P. O. Box #19, Hamilsboro, Miss.
Aug. 9th, '90.

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee,
Mayville, N. Y.
Dear Sir:-

The subscription lists and your letter was duly received. My mortification was intense when I saw how my friends had served me. There was among them ministers of the gospel and business men of good standing whose promises I considered inviolate. During the Summer complaints were many from all lovers of the Lord Jesus. I sincerely hope that with the resumption of business in November the interests of the Race will brighten and God will bless His work with a

more abundant increase, for never, no never was there a time when the cause of Justice and Human Rights needed more consistent and devoted champions than they do now. If Jehovah could raise such men in answer to the demand of the times as adorned the abolition period, followed later by martial heroes whose prowess made the emancipation of the slave a fact, surely under a second slavery more cruel and terrible than the first His providence will be none the less assertive. "God send us more Tourgees" is the despairing cry of many whose voices are unheard save at Heaven's Throne. As for myself, though at the crucial point, I am resolved "to trust Him though he slay me". In this mammon loving age Vanity Fair is indeed rampant; times of brass and glitter when truth is prostituted to falsehood and intrigue; when principle

is sacrificed to political fame and ambition; a miserable nation of mercenaries. Sometimes the deepest gravity affecting human life and liberty are subordinated to idol worship. O ye precious gods of Gold and Silver! ye foreign tariff! have mercy we humbly beseech Thee, thy votaries against the Day of Judgment for never was man more faithful to any Gods than are we to Thee — but not the agony of the widow and the fatherless avail with Thee. We have enriched thine altars not with the blood of bullocks and sheep, but our sacrifice is of precious human blood; and to them that know Thee not we have meted out poverty, serfdom, imprisonment, banishment from home and have persecuted even unto Heaven's door many that are

not of our following, nor dare any man to stay our hand because our trust is in Thee. So prays the politician and the Southerner while the families and survivors of their victims are crying unto God for aid in this unequal struggle.

Having "put your hand to the plough," honored Sir, in this Heaven-ordained work, God forbid that you should look back or relinquish your labor of love until He alone bids thee cease with His sweet plaudit: "Well done, it is enough; come up higher."

I do not believe God will permit you to do more than lay the foundation of this work, nor will you see scarcely in part the blessed result of your endeavors, and worse still, the gratitude of those most benefitted may be wanting and reward such as this

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life could offer may be held from you but withal, leave us not we entreat you for keenly alive are we to the experience that these are the times when human sympathy endureth but for a moment and a night's sleep serves us well to ~~[illegible]~~ efface from memory the cruelest sufferings of a fellow creature we witnessed but yesterday, and with bursting, bleeding hearts again do we, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a despised people ~~[illegible]~~ you to cry aloud and spare not in ~~[illegible]~~ your behalf.

Respectfully,

Thos. R. Griffin