give you his
warmest sympathies, & most
tender regards to the children.

My wife & all my family
unite in this expression of
sympathy & affection.

We pray that you may
all be sustained by Divine
grace & mercy, & instead
of dwelling upon the dreadful
event itself, with its ac-
cumulated horrors, think
rather of the good life.

that was lived on earth, & of
the eternal state of blessedness
to which the beloved one has
been removed.

I will write more fully
by another mail. Shall I
hear from any of you?

Yours, in sorrow & in hope,
W^m Lloyd Garrison -

P.S. all the sympathies of
my heart are also with
those related to the other
victims of that awful catastrophe.

that was found in the
the several parts of the
to which the letters are
been examined

I will not write more
in another word. There
has been any of you
from in the paper
The days of summer

P. 2 of the
any least one also in the
those related to the
written of that paper