

~~From Sarah M. Grimké.~~
From Sarah M. Grimké.

West Newton, Nov. 30/63.

Dear brother Garrison:

145-

How my heart yearns to be with you on this soul-stirring & glorious occasion—the third Decade of your untiring & unflinching efforts in the cause of Human Rights! What a jubilee to my spirit would it be to mingle with you in this celebration!

When our revolutionary fathers drew the sword to establish the great principles they promulgated, of the right of every human being to life, liberty & the pursuit of happiness, they achieved, the greatest in their heroic & successful struggle for Independence, the greatest triumph the world had then witnessed for Liberty & self-government. But alas, they, too, soon proved that the blessings they had ^{won} were only to be enjoyed by the white man—they sat down under their vines & fig trees & sang Hosannas to the Highest for their deliverance—In the songs of their jubilee they heard not the trampled negro's wailing

ed cries."

To you & your coadjutors it was reserved, to hear the groans of the oppressed - to cry aloud & spare not, to lift up your voices in the palmyest days of a haughty & prosperous nation, & proclaim on the house-tops that all their righteousness was but filthy rags - yea, that they were a stench in the nostrils of Jehovah - To you, & to those who have stood by you in the day of ^{conflict} battle it has been reserved to fight the battle of the weak, against the strong, of the down-trodden, against the mighty, of the prisoner, scourged & tortured, against his tyrant, of the bereaved & bleeding mother, against the relentless wretch who robs her of her child - of all those helpless babes, robbed of their birthright & doomed to hopeless bondage, against the fiends who perpetrated this highest crime against God and Humanity. The blessing of these desolate ones will be your exceeding great reward.

Now you stand on the height
you have reached with so much toil &
suffering & patience & fortitude. In sur-
veying the past you hear the blessed
language, "Well done, good & faithful ser-
vants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."
In surveying the present the word greets
your ear, "Speak to my people that they
go forward." In surveying the future, you
behold the glory of the Lord covering the
earth, & you, too, may sing Halleluia to
the Highest. Truly, if our forefathers did
the work of noble men, nobly you have
done the work of God in a god-like spirit.

This blessed war is working out
the salvation of the Anglo-Saxon as well as of
the African race. The eyes of the nation
are being anointed with the eye-salve of
the king of Heaven, & thousand voices
swell the anthem of praise & thanksgiv-
ing for what has been done. Lips, touch-
ed by with living coals from God's altar,
breathe the prayer, "Let not thine hand
spare, nor thine eye pity, till judgment

Sarah M. Grimké
West Newton.
Nov. 20, 1863.

be brought forth unto victory.

This war, the holiest ever waged, is emphatically God's war, & whether the nation will, or not, He will carry it on to its grand consummation, until every American enjoys the rights claimed for ~~them~~ in our Declaration of Independence.

Will ~~not~~ some here arise ere this conflict closes, on whom will rest the mantle of Jusséant L'Ouverture? Earnestly do I pray that from among the ranks of our colored brethren a Savior may arise, who will make this war resplendent with his deeds of valor, courage, wisdom & fortitude, & who will be deservedly hailed as the final Deliverer of his people.

Yours faithfully,
Sarah M. Grimké