

Copy.

W. L. Garrison to Parker Pillsbury.

Boston,

Nov. 26, 1841.

My dear friend, I hasten to inform you of the now fall of Turkey!

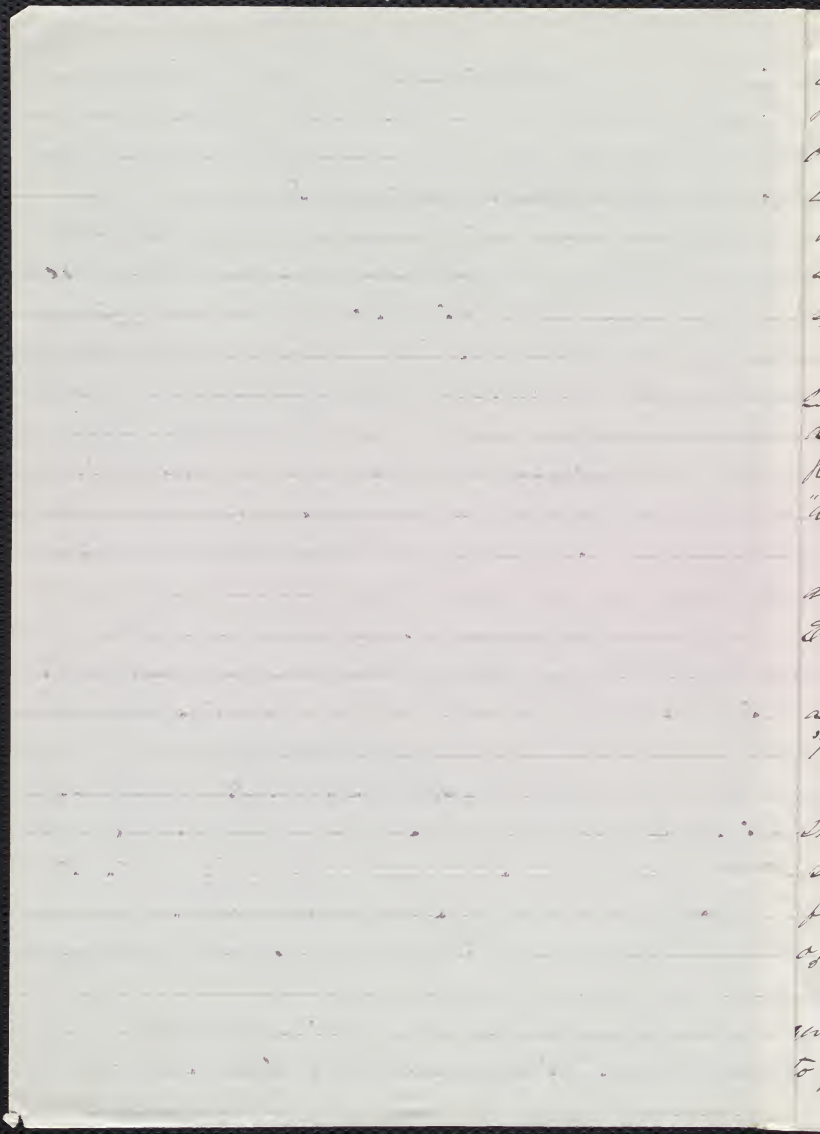
Yesterday at precisely two o'clock, a very gallant attack was made by our forces in all quarters at once; our Harrison being in fine spirits and every way in excellent condition. Soon the very first moment, the victory was evidently ours.

Grease, so long held in captivity, was immediately extricated, and its independence, of course, settled beyond contro-  
versy.

The right wing of the enemy's force was carried by myself in person, and without loss; and the left by my eldest son, who displayed extraordinary valor.

You may confidently announce that Turkey has no longer a leg to stand on. And acting on the popular maxim, that "to the victors belong the spoils," we made clean work even of the bones; finding some rare pickings.

The women and children inspired by the prospect of a successful or-  
slaught,



could not be restrained from taking part in the engagement. And they exhibited throughout, the firmness of veterans. And certainly, looking at the matter from a patriotic point of view, it would be hard to say that they acted "out of their appropriate sphere."

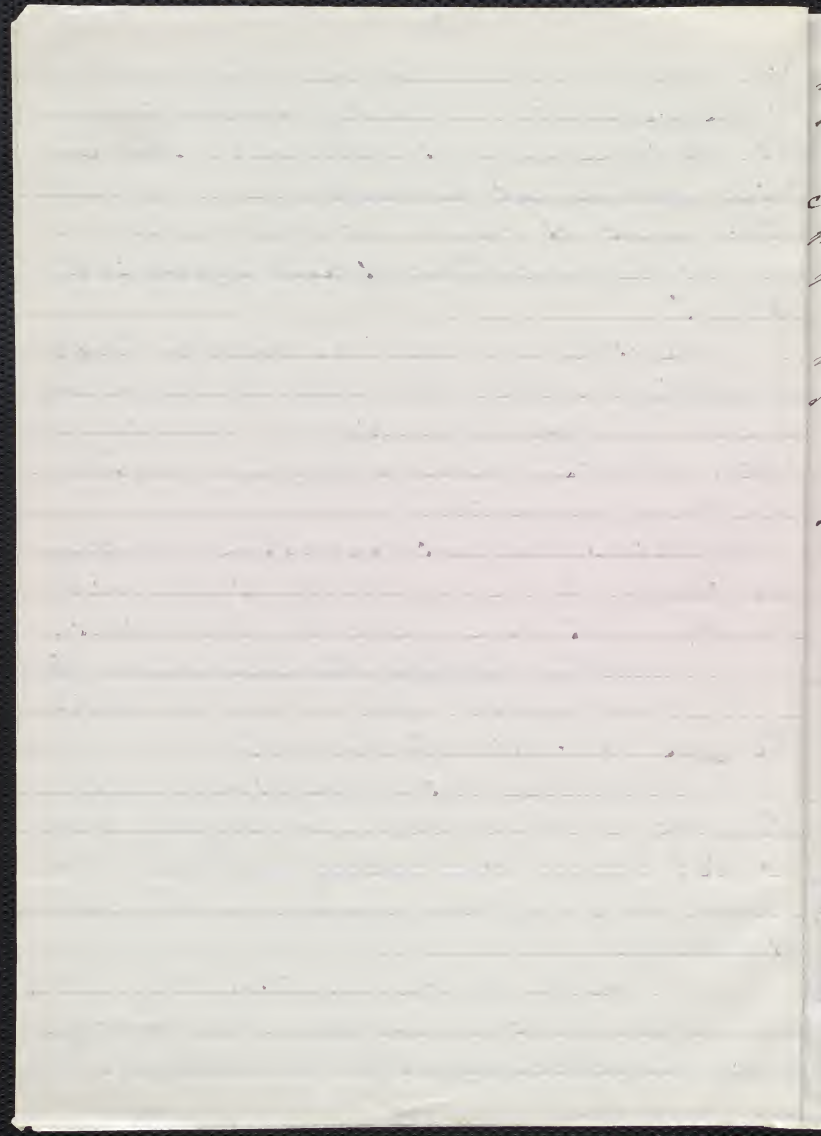
One of the boys said he would go "neck, or nothing". Another was ready to breathe any danger, in order to gratify his warlike appetite. Another chose a posterior position; "and thereby, hangs a tail."

Our knives did great execution; cutting and cutting the enemy fatally at all points. Even our teeth were used to great effect.

Rather Turkish this, to be sure, for a civilized people. But in war, you know, "the End sanctifies the means."

On our side, not a drop of blood was shed, not a wound received excepting a mere scratch which I accidentally inflicted on my finger, with my own weapon, in the order of attack.

I hasten to communicate this intelligence to you, as it cannot fail to be gratifying to you: and especially as you so nobly incited



in to the conflict, and even avowed your  
 "steadiness" to take the responsibility."

And we have unanimously voted the con-  
 clusion that Francis Jackson is a better man  
 than Andrew Jackson, and deserving infinitely  
 more at the hands of his country.

Hoping and believing that nothing  
 will ever occur to blight your laurels,  
 I remain, with Thanks giving,

Most faithful and much obliged friend  
 William Lloyd Garrison.

Post script.

Shout all ye Nations! Turkey is no more!  
 Complete, perfected in her overthrow!  
Thanksgiving day, was struck the fatal blow!  
 Let bells be rung, let cannon roar,  
 And nothing human, Turkey's fate deplore!  
 Her pride and pomp are in the dust laid low;  
Grease is delivered from a fiery foe,  
 And all its tears and agonies are o'er!

Copied by  
 Parker Pillsbury.

June 4. 1853.

