

# CINCINNATI JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1837.

The letter from Alton coming in at a late hour, has excluded much matter prepared for this paper—among other things, our acknowledgements again.

The news from New-York, render it nearly certain that the Whigs have carried that State at the late election.

## HORRID TRAGEDY.

The deed is done: the work is consummated. The Rev. E. P. Lovejoy is no more—he has died by the hands of a mob. *Have we nothing to do with Slavery in the free States? Alas! Slavery has something to do with us. Its fangs are upon us, rending our vitals. Talk of Liberty in America! The poor privilege left us, in some parts of this fair land, is to be silent—to let the head, the heart, the tongue, the pen yield to the frantic spirit that riots unawed, unabashed. Silence or death. Silence and death have sealed the lips of Lovejoy—his pen sleeps in a silence that shall never be disturbed. Silent then be our tongues—hushed the voice that would murmur—stilled the pen. Let us submit. Slavery must not be mentioned—its principles are too sacred for discussion. DEATH is the penalty. Let silence then reign—let no voice be raised against the sacred cause of a master's rights. Lovejoy is dead.—He spoke in the cause of Liberty, Universal Liberty. In other countries he might have been fined, perhaps imprisoned. In America he spoke in the cause of Liberty, and for this he dies.*

Hushed be the voice that would speak of other days. They are gone. Let not memory travel back to times when our fathers dared to speak, and when the press was unshackled, and when men held rights by the tenure of law, and when freedom of speech and of the press was guaranteed not less by public sentiment than by constitutions.

The widow of Lovejoy remained senseless at our last accounts, and little hopes of her surviving the shock. Happy insensibility! Here the hand of an infuriated mob has robbed thee of earthly hopes. But in Heaven there is peace. Why should we wish thee to stay on earth? If thou remainest here thou must not complain, for complaint might wake up against thee that power by which thy husband fell. With thee we may not mingle our tears, for that would betray against the powers that now be. Mothers, wives,—would you weep for the widow of Lovejoy? Go to the secret chambers—let not the light of day witness your tears—breathe not sympathy in a land, where as once in France, sympathy may draw down on you a wrath in which no mercy is mingled. Weep then, but weep in secret places.

About Alton: we had heard of thy liberalities, of thy open handed charity, of thy noble efforts in every good and benevolent enterprise. We loved thee for this—for this we honored thee, and thy fair fame was borne on the breath of every wind, and men looked to Alton as the home of all that was excellent. Mobs have now made thee a byword in the land—men hold in their breath when thy name strikes upon their ears. Thou art a polluted thing—blood is on thy garments—Liberty has found a grave in thy bosom. But hush—speak not—a mob is on the throne—the press must be dumb, for here also we have seen its riots.

For the Cincinnati Journal.

ALTON, Nov. 8, 1837.

My Dear Brother Chester,

I take up my pen to address you under peculiarly solemn circumstances. I have just returned from viewing the lifeless corpse of two of our Citizens, and from the bedsides of two others who were wounded. Of the two former, our brother Lovejoy was one, and of the latter, our mutual and worthy friend Mr. Roff. Yes, Lovejoy has fallen a victim to the violence of a band of armed ruffians, fallen nobly too, in defence of those inalienable rights which were given to him by God, and guaranteed to him by the constitution. Rights as precious to you and to me, and to every other American citizen as they were to him. So he felt them to be. Had it been merely a question of his own private rights, he would willingly, gladly have retired from the field of too much strife and turmoil, and enjoyed quiet repose, in the midst of his affectionate but now deeply distressed family. But he felt that God, in his providence had placed him in the gap, and he dare not leave his post, whatever might be the consequences. I grieve and am mortified when I say it, but such scenes have been acted over in Alton within the last week, as would disgrace any town on the coast of Algiers. Steam Boats have been boarded indiscriminately by armed ruffians. Traveller's goods and boxes of furniture have been seized and broken open, in quest of printing presses, and their persons and lives have been threatened, for remonstrating against it, scenes similar to this have been acted over on almost every boat that has touched our shores within the last week or ten days.

On Monday night, the obnoxious press, so long looked for arrived. Its friends had taken the precaution to have it landed late in the night, when it was supposed a mob would hardly be raised. They took the further precaution to have about 50 armed men secreted in the ware-room, ready for the service of the Mayor, at any moment. While the press was landing, the spies of the enemy were seen lurking about, and the sound of their horn was raised, shrill and long. But whether the enemies of peace and order were buried too deep in the arms of Bacchus and sleep, or whether they feared the formidable preparations that were made to receive them, I know not. There were no further molestation than the throwing of a stone or two, while the press was removed into the ware-room of Messrs. Godfrey, Gilman & co.—Things remained quiet yesterday, saving the threats and imprecations that were heard along the street, against Mr. Lovejoy and the press. Mr. L's life was threatened openly and repeatedly. The Attorney General of the State was heard to say emphatically and significantly that "Mr. L. would be killed within two weeks." Soon after dark, there were unwonted gatherings in certain Coffee-Houses.—Here the spirit of vengeance which had been rankling in their breasts, was excited to desperation by spirit behind the counter. By about 10 o'clock, they were prepared for the work.

Accordingly they repaired to the ware-house of Godfrey, Gilman & co. They commenced the attack by hurling volleys of stones through the windows and doors. Mr. W. S. Gilman appeared in the door of the 2d story, and addressed the mob in his peculiarly kind and impressive manner. He earnestly and affectionately advised them to desist

from violence; told them the property was left with him on storage; that he was bound to protect it. Assured them that nobody in the building had any ill will against any of them, and that they should all deprecate doing any of them any injury. At the same time, he assured them that the press would not be delivered up, but that he and his associates would defend it at the risk and sacrifice of their lives. He was answered by a fresh volley of stones. Those inside then disposed of themselves at the different doors and windows, and prepared to defend it to the last. They all agreed that no gun should be fired till the doors were burst open, or till there was some firing from without. Volley after volley of stones were hurled into the windows and against the doors, then a gun was fired into the window from the mob. Presently a 2d gun was fired. The balls were heard to whistle thru the window, but neither of them did any injury.—At this juncture, one of the party within, with the consent, and by the advice of the rest, leveled his gun upon the mob. One man fell, mortally wounded. His associates took him up and carried him away to a physician, and the mob dispersed. The young man died in about half an hour. The mobites have to-day taken a great deal of pains to send abroad the impression that this young man was a stranger, and was present only as a spectator and took no part in the riot. But I have ascertained that there is no truth in this statement. He was a carpenter by trade, and was at work yesterday for Mr. Roff, and was heard repeatedly to boast during the day, of the part he intended to act last night. I have just been told also, by a very respectable citizen, that he saw him, just before he was shot, very actively engaged in throwing stones into the windows. I learn that his name was *Bishop*, recently from Genessee county, New-York.

In about an hour after the mob had had time to receive their spirits, and recruit their courage in the aforesaid Coffee Houses, they returned with increased numbers, and armed with guns and muskets, &c. &c. and recommenced the attack with renewed violence. They formed on the east side of the store, where there are no doors or windows, and occasionally a fire was given from each party.—Whiskey was brought and distributed profusely among them, and all were exhorted to be "good men and true." Occasionally one of the mob was heard to sing out "if any more guns and whisky is wanted, away to the French Coffee House." Baffled in their attempt to gain admittance into the store by the doors and windows, they resolved unanimously, with a shout which cleft the air, to fire the building, and "shoot every damned abolitionist in it, as they should attempt to escape." Accordingly a ladder was made, and combustibles prepared, and a man ascended to the roof. Presently it was in a blaze. Meantime the company within sent out a detachment of 4 or 5 of their number to prevent it. Mr. Lovejoy was of the number. The man on the ladder was fired at—and wounded. Just about this time, Mr. Lovejoy, who stood near the ladder, was deliberately aimed at by a man who stood a few yards from him, and shot down. He jumped up after he was shot, went into the counting room, exclaiming, "I am shot" "I am a dead man," and fell down and expired, in a few minutes. Those within perceiving the building on fire, and that it, together with its valuable contents, must inevitably be destroyed, and the press which they were dealing with it, proposed to capitulate. They were assured by those without, that if they would withdraw from the building, and leave their arms behind them, not one of them should be molested. They accordingly left the building, and as they were going out of the door and turning the corner, almost every one of them was fired at. Mr. Roff received a ball in one of his legs, which has not yet been extracted. It is apprehended that his leg will have to be amputated. His clothes were perforated with several holes, and one shot entered his nose near his eye, which bled profusely. Mr. Weller, of the firm of Gerry & Weller, received a ball in his leg, but it is thought the bone is not fractured. Several others have their clothes perforated with balls. They were pursued and fired after in every direction, till none of them could be found. The mob then entered unmolested, threw out the press and demolished it.

At about 2 o'clock, they dispersed. It is said several of the mobites were seriously wounded.—They are, however, concealed by their friends.—There were 18 men in the building, with about 36 stand of arms, besides small arms: they were not desirous of destroying life, or they might have shot down 50 of the rioters as easily as one. The Mayor was heard to express the opinion to-day that there were of the rioters from 150 to 200 of whom from 50 to 80 were armed. Our young and worthy mayor exerted himself, and did what he could to disperse the mob. But his kind admonitions were only returned by curses. A certain grog-seller in town stood a short distance from the mayor and vociferated that "if any one of their number was arrested by the civil authorities, he was authorized to say, he should be rescued by force and arms." What is civil authority here!—and what can civil authority do! But I am admonished by my watch, that the mail soon leaves, and that I must come to a close, or I could state other particulars, and dwell a little upon the causes which have brought about these calamitous results. The immediate cause, however, which emboldened the mob, was the same here as that which preceded the famous riots of your own peaceful city. A public meeting was got up, and resolutions were passed, not driving Mr. Lovejoy from the city, but just strong enough to excite and embolden the mob to do it. The Attorney General of our goodly state took a very conspicuous part in this meeting. He came out in an inflammatory speech in which he abused, by every epithet he could command, Mr. Lovejoy and his associates, and the ministers of religion generally. He denounced Mr. L. at one time as a very wicked fellow, at another as a fanatic who was utterly beside himself and ought to be taken care of. But he did not yet hand him over to the tender mercies of the mob. O no! I will testify for him, that he said expressly that "he would not advise that that individuals, property, or person be sacrificed, until the peace of the city required it." But at the same time he plainly intimated by the turn of his eye, and the peculiar expression of his countenance that that time was not far distant. A reverend clergyman of our city followed in a speech in which he attempted to explain the doctrine of expediency, reminded the meeting that St. Paul's friends thought it expedient on one occasion to let him down in a basket from the wall, and let him go. Whatever may have been the intention of the speaker, it was manifest that the audience were willing to construe it as a good precedent for them to dispose of Mr. Lovejoy. But I must stop immediately or lose the mail. You will doubtless hear more about these transactions soon: meantime, adieu. W.