Copy.

W. L. Garrison to Parker Pillsbury.

Boston,

Nov. 26. 1841.

78 My Dear Friend. I hasten to inform you of the down fall of Turkey!

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

Grease, so long held in captivity, was immediately extirpated, and its independence, of course, settled beyond controversy.

The right wing of the enemy's forces 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, inspirited by the prospect ~~of a successful~~ of a successful onslaught,

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 breast 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 carving the enemy fatally at all points. Even our teeth were used to great effect.

I 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

us to the conflict, and even avowed your readiness "to take the responsibility."

And we have unanimously voted the conclusion 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 Thanksgiving,

Your faithful and much obliged friend

William Lloyd Garrison.

Post script.

Shout all ye Nations! Turkey is no more!
Complete, perfected is 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;
Greece is delivered from a fiery foe,
And all its tears and agonies are over!

Copied by
Parker Pillsbury.

June 4, 1883.