

From Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren,
wife of Duncan McLaren M.P., &
sister of John Bright.

16, The Baltons,

~~South Kensington, S.W.~~

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Ringwood Hampshire
August 22nd 1877.

My dear & much honoured friend
William Lloyd Garrison.

I had hoped to have met thee with
a letter at our mutual dear friend,
Elizabeth Nichols - but when I got
word out at the end of the session,
I seem to lose the power to put my
wishes into practice - I have been carry-
ing on my mind a little duty un-
fulfilled, viz. to thank thee and thy
dear son for the much valued copy
of thy short memoir of thy beloved
wife - It is truly one of the most
instructive lives I have ever read -

Few events recorded in the way of
what the world would call great
deeds accomplished by herself -

There was a life of one great
deed of duty - quietly fulfilled.
With no thought for herself, all her
thoughts were how best to help others
to perform the great work of bringing
freedom to the oppressed. She seemed
tied down to this willing sacrifice;
but her position was one which
every noble woman might well
envy - help meet to one of God's
ablest instruments, who, carried
thus much obloquy, persecution and
great sacrifices, she saw exalted
to the highest eminence morally,
which success could give - and
she saw him bear victory with
a humility equal to that which
marked the hour of persecution.

her physical powers were a check - which bearing patiently

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truly your joint to last, one of God's
choicest servants. When the hour of
freedom seemed near - and less weighty
duties pressed upon her, she was called
to a higher sphere - to a blessed immor-
tal life. Then to await a re-union with
those she had so faithfully helped
here - and especially with the one
to whom her heart had so graciously
knit itself in the time of her
joyful presence & beauty - Ah, dear
friend, how I love thoughts of her &
love her as I love pictured her
there, so beautifully described by
thee. I am so very glad to have
seen her son - dear E. Nichols
has been equally pleased with
thee, admiring thee & loving thee as
I did myself - & grateful to him
for his loving care of thee. May
you reach your own land in safety.

and may of health be preserved all
that could be desired by all who love
& honour & bless thee - even for what thou
hast done whilst here during this short
sojourn, to encourage those who work
in the uphill fight of freedom and
justice.

I wish I could have been at dear Mrs
Butler's at the presentation of my
little address. But it was impossible.

My husband and I are detained in
London in order that our niece Anne
Frances Ashmuth may be married
from our house, as her position is rather
a lonely one - my husband looked wearied
& worn, so we came down here to refresh
him, and I write you a little town
on the borders of the New Forest - we
have just seen the spot where William
Rufus was slain, and were at
Winchester yesterday - all full of the
recollections of ancient royalty -

my hand shakes much - dear
love to Mrs Butler - to thy son - and
together in which Mr Warren joins.
With every good wish -

Thy faithful & affectionate friend
Annette Warren.

To
W. L. Garrison.