

Samuel Turrel

Friday night the 15th October

1849.

My dear Sir

absence from town prevented my
receiving your sad intelligence in due
course. I am but now in possession of it.

Believe me that I feel the sympathy
of an old friend, with you in your affliction;
and that the memory of many old
kindnesses, bestowed upon me when I was as
weak but, as is left me vivid, in connexion
with your melancholy tidings. I hardly
dare say more, whose grief is of a sacred
kind, how much I feel your letter, and
how many affecting and regretful thoughts it

awaikened within me.

I am sure few better creatures ever lived. Harder as the separation is to bear, - harder in some sense because of that, - it is in the mercy of God, I know, to make that conviction a comfort to you.

and when the first shock of such a heavy trial is lightened by Time, the attachment of the children she bore you, and of their children too, will not be the less deep or the less consoling because one of the springs of its life, is, for a little while, dried and seen no more.

In their love, and in everything, may you find some comfort! My wife and I have talked about you very much, and are full of heartfelt wishes for your peace.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Serge D'Arville to print.