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Shufflett, Reggie Hutchinson
"The fifth seal."

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SYNOPSIS.

"THE FIFTH SEAL."

By KIZZIE HUSKINSON SHIFFLETT.
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With the pendulum swinging back eighty-four years, the time seems opportune to offer to the public much that has been left untold about "Elijah Parish Lovejoy" and his contemporaries that created the atmosphere of 1820 and 1837 through religion and politics.

The Paracelsus of his time, Mr. Lovejoy's mission quickened after his death in the "Civil War" of 1860, thus placing his name among the "Immortals."

His story is one of Biblical character; his patience endured to the end.

"The Fifth Seal" is based upon the constitutional rights of mankind, regardless of race or color.

The Open West used Cahokia as its "Sesame" for human barter of flesh.

"The nefarious traffic will never cease," wrote a great Eastern editor, "until an Apostle of Liberty expounds what Jefferson feared, when he cried, 'I tremble for my country, when I think of a just God.'" Mr. Lovejoy, the man of the hour, was chosen by the Emancipationists to further their cause. The multi-colored warp of people webbed "Paincourt" into a scarlet metropolis, known as St. Louis, and hither came the profound Daniel Webster, the melliferous Henry Clay, the shadowy Calhoun, the great LaFayette, the stentorian Thos. Benton; while quietly rising over the horizon of a new day came the stripling, "Abe Lincoln."

"The Hurrah Boys," the "Jack-Whetstones," utilized the Mississippi River as the means to an end, seeking the shelving Indian village "Ouatogo" and calling it "Alton."

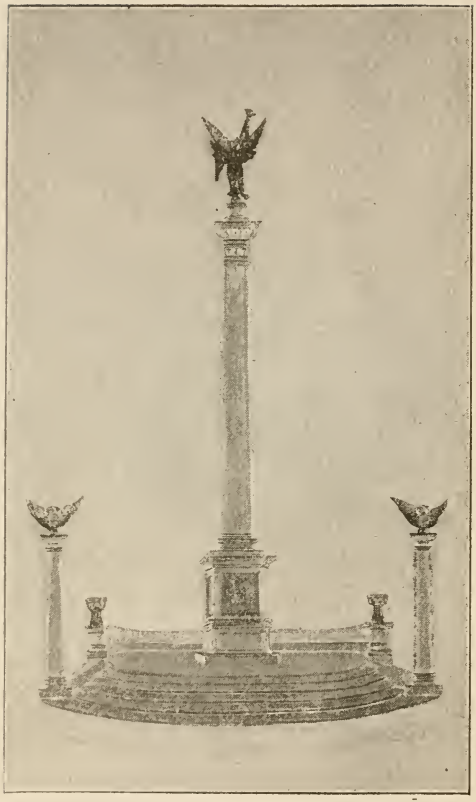
Mr. Lovejoy came West as a Presbyterian minister; he died the Editor of the famous "Observer," that declared "Slavery was a heinous crime, that affected the hearthstone."

Church and State is a cynical problem which time has never cemented; transplanted through recognizable progression of events, and educated through the casting aside of cryptic coloring, the crystal vision of humanity visualized America chiseling out God's image,—"Perfect Man."

Flitting shadows of great men peopled primeval cabins, wherein were found, a great coat, a Bible, a shooting-iron; their bent of pursuit never ceased while life lasted.

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van;
The noblest place for man to die,
Is 'When he dies for man.'"

Elijah P. Lovejoy



The Lovejoy Monument Erected in Alton City Cemetery by the State of Illinois

Height, 93 feet; cost $30,000.00; material, granite and bronze; erected 1896-97, by State of Illinois and Citizens of Alton.

CHAPTER I.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."—Rev. 3-8.

The year 1816 chronicles the titanic disaster of the good ship Sagunta, as it neared the shelving coast of Maine ladened with a valuable cargo and a more valuable freight, that of human lives.

Word of mouth has handed down a most graphic story of the terrific tempest that raged on land and sea prior to its arrival, and the alarm that filled the hearts of the shoalars.

Plowing its way shore-ward, the gallant ship suddenly fell into a deep trough of death, where it wallowed helplessly, soon sinking from sight, leaving a spiral wave for its winding sheet.

"A sea wall; a sea wall" moaned the shoalars helplessly, as its requiem came in from sea.

All night long a sighing wind mourned the dead, and when morning broke the sky veiled its face with an intense vapor that unwound itself from the north, spreading over the mainland with the immensity of an owl's wing.

So great was this tention, that it finally broke and through its rents millions of snow feathers fell upon the earth in dense straight lines, blanketing all habitation.

Like some abandoned creature, the storm sought the great forests, where it swayed pine and balsom with mighty vigor that voiced their agony, in groans and shrieks.

Trappers and Woodmen barred their doors strongly and kept well within.

In one of the many huts, that dotted the wilds, a woodman of giant statue shivered before a roaring fire of pine knots. Fierce gusts of wind rattled casement and door.

He crept closer to the roaring fire muttering; "The Gobblins do hob-nob the night."

A savory pottage of hominy and moose grease simmered on the iron crane, while in a far off corner a bundle of fragrant arbor vitae invited repose.

But the timid woodman, who was fearless without in time of danger, shuddered at his own shadow and reclined on a handsome pelt upon which the fire cast a satiny sheen.

He longed for human companionship; the needle-like tap of the treacherous Indian might come at any time, but instead, his keen ears heard afar off a voice crying "Vive, Vive."

To unbar the stout oaken door took but a moment, and to rescue the well spent form of a Jesuit from the fury raging without, required but little effort from a man of brawn and muscle.

"The good Patre" cried the woodman in joy, and his laugh rang out like the shaking of the boughs without.

Though exhausted by his struggle with the elements, the good Patre whispered a blessing, whereat the woodman bent his head meekly.

"Pandora opened her box tonight;" murmured the Patre; "and word was brought me of a ship engulfed; I will rest over night ere I go on to rescue souls. In the voice of the storm, I heard the song of France and in your beacon light shone its lily.

Dry my cassock in the fire's heat carefully, for it is old, Son."

"Take in its place my handsome pelt good Patre, it will warm thee like needles o'fire."

"Tempt me not, for my vow of poverty is ever upon me and yon cassock has been blessed by the 'Holy See,' I would sup a bit with you woodman."

After warming his vitals with the steaming broth, the good Patre fell to musing aloud, as he rested on the bare floor; "Tis a wandering Pilgrim's bed" answered he in response to the woodman's nod in the direction of the Arbor Vitae.

The fire roared louder, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney's blackened throat and gleamed fitfully upon the handsome sheen of the pelt, causing the Patre to rub its gloss softly; soon his heart expanded into that confidence that emulates gratitude.

Moving quite close to the woodman, he took the horny right hand within his own, touching a brand burnt deeply into the palm.

For a moment he was silent, then lifting his eyes heavenward murmured: "We have all sinned in the sight of God; but to him that

worketh, comes the reward not reckoned of grace but of debt."

"Woodman, thou hast long since worked out thy ransom, for these wilds chronicle not time, which runs into eternity."

"Alas!" replied the woodman gruffly: "I am chained to labor. I am naught but a mere clod, that goes back to earth."

"But you are helping to civilize this new country" protested the good Patre. "The stretching West is calling for men of brawn to come hither. How well has it responded to the tricking Napoleon, with its unceasing travel.

There the Indian has lowered his tomahawk, but not his eagle-feathers; these he has placed upon the head of the exiled son of Louis the sixteenth, whom the good Josephine helped to escape to America.

In barbaric guise the "king of France" awaits Napoleon's down fall: should it not come, then a monastery in Europe will bless him.

The embargo act has torn into shreds all doubts as to entailed democracy. Go! wood-

man to Father Joseph, whom you will find at the gate-way called Cahokia; time must not be allowed to stand still, when Labor can chisel its way.''

Droning softer and softer, the Patre soon fell to telling his beads, while the woodman sat with mouth agap, picturing the fabulous West.

CHAPTER II.

"Lowliness is young ambition's ladder."
—Shakes.

It was shortly after the Revolution, that an exodus of people sought the North of the Common-wealth, taking with them as leader, Rev. Francis Lovejoy.

The wilds of Maine called loudly for labor's civilization, such as brawn of muscle alone can perform.

Exemplary lives form simple habits and ere long the good Parson encouraged his people to build rude cabins for their families. Soon cabins sprang up, boasting of neither plane nor square. Their over-lapping logs proved to the Parson that his people only needed the leasch of gentle resolve to lead them into the ways of civilization.

His own cabin was built of well seasoned timber that would endure a century, and today it stands as a monument in Albion, Maine.

This cabin stood in the midst of a spacious clearing that was mirrored in a silver lake,

while back of it rose the blackness of a mighty forest.

Genuine cheer was a feature of this settlement, for a great coat, a shootin' iron and the bible formed the only assets of a family, while its guests formed its ornaments.

Respected by the slinking Indian through fear, the Parson's cabin became an eye of menace, that restrained yet protected all habitation there-about.

The life of a pioneer is strenuous at its best and the Parson's vitality finally succumbed to over-taxation; but ere he died he prayed that his mantle might fall upon his grand-son Elijah Parish Lovejoy.

"He had not lived backward," 'tis said; for he had put on the breast-plate of Faith, using the helmet of Hope for salvation.

It was from this stock that Elijah Lovejoy descended; he was cradled in denial and gendered in poverty; but he had a spirit that held fast to that which is good.

Elijah Lovejoy was a son of destiny, his sturdy youth was his lead-string; bred in that

era of Jeffersonian laws, which sought to create a new America by stretching the neck of the constitution by an authority most profoundly felt and often-resented, it is little wonder, that life was singularly fluent with mordant touches, for the iron collar of monarchy still galled the unwilling neck under the guise of republicanism that sought to bind up its wounds, leaving religion to wrestle like blind justice with persecution.

The key that would unlock the situation was education, but it was a key offered to but few.

The forests of Maine were redolent with the life-giving breath of Balsom and Pine; a healthy body creates a healthy mind. It was with a brain teeming with well balanced theories, that Elijah Lovejoy became a student of earnest endeavor, preferring to seek the root of all sequences.

When the snows of winter kept him housed and time hung heavily, he would set his mother's spinning wheel turning with a zest equal to none, while the two engaged in earnest conversation.

At such times he felt keenly the sharp barb of disappointment twisting his vitals, for he knew his well thumbed books would not admit of further study; "Their print is gone mother." But the pioneer mother was a woman of far fetched vision; she had ever a fund of anecdotes ready to relate, so the youth was told of his sturdy scotch ancestors, who never failed in duty, though their lives were fraught with great dangers. "There the heather blooms and thistles chasten with stinging reproach."

"Better had I lived in the land o' cakes, as a hewer o' wood or carrier o' water, for life then had neither zenith or twilight. Virgil you and I must part, I can no longer read thy lines" fingering the worn ecalogue.

"There is good Uncle George" suggested his mother solicitiously; "he will warm the cocles of thy heart, and minister to thy intellect with well worded advice; and his abundant library is ever at the disposal of whomsoever seeks."

"I had thought of him" replied the youth thoughtfully, "when the storm abates, and the

snow packs I will go to him for my intellectual food; shall I blame old Neptune for giving Uncle George his library, which he has so carefully garnered up. Mother I shall wind you flax a plenty'' and seizing the distaff he filled it to its full: ''Now thou hast flax such as inspired Sir Phillip Sidney to write, 'I will make of him an Amazon, a distaffer, a spinner'.''

The mother's reply was a smile ''Thy green bay rush is well dipped for thee: give diligence to thy faith, for poverty was never meant to be an Egyptian task-master; he who has patience can have what he will; Uncle George still hopes to build his sea-wall off the shoals, eked from his savings, that sea-faring people may be rescued.''

''When I think of his years of patience, I am clothed with humility, for such endeavor is a heritage of God.''

With chastened spirit, the youth climbed to his loft, where he gave friendly greeting to three companions: viz; a Greek testament, a dog eared volume of Horace and Johnson's dictionary.

Thus like Enoch of old he continued to grow in grace and understanding.

CHAPTER III.

"Forests are privileges of nature."—Dryden.

A storm presents a strange phenomena of havoc and destruction followed by sudden calm and serenity; such was the case of a weeks devastation, that jeweled the ground and interlaced the trees with beauty. A few days later Elijah Lovejoy, with a feeling of youthful expectancy, carefully adjusted his compass and strapped his snowshoes, preparatory to departure at daybreak.

The dog star, the almanac of ancient Egypt, shone brightly in the sky, the air was crisp, and the snow so well packed as to accelerate progress: the heart of the forest was soon reached, there it became necessary to unbuckle the snowshoes and proceed cautiously on foot, for the well browsed tree trunks, indicated to the traveler that he was in the vicinity of the caribon and the moose. He knew the Indian was not far off and was therefore not at all surprised to behold a fierce red countenance peering up at him from some underbrush.

"Come forth Deer-foot" cried he.

At his bidding, an Indian sprang nimbly out, placing his finger on his lips.

The traveler drew forth his birch whistle and blew a shrill blast; "ugh, ugh, ugh, ooo, oooo."

The echo came full a mile away, and in a twinkling a great crashing was heard among the underbrush.

With shooting iron well in hand the traveler awaited the coming of his game; there was a ponderous lunge and an immense moose burst into sight, with antlers well lowered.

It was a magnificent specimen of God's own horse, but with all its powerful strength, the moose is a very timid creature and readily scents danger. In turning to flee, it presented to the hunter its most vulnerable part, the shoulder.

The shot that rang out found its target, for with a terrific snort the animal lunged forward dead.

Swift as a panther, the Indian rushed toward the carcass and began to slash off great

hunks of red meat, while Elijah Lovejoy hastened to a nearby hut where his tinder soon started a brisk fire; soon a savory joint was roasting on the spit and ere long the strange companions were eating of a most toothsome dish; a third party joined them without any formality beyond that of greeting: it was the woodman, who had returned from a journey into the forest, carrying on his shoulders a huge bundle of pine fagots which he threw without; tempted by the savory odor within, without more ado he entered and fell to eating.

The Indian was the first to eat his fill; without even a grunt of farewell, he slunk away into the shadows of the forests, carrying with him the hunter's trophy, the handsome pelt.

When the woodman discovered his loss, his rage knew no bounds; such was his profanity, that the christian youth harshly reproved him.

"Woodman," said he sternly "Blaspheme not, for time is not long since, when for every oath," a can o' water was poured down thy sleeve and thy ears even split; "the Indians once saved Jamestown from starvation: the

Indian is a child of nature, knowing not the whiteman's creed—'thou shalt not steal;' in these wilds every thing is in common, nothing in general. The Indian is more of a Christian than thou art, for he never defiles his creator as thou hast done."

The solemn voice and convincing manner of this young apostle soon brought the contrite woodman to his knees; "And I promised the good Patre to be patient," cried he: "Aye! sire, thy good Grand-sire stands afore me in thee; his words ar' yourn: see yon twig forks on shelf, see yon birch plates, and pewter cup: they ar' hisn, 'waitin' his commin; tho I knows he be dead many a year."

Tears checked further utterance; "Verily his spirit has never left thee woodman" answered his mentor gravely.

"Twas in the year 1790, that thy Gran-sire came ter th' shoals" went on the woodman, now in retrospective mood, "I wuz kow constable, an' keeper o' seal; and I wuz doin' many a lawless thing ter pay off my ransom: th' Parson sent me inland, an here I've liv'd these years

an my ransom is still on me; I look on thee, ez I look en thy Gran-sire, an I hop'd ter send th' pelt ter Uncle George, seein' yer goin' hisn way."

"I will tell him of thy gift and how thy feet were shod with preparation. The grace of God be with you and understanding be thine in his good time: but I am in a strait to go hence: fare-thee-well woodman."

"The Indian knows not how to interpret Elliot's bible, and Mugwamp depends too largely upon the white people to instruct his uncertain tribe," thought Elijah Lovejoy as he followed a circutious route toward the east, where it ended at a heap of stones placed in the form of a cross; it was at this point that all travelers tarried to refresh the inner man; for within the decaying trunks of many trees were found birch berries, solemn seal and moose berries aplenty, exemplifying that life never perishes.

Many travelers blessed the good Patres for keeping up the grave of "Francis Champesiane" by making it into a blessed shrine, where-at the weary body was refreshed.

From this abiding place could be seen a far off promitory, upon which grew a tall pine tree; within its long bare branches, the hunter knew a bald eagle had held its eyre full fifty years: he, therefore respected its age and it remained unmolested.

This land mark was however the entrance way to the shoals, where Uncle George lived on a shelving promitory.

Uncle George was not only a man of keen vision, but a doer of deeds; he had great faith in the youth of America, feeling that they would plane down the rough edges of crude civilization, and perhaps even square the circle.

Where he came from, was never known, much less asked about: suffice it to say, he was part and parcel of those strenuous days, when such men were staunch and true.

He possessed a wonderful library, which he gladly loaned to any student; he encouraged construction, tho it found habitation in smoky cabin; his great desire was to erect a sea-wall to succor incoming vessels in time of storm.

This object was not achieved however until

Uncle George had reached the ripe age of Sixty years.

His companions were an old retainer and a dozen snout-pitted dogs, that were ever ready to rush forth at the sound of a birch horn across the waters, where a batteau was always waiting for the transient visitor.

"They are children of the soil, these dogs" laughed Uncle George fondly patting their heads in turn. "Were they smocked, they could not be more full of joyous impulse."

Locked arm and arm with his guest, Uncle George felt the bouyant strength of young life pervade his being, for he predicted a career for Elijah Lovejoy, and great was his joy at beholding the youth again.

With deepest feeling he related the death of the good ship Sagunta some time since. "Not a soul on board was saved, naught but splinters of mahogany timbers washed ashore; Yet I am not the man to accuse Neptune unjustly in making ship-wrecks; what is sadly needed here is a sea-wall, a sea-wall; the sea keeps its secrets securely, yet it has "a snatch

of honor'' in it, for it washes in a sequence of its story.

Sometime the waves of sound will be studied and the sound of waves heeded; the rain-bow gives its warning in the morning as it gives delight in the evening to the sailor.

A smear o' light may be a bit o' phosphoric atmosphere, but it is called at sea ''St. Elmo's Fire, such as fore-runs disaster. But here we are at mine cabin, and its high hanging horse-shoe bids you welcome.''

''Uncle George's smile of wholesome cheer could win a battle, for he gives me the confidence of an army'' thought the youth gazing fondly around the inviting interior.

From the tiny windows could be seen an abundant orchard in season, with a wind-mill that shifted just right to grind corn in plenty and to spare; Surely Uncle George was blessed, notwithstanding his isolation.

His December of life understood the May of youth, for his tact was much like the reasoning found in the philosophy of heaven and earth, such as Epicurus taught in his porch philosophy, or Aristotle in his Lyceum.

For a table, Uncle George used a stout hickory chair, arranged with folding wings; for space was limited in the cabin and his large library filled one end completely.

His old retainer, brought in an abundance of shad and mountain berries, flanking all with a bit of salmon to tickle the appetite.

In the meantime, Uncle George was busy tallowing an extra pair of stout hide boots, which he handed to one of the canines to place exactly on the crack of the floor. "I have trained each dog to work Elijah, for I am Bourbon enough to be like Benj. Franklin, 'I believe in trained labor,' that begets will power; plantin' corn does not require brains, says Parson Parish, but the making of history does; the Parson was tarrying a fortnight ago with me, and his last words to me were about his old friend's son 'Elijah Lovejoy;' 'Monmouth college is opening wide her doors for such as he,' says the Parson; I thank my God for knowing his remembrance, for he has a discerning spirit that understands much and a discreet tongue that holds: now how many hymns Elijah, eh?"

"One hundred and fifty sir" answered Elijah, modestly adding "and one hundred and nineteen psalms and thirty hymns on my way here, seeing it was a long tramp and tiresome, sir."

"Fine lad," cried Uncle George with a resounding slap on the broad shoulders of the youth; "I told the Parson you were first in Spellin' Bees, strong enough to swim a lake three-fourths of a mile wide without so much as breathing, and daring enough to dive to a depth of fifteen feet, where mud and clams signal danger."

"That's the lad to become a leader of some cause, for he won't swamp in the slough of dispair." cried the Parson.

The speaker's voice had in it the confidence of old age, and as Elijah Lovejoy turned to his fine library with the hope of finding what he sought, his face lit up with such joy that Uncle George smiled indulgently, "He that has patience can have what he wills."

Uncle George was a man of homely harmony and great heart; his association caused many a

youth to arouse dormant powers into activity. "My religion," said he "is not one that uses the cross, for that savors of popery; my religion is this: 'Give me this day my daily work'."

CHAPTER IV.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Unfamiliar youth looks upon the world as a mysterious romance, so enthralled is the being with hazardous adventure, that it knows no medium between plenty and hardship.

Many pioneers' sons struggled through college, but more staid without. College men hewed their way through byways and hedges into political or religious life, by using extraordinary reasoning powers called independent thought.

Monmouth college was a well known educational centre of quite stern ferule, for it boasted of giving measure for measure and also declared it would sift the chaff from the wheat.

The collegiate torch-light procession was an oasis in the later life of many a student, and the chant of "The Lord is my shepherd" brought to memory, a line of singing students five hundred strong, marching with joyous swing to their audience hall. There the Pector's rugged face bowed sedately in answer to salute,

his grey hair was held well back from his lofty forehead by a huge black bow, which added to the whiteness of his snowy kerchief.

A few diaries held excerpts of his speech, which was ever freighted with patriotism. "Fellow students" said he "since our hearts are united in one cause, we though individual sovereigns engrave the Golden Rule of fraternal virtue on the future, with the knowledge that man is immortal as long as his name is remembered: the man that fails in the middle of a career cannot make land on either side. God has given different arts to each just as he has complexions and customs; let us therefore have mercy, without which all must perish and the soul of bounty die; let us remember the significance of our country's emblem made up as it is from the smoke of battles and the blood of heroes; was it not the shred of an old shirt that unfurled from Fort Stanwix the message of freedom?

Freedom is an immortal truth, that says all men are equal; in it is the subtile magic of the lost sapphire, which tradition declares will emit

the fiery glow of the ruby, when worn next to a beating heart."

The Pector paused "ran the words," and picked up the traditional feathered quill, which he stripped of its beard. Thus he gave interval for free speech.

A student by the name of Elijah Lovejoy arose: he is a fellow of dark and rugged mein, full of serious endeavor and of great reasoning powers; he is of rather singular intent: "Fellows, let me remind you that it is our Pector who molds our life and purpose. His is the beating heart against which lies the Jewel.

Though the future with obscure wing scouts us with uncertainty, let us ever seek that scope of line that most affects humanity, and become apostles of some fixed cause, from which we will never turn back.

'So near is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man:
When duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
The youth replies 'I can'."

Many fingers scribbled this fellows words ere the Pector spoke again: "Read the holy

scriptures, 'Seek and ye shall find.' The American house of Stuarts believes in our college axiom; 'Fear not little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom'. How you will interpret it, the future alone will determine. All patriots believe in yon Flag sketched by Betsy Ross and autographed by George Washington," pointing to a faded sketch on the wall, "Time has sadly discolored it but its theology remains as great as it is simple, for years have added to its truth."

The early college duly impressed every student with the value of upholding constitutional rights, for the times were of great economic stress and the common-wealth was becoming infected by the canker worm of unrest.

Each student therefore knowing that matters of deepest concern awaited the educated, mapped out a career long before he bade his college farewell; never considering the scales of justice very often weighed heavier on his own side.

Colonization might disseminate economic distress, were elective leaders sought.

Now the aristocrat, when denied luxury grows antagonistic to some extent; he is often a radical, often a sluggard; perchance he is an exponent of feudalism, whom the autocratic master sought to enthrall into his own way of thinking by allowing him apparent power without thought of longevity or thought of right. For principles of reform have been tutored to him in a most pleasing manner. The aristocrat is a numeral in the line of arimathical progression. This the mob adores and bows to, in their own manner.

During such times, colleges should gender thoughts that will construct rather than destroy civilization.

In the history of early American life, colleges fostered students with the contagion of reform; curiosity drove the masses to the metropolis New York, where, with bated breath, they listened to heated arguments on colonization and the expansion of the far West. Abolition was showing its fearsome face, hallowed by no saintly fire. Slavery was retarding civilization and would cripple the West. John Jay

had finally succeeded in abolishing slavery in New York, but its rank seed had blown elsewhere and was blossoming forth. Elijah Lovejoy was an apt pupil and a better follower; he was not alone a deep thinker but he was an indefatigable enthusiast. He was zealous in all undertakings, he was a true disciple of Christ. He was like a blade of flame that burns its way through a debris of rubbish, voicing its decalogue in fire as God once spake to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Listening to the profound Daniel Webster deliver his famous Plymouth oration, with the public he partook of their astonishment, when gazing at the long shaking finger of John Randolph pointing to the black menace in the American sky. Rumors floated around, about the puritan with a black leg: was it Henry Clay? than whom no one was more loved. Calhoun was beseiged to become a centralization instrument, but he refused; abstract principles of abolition and convention began to open the political eyes of Philadelphia in amazement, when Lane seminary broached ideas that boded

neither good nor yet evil tendencies. The unexplainable Cox greatly mismanaged his colonization society, causing Thomas C. Brown to retract all details concerning the colony of Liberia, so that mecca of Louis Tappin was never reached.

Men matured with too much reasoning appealed wildly to susceptible youths whose untutored minds garnered up both wax and honey.

Often vantage ground was gained through threats and even violence. The times were smoking with volcanic eruptions, from which arose the cry "Missionaries must be sent West."

Rev. Salman Gidding had undertaken that arduous trip many years previous, and he wrote for men of talent to come hither to "Paine Court;" "for it has only one school teacher by name of Col. Shepherd. Paine Court is rapidly growing into a metropolis and will soon be called St. Louis."

The waterways insured progress and the

fertile soil along the great Mississippi river endured four seasons of culture.

Emigrants quickly took to the trail and Mr. Lovejoy was not long in arranging to go hither.

He was somewhat like Ixion embracing a cloud, but it was a cloud of mighty concern; an imminent lawyer urged the missionary on his way saying: "The East will decay your energies; for long before my youth I was old, and now though still young, I am spoken of as one in his dotage because I can look ahead and dare to tell the truth of things as they are."

When spring opened up the emigrants trail with blossoming beauty, Mr. Lovejoy went west, crossing mountainous Pennsylvania, flat Indiana, and the muddy Wabash, where he fell in with Geo. Flower and Morris Birbeck, who were establishing moravian settlements there.

Throughout his journey, Mr. Lovejoy treasured up his observations, much as did Pharaoh his garnered corn; for he believed God was logician enough to reason with human beings through mathematics, and chronicle eternity

through astronomy, botony and geology, for in none of these do we find grammatical error, since there is as great a factor in the maximum of care as there is in the minimum of error.

When light thickened the early dawn, he beheld in its circle, the sacred symbol of cause and effect with God sitting in the midst; truly, Isaiah saw aright.

It was near the close of Autumn when he reached his journey's end; deciduous leaves covered southern Illinois, which had just been admitted as a free state. (1818, according to the ordinance of 1787.)

It was here that Mr. Lovejoy encountered a runaway slave, who was hiding among dense foliage, such as old plants affect. But the old negro wore no Plato's helmet, for his white wooley head was plainly seen and it required much gentle coaxing to make him emerge therefrom; "Whar de dawgs Massa, dey hav a po'ful scent. I ken wuk, but I is purty weak lik fur food, but I ken wuk."

Thus protesting his value, the negro fell at his rescuer's feet like a broken reed.

Eventially Mr. Lovejoy assisted him to an under-ground railway and to freedom, firmly convinced that the cabin was as steadfast a haven to the negro as was the home to the white man, and his hearthstone as dear a trust.

In the mind of density, there is lack of concentration, confidence and trust, which kind treatment often overcomes; for the beautiful aloe never unfolds new leaves until the old leaves are cast aside.

CHAPTER V.

"How beautiful is the sun, when thou cometh to visit us."—Ovid.

The gateway to the great West was the ancient village of Cahokia, lying to the east of the Mississippi River.

That Cahokia was an prehistoric site is proven by the discovery in Monk's Mound of elephant's pipes and genuine pottery of rare mold.

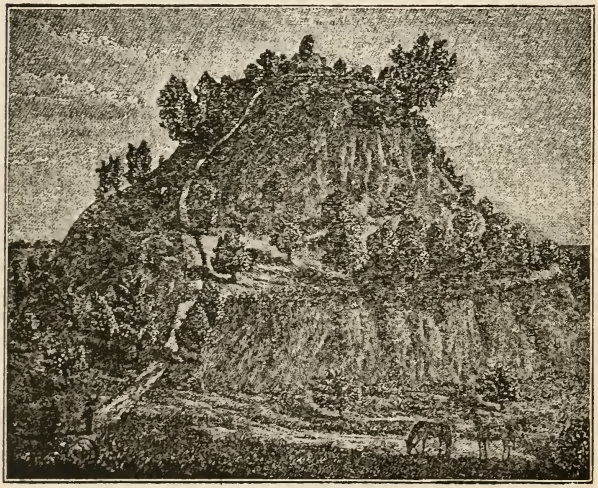
Through this gateway went the Canadian ranger, New England emigrant, and the Virginia settler, lingering awhile to view in wonderment the panorama stretched before them, from the apex of Monks Mound, which held twenty-five million cubic feet of earth, its height being ninety-one feet.

Across the great Mississippi River nestled the village of Paine Court, populated by the French, whose fiddle scraping, night and day, attested their jocularity and social intercourse.

This center of the great western area was

most wisely selected by DeSoto and Coronada as a prophetic site of industry.

At the time of Mr. Lovejoy's arrival, Paine Court was beginning to yawn and look over the bluffs skirting the river; it was calling itself St. Louis, thus commemorating the Louisiana Purchase; it waved a smoky welcome to the emigrant, from forge and furnace.



Ancient Cahokia (Where the Famous Monks Mound is Found) was the Gate-Way to the West.

In 1810, Cahokia began to decay instead of construct; its census showing sixty artisans and ten trappist monks, and a yet smaller population.

These trappist monks lived a somewhat shadowy life; their beings were emaciated, from great self-denial, but their secular grace was such as stayed the traveler from seeking to change their habits of penurious living.

It was here that Mr. Lovejoy met Father Joseph, a Jesuit of enduring strength. "Our labor is not hard, when we arrange it; we never exert undue influence, but our motive is to save souls; behold how we advertise our work;" spreading a small newspaper before him. "Watches, clocks, silver smithy traded for corn, tallow, cattle, blankets and small tanned skins suitable for clothing. Thus we manage to exist, while awaiting the expansion of the West," explained Father Joseph. "This was one of our numbers, whose mission ended only in his death," and he led the way to where a precious relic hung on the stain-worn wall.

It was the breivary of "Isaac Jojus," who

was murdered by the Dacotah Indians.

"This relic was rescued from them with great danger," said Father Joseph quietly. "Somewhere in the common-wealth will be found a painting of this holy man with his noted signature, 'Isaac Jojus,' and his motto, 'I go, but I shall never return, yet I am no exile.' He was covered with politic guise; his work was not compulsory; of the world, yet not in it; he represented the work of a Jesuit, who can never be chiseled like a parish priest."

"The golden wedge of Ophir is oft hidden in night," responded Mr. Lovejoy, as he turned to view the magnificent scene spreading to the west of the great waters.

"Your words hint at state craft, and it is through the traveler whom we encourage to linger yet awhile, that we learn of the great outside world?" said Father Joseph interrogatively. "The growing west is full of church and tavern, which a writer declares is analogous; in one a sermon, in the other its effect."

Was it possible that in the serious, dark-browed man, standing so thoughtfully near his

side, Father Joseph recognized a man who was to be looked upon later as a martyr.

"In yon growing town across the river, you will see military coat-tails worn by men as vain as peacocks and quite as talkative as parrots; men who, like whirl-winds, uproot with a breath the seeds of religion to achieve their goal—Ambition." The Jesuit unconsciously turned his eyes to where a whirl-pool eddied to the north of the river. "Duncan's Island and its companion, Bloody Island, both noted as dueling grounds; there the famous 'Lucas-Benton' duel was fought in 1817, Lucas dying; it was brought on by ambition and desire for the Senate. As you cross the river this evening, you will see the man, who daily comes hither seeking to know the emigrant; his name is Thos. Benton."

As the Mogal plowed her way across the Mississippi late that day, Mr. Lovejoy observed a tall, morose man standing well apart from the motley crowd that jostled elbows with coarse jests and rude manners, looking moodily in the direction of Bloody Island; he seemed to

pull his tall light beaver hat lower on his brow as he sighed audibly, he then turned with cyclonic swiftness and called out to some hunters lounging on the prow:

"Ho! Ho! My hearties! howdye, howdye; tell of your adventures, of the water-ways you crossed on your travels, so that I can divide this great west with seeming ease into the grace of a living place for your families; the mountain ranges divide, and even change; not so the water-ways, once their channel is fixed."

With great eagerness, he plied question after question, keeping the hunters under the spell of his mighty force of character. Though Col. Benton wore the brand of Cain and was even said to be a fugitive from North Carolina, yet he was a man of powerful influence and was most constructive in the building of the West.

Old Bullion was so named because he climbed into the Senate by the vote of a dying man, by the name of Daniel Rall.

The West represented an age of general intolerance created by business sagacity, well

cemented by legendary tales of visionary wealth. "Orators" exploited the cry of expansion and Col. Benton never failed to attract a group of interested listeners.

"Hear! Hear!" cried he that day; "General Jackson is about to make a law."

The word went around that a carrier pigeon had brought him a message before the Mogul set sail; and so the passengers crowded closely around the great orator, eager to hear the latest news.

In stentorian tones Col. Benton began: "General Jackson is about to pass a law reducing all public lands, and he will donate homesteads to all worthy trades-people, who will become pioneers in the expanding West. It is in this way the expanding West will be populated."

"But such offer requires a grain o' salt to keep the thought from spilin'," cried a voice from the crowd. "Are his words ballast, or shifting sand, and why not build a crib first on Bloody Island to turn the current this way,

seein' th' boat labors hard ter pull ter shore."

Such hazardous words brought forth a torrent of invectives, as was to be expected, and fairly leaping o'er the heads of those nearest him, Col. Benton shouted:

"Who is it that dares to question the veracity of General Jackson, than whom none is more honorable? His name is Honor." The defender's eyes held a dangerous flame, like a smoking lamp about to explode.

"Hum," muttered the crowd, falling back expectantly and exposing a small man, who emerged bravely, standing to one side. " 'Hum,' he's not a peacemaker like Henry Clay, he's always plumin' for fight. We'uns won't tolerate his pomp."

The small man came close to Col. Benton and whispered in his ears some magic words, whereupon Old Bullion replied blandly, though in none the less severe tones: "Burdher, you insult the great peacemaker. Would you break the camel's back with a straw?"

Missouri Hotel, Famous for its Political Meetings.

"Nay, Colonel, but all men are not of the same venue, so why tell the news afore tonight at the Missouri Hotel, where you ar' spokesman? I am just outspoken is all, but I am your friend."

"But your example is bad, very bad," said the Colonel in an aside. "Know you not that there are many stool pigeons in yon gaping crowd."

To the expectant crowd the Colonel ap-

peared to wax angry once more, for he doffed his high beaver hat and pulled off his long flapping coat; was he going to avenge General Jackson's honor, for he was spittling his hands and his manner showed intense and instant action.

Mr. Lovejoy stood well back viewing the hurdy-gurdy crowd, who seemed unhappy unless in uproar.

"These are the ungodly that ever seek audience; they dig a pit and fall therein themselves to gratify dispute?"

In the meantime the little boat, being heavily loaded, careened to one side, causing the peppery captain to shout out a warning:

"Ahoy! Ahoy! Would ye swamp th' boat, an' sa ne'er land."

Whereat the crowd, not wanting a ducking, and also not desiring to lose their valuable herd of livestock, obeyed his order and scattered the balance, "But he'll finish on land th' night, an' General Jackson's honor will be avenged."

But Col. Benton only thundered at the Captain: "Hasten th' boat. See yon sun-post tells th' hour is late, and tonight I have impor-

tant work to do. For the mountains and waterways show me the way.''

The Mogul plowed heavily past the landing; its ringing bells caused the rowdies on the levees to arouse from their transient slumbers and hasten assistance; after long effort, a landing was effected, and Mr. Lovejoy stepped his foot on firma terra scanning the scene with physiologic eye.

Drunkards and loafers, rubbish and merchandise were conglomerated together in a promiscuous array.

The scarlet thread ran through all strangely amuck, presenting a scene of depravity; thus was the ''warp'' of St. Louis, when it became a city.

The frivolous French were all heels and no head, the Irish naught but ''herbaria'' that preserved their energies for Wm. Conner to awaken, by gifts of knoll and hill; he it was, that dragged St. Louis over the top by generous gifts. At the time of Mr. Lovejoy's arrival, St. Louis had its city hall, which was reached from the river by two circuitous routes.

Chouteau and Lucas erected this building, consisting of two stories, and containing a contingency of small rooms, where the law was dangled ad libitum by Lawless, Peck, Hamilton, Gamble, Bent, Spalding and Bird. Here, too, was found the famous city directory compiled in one night by Mr. Paxton, who used discretion in advising the wayfarer to tarry this way or 'tother "na Bellefountain or Carondelet," or, if best be, St. Charles Road." Saint and sinner met daily at the city hall. The newcomer was jogged hither on arrival to meet his friends, as it was a more definite place and far less dangerous than waiting on the levee.

So it was here that Mr. Lovejoy met his friend, Rev. Giddings, who having gone West many years before, was most practical in all things.

"When one cannot right a misdemeanor, it is well to be patient, for in his own time the Lord will arrange everything."

These words covered his life in the West to such extent, that he was spoken of as a man of great blessing and of long-head.

"This growing metropolis of the middle west will ask tolerance," said he to Mr. Lovejoy, "Preach the word in what-so-ere you will, in season and out of season; reprove with entreaty, rebuke with charity, overlook with sincerity, as did Paul to Timothy. Follow well his doctrine, knowing that neither cross nor crescent prevails here at this time of history. The Great Mississippi is turning trade this way, since it is deserting St. Genevieve, and prophecy says one hundred years hence it will know that town no more; not so with St. Louis, it will hold its right of way."

"I will take fast hold of thy instruction," answered Mr. Lovejoy, turning around at a loud cry.

"Halloe! Halloe! Come one, come all, to the dram shop 'twixt Missouri Hotel and next, to hear Gov. McNair talk on the waste lands of our glorious West."

Then a brazen bell rang out loudly near the ear of a small man of upright bearing, who quickly faced about with a military air, exclaim-

ing fiercely. "And bring along your cliclickers, Citizens, to settle the conscience."

"That is Captain Smith, who never misses his mark, because he keeps in practice; he is an invincible foe, but a true friend; he comes here daily to challenge Joe Collins to duel."

"Ah, Mr. Pettus, that constitution you compiled on parchment has warp enough to last a century; so much for a stateman's ability."

"Tut, tut," answered that gentleman. "Fine words butter no parsnips. It was just plain application is all; I am not interrupted at night by constant money grabbing, or political wrangles, once shut within my home; Dryden says, 'Home is the sacred refuge of our life,' and I agree with him, yes siree!

"So I wrote what I may call the National conscience," chuckling softly; "as all problems prove themselves according to the rule of three, eh, Wm. Deakers, what say."

"I say, Mr. Pettus, that your scholarship is without peer, and you never ride your hobby horse to death, either; even Mr. Findly, our chairman of committee, who is a scholar in ratio

and proportions, says likewise. But there comes Joe Charless wearing his green coat. Where is Ben Provenchere? He is transferring property today; he is an important factor, too, eh, Pettus, in the question of 'Give and Take.' "

"Please, sire, Mr. Chouteau would have speech with you," said a negro.

"Yes, Gabriel; assure him I will be there soon."

"Black Gabriel is another factor of Augustus Chouteau's grist mill; when his great pond broke, as Gab predicted it would, and lost thousands of fish, who geared it up and stayed with it night and day—Gabrial. He saved the people from going hungry, bless his black hide; had he been a fraction of a second late all would have been lost and many lives lost."

"Gab is no longer a problem he has proven his worth. His freedom papers are in your hands when ever he wants them;"

As he turned to go, Rev. Gidding remarked to his friends; "We pioners all must go to the same school for experience; the negro is tutored by the laws of nature; he knows intuitively

that nature abhors a vacuum, and so he listens to the waters murmur; he is shepherd of the night in astronomy; sound means considerable to him and for lack of education he goes to the first school of nature for truth."

"But slavery, slavery," cried Mr. Lovejoy. "It is a monster that drinks blood and devours flesh." There is written a devine law that says "There shall be but one society on earth and it belongs to the human race irrespective of color."

CHAPTER VI.

"All Worketh the same spirit, dividing to every man as he wills."—I Cor.

The early settlers of St. Louis differed more in church politics than in social welfare.

It was a most difficult task for missionaries to instill high ideals in settlers who were imbued with a wisdom that had faith in nothing.

So the thread that ran through each day tangled sadly with original sin whose fibre was too strong to be cut quickly.

Quasi-powers, mentality, customs had been cultivated too long and habits had become rooted.

Henry Clay, the idol of the West smiled sagely at the antics of "Paine Court," but he condemned fiddle scraping and night-raiding as lawless breeders of levity, when the city became known as St. Louis.

"Still" mused a citizen: "a riot cannot be called a revolution; our citizens yield too much to impulse and don't think."

England, France and Switzerland had fine methods of colonization through organization, and thus were building better than they thought to do.

"Time will place a wallet, on the pioneer's back." "True" cried a staid christian "but the next generation will cry 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me:' and God will answer back: 'you have never offered to carry the cross'."

"The cross is growing nebulous through selfish aims and man sups with the devil with a golden spoon. The man who rough hews his way and lives in harmony unconsciously civilizes humanity. Religion is not a creed for simpletons."

"A reformer has come to our city and will soon look into public welfare with this result that many things will no longer be tolerated," replied his companion earnestly.

"Look here comes two missionaries, whose work never tires; and whose diligence is never weary, for they admit neither failure nor yet success."

The two alluded to, were Mr. Lovejoy and Rev. Gidding, whose labors indeed never ceased; there was much discouragement to embarrass them and innumerable issues to be overcome. But, hand in hand the two missionaries strove through sympathy to meet the cosmopolitan class that drifted into St. Louis.

"We will walk over Mullanthy creek and visit a primitive but worthy citizen, who will some day be eulogized for his generous spirit. He lives in monastic frugality now; but is in a way to amass an immense fortune" said Rev. Giddings to his friend, as arm in arm the twain crossed a little foot bridge and passed on to a low thatched cabin, where the door stood wide open and the odor of toasting fishheads was wafted out to them.

"He is at his favorite dish, which we must share with him" whispered Rev. Gidding.

Within, they found a rather jolly old gentleman with a huge carbuncled nose, busy toasting fish heads, of which he had a great quantity.

"Welcome" he said simply sweeping a heap of yellow gold into the mouth of a leathern

sack; "I am looking for Nathaniel Beverly Tucker ter cum ter-night ter count thet gold fer me; I low ez I doan live like gentry; but he, Nathaniel doan either; fur he lives in the hollow of an old tree trunk, instead o' cuttin it down an' building a cabin like me; the lightin will catch Nathaniel some bad day sure nuff, seein it always plays wid tree trunks bad. Cum th' fish is done ter a turn an uncommonly large too."

It was a true barmecide feast, if not to taste, and the host commented on his visitors appetite with seeming satisfaction. "Yes siree" said this phrasemonger placidly eating the last bit and washing it down with wholesome wine; "I am what iz spoken of as a pelt-trader, I barter and I trade lucky; but wot is thar else ter life, fur I doan care a fig fur gold, save ter rest my soul; company will season the wittles and wine will make th' tongue hang loose; an wot do weums care fer printin' papers, wen we ken pass news round by word o mouth. Eddication is fur th' scholar and not fer th' masses; eddicate th' nigger and he will grow sassy; I ken

make my mark, an' I am satisfied, an Nathaniel cums in ter count th' gold o' trade; an wen I want knowledge I interview the advise of good Father St. Piere; we catholics all love his grace, bless him'' and the old gentleman crossed himself and mumbled a prayer.

This Nehemiah of America, leaned toward superstition, and he related some miracles with faith in their reality: his hearers listened to his buffoonery with good grace, and smiled at his prattle; ''Yes siree, thet Draconian code war good, an th' chief justice of 'Missouri Supreme Court' said well, wen he said; 'All clergy shall be spat upon, fur the citizens o' St. Louis ar' plumb tir'd o' bein' whipp'd in public fer cuttin' up, an' ordered ter apologize ter th' cloth fer this an' that; them's my sentiments too, axin yer pardon'' and he guffawed loudly at his timely hint. ''We good catholics love a simple life with plenty o' blossom time, an' neow th' town hez grown ter be a big city like, I thinks th' path leadin' away fatherest frum it into th' fields an' woods are more to my likin' then th' paths thet lead ter th' city hall: an

speakin' of th' city hall recollects me o' th' time Missouri was made a state, how splendiferous the eagle looked perched 'atop the Irish Harp; th' people shouted themself hoarse, an th' niggers were glad they belong'd ter Missouri.

Th' poor trash grew 'ristocratic an bespoke thar minds, an ol Dave Barton let em run 'Vaux Hall Garden,' overlooking th' constable. So Gabe Warner an Wherry let em hev thar way an even jined in with them.

They tun'd "Th' Wearin O' Th' Green" with great song an' Capt. Market made every man think he wuz an angel til all thar bons wuz gone, which ended many a bout.

Yes siree ol' John Calhoun war right wen he said 'Slavery war right an a blessing in disguise;' fur it protects an it shelters the sheephead niggers, who depend upon thar white masters fur their keep: why th' nigger hez no memory; yesterday an today is jest th' same ter them; thet Missouri Gazette is doin' a lot o' harm by talkin' too much an letin people know wot might be soon forgot. Soon it will do away wid th' flowin bowl; an stem terbacco an th' cob

pipe is already bein sneer'd at by gentry. Away wid th' press sez I an sez he.''

The old gentleman grew somewhat hazy at this period, from eating too much and drinking more than was good for him, so he fell into a slumber full of deep snores.

Thus they left him, with wealth all around him, but holding no intrinsic value in times that were of trade and barter. The following day, the two Missionaries followed the footpath leading to Reine Paul's monument, where they paused to chat with Judge Bent, whose daily duty was to examine the high water mark:'' ''This mark has caused the city to creep westward driving the crying Delawares and Shanees farther out from the city; their noise was unbearable at sunrise; I hold this mark is the ''Mark'' of civilization.'' Going on to the Baptist Church, the two heard the brilliant Edward Bates holding a spell-bound audience; Suddenly a young carter arose and with twitching muscles ran without, where he was found in the hardware store of Henry Shaw quivering with uncontrolled emotion; ''Oh if I could speak as

he doeth, Oh! Oh!" Upon inquiry, Mr. Lovejoy found he had no education, but desired it. "I canna go ter Quality Row" said he sniffling "fer I cart from morn til' night fer Augustus Chouteau, woe is me: My sire was a school-master in th' old country, but sez we'ums must work ter support him here in America: A-las."

He was greatly comforted when Mr. Lovejoy told him he would tutor him: In time this carter became known as a most brilliant lawyer; his name was Edward Baker.

In those days, there was an expounder of law who was called Auditor of Public accounts; his name was Wm. Christy who was modish in dress and was greatly imitated by the fops of the day, even to the daintily ruffled sleeves and the correctly tied bow that always seemed to stand upright in the middle of his back.

Mr. Christy was a most courteous man, maintaining this manner even toward a prisoner; "Will the accused come to the book," cried he. The accused shuffled along without fear, and when he stood near, made a feint at

kissing the holy bible; then shamelessly smiled at the Judge: "Johnny Jones," said Mr. Christy: "do you solemnly swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, keep your hand on the book;" then in a stage whisper "You owe me one dollar, you know you do, pay me now."

"How ken I, jedge, unless you let me free, ter kill hogs; so help me God, Amen." So Wm. Christy ran over the lists of delinquent debters; knowing once away from the Bible, there was little hope of pay from delinquents.

But the delinquents never feared Wm. Christy, for he was of very easy nature, and a man to whom many were indebted. These parties never would settle their debts outside of the court-room.

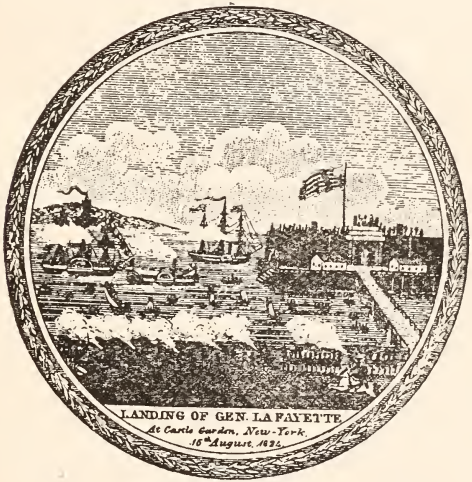
CHAPTER VII.

"Behold how many things, they witness against thee."—Mark.

Augustus Chouteau was one of the aristocrats of early days: he was not alone a well balanced diplomat, but most hospitable to all regardless of station; the great Chief Black Hawk often stalked about his spacious grounds, garbed on such occasions in civilized dress, consisting of beruffled shirt and deerskin leggings, and carrying under his arm a volume of "Chitby's pleadings."

Black Hawk was a fine imitator, he would be a God; he would as soon imbrue his hand in his patrons blood as sup with him which he often did. Lafayette was coming to America; and Black Hawk was eager to see the Apostle of Liberty when he made his initial trip to the West in 1825; hence he caused all his Braves to array themselves in flaming red blankets o'er topped with tarnished epaulettes, and carry bright red umbrellas; this mighty collection impressed Lafayette so, that he decided

America was rapidly becoming civilized through the doorway of the open West; he never knew his advent had caused the city treasury to be examined and the discovery made, that it held just "Twenty-seven dollars."



When Lafayette Came to America.

What to do, caused the city fathers a night's loss of sleep. "'Twenty-seven dollars' to entertain the great Lafayette. How show him America appreciates the thousands that he

spent on her. Mayor Lane conferred with Gov. Bates; and he decided the city treasury must be filled someway by the citizens. So every workman advanced the price of his skill, and soon all knew the value of commerce: the friendly butcher stole Jodge Lucas' cow and boldly offered the hind quarter to that gentleman for a gallon of whisky. The Missouri Gazette ran riot with news:" While walking in his garden devising some way to entertain the "Apostle of Liberty," Editor Charles was deliberately shot at by a well known enemy; "Surely the way to heaven is as easy one way as another;" said the Editor, as he faced the hunter, who was well primed with corn whisky. "How I bless my stars I was born in the secretive east; Editor Charles now demands that Bob White pay his debt."

"Whipping and slitting o' ears, ne'er makes a man ambitious, but a tax of a bushel o' corn will. The Father of Liberty must be fed; Lafayette sent the key of the bastile to George Washington, whose spirit still lives on, and might we advise "let sleepin' dogs lie."

"The moss grows over the whipping post of late, but the cries of the Delawares still wakes up Lazy bones."

The city showed sudden thrift in the way of brewing and stewing; cleaning without and within; a public library made its appearance, made up of promiscuous literature, mostly of Ben. Franklin's pithy points.

Pierre Chouteau's mansion, and barouche drawn by snow white horses were in waiting for the great advent.

Anticipation begat enthusiasm; and enthusiasm begat fellowship. Northerners and Southerners vied in foolishness and dissipation; and no one complained when Cincinnatus left the plow and came to town to partake of political joy.

Little wonder that Lafayette told Mr. Barthold that St. Louis seemed seated in the lap of luxury, and "how I would like to see Henry Clay in the presidential chair."

This remark greatly pleased the citizens, and they grew as gleeful as children, setting about to form a political caucus immediately.

The Indians, at this point shed their garb of civilization and fled perfidiously to the woods.

The great event over, depression followed, causing wise acres to salt their own pork and lye their own hominy, for all larders were empty. Political graft stalked abroad, and scattered its weed in Missouri where it took seed.

Working at his furnace nightly, Friend Pruine talked to his roaring fire, hoping that his helper Peter would hear.

"Lafayette be a great man, an' a thinker; and sich men are rulers: I'm doin' a bit o' thinkin myself these days;" poking hard at the pesky coals "an I dew say I can argue with the best o' them. Peter I say Peter dye ye hear me."

"I hears ye sir" rejoined Peter meekly.

"An wot's ye axin me ter do sir."

"Dye see yon flames leapin higher n' higher, cause I poked em. Wen I went ter school two months, I read in th' copy book these words 'Obey thy best thoughts'.

I've been thinkin as how General Ashley wuz

elected ter th' senate ez president an 'lowed hisn thoughts ter run continually on gettin Wm. Stone's money fer his own, instead o giv'in it ter America; and neow th' question arises how ken weuns get money ter power, tendin ter furnaces: an' burnin' lime an occasional makin' o' leathern buckets?

Peter your master must get into politics; an you must be my Apostle, you must mouth it around and tell o' my power o' speakin."

Peter was quite overcome with the honor thrust upon him and remained silent so long, that his master feared something was amiss; "Peter he cried, 'Peter wake up and tend th' coals'." "I wuz only thinkin' myself" answered Peter.

"I am a great man Peter."

"You ar sir" parroted Peter.

"Wen shill I start spoutin sir."

"Tomorrow morn' Peter as thee goes home, speak ter Rey the blacksmith ez he hez much showin' with th' people: then ter' Anderson th' bricklayer, who's buildin' summit; they'll bawl

it 'round ter th' boatmen, ez drifts in ter spree with the hunters thet trail th' state.

I say Peter, wen I am Jedge, I'll make laws an thee shall be a real key bearer fur me an' mine jack o' lantern."

Peter found it huge joy to spout about Pruine the lime-burner, who in time became a judge and moved to Quality Hill with his friends Rey, the blacksmith and Anderson, the bricklayer as neighbors! while near by resided one Ferguson, who aspired to rise from a lowly state into becoming a Judge also.

Pruine, the Judge, harped well on one law, that every two story house should possess two leathern buckets, in case of sudden fire; Pruine furnished these leathern buckets through Peter; need more be said. The General store of "Huskinson and Hunt" was the center of many a political caucus; here farmers gathered from Cahokia, with their carrots of tobacco and shaved deer, and boatmen, with knotted kerchiefs, parleyed with belligerent butchers, about the killing of beef, until votes and prices raced toward some goal and when the promised land was

finally reached "I told you so, why didn't ye listen me" was boldly flaunted before the loser, who lost remembrance of every failure in a huge carouse with Charters who bawled "Six bits th' less fer Merry wid th' wild cherry."

Good Dr. Sanguine, whose name was a synonym of his nature; remarked sagely; "Well do I remember the two new judges, when they first came to 'Paine Court' from the American Bottoms, so marked with mosquito bites, that I nigh thought their's was a case of Cow Pox at least until I found out whence they had drifted; 'Saracens or the pesky mosquito'" I said: "May they not make a che-root o' th' law, and compel people to smoke it; for both are powerful arguers; even Luke Lawless' flowery rhetoric cannot convince the people that St. Louis ought to have a well built jail, a large courthouse and an almshouse to house lazy bones who refuse to work for themselves or families."

So spoke the good leech often on his journeys to and fro, patting the rich on the back and pocketbook similtaneously, smiling helpfully on poor and saying indulgently to the medi-

cine man." Your herbs are fine for tonicing the well; but in time of sickness, naught but a lancet will release bad blood, and free the arteries from clogging."

The West was thoroughly aware that there was great profit in the traffic of human flesh, which had now become a national evil so well was it instituted.

So great grew this depravity, that God seemed to veil his face from sight of earth; but he sent a message into one heart that was an electric whispering: "He that over-cometh, shall inherit all things, go thou and prepare the way."

Mr. Lovejoy was cognizant that politics and religion could not metalize into concrete form; a message must be carried to the unthinking public, who never read news but heard it.

The press is ever an instrument of reformation and in time, like the constant dripping on a stone, it will groove its way into the core of the universe.

He determined to use collateral information, gleaned from many points as special data when

the time seemed most ripe, and to delineate a pathway leading toward the emancipation of the negro.

He was a close friend of Judge Peck and often admired a peculiar habit effected by that gentleman, when seeking the court room; "These are times that try men's soul" explained the Judge significantly pointing out some loathsome sight and bandaging his eyes: "unless the people rise from the depths into a christian life, degeneration will surely come; Oh my soul, why art thou disgusted within me.

This is the main question of life, upon which all subsidiary points hang; people must be educated not through debate mouthed too often by ignorant people, but through the newspapers, that will fearlessly investigate all sides without fear of reproach or calumny:" "Thus speaks the statesman, who should neither be a coward nor yet a poltroon" replied Mr. Lovejoy, who knew many citizens called the learned Judge's peculiar habit a "Joke," little knowing that it might better be designated as a trenchant blade of ball and dagger. Much like Henry Clay or

Dan'l Webster, Judge Peck perferred not to see the far off horizon, whence came so many undesirable emigrants seeking a promised land, and seeking his advise in land grants; at such times the kerchief was slipped aside for a moment to ascertain the correct title and legalize it, using as much discretion as a Spartan at Thermopylae.

"Oh my soul" sighed he to Mr. Lovejoy, "Why art thou disgusted within me. These sleeping stones fixed in their beds of lime are but disabled. But, "throwing aside his kerchief and showing a pair of brightly alert eyes, "let us review the 'Lycurgus' of St. Louis, David Hill's famous regiment, whom he calls the wall of the city, every man of whom is a brick."

The two found the little Captain garbed in yellow waistcoat and wearing purple glasses, drilling a squad of amateur soldiers clad in long tailed coats, short jackets or round-abouts, each of whom carried sticks, broom handles, or umbrellas, ad libitum. On seeing the two, the little Captain stopped manoeuvres and hastened to

them; "Judge Peck:" said he deferentially, "I would have you examine Jim Fisk's oxmill and pass judgment thereon, so that at next court, I can convince Henry Geyer that my invention upon which I have been working for nigh twenty odd years is nearing perfection; in order that he may know that I am the inventor of 'Perpetual Motion;' Yes sir the fifth wheel to a watch declares that is the secret; I will get even balance yet. I must argue that fact with Henry in court whether 'tis or 'tisn't."

Judge Peck discreetly kept the two enemies apart be it said, only telling Josh Barton to keep memorandum of a date which he never filled, save by a pinch of snuff.

Judge Peck always looked to Henry Dodge to open court, and Judge Lucas to represent the people; at such times a wrangle began between Luke Lawless and Lucas, ending only by Judge Peck reminding the former that "fugitives irish rebels sent to the frontiers should not be considered part and parcel of honorable men who came to America at the invitation of Dr. Franklin."

The target found its mark and Lawless retorting was promptly suspended with bitter rage tearing at his heart.

In the interval of that day's wrangle, a crier announced that Henry Clay was coming; and the court discontinued work temporarily to hear the news.

"A tout cavalier, tout honuour cake baked with four beans within, a new sconce, fresh tallowed walnut floors rubbed to shining blackness and above all, white-wash within and without was the general order given to do honor to the Mill Boy O' The Slashes.

He came in due time, as travel was most uncertain in those days and the tin buffalo sign hung o'er the Missouri Hotel fairly rattled its sides with joy; for Henry Clay understood his audience and labored as a master at his forge: when pleas failed to gain applause which signified approval, the Orator used threats, but in jocular manner, until the emotional audience either howeled or wept.

Henry Clay used his dulcet voice with pur-

pose; "The gates of Cahokia stand wide open, it is on Illinois soil. The emigrant crosses over to Missouri, where the soil is the same but culture different. Here the rights of humanity are biased perchance; American citizens you have all equal rights, it is so written in the constitution; why not heed them. Some time not far distant there will come a Liberator, who will take up the white man's burden with impunity." "Who is he?" and the whisper passed around: "Who is he, what does he mean." The Bonifaces without hearing the silence began such a terrific tirade that Hez King shouted to Warren Ayres: "Quell thy fellows, their intellect is as small as their appetite is large."

"They are only from Bull Head" answered Mark Ladue to Wm. Savage. They are citizens nevertheless, and only differ in lack of knowledge more than station."

But to Henry Clay's observant eye, these people represented "intolerance," who needed the search light of the press to sight them.

Archibal Gamble was confided in: "After the tempest, when the wind is laid, a rainbow

bows the sky; *a press,* that is not afraid, must be established, that will espouse all good causes and St. Louis shall be known as a city of moral desire.''

CHAPTER VIII.

"Still often does the lineal race in darkness find a dwelling place."—Byron.

The Bible teaches everywhere that dignity and worth makes man Ruler of mankind; whereas abandonment of sin creates a trust, that can never be broken.

Thistles though cultivated still remain thistles, but flesh alone is redeemed by cultivation.

Ministerial work is therefore of intrinsic value in the writing of an Epoch.

The early French-Americans of St. Louis were yoked to Rome, or had some equivalent as their religion.

Father Gibault bettered many a citizen or held in restraint those whose ambitions sought advancement through evil ways: for many men painted those strenuous days in unnecessary blood, toning its color by hell-fire.

Then as even now, men sought to escape punishment through money, and children born amid such environment reeked in an atmos-

phere of cajolery and soon become evil through choice: in turn they produced their kind.

Mr. Lovejoy's educative eye beheld this "Curse" stalking nakedly about, rejoicing and holding in its grasp countless thousands.

About this time the East was pulsating with heart-throbs; something must be done to expunge slavery from the fair brow of the West.

Returning East with a burning desire to obtain instruction as how best to proceed, Mr. Lovejoy joined hands with Lloyd Garrison and then returned West with an obvious means of venture.

The gospel must be spread through the press, to prove and hold fast that which is good in the sight of God. It must warn of evil, support the weak and be just to all men. It was therefore with this breatsplate of faith and love that Mr. Lovejoy was spoken of as the anointed.

Surely the "Rock of Salvation" is Hope, and that ever brings assurance to mankind.

Feeling that his work should meet with general approval, Mr. Lovejoy established the

newspaper called the "*Observer.*" It was quite small and modest in appearance, but earnest in its purpose. It reflected truth in no small degree.

It looked back upon the Reformation thus: "Three hundred years ago, freedom of speech was a seeming myth, used by no one; then light dawned, viz.; Kings had been bound to their Cardinals, Nobles were fettered with the irons of superstition, until they grew into palsied wretches, treasuring pathetic relics of every hue and name, hoping thus to gain eternal salvation. Emperor, King, Prince, Peer were all chained to the foot-stool of Rome and moral, political and social destitution became most foul. Bigotry had caused feudalism, it had sought America, the 'land of the free'."

This daring beginning caused cynics to rub their eyes in wonder and sneer at such untimely talk.

Hoping for the support of many staunch citizens, the Editor then sought the camp meetings around Apple Creek and Potosi; to his surprise he found a spokesman there, in a Mr.

Potts, who had hitherto been a bright light among religious circles.

"You are making a grievous error, Mr. Lovejoy, in hitting at the good Catholics of your city. You are causing a black cloud to rise upon your future horizon."

"My cause is just," replied Mr. Lovejoy.

"It may be so, but the citizens are quite vexed; they are not knights of a golden horseshoe; they are land hungry; it has not been so long since they listened to the tales of the fabulent Friar Hennepan, who prophesied that the Louisiana purchase was a golden certainty for all who would taste of political joy. Pity, indeed, that the Missouri Compromise did not extend to the Pacific Ocean, in order to quell the secret South into silence."

"It beseeches the constitution to extend its revenue."

"But not for amusement," suggested Mr. Potts, knowingly. "Are you a man suited to take up disseminations of this character?"

"I am a man suited for the times, even as

was Paul and Barnabas for dissertation. I am not a politician, I seek to dispel that idea; I would make the *Observer* a touch-stone of redemption, a touch-stone that casts away all drift-wood."

The *Observer* wrote again:

"The church is a center of gravity, and Rome is the head and soul of a confederacy that has in it the mob cry. The masses of France were once kept in dense ignorance, until military prowess, with its skill and inquiry, liberated them; then it was that Nobles, Statesmen, Leaders, Prelates realized the Gauls to be of most fiery nature. Did the Napoleonic war of opinion destroy or impede the march of religion toward its freedom?"

Thus somewhat rashly had the *Observer* showed the dragon's teeth of discord during its early life; perhaps it was but a religious test, for Mr. Lovejoy believed with John Adams of 1780 that habits are ever formed not made.

Again the *Observer* portrayed a most vivid picture of a flying negro hotly pursued by an

irate and drunken master with his hounds. In front was a haven of hope, perhaps death—the deeply flowing Mississippi River.

The frightened negro hoped thus to escape; but he was weakened from flight and presently fell prone upon the levee, a helpless victim to the sharp blacksnake whip which his master carried; here he remained too weak to arise, but beheld his master building a pyre around him. "Kill me, Master, kill me," he moaned, despairingly. Soon cruel flames rose about his emaciated form burning with unrelenting fierceness, until it finally sapped his life and naught remained but a charred body and blackened skull; this the drunken master kicked aside for hockey players.

"He is an example," said he, with much profanity, "of a Virginia nigger."

"Yes," continued the *Observer,* sententiously; "only a negro, to whom Virginia denied the Bible; only a negro owned by a modern Nero, who refused a cup of cold water to relieve the parched lips, cracked and bleeding in death, lips that framed a prayer of hope. This

circumstance but cites that the sesame of Missouri is 'Slavery,' in its most hideous form."

Having thrown the search-light upon this episode, Hez King, Wm. Savage and John Kerr roundly berated Sheriff Brotherton for going hunting and leaving no power of authority behind.

The incident had pretty well blown over when the Sheriff returned home so he was not in the least worried.

"I 'lowed Gab Warner ought ter tended ter th' law; though I 'low thet every man hez a right ter destroy his property; or th' master should pay th' law in gold mayhaps. Seein' it is all over now, I kant see ez heow I ken intrude on hisn privacy."

So saying, the Sheriff filled the pipe of Justice Walsh with stem tobacco, remarking as an example of excuse:

"You know I hev corn in my garden fifteen feet high, with sunshine and slaves ter husk it down; I impress them ez how it is for their food an' hev no trouble whatever; an', sir, believe or not, next door is the garden of Seth Brown

ez dry ez a board, growin' nothing but weeds; slaves ar' a prime necessity in domestic living. I 'low ez th' *Observer* is floatin' along on a dangerous journey, w'en it attacks respectable people."

Soon after this episode, it behooved Luke Lawless to visit Mr. Lovejoy.

Now, Mr. Lawless was reared under the doctrine of St. Omer, whence so many priests sprang. This gentleman felt the time had come to renew his oath of allegiance again to America, since many weighty affairs were approaching their ultimatum.

The loafers around the store of Huskinson and Hunt took notice that the lawyer with sharp-beaked visage was going in the direction of Mr. Lovejoy's home and his manner seemed most aggressive.

"It is a case of eat or be eaten," said they intuitively. "Little wonder Judge Lucas feels his flesh creep when he is near him, for behind Lawless stands the shade of his dead son, Charles Lucas."

"Paine Court lives still," declared the

white-haired Van Bibbler to his friend, Ben Provenchere, who was busy whittling never ending rubber rings for his friends as gifts.

"I started to whittle these rings that June day, 1820, while waiting for the constitution to be formed, they still keep me from rheumatics," he laughed; "an' of all th' frolics that day, with round-heads; their careless ways were ignoble, an' marked them plainly as just indentured slaves too, though of white color. They looked to the church for good advice, and payed all their debts with young and growing negroes. The servile people will always think the negroes a stigma upon their own labor; for they call them the beasts of th' field, saying their Bible tells them so; and the poor white trash are the cattle."

Perchance these gentlemen looked upon Mr. Lovejoy as a Paul in tribulation, for seeking the truine of life in the rule of Garrison Phillips and Kitchener. Because forty-eight slave vessels from the coast of Africa had come to America with human traffic, should slavery become an institution in the west?

Judge Peck hurried to warn his friend, "Beware of the public anger, Mr. Lovejoy. The Mayor has appointed eighty-three men to report the names of all abolitionists and rumor has it, all suspects will be lynched."

"I am not an abolitionist," replied Mr. Lovejoy, feelingly, "I am an Emancipationist."

Nevertheless, the Editor found his house placarded with obscene pictures and every edition of the *Observer* was heralded with jeers.

It was after such insults, that Mr. Lovejoy once more found Luke Lawless leaning on his gate in nonchalant mood. The day had been harassing and the Editor was weary; his foot crushed a jimson weed growing in his pathway and unconsciously he stooped to pull it up.

"It is too tenacious, Mr. Lovejoy," said the suave voice of Lawless, though he smiled contemptuously enough.

"I never let such seed grow," answered the calm voice of Mr. Lovejoy.

"Still obnoxious weeds stain the hands, why not pick flowers instead; Mr. Lovejoy, you are a politician and will have an assured living, if

you but put a little more cord around your whip handle; when you were an organ of the St. Louis *Times* you tasted of the joys of political insight; but the proprietors muzzled you; they used their paper only as a Beacon Light."

Luke Lawless was crafty by nature and all men rather feared him; he was a well-poised man mentally, and quite fearless as to chance.

"Editor, you are quite as adept at building bridges and like any modern Caesar of today you hope to eventually stem the current of public opinion by creating chimera for the young and finding periwinkles for the old. But Caesar died ere he accomplished his purpose; hence do not attempt to build a tower of Babel."

"I am not attempting an impossibility Luke Lawless, for there is only one religion on earth; it is that of right living;" as he spoke these last words, Mr. Lovejoy's hand touched a letter he had received that day from Uncle George, which read: "After years of patient wating, I have built my sea wall, so my life has not been in vain; for God gave me each day my daily work."

With such an assurance in his heart, was it little wonder that Mr. Lovejoy whispered reverently, "God is still in the heaven and all's well with the world."

At these words Luke Lawless grew purple with rage; from his eyes there glanced a fierce glint not unlike the look of a wild boar.

In Mr. Lovejoy's ecstatic mood, he presented to his antagonist the picture of the burning bush of Horeb. Therefore it was not at all shocking when a fierce imprecation burst from the lawyer's lips.

"I thought to bring you a message," said the latter, pulling himself together sullenly; "But you would fain be a Coriolanus and storm the Volscii; so be it," he turned sharply away; but not before he saw the rays of the setting sun circle the head of the Editor with a flaming halo.

Was the Editor a radical because he dared to do right?

Did he disregard the fact that many fingers were thumbing the string of hatred against him and his course? Chas. Hammond declared in

the Cincinnati *Gazette* that an abolitionist was *just a fanatic.* Was he one? No. He was but a soldier of the cross espoused to a Christian cause. He was an Emancipationist, and this name signified equal rights, justice; harken to the cries of tortured slaves, the shrieks of young children calling to their lonely hearth-stones; in His own way, God had heard, and He appointed Elijah Lovejoy to be his messenger.

What if the scimetar of Saladin was sharpening, the *Observer* must go on, since it had begun the crusade.

Filled with the greatest alarm, Mr. Potts once more approached Mr. Lovejoy:

"This city is full of tar barrels; Southern movement is at the bottom of it all. Republicans are urged to be neutral and not favor emigration. Popular feeling will influence all politics. Read what the New York *Courier* and *Enquirer* says, 'They will champion the majority,' and 'We will perpetuate the wishes of the citizens.' Listen to the discordant *Observer,* Pshaw: it would depopulate St. Louis'."

To this, Mr. Lovejoy made reply: "I will

not yield to any resolutions presented by Christian Editors, who declare that slavery was sanctioned by the scriptures; I do not wish to offend, but I maintain my rights to defend a truth."

About this time, Mr. Lovejoy felt the hot breath of mob-law fanning his cheek.

"Why act contrary to the synod?" asked the earnest Mr. Potts. "There are many in the church that will declare you are turning society upside down, by declaring that black is white."

The *Observer* only answered thus: "Slavery is paralyzing the energies of the white people. It is dwarfing property, civilization, education. Missouri will be a wonderfully favored state, once slavery is removed, for hidden in its soil is untold wealth waiting to be mined; remove from its brow the crown of cyprus and replace thereon the oak. Morally and religiously slavery is a social evil.

Gradual emancipation is its only remedy; read the laws of the prophets: 'All things whatsoever ye would, that man do to you, do ye even so to him.' Slavery is a system; rights of

husband and wife are abolished at the caprice of a master, nameless pollutions are enacted. In the words of the Patriarch I too cry: "Oh my soul come not into their secrets; into their assembly mine honor be not united."

Such, indeed, were the principles of the *Observer,* basing its rights strictly upon the constitution, found in the sixteenth section of Article 13:

"Free communication of thoughts and opinions are invaluable rights of man, and every person may freely speak, write and print on any subject being responsible for any abuse of that liberty."

The *Observer* later on inquired: "Who was the Christian elder that flogged his slave to death a fortnight ago? Does the Editor stand under that suspended whip through stability of opinion? The *Observer* does not want Catholic votes, but the *Argus* does and also the *Republic."*

About this time, the citizens at large were thoroughly incensed; a call was issued for the Hurrah Boys to raze the office of the *Observer.*

"It is a modern Pharlasis," cried Luke Lawless.

To this the *Observer* made its characteristic reply: "The *Observer* does not seek its fate within the brazen bull of invention; it speaks as did Polypharius to Ulyssis, 'Beware of being the last to be devoured.'"

CHAPTER IX.

"Fear not, I will uphold thee with the right hand of righteousness"—Isaiah.

In all records of the West at this time, National Law seemed to be kaleidescopic in effect; profiteering was an open question that scoffed at the virtue of wisdom. The borderland quarrel between Benton and Jackson was then raging; the latter advocated that cheap land was to be held for settlers. The *Times* advertised this political strife with great satisfaction, while the New York *Courier and Inquirer,* (one-time champions of Catholicism) started a bitter tirade against it. Added to all this agitation, the stench of slavery filled the nostrils of America.

Twenty staunch citizens met with the Mayor; Mr. Benton and Mr. Barton challenged the people.

"But," cried Mayor Carr, "How shall St. Louis get rid of Slavery without great loss to the owners? Shall we print resolutions or scatter circulars during election? Henry Clay de-

clares we must save the union; the South, the East, the West are superior in men and means; Congress is using strenuous methods to prevent secession of southern delegates, for it does not want to act separately. The time is drawing nearer yet nearer for emancipation to do wonders for Missouri; truly the situation is perplexing."

News of this meeting soon spread, and caused considerable jingle:

"Fighting is bravery, while silence means knavery;
Quarreling is savory, for Missouri loves slavery."

Then it was, that the *Observer* bugled forth again: "The pioneers favor the Jesuits with passing puns, as soon forgotten as read; but Truth never dies, for its teeth are a sharp threshing instrument, that crushes even mountains and beats them small. Then shall a whirl-wind carry them away, and the Lord will rejoice in the glory of a just cause."

There followed a plain exposure of the evils existing in convents and monasteries. Popish

altars were roundly abused and the Jesuits of the wilderness spoken of as naught but political spies.

The Catholics read this tirade with an amazement, that sprang into blazing anger.

The proprietors of the *Observer* hastened in the greatest alarm to the daring Editor and in their consternation, offered to settle all debts and take the paper off his hands entirely.

"You have used the *Observer* as a flaming torch to scorch the people; the Hurrah Boys are invincible foes, you may be mobbed any moment."

"My paper is but an edge of flame, for the work will never stop whether I go or stay."

Nevertheless, Mr. Lovejoy sought out Mr. Moore privately, saying, "God's hand is now on the helm, *shall the ship pass on?*"

Mr. Moore knew Mr. Lovejoy was most anxious to remain, for he was about to marry the lovely Miss French, who believed as he did in the rights of humanity.

The *Observer,* too, had a large circulation; it had not really *produced the cause of agita-*

tion; Mr. Lovejoy was but a modern Cicero in declaring that in the constitution was found a perpetual republic.

Did he wish to remain amid danger and still go on?

"It is a war of opinions," answered Mr. Lovejoy with confident truth of approval; "God's infinite wisdom bids me stay."

"Then be of good cheer, Editor; but I warn you be cautious," replied Mr. Gamble, who acquiesced in this great cause. "You are one of the faithful few that walk the land."

"That I may walk with Him," concluded Mr. Lovejoy, fervently. "If the constitution opened the way for future abolition of slavery, then has truth but declared itself."

So it was, that the *Observer* continued on its mission but with this result; citizens began to carry open weapons and tread softly, while their smile resembled the grin of an hyena, for bargain and corruption ran rampant among them.

Public office often generates a jimson weed. Many said with bated breath, that Henry Clay,

with all his generous impulses, was really an accomplice of Aaron Burr.

The *Observer,* however, spoke very broadly of Henry Clay, declaring the Father of the Missouri Compromise was like the sweet kernel of the nut; and it also hinted at jealousy.

"But what is the essence of the Missouri Compromise," asked curious citizens, keenly alert to misnomer. "There shall be neither slavery nor voluntary servitude beyond the southern boundary."

"But our cotton fields, our rice fields, who will work them? No white man surely will take upon himself the labor of a slave."

"It came from a feudal compact and so must be."

"Will not claws and teeth once more place Andrew Jackson in the presidential chair; even as he broke into the Floridas? He was a victorious general then, and his case was not unlike that of a recent director of a liquidated Bank of Missouri who gained his goal of Senate as a flower of the field. Time will however make Thos. Benton the preference of the West; for

despite his bigotry, Old Bullion commands much respect, because of his great geographical achievements and geological endeavors."

Standing under the limelight of exposure, Henry Clay began to fully realize that readable material was a mighty essential to further his motives; he was a statesman, who knew the intrinsic value of the Press.

"The Press, will tell all!" said he.

"The commonwealth advocates gradual emancipation, such as Wm. Penn, the benevolent, asked; who are the citizens that would retain border life, buckskin fringes and powder horn for defense? Did not the treaty of 1818 give much land to the white people? Did not the Indians of the Mississippi Valley conclude their treaty by accepting a few thousand dollars in merchandise, and the right to hunt and fish on lands farther west. Ninian Edwards and Augustus Chouteau had the power as United States commissioners to meet all contingencies. Was it but a substitute found for negro slavery?"

This voice called over to Illinois, and caused

a republican newspaper to call a convention to amend the constitution, if needs be; it also suggested that a slave be supplied as a specimen from the midst of slavery to prove that the master was a man of generous sentiments. It is needless to say this suggestion failed in intent.

The acrimonious *Observer* was openly threatened; much obsecene literature was thrown around the city by those incensed; in a short time the office of the *Observer* was completely razed and the Editor forced to flee over into Illinois with his family, for safety. Footsore and weary, they tarried far out in the country at the house of Major Sibleys, until the little boat for Alton came along.

"Alas! My good people, the saloon thug, the sand bagger, the vilest men have freedom of the vote, but not so, the low-browed and ignorant son of Africa," sighed the persecuted Editor.

CHAPTER X.

"He spake to them in a cloudy pillow, and they kept his ordinance."—Psalms.

When Congress secured to the settlers of Virginia, deeds of cession as a slave-holding county in 1737, the legislature passed a law of qualified introduction of slavery into Illinois and Indiana. Many emigrants drifted over the national trail, carrying along much profitable baggage called indentured slaves, all of whom held certificates of freedom; as an example of humanitarianism, Illinois fined all delinquents $500, if registration had not been complied with. The year 1824 showed that the will of the people wanted to expel slavery from the broad prairies of Illinois, adding aside that the slave was a most valuable adjunct however in the salt mines of the southern part of the state.

Though there lived at this time a pious man of magnificent strength and of great enduring qualities, by the name of Peter Cartright, itinerant circuit rider, yet, beyond preaching to the masses to save souls, this religious man busied

himself only in his mission, viz., that of rescuing persecuted pilgrims afflicted with the "Jerks" and in extemporizing with the Lollard robe of red. Did Peter Cartright lift his voice in slavery's cause?

The year, 1818, had passed with its wild-cat schemes, spoken of as the *Will of the People,* but boot-legging and kidnapping remained with a large scope of territory.

Finally a well-known lawyer threatened the settlers by dangling the *Black Laws* and roundly denounced Ninian Edwards as the Juggler behind the throne, who had long considered that General Jackson had really no just grounds in considering the dissatisfied case of Calhoun.

Ninian Edwards was not, however, averse to revising the State Constitution, and strongly urged a convention, until finally the streets of Vandalia rang out this cry; "Convention or death."

Then it was, that mincing steps turned into manly strides, for Illinois might yet wear a garb of national issue; many a man put his shoulder to his wheel with a law all his own: for they

would not toss the freedom of their birth into air. There were many things witnessed against the laxity of legal rights.

Hence it was "Convention or death." The cry ran like wildfire throughout the state. Party cries soon caused incendiarism and it was not long ere the State House at Vandalia became a flaming torch, indicating again, "the will of the people."

Once known by the Indian name of Ouatogo, near-by Alton, representing a thriving population, vied with St. Louis in an anticipated growth of population.

This town was situated on the north bank of the Father of Waters and was about twenty-one miles distant from St. Louis. It was platted out with a river view that was unsurpassed in its beauty; in its salad days, Alton, instead of streets, had many circuitous paths leading to a centre called the Market House, situated on a high hill, leading from the river.

Many celebrities met at this given point; here, too, many rustlers and idlers passed

through without object, save to see one another, or to appoint some other place of meeting, perchance far out in the country within some hidden cavern hung with crystal stalactites or reeking with calcareous stalagmites.

THE PIASA BIRD.
Actually Pictographed on the Lime-Stone Bluffs at Alton (Illinois) as late as 1837.

Limestone bluffs protected this town on the south. In the diary of Captain Eaton is found this note: "On the limestone bluff o'erhanging the highest point of the Mississippi is painted a picture of a huge man-eating bird known to the

Indians as the 'Piasa Bird.' It is a fierce-looking dragon, with the face of a man, claws or talons of a vulture and an immense and powerful tail that wraps around its scaled body with a murderous strength. It is painted in red, green and yellow, and no doubt was a map and chart of the ancient wandering Indians who infested this point, when Ouatogo was Chief, and whom tradition says offered himself as sacrifice for his tribe in order to exterminate this bird that had its eyrie high above the reach of man and lived on human flesh. Its screech preluding its swoop, turned its prey, through fear, into an inanimate being. Such runs the tale in this year 1837."

This tradition existed long before the powerful Miami had formed a confederacy and named themselves "Illini," meaning, "We are men, not dogs."

So Alton, like all notable villages, had its tradition, springing from the myth of a Chinese dragon, when that part of the country was inhabited by the children of nature called the Indians.

Will history finally declare the Indians to be

one of the ten lost tribes of Israel, who crossing over "Behring Island," when it joined America and Asia, populated ancient America? In proof of which, behold their burnt offerings, their religious rites, their Ark of Covenant carried to war, their seclusion of males at certain times of year, all of which indicates a Jewish origin. For "*Behold they went to the far East, where man's foot had never trod.*"

Excavations around Alton today indicate it to be as ancient as Cahokia in geological relics. Its glorious hills remind one of Psalms 121—first verse: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

It was to this beautious town therefore, that the Editor of the *Observer* came with most anxious heart, knowing that Ninian Edwards, the Governor had legalized free schools there. St. Louis was fearing that this alone would place education on a high pedestal in Illinois, and thus help politics in no small degree.

Was it a hazardous step for Mr. Lovejoy to go into a state nearby that was just knocking at the door of knowledge? Or was it that

risk men will take in public life, that so often leads to stultification of some kind not met with elsewhere?

Doubtless it was his mordant nature that kept the Editor near his vantage ground, Missouri.

As the steamboat Palmyra neared Alton on his initial trip, Mr. Lovejoy found himself in the vicinity of the village gossip, who declared himself a recent convert to Christianity.

"I kenna get o'er the chat o' th' town; an' seein' you be new to our mixture o' people, I'd lik' fur ter say, thar be many a shearer o' sheep in our flock. Thar be yon Leech standin' near th' prow; he's full o' brimstun an' hell fire et times; he chirps wid Peter Cartright, that he fears neither man or devil, sez he's met both often. He's strong on th' lance is th' Leech; an' declares he'll kill or cure; while hisn sick prays, he swars. He sez, 'Beginnin' an' endin' is zactly th' same.'"

"But," interrupted his hearer softly, "It is the living between that counts."

"You mought be right, sir; cum ter think o'

it, you ar' right. It is th' livin' twixt thet counts; you make me think, sir. Yon Leech is frum Virginia, Sir, whar th' nigger is a nigger he sez, an' as pesky a critter ez you'd want ter see; I ken see news, thet's why I am fur tellin' all newcomers the kereckter o' th' people; but th' roustabouts is shoutin' summin."

He moved farther in to hear, returning in a short time to report: "We're past Chippewa Landin' an' th' press is ter be left thar. Yon Leech was sayin' ter th' Captain, 'Let eddication be for a few, it is beyond these times.' "

Though concerned about his press, Mr. Lovejoy felt much assurance in these words that filled his heart: "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never be put to confusion."

CHAPTER XI.

"Fret Not Because of Evil Doers"—Psalm.

Alton boasted of an inventor called General Semple, who foreordained the present automobile in his invention, called a Schooner. This monster skimmed o'er the prairies like a bird, or sailed upon the waters like a nautilus. Wiseacres looked askance at this wonder, saying, "It is like David Hill's perpetual motion machine; it needs a fifth wheel to perfect it."

On holidays all the lads and lassies from around the country took a free ride, though with considerable trepidation be it said, as citizens hurried out of its uncertain path; some named it "Touch-Me-Not," which seemed a most fitting name, for it was inclined to overbalance itself by an overhanging upper deck, heavily bedecked with wild flowers to give it a festive appearance and also to invite admiration.

In reality, it failed of purpose; but this fact did not daunt the General in the least; his hobby grew with a still more ardent desire. "I hope to do away with tedious stage travel," he said

in confidence to Col. Hunter, who had donated large tracts of land to the city for municipal purposes.

"Keep right on and try, try again; my Black Jonstone says, 'Col, it is the beginning of something yet to come.' "

Alton also boasted of another more successful inventor, whose reaping machine won a fortune for him later on. An atmosphere of congeniality surrounded the citizens of Alton and they greeted Mr. Lovejoy daily with much handshaking and many words of good cheer. "The laws of Illinois will not allow persecution, for we remember well Hayti and Southhampton, whose life was written in blood; here you will find no hasty judgment but very much candor."

"Providing one does not carry suspicious papers," hinted one citizen, "or write too much about mob law."

"We have, as do all new towns, a band of Jack-whet-stones, Sir Lucas O'Triggers, and Jean Pottage and Puddings, who lie like sleeping dogs; still they do no harm to speak of," warned a citizen.

"We have, too, a winking Mayor, who hesitates to censure the young, and since civic authority is lax, why should Jack-whet-stone care. Many leading Elders have scape-goat sons and beg leniency for them, whilst they are supping with the devil only saying, 'The spoonhandle is long.' "

As the Editor eyed his informer, chewing constantly on a bit of slippery elm, the words of an old script came into his mind:

"How many there are who never think, among
the thinking few;
And fewer still, who think they think, but only
think they do."

Childish larks, forsooth! Does not Milton declare, Childhood shows the man? If nature makes them too curious, should a long or a short halter be used to tether them?

Days crept on and weeks fled, showing great laxity of law in the harboring of many dangerous fugitives in Alton. The Editor again felt the Spirit of God move within him; he knew he was not devoid of criticism for in the many

seditious meetings, free speech bespoke his jeopardy.

"The basis of my paper is religion, I feel important issues are at hand," cried he, "For Justification awaits all who believe in God's word; full many a sigh, groan or tear is in secret at evils, which will assuredly expose its cloven foot in time."

Farther up the river, the town of Quincy had in its "Lord's Barn," what was known as the Yale Band; they were men who were valiantly and silently working for education.

"The coming generation must be educated," said these men. "Alton is striving for this cause through the Press." There came a sudden silence; where is Mr. Lovejoy's Press? Why is it silent?

The answer came back as a shock: "It is in the Mississippi River." Jack-whet-stone had only cut a caper.

The persecution of this prophet had begun again; yet throughout this ordeal, Mr. Lovejoy never lost faith in humanity.

"It shall rise again, mightier than ever;

though ignoble men cannot see through denseness, the light is still there and burning brightly."

In the Market House o'er topping the hill, rustlers used nefarious privileges to further their cause without stint; even yeomen stalked about with heavy cowhide boots to give weight to their ill-chosen words. Idlers chewed ceaselessly on some bit of gossip; whilst the motley crowd exhibited an unwonted aptitude in realizing that a menace hung over Alton, which would soon expose many inuendoes besides Indian raids and settlers' quarrels. The Press was gone, but it would rise again.

There was considerable rivalry between Alton and St. Louis at this time in regard to municipal growth. Though Alton maintained its lotus-eating nature owing to lax law, it readily allowed itself to become overshadowed, by gyrating around the way of least resistance; thus contradicting a cynicism, that all men worship the god—Success.

The town was very cosmic in early days, but within three-quarters of a century it grew

atomic in the country's history, through the great tragedy of 1837. Its individualism became universal, and so fulfilled an end, which the Fifth Seal now declares to be prophecy.

In seeking to establish a free press, Mr. Lovejoy sought free soil; citizens busied themselves in rectifying his loss, and word was soon passed around the market house to that effect.

"Yes, sir, de press am shure cummin' back, Massa Woods," remarked Hominy Tom, glibly, as he scooped out a succulent mass of hominy to a buyer; "An' I say, Massa, could you guv de cabin a thatch? I'se tried grass, which the good Lord guvs a plenty, but it is too tender."

"There is plenty and to spare in my back yard, Tom," answered Mr. Woods. "And many take without asking."

"So I wuz tole, sir, but de good Lord sez 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered the black disciple humbly; "I'll send ol' Gilbert ober 'fore daylight, fo I's born tir'd an' I sure lik' eatin' free bread; thank ye kindly, sir. Thar cums ol' Gilbert up de hill neow wid hisn mule-hoss hav'n hisn will, like de white people; Massa

Woods is sure a powerful arguer in church, 'specially wen de spirit is on him, an' he sure do hit hard ober de head wid his cane, wen de sinners won't cum ter tha mournin' bench; I's seed all dese. But he's sure a fine gemman wid hisn flappin' coat a Sunday an' his paint bucket a week days; dat is wot I call wurkin' fur de Lord; an' wen he wears hisn top boots, he looks lik' Henry Clay, for they squeek an' squeek; an'—wot's dat yo hollerin' 'bout, Ol' Gilbert, down thar; luk at dat molasses triklin' alon' yo' path; doan let dat mule-hoss hav' hisn will, I 'clare."

The negro, Ol' Gilbert, was a well-known character around Alton, for nature had cut him on the bias, putting his large feet across sides and bowing his legs so that many a barrel rolled between them, causing his ol' mule-hoss to turn around for enlightenment, to behold his load gone elsewhere down the hill; whereupon the animal placidly went on "hevin' hisn will," which was mostly over toward the watering trough in the public square.

"He interrupt'd business by sich didoes,"

exclaimed Ol' Gilbert, wrinkling up his narrow forehead to the summit of his brow.

OLD GILBERT.
From the Original.

With perplexed air, Ol' Gilbert would then motion and wait for his friend Tom to come to his rescue in an act of brotherly love such as linked fast the friendship between the two by thus helping one another; in compliment to his good friend, Ol' Gilbert would often declare: "No one ken lie lik' Hominy Tom, ef I do say it."

Many people went daily to the Market House for their supply of herbs to brew some remedy, and hither a stiff-necked judge hied one day for lavendar and horsemint, perchance to listen to a bit of gossip prevalent of the times.

"What stick o' herb, Judge?" inquired the market man.

"Strengthen it well with horsemint, and add a bit of wormwood for bitterness," said the Judge, noticing with darkened brow the familiarity of hucksters and negroes about him. "Hum! The color line should be drawn; it is abominable, outrageous. How it will all end, God alone knows; surely the press is not a melting pot, it is a scourge."

He turned disgustedly away with a much-be-purpled countenance.

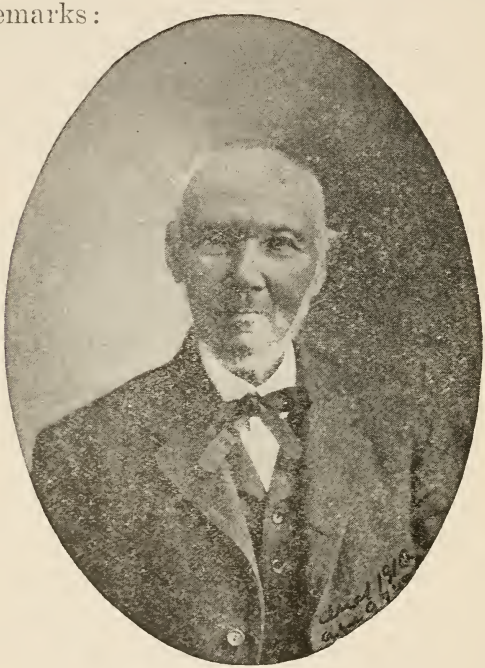
Some one heard his words however, and wafted them well about, with the result that an invitation was sent the Judge to hear Mr. Lovejoy's sermon the following Sunday, mentioning that a seat would be reserved for him so that his deaf ears could hear the Truth.

"The truth," scoffed the Judge craning his neck a bit higher. "I already know the truth about the negro question, 'They will free their kind'; I will not be a supporter of Mr. Lovejoy, I will let Mr. Gilman and Deacon Long advocate his cause if they want. And you, Lowe and Cromwell, are still little pitchers with big ears; you can go in my place," as he turned to two small boys near by.

"But the meal must be sifted at Lathy's mill sir for th' people even on Sunday; an', sir, I be hearin' th' Piasa Bird screech so loud at night, I trembles to go home late," spoke little Cromwell shuddering.

"Tut, tut, don't believe in myths; it's the living to be afraid of." And report went around

later that the Judge's neck had actually topped over his collar with indignation, as he finished his remarks:



JOSEPH CROMWELL.
Xenia, Ohio.
Last Survivor of the Press.

"I thank the Lord that I am not too old to see the disgrace looming before the white race;

equality will disgrace America; the press is running a gamut with Satan and Lucifer, not caring which may be the sinner. The mullets called white trash, cannot realize that they can never become trout. My blood runs thick at the thought, I'll send for th' Leech to do some blood letting, though I'd as soon have th' butcher, for he swears less. Let the pillars of the church salve their own way with politics."

CHAPTER XII.

"He follows the law of his kind"—Wordsworth

Another landmark of Alton (and standing today in the original forking road) was called the Buck Inn, marked o'er its door-way by antler horns, trophy of the game thereabouts.

The Buck Inn was a long, low building built of seasoned oak timbers well plastered over, and strongly held down by iron plates. The Inn had space of country all around it, thus giving the landlord ample time to see his daily guests coming from afar off. He was a friendly host when in genial mood, and he beguiled his guests into tarrying long with him; when purpose suited, his laugh was long and loud, but when things went criss-cross, his guests noted the sudden change with consternation, for it always carried much freight.

Inside the Inn a log fire, ruddy with glow, cast its spell over many worshipers that loved gossip and guffaw; even the dogs found a warm place there, though mine host declared he'd

make the owners pay for every flea his dog carried.

Mine host was ably assisted by a habitee called "Bluff," who often unraveled the sleeve of care for loafers to knit up again when time hung heavy and the host was wearied from too much fray. "Bluff" was a middle-man and had as a business, a stock trade of both humans and animals.

His bulky form was well known all over the country, he very often sought relief of conscience by quarrelling with squatters, who hovered near the underground railroads, hoping to foster some runaway slave into thinking they were free when among their clan.

Large rewards were a big inducement to the squatters who lived without actual labor, and though not one of them, "Bluff" was very often among them, for personal reasons; namely, to let them do the actual stealing, while he procured them leniency. He was therefore an entertaining guest at the Buck Inn, for he brought much news.

"Keep the guests in humor, Bluff, while I nap," whispered mine host, "I have a carouse on hand tonight. Keep them in cheer and from too much fray."

His aid-de-camp nodded good naturedly, and blinked knowingly. "Tother day," said Bluff, emiting a stream of tobacco in the direction of a little man who dozed in a warm corner by the fire. "Tother day I saw a wolf skulking in th' shadows."

"Eh! Eh!" squeaked the little man, much to the annoyance of the loafers around the fire. "Wall, I didn't say whar yet, but it war in th' vicinity o' Coup's Creek or it mought be Godfrey's Farm, seein' it war skulkin' fur hogs or sheep, or young heifers; it didn't even stop to read th' sign 'Beware O' Dogs,' but turned tail and run. Yes-siree, run my way; it surprised me so I missed fire, by gosh."

"Wolves ar' noxious critters, especially if yo miss fire, Bluff," scoffed the little man rousing up again from his apparent slumber.

"An' pesky at night, Pee-wee. I missed a handsome brush, at that."

"Likewise," began the little man in tantalizing voice; "Likewise, other game ez yo say."

Bluff glanced contemptuously at the atom of humanity. "You 'low ez I never seed it; an' I 'low ez no low-lived critter frum Southern Illinois ken insult me," he glared savagely at his assailer and planted his cow-hide boots heavily on the floor, tightening up his leathern belt. His action indicated anger, whereupon the little man began to whimper.

"I never sed nuthin' Bluff. I'm yer frien."

Escape was uncertain, so like all cowards, the little man played for sympathy, for he had felt Bluff's trouncing once before. He, therefore, began to call loudly on the landlord for help. Mine host ran hurriedly from an inner room, and promptly dragged the little man to an open casement, where fresh air soon dried his crocodile tears. The landlord then returned to Bluff, saying: "Come, come, Bluff, hev a care these days, give th' poor squatter a chance ter get a dram o' brew, an' besides he might carry your lash down th' Plank Road. I know th' toll hez bin high lately, 'an it affects your temper

mightily; but I hear your hogs ar prime ter litter; kidnapin' growin' slim, an' th' underground railway at Wood River is spilin' trade, Mose Twist tells me."

At his name a low-browed individual looked up quickly from his corner and spoke gruffly, "Th' free paper fur th' blacks hez ruined trade an' cheated me out'n an honest livin'. There's Singleton Vaugh advertising a reward o' $250 in the *Spectator* fur some worthless nigger, ez aint worth his salt. I hev hunted high an' low fur th' rascal; scoured th' country ez far ez Elsah, whar th' path winds roun' an' roun' like a coilin' snake, an' nary a nigger; th' black rogue is under earth somewhar."

His words were freighted with profanity, familiar to his listener's ears, while his evil face flamed fiercely.

"Let th' venom stay a bit in your fangs, Mose; til yo', of all men, will scent th' black rogue."

"I'll git it out'n my system w'en I go to Happy Hollow among them tobacco worms ez infect thet place o' refuge. They are swarmin'

wid niggars an' thar squeakin' wagons ken be heard miles away; too lazy ter seek honest wuk. Thar hosses wear platted husk collars or else pant-legs filled wid stubble for yokes; th' only time they ar' active is w'en they ar shakin' wid ague."

"We'uns must preserve th' Union," added the affable landlord. The opportunity being thus afforded, many mouths gave individual points of view on the politics of the day.

Arguments began to wax louder and louder, when suddenly the sound of horse's hoofs were heard without; the door was flung violently open and an exhausted rider stumbled inside.

"Brew and meat," he cried.

Without questioning him, mine host hastened to do his bidding.

When the traveler had eaten his fill, he related a story that thrilled all with horror:

"Another Indian massacre at Prairie Du Chene."

"The Indian will always be a menace to the American conscience! Their god is a savage god and bids them fall back on their hatchet

rather than become a worm. Congress some day will realize that their birthright was bought too cheaply. It didn't take General Jackson long to settle the Seminoles, though they hail him as a wampum today; but," added the scout, "I must away to warn settlers that the Indians are on their raid and are traveling fast."

After the scout had gone his way, the loungers once more gathered around the warm fire toasting their shanks in apparent good fellowship and discussing the American house of Stuarts, the Adams family, and how John Randolph longed to twist a barb into the vitals of the Yanks.

"I'd like ter ax," spoke the very mild voice of a newcomer named Joab, "Wot th' opinion o' th' fellers is, 'bout th' trouble o' today? Will th' South divide an' break rank fur Henry Clay?"

"Thets ez crafty a question ez I ever hear from a man ez reads th' Bible nightly; th' President's chair is th' king's chair, come day go day, but God guv's Sunday ter th' righteous like ye Joab."

"But, sir, sir; I be waitin' ye response."

"Ten' ter your conversions, Joab," answered the landlord roughly, seeing his guest was stepping upon dangerous ground. "I say with th' Yanks I doan kneow."

Attention again being centered on "Pee-wee," the landlord dragged him to the open casement, where a passing leech cupped the epileptic generously, and with round oaths ordered him to seek his home in the bottoms, "where you have not been this moon." Wiping his lancet upon the top of his leather boot, the Leech prepared to take a seat by the warm fire, when a voice floated in through the still open casement, "This is an unbaptised country and needs the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, woe is coming. Woe! Woe!"

Without turning to look, the Leech cried out derisively: "Hullo, Coventer, it's been full ten year since I have heard your woeful voice. But I know Jim Carrol well, and he knows the Leech that opens veins to let bad blood out."

"May the Good Lord crucify the scoundrels

thet make th' laws o' this land," groaned the Coventer, shaking a long, lean finger at the Leech.

"Amen! Amen!" answered he. "Laws were made for such as thee, Coventer, who pointedly refuse to work the roads to metropolize towns. You refuse to serve any law; away with your lantern visage!" and stalking to the window, the Leech pushed that individual away and locked the casement, swearing lustily the while.

Returning to his seat, the Leech took up the thread of conversation: "Fellows, when Shadroch Bond was first Governor of Illinois his first message to the legislature was a fat pudding full of plums; but he used great sense in mixing it; for it was weighed to the last ounce and even predigested, so as to assimilate it with the food of Illinois. His body and brains were equally balanced."

"An' I rekellect," mused another habitee of Buck Inn, "I wuz wurkin' fur Governor Bond in 1818, when a justice of the Supreme Court, called by name Wm. Foster, was known as the

most accomplished rascal that ever was born. He, though, had winsome ways; he was clever, but he kept people guessin' whether or not he meant for certain; you rekellect him, Mose Twist?'' turning to where the kidnaper sat chewing the ends of his beard.

''An' I dew, I dew,'' nodded that party; ''He wuz ez despotic a man ez I ever seen an' a sad despoiler, but ez good a soul ez ever whipped a nigger into submission; he made a law thet th' lash should be laid on every nigger found ten miles away frum home. Thirty-five lashes was the perscription; thirty-five lashes; en I dew say ez many a master furgot hisn pass, jess ter hev his nigger whipped an' keep him a servant. Yep, Mr. Foster wuz a very conscientious gentleman.''

Mose began to twirl his thumbs rapidly and inhale great thumbfuls of snuff, which caused him to sneeze several times, before he felt complacent enough to remark: ''I hev dun wot I could to stop runaway slaves frum comin' inter Illinois.''

"You are certainly the best human blood-hound I ever saw," cried the Leech, in great good humor.

"Aint it th' truth, aint it th' truth," panted the rogue, swelling out his waist-coat so liberally that the plaids seemed to vent the wearers pomposity. Every one knew that Mose Twist was a very cruel man.

"Friends," said Mose, warming up to his subject, "th' salt mines must be wurk'd an' we must hev slaves ter wurk 'em. I am not eddicated lik' Editor Lovejoy; but I read th' *Observer* an' it sez thet several hundred slaves in Illinois ar' in absolute bondage; neow who ken hold them niggers ter wurk, but Mose Twist. I ken keep th' South at your door, gemmen, wot's th' use o' indenturin' slaves, an who is ter blame because Phillip Renault began th' mining industry in this state. The blasted English decried them niggers, an' brought th' Frenchmen here; neow I knows, th' nigger is happy enuff, when well fed."

His listeners looked wise, as the slave driver's growl finally ceased, and a suave voice from

the rear indicated that a newcomer had arrived.

"Th' Kid Glove Leech," was the whisper passed around.

"Mose Twist, I heard your last words, and no one disagrees with you more than I; knowing that the code of Virginia and Kentucky allows neither knowledge nor yet principle to its slaves, I ask, can a human being ever be happy without such privileges? No! Can a human being ever be happy, when bought and sold by a master? Will not his mental balance tip to one side? He is not devoted to any principle, nor can he ever know intellectual value; in these points, the slave loses. The master gains."

More speech was interrupted by a volley of profanity that fell from the lips of his brother in science, who exclaimed: "My spleen is o'er run with the cry of 'Freedom'; I declare though Illinois cannot have slavery, it can privilege itself to arrange a system of perpetuation, that will call an indentured slave a chattel. I am like old John Grammer of Union County, 'Haint

I as much right to my nigger as any Frenchman? I am with the great majority."

So apparent was this Leech's indignation that the loungers looked for more passing of words, knowing of the great animosity existing between the two Leeches; but, the kid gloved Leech only rose and walked quietly away, going into an outer room, where he passed outside.

For a moment he listened intently; a faint groan was heard in a coal shed at the other end of the lot; going quietly toward this point, the Leech discovered a runaway negro, shivering with cold and full of fear. "Ah! if Mose Twist only knew the prey was here, he'd have the $250 reward in his pocket ere night. Dogs bask in the fire's warmth, but the poor slave expects nothing, dares nothing; *he lives without hope.*"

A tear fell from the eye of the Kid-gloved Leech upon the woolly head, but it seemed to benedict the downtrodden slave, for intuitively he felt this kindly gentleman was his savior.

Long after the event had passed, the Leech's only child asked: "What is an indentured slave."

"Child," said he gravely, thinking of much that he alone knew of human lives. "An indentured slave is a befooled negro."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their lives"—Psalms.

After its re-establishment, the *Observer's* circulation grew very large. It aroused people into thinking that the constitution should not break its covenant made with God, whereby it teaches and inculcates upon the pure American, ideals of good citizenship regardless of race or color.

While prohibiting slavery in its territories, this paper knew that Congress licensed its people to sanction it by a majority vote.

In his speech of 1829 Daniel Webster truthfully said that religious feeling was sadly thwarted; nevertheless, he was inclined to veto the annexation of Texas.

Friends of both Webster and Clay smiled broadly at their crossed swords, and this news was found most toothsome by the *Philanthropist, Liberator* and *Observer,* who peppered it well with a calamity howl.

Whirled into becoming a wedge between the

North and South by 20,000 societies, Mr. Lovejoy began to display his usual astuteness by declaring: "In God will I put my trust; my conscience is as clear as crystal. I will not retract one word, I will follow the conscience of progress, feeling that God ever sends forth mercy and truth, like unto heaven and clouds."

Truth declares the corruption of man is self-preservation; it is at such times that animosity ceases its concealment and openly threatens violation.

"Mr. Lovejoy, you are called an agitator that sooner or later will force a revolution. The times teem with violence and strife. Why seek to wander in a wilderness?"

To his brother in cloth, Mr. Lovejoy made his usual consistent reply: "Conviction rests falsely upon me; revolutions are not of mushroom growth, and the people must realize that the South governs the North by her white race, not by her black. They know their swamps are a standing menace, for no white man will work them; they rightly call them the fangs of the rattler."

Eaves-droppers soon carried these words biasly and caused the rumor to percolate into insinuating and evil thoughts, whereas, the purport was meant to be quite different.

North Carolina had ever been a willful daughter; her soil was cultivated by ignorant and dangerous negroes, whose density was just obtuse enough to suit their obstreperous masters, whom they blindly obeyed, and around whom they revolved like satellites. Living only in the present, the future meant nothing to them. How well did Ben Lundy write: "that slavery in the South affected the wives, the children, the hearth-stone; while in the North it was known by the name of Sentiment, which sandwiched between Right and Expediency, might well be termed Evasiveness."

These remarks caused the North to grow most contemptuous. "Is the calamity of slavery a crime? Why not imitate England, who shares its wealth with labor and gives a good per cent for its upkeep?"

Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and Jackson all kept their finger upon the pulse of the

country, by urging the people to dig around the mountain.

Mr. Lovejoy was now in a labyrinth whence there was no return. He was not seeking an Avalon he so told his would-be advisors, who called his attention to the avalanche of threats that impeded his progress. Duties very often took him into the inland country, where many people were reached only by word of mouth, through this extraordinary man who had the ability to convince without persuasion what might be called the body politic. He fully realized that a mind uninformed often misconstrues by antonym.

Such was the difficulty which the Editor sought to overcome by personal contact. One night, returning home after midnight through a dense woods, the footpath leading to the highway suddenly became obstructed. In righting himself, Mr. Lovejoy became suddenly aware of discordant voices jeering at him; he felt himself seized by unfriendly arms and bound tightly with a rope. The words "Kitchener," "Run out of Georgia," "Phillips," "Garrison,"

"Tar and feathers," added greatly to the annoyance of his capture.

He knew resistance was useless, so he remained silent, knowing it would soon be time for the stage to roll down the highway. The situation was trying, not to say painful, unless succor came soon.

"Serve him like the Salem witches, an' see if his covenant wid death and agreement wid hell will save him. We are the Hurrah Boys, an' we want ter save th' stars and stripes. We won't let you-uns destroy th' Union. We are the Invincibles."

Using fist and cudgels vigorously on their victim, they were suddenly stopped in their nefarious work by a rider dashing in among them and crying:

"Shame on every mother's son of you! Mississippi, Virginia and Tennessee! Brave indeed, when drunk, but fearful when sober."

"How dare you interrupt us, Leech," cried a voice that caused the rider to whirl suddenly around. "Ha! Dr. John, fie with you among such rowdies. Tomorrow you'll disgrace the

knife, much less your family. Paine Court, indeed, huh!''

''Sall we guv de prisonaire up, friens; he ez one Bigot; he insults ze good Catholics; he blasphemes ze Huguenots; he ez not a free thinker like good Leech.''

''Frenchie, hide your bloated countenance in yon shadow; back I say and damn the church, it causes much trouble. Untie this man, or I'll lash every man of you into submission.''

Cowed to a man, they obeyed the rider, who rewarded them by swearing at them lustily. ''Come,'' said he to Mr. Lovejoy. ''I will assist you to the highway and there you can await the Stage with the Circuit Court; they were delayed by the recent freshets into a late hour, but you are safe now,'' as the highway was reached; ''I do not admire your cause, Mr. Lovejoy. In your Bible you will find allusions made to the cattle and other beasts of the field, which fact decides the South into holding on to all it has lawfully gotten. If slavery is a sin, then the strength of sin is the law, which is ever a strong open court for the first and last Adam. May

Satan take advantage of those who would instruct the ignorant into rebellion."

"Would you blind the mind of mortal man because plain speech enlightens him? Who would then hold fast to intellect?" asked Mr. Lovejoy softly, knowing that the Leech's fiery nature knew no bounds when riled, but was capable of being reasoned with, through logic."

"It's little use to mollify damnation with phraseology; it is better to warn you that mob fury will use you as an instrument. But here comes the Stage; keep silent on this night."

"The Lord be with you and bless you," whispered Mr. Lovejoy, feeling his strength returning.

"Tut! Blessings mean nothing to me," answered the Leech riding away. "I am a free thinker and I damn the churches, but I believe in trial; tomorrow every mother's son will seek me. Believe me, the grog shops are responsible for this night's fracas."

As he awaited the coming of the Stage, Mr. Lovejoy gave earnest thanks that he was still in flesh to carry on his righteous labor. If

Jack-whet-stones and the Hurrah Boys could only have look into the future, would they have hesitated?

As the stage coach flashed its yellow light upon the Editor, many hands reached out and drew him within the coach, where he related his grievous adventure: "Truth and order is crying out at every door, but even though I suffer abuse, my work must go on."

"Even though, like Paracelsus, your work quickens with your death?" inquired a voice from the driver's high seat.

"Even so, Abe Lincoln," responded the Editor.

The Stage had proceeded painfully along with plenty of yellow clay clogging its progress, when the wheels suddenly ceased turning. The dignitaries of the State cheerfully jumped out and helped to lift the heavy Stage from its rut with the long propellers.

Abe Lincoln seemed to be the strength of the party and with droll humor plied and pulled, until the Stage was free from adherence.

"Is it to work and suffer in order to live,

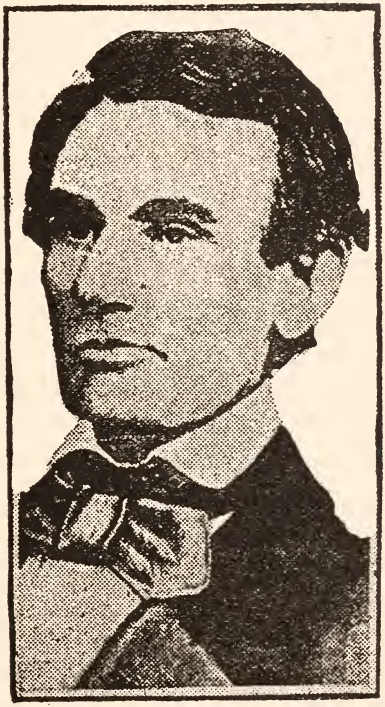
or is it to live in order to suffer and work," cried he; "there are times when life seems a joke, for the unexpected is ever happening, such as Coup's Creek swamping the august court and delaying action on important matters. This tramp through slush and mire ought to make better laws for traffic in Illinois," remarked Abe to the driver, as he dangled his long legs over the side of the coach.

"Wot ye said ez true, Abe," answered Old George, the driver; "I hev druv this stage nigh twenty odd years without accident, lettin' ruts alone; an' I must say the gentry ar' fine men to 'sociate with. Gid-up, Dobbin! Ter th' left, kant yer see th' creek thet side; run th' propeller out thet way, Abe. Coup's Creek dribbles all th' way down ter Alton and w'en th' railroad is built, th' town will hev ter harness Piasa Creek into a tunnel, unless th' city stays ter th' East o' Hunter's Addition."

"Right you are, George; these twenty odd years are not for naught."

"Th' poor man helps th' great," answered George, pertly.

LINCOLN AT 18



"And the great man helps the poor, too, George, for after all, it is all for State, and *not for party*; is not that so, Mr. Lovejoy?" cried Abe Lincoln, leaning his length of body far over the side of the coach and addressing those within.

Instead of Mr. Lovejoy answering, another voice responded:

"Nature furnishes freshets to inspire man into inventing ways and means for navigation; it might even be called a 'coup de grace,' which must needs be civilized within bounds of systemization, eh, Abe?"

"Even the rubbish barrel is not to be despised, since Blackstone's Commentaries once honored it. But the Sangamon channel must be straightened, sir, to do away with overflow," replied Abe, laughingly.

"You stick to your point I see, Abe, until gained," laughed Mr. Dubois. "Keep on listening to the speeches of Dan'l Webster, who would give fit food to digest, and to Calhoun, who deceitfully tells us that his religious training forbids this or that. How *can* Calhoun ex-

pect a tiger from the jungle to become a domesticated cat or a grey wolf a lap dog. Am I doing him an injustice, knowing he was planted under the paternal tree of John Randolph and is endeavoring to avoid a panic?''

''The court would sleep,'' reminded George, reigning his team into a gentle trot.

''Aye! Aye!'' replied Abe, righting his long body with surprising agility into an upright position, thereby showing athletic prowess.

''An' ere the mouse fell from the ceiling the cat cried 'Allah! Allah!' '' mused he suggestively.

''When you are boosted into the legislature, Abe, don't let the whip hang too high,'' chuckled Old George, cracking his whip by way of expression.

''I am studying life itself, while I work in the fields reaping and sowing.''

''An' none can do it better'n you, Abe; wrestlin' an' runnin' is great sport, ain't it, eh?''

''Work is the greatest problem of life; to some it is an unknown quantity.''

"The court is still sleeping," came a voice from the inner coach. "Hold a bit, George; I wish to come up between you two," and Mr. Lovejoy, still stiff and sore from his recent experience, was soon comfortably seated between the two. "They will have a busy day tomorrow," said he, turning to Abe Lincoln.

"Aye! Aye! And opinion has been agitating ever since Illinois became a State; a sovereign State it is at that, which the ordinance of 1787 should restrict; at some day distant Stephen A. Douglas will debate with me and not find me wanting. His 'squatter sovereignty' is in the embryo, for it is but an abrogation of the Missouri Compromise.

John Quincy Adams once presented a petition of more than 100,000 free men and the following year called for a million. England gave $1,000,000 for her West Indies and it is for such a point that the *Philanthropist,* the *Liberator* and the *Observer* are so industriously working. Oh, the fearful traffic that is licensed under the shadows of the Capitol walls, representing 'force' in our free country!

The legislature of 1822–3, passing its resolution, was voiced by its people, and the following year, it reached far into history, for squatter sovereignty was then promulgated. In my opinion it is linguistic drubbing (a sane and sound way to reach the masses) that lights up the pathway of life. Liberty might constitute one thing needful for success, which after all is somewhat cynical when it says, 'Get on, get honor, get honest.' "

"You are holding on to Christian sentiments, Abe."

"I am only holding on fast to what has been given me, Editor."

Side by side sat these two men both with hearts of humanity, but neither aware that one was to weld the instrument and the other to apply it; or that over each head rested a shadowy crown.

A few days later Mr. Lovejoy overtook the Kid-gloved Leech riding on well-drenched saddle bags. In answer to a query, the Leech re-

plied: "I've been among the Camelites and was sound asleep coming home and the nag took me across a freshet to waken me. Mr. Lovejoy, these reformed Shakers are a dangerous people; they carry the softness of a tarrying John with Peter's coinage of words. Their mission is to save men from the sin of Adam by arranged living. They need a strong brew of herbs for their liver, to waken them from their myths and traditions by which they hope to reform the world. They call you, Editor, a disturber. Tarry not among these people for they will bode no good."

"Your advice comes too late," and Mr. Lovejoy related the rough indignities and brutality of a few days since.

"Our young men should disappear for three years into the vortex of grinding military service. They need the iron hand of work, though some may say it is legalized murder. They would then fulfill a prophecy, that of the 'survival of the fittest.'

"Yes," mused on the Leech, "nature only

differs in seal and print, for it daily violates 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' "

"I see much, hear much, know much of life; but one must not whisper moral and political reform to death. Time will cure it all. Henry Clay, from a hemp country, loves protection. He knows far better than the majority the value of the social and economical life of North and South, so he aims an arrow at willful Carolina, as an example. I strongly contend that fear rules the man lower down on the ladder of life, and that the past holds old men too often in its grasp. They resemble Moses and Aaron in no small degree; they are indifferent to political liberty, saying that belongs to England, but its corner-stone originated in France. America is America.

Predigested food is not nourishing in the long run and the complex question of the day is, who will tie the wheat bag at both ends, knowing such an act will breed a spirit of lawlessness."

"This is the end for which the *Observer* works, Leech; its subscription already reaches

2,000,'' explained the Editor. ''Anti-societies show the country's indignation, and Rev. Graves is eloquent with joy, likewise Jimmy Morgan, Pappy Beall, Father Sidway and the religious Nancy Braznell, whose church work never tires.''

''Squire Brown tells me my peer, Dr. Will, though a humanitarian, strongly believes in slavery, though he says color of skin should not make a man a chattel. He is modest enough to run his own distillery, which Father Cartright calls 'Ezekiel, eight chapter.' The parson believes in people searching the scriptures and says to read from the 'seventh to the tenth' verse to understand the gist.

''Dr. Will is a disciple of the Peruvian bark and also itinerant preacher, if needs be. He drinks sage and sassafras on his trips, with seeming relish and even the doleful Camelites worship him, but they will not read the *Observer.*''

''But American citizens are eagerly calling for the press East and West; they want to know about the founder and apostle, viz., Clay

and Webster; what Benton is doing; what Calhoun thinks. Horace Greeley though a young lad when the Missouri Compromise was adopted, has the brain of a man and now the New York Tribune is eagerly read by the masses; it has made itself a needed fact and its circulation grows; it teaches the young generation how to unbuckle the shoes of slavery through organization and the studying of its requirements,'' replied the Editor, parting with the Leech.

Later Congress was petitioned to listen to the views of religious agitation; then it was that Asa Turner and Edward Beecher converted many into the way of right thinking.

''I will never retract one word,'' wrote the now encouraged *Observer.* ''I will follow my course and go on.''

One David Nelson, a fearful apostle of the cause, appointed Owen Lovejoy to take up his work, should he be overtaken by opponents. ''Let the anointing received, abide in you; ye need not that any man should teach you, for the

anointing is true even as it is taught you by the Yale band."

"Truly the eyes of the people are opening to the light."

CHAPTER XIV.

"God is that, which has never begun to be"
—Old Latin.

"Flow deeply, broad river, among thy green banks;
Flow deeply, broad river, to God give thy thanks;
Fair Alton doth slumber, lulled sweet by thy stream;
Flow deeply, broad river, and vision her dream.

How high, verdant Alton, rise thy neighboring hills,
Long marked by the traverse of flower bordered rills
Where lovers doth wander, when the moon rises high
To tell of sweet longings by the glance of the eye."

In its early days, Alton was a town of home-spun and Valencia. Its inhabitants were of that lotus-eating nature, that wander carelessly

through forests of maple, elm and oak, or stoop to pluck sweet clover ere they reached the banks of the mighty Mississippi, which the Choctaws called "Mishasipokani" (Beyond the Ages).

The myths of Alton were Ouatoga and the Piasa Bird, about whom the grandsires wove many colored yarns.

Alton held many religious minds, whose offspring could conjugated sin's adjective "idleness" glibly, without limiting it.

These Jack-whet-stones had long since left Virtue's path but were considered as possible reforms.

This band eagerly sought information no matter where.

"Indulgence can no longer be given Bub Jones; he'd best return to Pain Court," ran a public placard in Hall's store. With hob nailed boots, Marseiles vest, and kentucky jeans Bub Jones read as he ran, but the spirit he left behind him boded no good, for he had many imitators; and to show their bravado, Jack-whet-stones sang a song called "Truth."

"Is not the land made for the free:
Te he: te he:
Our pranks are open, so what care we;
Te he: te he."

Jack-whet-stone also had a secret code, at which the city fathers wrinkled up their brows in stern reproval, by warning some favorite son to "keep his finger out'n th' pie, lest he pull out a thorn:"

Bub Jones was the devil's helper however and carried a long handled spoon of gold, which gossip said belonged to a well known bandit of the south: Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" flourished as great mental food and "The Backwood's Magazine" was full of pith, if point was lacking.

Many a parson enlightened his audience by reading from some welcome paper the news of the times and its anticipations. Rev. Graves exploited such a message from the Boston Recorder; "Enrich Kingsbury, pioneer of eastern Illinois, says by all means to preach to the negro, and he will soon respond in moral know-

ledge and manhood. Freedom is freedom's 'sweetest sauce.'

Anthony Benezt of France and Granville Sharp of England once cried for succor, but their cries died a cat's death. So.'' continued the parson, ''up springs the *Observer* all a-bristle with sharp news.''

Having thus skillfully brought the subject before his audience, the parson allowed time for their ''Pros and Cons,'' then cut argument short, by broaching religion, to wind up the meeting:

''Now, let all give liberally to the Lord, for his cause is good. Amen,'' cried he.

While he was lustily singing ''Praise God from all blessings flow,'' his deacons passed their hats for odd coins and what-nots, saying ''th' parson is well primed with hog an' hominy hisself, so guv ter th' lord hisself.''

Having collected a motley array of contributions, the Parson announced a meeting for the following week.

''Rail-splitting, barn-raising and wood-chopping with inter-sperse hand-shaking and

praise." His audience nodded their heads approvingly.

About this time Alton began to yearn for the State capital, which was denied it; but the State assigned it a stone penitentiary skirting the banks of the river.

This site was most accessable for escape as was proved by the following news item: "Escaped—Maybe—22 years old, white when not sunburned, red head, when not shaved, bad countenance, seeing it has been well poxed with cow-pits. Reward—2 bushel of corn; he most likely is in 'Paine Court' by now; if he's there, let him stay—he jumped in the river and escaped.

This laconic notice is a "sufficient hint;" said wise heads. "For weuns doan need no comstable savin David, wen he's not splittin' rails, he ken dangle law enuff fur us, we prefur ter eat a barrel o' salt with our enemies, while hopin ter reform em."

Fellows in-law Murdock and Linder mildly acquiesced, when it behooved David to consult

Johnstone's dictionary on law, or go to Deacon Long.

But it soon became necessary for the city to have a mouth piece and Mayor Krum of St. Louis was called to be Alton's Municipal father. He was a man of most polite bearing and enduring patience; tho an Autocrat he was not an extremist, for Gamble, Geyer and Lawless had tutored him in legal byways; he was therefore an exponent of men that forced respect through legal knowledge.

His maiden speech was made atop a deal table, with much cheering and little order.

"Citizens," he said: "I was riding the circuit not long since as judge of the probate court, Alton then only boasted of 1000 souls; it slept with a clear conscience, for it had that virginity of mind that begets mercy; it had no bad habits therefore no malice; such was the peaceful town of which I am now Mayor." Now may I declare "Let sleeping dogs lie" it is a saying well worth some thought, for disappointment as well as praise will often melt a medal into a bullet; while a youth may become an inspired Hannible

or a Scipio, the adult mind knows better than to rule by terror or inquisition; he rather suggests instead of commanding; we elders know that honey will catch more flies than vinegar, and that the net will hold large flies safely, whereas the small ones fall through.

Alton is still a small town, therefore one constable and one justice will suit present needs.'' Concluded the mouthpiece of Alton: Though admitted to the Supreme Court of Missouri, Mayor Krum was really no politician, since he failed to protect his office by the safety of a council, until too late. In this neglect, he thought to show his confidence toward the middle class of people.

But the irony of fate ever casts its shadow before, and ere long, the Mayor beheld idleness and sloth sapping the vitality of the embryo citizens to such extent, that he wept before his neighbors Willard and Clawson.

''If they'd use the sixth sense,'' urged Dr. Stanton who dropped in, ''many could blot out the finger prints of nature, for when a man

blinks he then begins to think, and 'Think' is the sixth sense."

"But five is a fixed and sacred number" answered his listeners indulgently humoring his whim.

"Read the *Observer*" answered he "And wake to impending danger of breeding from lack of thought, which is like a sun dial, it casts a long shadow."

"The *Observer* is like a joke" remarked a smart Yankee present; "It is probing, pruning and sawing lumber with a whip saw, and a joke is an instrument with which a whip saw cuts into the vitals. It would make this world a Golgotha rejoicing over a qoundam heap of skulls."

The time seemed now ripe for Rev. Beecher to mount the pulpit of his church and mention Colonization and Anti-slavery societies as useless adjuncts to the mighty cause that was fearlessly marching on its way, despite the talk of two brothers of the cloth, who vigorously railed at the *Observer*.

The Mayor was advised to have arms stack-

ed outside Uriah Rector's house to be ready for action as the question reverted once more to the main motion "Shall the press be taken to Quincy?"

"I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery and by the blessing of God, I will never retract one word; as long as I am an American citizen, as long as American blood flows in my veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, write or publish whatever I so will on any subject, being amendable only to the laws of my country for the same. Should the press be again destroyed, it can be reset; America is not a modern Pharaoh; it is not deaf to the voice of Justice."

Scathing remarks began to run rampant and the scum of the people eagerly held its dregs to the lips of respectability crying:

"Drink and in its lees behold the course of evolution: the ape, the baboon, the negro, the quadroon, the octoroon; *here this family ends,* while the white race has always begun to be."

Every wood pile held an impromptu orator, every corner its Socrates, the taunts of a Cicero became public food upon which many frenzied

families grew gaunt through neglect; while their belligerent sires fed well on revenge brewed from drink.

Into the once peaceful sheep-fold, there had crept the grim wolf "Intolerance," for the shepherd of the fold was sleeping and the beautiful theme of brotherly love as preached by Dr. Nelson became but a lost phantasy.

About this time, the voice of heaven thundered in the invention of the "Cotton-gin;" A prophet had arisen: territorial laws of 1807 were vigorously hunted up *"the slave was entailed property,* their bondage was irrevocable."

Should this giant of Alex Whitaker be allowed to walk? but "The Fifth Seal" had been broken, and like Luther at the Diet of Worms, Elijah Lovejoy felt the scales of justification balanced heavily on value.

"As Pinkney cried to Maryland in 1789; I will not retract; for no master has a right to hold his slave in bondage; the Revolution gave all people Freedom on American soil, regardless of color."

In this speech *did* Mr. Lovejoy pass the psychic line separating Emancipation from Abolitionism?

He visited the celebrated Yale Band, where he again encountered the problemic Abe Lincoln; like ships passing in the night each saluted, with hand-clasps; thus it is that soul ever cements soul in a sacred cause.

Anti-Slavery societies and Friends of Inquiry sprang up spontaneously throughout Illinois. The latter expounded the laws to whomsoever sought knowledge.

Rev. Beecher was besought to head this latter society and many commended his consideration, inasmuch as many citizens hesitated to jeopardize their lives by becoming voluntary commentators on the slave question.

They saw in Mr. Lovejoy, a life dedicated to the Ideal of Liberty's best product, but could they roll away that big stone called "Lax Law" which many a Divine had chiseled with stern assiduity?

An evening paper wrote:

"Christianity never makes a change of

heart, it is the spirit and *Understanding* of the scriptures that says 'Believe and thou shalt be saved.' Is not that law enough. Boil and bubble, simmer and skim, until the appetite wets for more. Is life just a witches broth, after all because flame points beneath turn it into human gore?''

Do not those who tread the winepress of sorrows with tireless feet alone, know the great secrets of life.?

This argument appealed to many staunch men who called a meeting and created the following resolution: ''Resolved unanimously, that should any party or set of men infringe upon the peace of the public between the adjournment and reassembling of any meeting, we the citizens will aid to the utmost in maintaining the law.''

''Will these resolutions be interpreted aright?'' asked Mr. Gilman, upon reading this report. ''I know Joel Parker, Rev. Hogan and Rev. Peck were there to exploit the value of the law, since they always declared that church and state should never unite; can this

be a veiled attack upon the moral reform now sweeping over the country." Though all prayer meetings gathered together many craven spirits, whose sullen countenances bespoke the lack of God within, the intrinsic value of the scriptures remained unchanged; for as leaves often hide fruitage, so the personality of God and man, differ only in their earthly degree. Mr. Lovejoy was chosen as a divine instrument to break the Fifth Seal. Rev. Graves, a close friend of the Editor, beheld many young men becoming cats-paws of evil men; handbills of inflammable nature were scattered around by men, who could neither read nor write, on their way to work. This was used as pretext; for upon reproaching these citizens, Rev. Graves discovered no evil intention in their act. "See yon rat hole," said he by the way of example; "It catches many a foot."

"Aye Sir, but weuns ar' poor, an' must humor th' rich, though in ourn opinion they'd disgrace a pigsty."

"You are primitive christians though and I advise you not to peer into rat holes while

drinking your pint measure like yonder loafer, who goes by singing, 'I Want to Be An Angel,' taught him in childhood, with no sacred meaning whatever.''

''When the tea-cup usurps the wine cup, then only will God reign upon earth,'' mused the good Parson, going on his way thoughtfully.

In one hand the Parson carried a tract issued by a leading Divine, who thus hoped to reform the many human leeches that crawled up healthy vines like caterpillers, only to destroy life.

How like lampreys ever sticking, but biting like fleas are all jugglers of politics; yet history hands down to us that beautiful inscription hung in Exeter Hall; ''Fate has ever proven that the good, the true, and the beautiful will always be.''

CHAPTER XV.

"*It thundered and the people said an angel spake.*"—Holy scripture.

Since appreciation of American citizenship impelled freedom and inspired independence, Mr. Lovejoy did not misconstrue their relationship in being aught but righteous.

Virginians called abolitionists, nullifiers; and nullifiers, secessionists.

"Who will plow our fields, hitch up our hosses; free the slave, huh! he'll no longer work, he'd be but an empty sack."

Thaddeus Stevens, strong in the theory of legislature and constitution, bought a country for the slaves, but would they go hence? Like many he posed as an anti-slavery whip, while daily thanking God that Gutenberg invented printing, so that knowledge could be spread broad-cast, like seed upon Egyptian soil. Thus he hoped to exploit himself as an auxiliary, be whatever way politics might take its turn.

This reminded Virginia that it did not mind a bit of slander, for it knew neither congress

nor yet legislature could liberate the slave without violating the constitution.

It behooved Calhoun at this time to add a postscript to her thought:

"Congress can not pass a law abolishing slavery in the district of Columbia; but in order to survive, the Union must secede; this thought opened up Pandora's box, letting out the military form of the great Thos. Benton, whose tones of thunder sounded far and near.

"How dare you try to dry up the marrow of our country, because of fiery disappointment. Havoc! I cry, let loose the dogs of war." To this, Calhoun assidiously replied:

"I am no traitor to my country, when I declare its future belongs to the Abolitionists! oh! my country my country" he cried dramatically launching forth in fiery protest: "Slavery is a State Institution, with which the Federal government should never meddle; mechanics and artisans are the enemies of slavery: Annex Texas to strengthen the Union and forsooth the South: know you not, that a Republic falls when slave and free states are equal?"

Having so declared himself, the great Nullifier grew shadowy, for at this period Webster and Clay were clasping hands over the presidential chair, and disappointment stalked their way.

Then it was that Mr. Webster sought his Ohio farm and later passed on to St. Louis. This dark-browed disciple of Hamilton, wished to see with his own eyes the human traffic menacing the West. In Lucas' Grove, he had ample magnitude to view a mighty carousal that brought from the country, far and near, a mass of motley people. The great Orator was duly impressed by the law of evidence, that threaded each life with its rotten warp; this warp was not alone poverty of understanding but, poverty of moral fitness.

"But I bless the military chair for tying the bag at both ends, in order to give the appearance of prosperity," said he reflectively. "If Virginia would come under the code of 1789, the West would envalue itself.

Only ten years ago, since the Pioneer came on flat-boats from Pittsburgh; and now, the 'Lin-

dell' floats gaily bedecked with travelers to this new West; its Captain, an Englishman, has grown rich through slave trade; he is said to be a kind man to them; well do I recall the time when New York adopted the constitution, and that vivid spectacle of ten white horses drawing its ship of state through muddy streets. Triumphant New York bowed her head, as thirteen clocks chimed in unison and great was the rejoicing that no longer need she make sugar out of hickory. Today, America will not countenance a King George's profligacy, though it strives to variegate the color of the West."

It was indeed true that the West was chiseled out by a sculptor known as twenty-six states to pay off the revolutionary debt.

Now Dan'l Webster had great persuasive powers, and though of far weaker will than Henry Clay, he was a greater expounder of the truth; he impressed the masses through his innate knowledge, into thinking his way. His tones mellowed or thundered their way into the hearts of listening people; he never ridiculed the less informed, for he recalled his own days,

when he was a butt of ridicule. He believed firmly in the proverb of Phillips Academy: "Never muzzle the oxen, when they are pressing out the corn."

So he spoke with the back-woods-man, as a man who would never retract, though the back-woods-man might carry the tooth-pick of "Coligny" twixt tooth and tooth with great distinction, as to purpose. An unkempt philosopher like John Rifle, though hard and horny of hand, could plant the seeds of agitation with great wholesome truth, and a descendent of Moses Embree, could write sharply upon the labor question, knowing that thousands toiled on in economic labor. Mr. Webster also held a timely letter sent by Mr. Cheny advocating the sale of public lands to be used for the purpose of the liberated Slaves of America.

"But the time is not ripe," cried Mr. Webster. "America cannot afford to pay millions for her slaves as England did. The son of Ham is worth more bound than free; politicans are now agitating this question, and though their conscience suffers greatly from it, they cannot

coerce silence; I know of nothing in the constitution that will stop the explosion that ever follows Truth."

Mr. Webster was most conversant with all ethics pertaining to industrial government; he knew the times were full of pummelling and force; when the rabble shouted "Settle things," he knew it meant the knife, followed by the requiem of "God rest his soul."

Did Mr. Webster in his own hour of disappointment realize Pompey's sad feelings, in these words: "More worship the rising than the setting sun."

Mr. Webster passed over into Illinois, despite Thos. Lippincott's fiery hand-bills, where he interviewed the famous Yale Band on the wording (as they understood it) of the constitution. As a result of this visit, Mr. Webster was as widely quoted as was Father Cartright: "fur he's better eddicated," said the backwoodsman.

It was indeed true that Webster's great Hanover speech was as a mole hill to his later profundity of thought.

About this time, Abe Lincoln was forking hay equal to six men and also stumping the country and eating mince pie; His wit and wisdom caused Billy Green of New Salem to declare: "When Abe comes into his own, I shall carve his profile on yonder oak tree to commemorate the North, leaving space on the South for his opponent."

Knowing that early St. Louis believed more in Tom Paine than the Bible, it is probable, that Mr. Webster failed utterly in his endeavor to locate Satan during his western tour, for the anti-slavery societies were busy during that time, and the fiat of "Hard times" had sent forth this cry; "Flour $15 a barrel;" "Pork $10 hundred weight;" "agriculture devoid of results." Men were busy spoutin' politics, in their mad hunt for the rainbow of pottage; simplicity of living was a well known fact to the "Liberty" meeting held in the "Lord's Barn" in Quincy, where the Yale Band organized as best they could their famous "Epoch of Reform" throughout the State of Illinois.

Farmers grew skeptical as to an untimate

living for their families. It was "Talkin', talkin', here there and everywhere." They desired a mouth-piece, that would know how to express their best wishes; "Abe Lincoln shall be the man, for Ninian Edwards is no longer on earth." But Abe Lincoln begged them "not to let the mildew rust plow nor pick, because England was sending over cheap products."

Flaming hand-bills announced this speech of Lincoln's called "The Economy of Labor."

"An sich talk, I never hope ter hear agin:" quoth the farmer fondly.

"Full o' labor and capital, wage an' profits: an' after mixing it up well, he called it the 'Health of agriculture,' which makes the rich man richer, an' by jove th' poor man poorer.

He reminded us thet manufacturin' blotted out th' cabin, but replaced it with a mansion: then as a pacifier he said; but who ken discern th' taste o' racoon from thet o' lamb, when th' results ar' th' same."

So the Sangamon farmer hunted up his American Precepter and read Bunyan's "Ladies Accident;" saying they were "neces-

sary'' adjuncts of a home; then for educational advantages gained through daily news, he subscribed for the *paper edited by Mr. Lovejoy.*

Did not this paper crystalize the spirit of the West, as did the Liberator of Boston, The Philanthropist of Cincinnati and the Emancipationist of New York?

Quincy, Galesburg, Waverly, Pleasant Groves, Washington, Sand Prairie, Peoria, Fairfield, Springfield, Tarrytown, Pekin, Jacksonville and Alton met in a mighty convention October 26, 1837.

Nut-shelled the gist of this meeting might be sized up thus: ''Human rights, the removal of the Press, the right of exercising moral influence.''

This noteworthy convention was opened by Mr. Lovejoy himself, while Rev. Blackburn acted as Chairman, with Rev. Graves chosen as Sec'y pro tem.

After earnest prayer, the meeting declared its principles.

''The system of American slavery is a stig-

ma, and we must co-operate together in expunging it from our country's records."

Sixteen counties enrolled and discussion was conducted by parliamentary procedure. Rev. Beecher, Mr. Turner and Mr. Linder were asked to appoint a committee on convention work. The Friends of Inquiry running through its motive, reported thus: "Resolved that Congress has no right to abolish slavery, the legislature in any state has no right to emancipate the slave without knowing that municipal regulations differ in every state. Abolishment of slavery means civil war."

Mr. Linder moved for a committee of the whole, and thus gave all citizens a chance to talk; the result showed nine resolutions were then open for discussion; of which, the second mentioned the slave as private property, for which compensation should be paid, if liberated; basing this privilege upon the fundamental principles of the United States.

Did Illinois hold a curative legislation for its slave-holding sister state "Missouri?"

"Should Mr. Lovejoy longer associate himself with Alton newspapers?"

These questions were asked by a kinsman of Ninian Edwards and ably seconded by Mr. Linder, whose slanted eye-brows bespoke approval: "Shall we put it to vote?" casting a cutting glance in Rev. Beecher's direction:

"There stands a churchman and a patriot too," for he knew this gentleman's attitude toward right and apprehended it by adding:

"But he belongs to Morgan County."

"True," replied the pastor, "but common consent should ever carry weight in Illinois, if it voices the Will of the people.

"But according to legal procedure you cannot vote in this county."

This was followed by remarks about Mr. Lovejoy falsifying his original contract when he came over into Illinois.

"Pooh! gentlemen his paper is like a scorching iron and causes much spleen; I say let lawyers to their quarrels and preachers to their people's sins," cried an angry voice.

This interruption did not interfere with the

lawyer's remarks in the least, for he calmly went on:

"The interests and privileges of all citizens appeal to me for it is through their quibbles and combats that I have discovered that the greatest maximum of calculation is quite as important as a minimum of error: 'I find the abstract principles of Jeffersonian theories greatly affect the intellect of those not trained to counselorship, by any far fetched decision of an editorial column as viewed by their august eyes, while the stump claims still smaller privileges. Let Mr. Lovejoy speak again."

"In Jefferson's speech, behold the picture of the half bleached face of the slave, called Amalgamation. Was he considered a fanatic, because he dared to prophesy; this fact 'I tremble for my country, when I consider God is just and that justice never sleeps;' numbers, nature and natural causes all will revolve the wheels of time until the stiuation will prove the Justice of God's law. I therefore strongly respect constitutional laws."

This reply did not prove that Mr. Lovejoy was full of colonial bigotry, because he quoted political science to abet his cause. Should the Editor be put into a straight jacket, because he had become like a pillar of fire?

Much confusion as to promulgated ways arose and it remained for the Mayor to quell the turmoil by cries of:

"Peace! Don't let agitation grasp the city; social, pecuniary and political influences will protect the South, though it feels much duty is owing the North.

Public opinion is ever the weight of balance, but should it revise the constitution in order to reflect the spirit of 1778."

It was true Capitol controled the Negro, whose fear beset life reached far back into the lion-hunted forests of Africa, fully one thousand years, when personal safety was his only asset. Priests of cotton were despots of the whip, who knew that every spike driven into southern soil meant a nail in the coffin of slavery.

Rev. Beecher arose and pleaded like a mod-

ern Simonides for the Cross: "Let not the river of agitation sink into the significance of a creek; keep the down-trodden slave in ignorance and he will be devoid of conscience, he will also know no law." Many stool pigeons stood far back blinking like catamounts, and declaring Mr. Lovejoy to be but a pliant tool of the East.

"I fear his work will only quicken after his death" remarked a brother in cloth sadly.

Many white people of the flesh eating, whiskey-drinking tobacco-chewing class drifted into hear these men plead the Editor's cause, but their faculties were stunted by riotous living and they were too strongly swayed by their ponderous leaders to heed aught but the will of self.

During one of these meetings, when words burned deeply into the cause of right, a man entered who was looked up to with much respect as to opinion: He claimed to be a great friend of Mr. Lovejoy's cause.

When the audience was urged to join the Editor's cause, this man began to fumble with his kid gloves in nervous trepidation, half rising

to go forward; suddenly he sank back in his chair, his countenance bearing the look of one who had unexpectedly plunged his foot into hot water.

Had Mr. Lovejoy not been a man of great moral courage, he would have succumbed to the shock, of seing a quondam friend deny him succor. "Tue Quoque."

CHAPTER XVI.

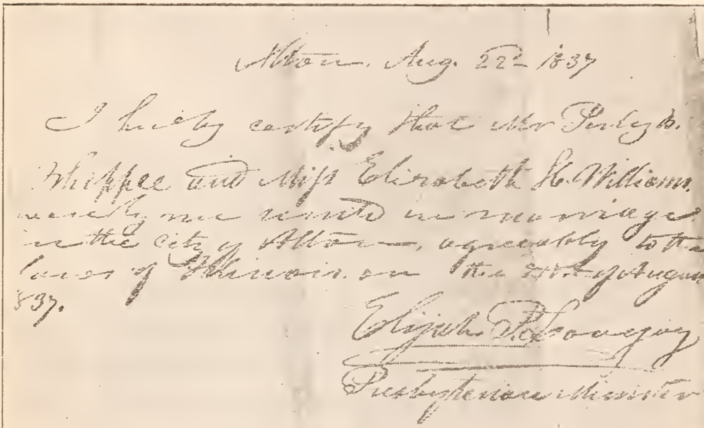
"Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadows, I will fear no evil."—Psalms.

The hour was late yet his work was most pressing: Mr. Lovejoy looked thoughtfully over the reports of a meeting held at the home of Mr. Hulburt, where the Illinois Anti-Slavery Society had used the "preamble" as their cornerstone.

There had been entered in its minutes the sentiments of the Editor and the names of the following officers: President, Elihu Wolcott, Jacksonville; Vice-Presidents, H. Coomis, H. Snow, T. Powell, F. Colt and A. Russell; Board of Managers, eight; Executive Committee, five; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Lovejoy, also on the Executive Committee; Recording Secretary, Mr. Hulburt; Treasurers, T. Whipple and S. E. Moore; Signatures, fifty-five.

"Thus is fledged for flight, God's great work," whispered the Editor to himself. "Human happiness, primal chastity, control of corporal and intellectual powers, esteem

and relation of legislatures; all are subject to the Preamble of the Constitution; whereby the most high God hath made of one blood, all men who dwell upon the face of the earth; so, thought Franklin, framer of the Constitution; so thought Jefferson, author


Alton, Aug. 22d 1837
I hereby certify that Mr Perley B.
Whipple and Miss Elizabeth H. Williams
were by me united in marriage
in the city of Alton, agreeably to the
laws of Illinois, on the 22d of August
1837.
Elijah P. Lovejoy
Presbyterian Minister

The Hand-Writing of Elijah Lovejoy.

of the Declaration of Independence; how its morale is sweeping the East through the conservative 'Times,' whose blood-hounds have

long sniffed at the heels of slavery; lullabies are murmured by various hand maidens, since the Tribune began to weave its logic in with a stronger warp. The polar needle of politics has given to slavery a large scope."

In his span of tumultuous life, did Mr. Lovejoy give to his associates any of his own attributes or did he crystallize them into statuesque figures with no red blood coursing through their arteries? could he give them his own vitalization?

He knew that all Epochs of reform were full of virile men, and that responsible people sweetened its core.

If interests failed to reconcile collective people, some compromise might smooth out the difficulty: he knew the *Observer* was a popular paper; should it die or should persecution remove it to the center of the State?

Reports had been brought him of a mass meeting held far out in the suburbs of the city, where quavering Grandsires posed as speakers.

"Woe! woe! is hanging over the fair city of Alton. The cry o' th' Piasa Bird is heard again,

an' in the settin' sun's rays behold the glitter of its crest; the press is too allurin' fur th' young, they learn ter catch darkness too soon by th' throat, without bein' eddicated how to do so. Tannin' leather is a trade that don't require eddication, but weuns ar' covetous ez to breed; even wen th' poor law of 1610 poured emigration into America, Virginia elbowed fur them ter cum thar; it knew Rachael and Leah would git ter quarrelin', an' so they did, but they ended it all by passing two Indian Arrows to th' king; which they called a curtailed sermon. Agitation makes us old uns live on stubble instead o' corn."

Then cried out another city father who happened in there:

"Why harp on past experience, what happens to the wise, also happens to the fool. The laws of 'Moses,' suited 'Solon and suited Justinian and Charlemagne;' so why nibble at things afar off. It is not hunger, that produces the worker, *it is appetite;* the young ever reviles religion as brambles, and christianity as thistles, little knowing the sting is the same; know you

after every forced attendance at prayer meeting our youth runs swiftly past the hitching posts in front of the city hall crying 'They form a cross.' That is the working of their conscience, is all."

In the quiet of that night, the Editor took his pen in hand and wrote a fitting response, showing his skill in clearing vantage ground by subtiety.

"That the child may become father to the man, by explanation means that education is capable of restoring mental vigor, such as all new countries require in order to progress. So the rank and file of humanity require perfect union with a permanent basis of sound thinking through education."

As the night wore on apace, the world grew very still; suddenly, there came a vigorous knocking, and without ado, the door was flung violently open, and two men stood within; their appearance was most evil; the Editor rose up in great apprehension, asking their mission.

"We are Belle and Little of Mississippi as

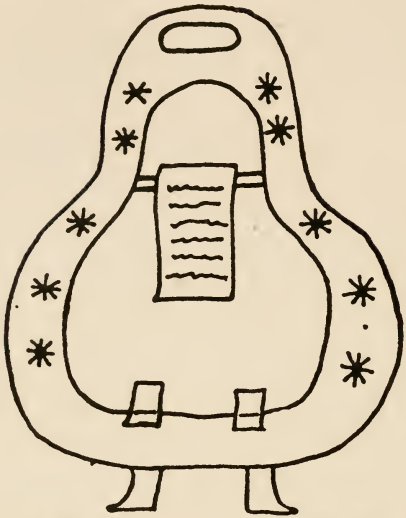
you know, and we want the Press," answered the spokesman assuming a most threatening manner.

"The press is not here, as you know."

"We ar' white like yourself, and won't longer tolerate amalgamation, such ez you would hev our families labeled with. We have been lowered by you cuttin and dryin our course, that is of value to weuns, if we holds fast; *we want the press* an' we want the Editor too."

Suiting purpose to words, they grabbed the Editor with unsteady hands, endeavoring to drag him outside; but his lusty cry soon brought a house-guest to his rescue; there was considerable scuffle, but finally the two men succeeded in throwing the drunken men over the door-sill and barred the door; shadowy forms immediately came forth from under cover and a torrent of abuse profaned the air without; with derisive howls the gang finally left the vicinity crying:

"The Press, The Press, to the river with the Press."



The Last Hand-Press (Washington) is
a Trophy of Alton, Illinois.
Recovered by the Spark's Milling Co., 1916, Alton, Ill.

As a result of this night's ferment, the following morning showed that the press had again disappeared. Then it was that the news went forth that Editor Lovejoy had handed in his resignation to a morning newspaper of the city.

This fact was, however, nipped in the bud by a brother of the cloth happening in at the

time when Joe Brown brought the message to the Editor, who sat sorely perplexed as to what was best to do.

"Mr. Lovejoy shall not resign," said this pastor calmly, "his paper is too valuable to die, its crucible test is at hand." So saying the latter coolly pocketed the note.

This action greatly relieved that well-known Editor's conscience, for he was rid of a very disagreeable duty.

"So be it" said he. Again adorned with the glorious robe of Solomon, Mr. Lovejoy lifted up his head explaining tersely:

"It was pressure and anxiety for my family that caused my act."

"I must call a city council," mused the Mayor, pulling his long nose thoughtfully. "There will be another Press forthcoming, if Mr. Lovejoy can stand being stoned like Stephen; there must be newer resolutions formed to avoid cross-purposes such as last night brought forth; though I must say, I never met with a more gentlemany set of rowdies; They will not stand a Socratic questioning however; surely my bed

is not one of roses; but I shall consult friends first."

The Mayor seemed in a quandary; he often appeared reluctant in duty; in reality, he undertook to do *individually what groups should do,* not realizing that he should never seek paternalism in governing a people.

To forbid and to permit are quite important as factors, but are of very different results.

The days following were fraught with a panacea of political anxiety, such as determines all final disasters, that are amenable to criminal laws.

Citizens, though willing to reinstate the Press, murmured hoarsely about fallacious reasoning; in their hearts they felt that it was by this time but a hydra-head of corruption.

The council groaning with despair, had hoped Alton would become a Rock of Ages; finally twenty-five volunteers came forward and offered to stand guard over the next press. Advice floated around as light as thistle-down; but

the gewgaws of ordinance were just veneered dross.

Jack-whet-stones and the Hurrah Boys sought conference together with no interference; their numbers grew with a spontaneous growth. Staunch citizens conferred among themselves, as to how best handle civic laws; no one seemed to have energy enough to declare that legal authority must be installed first.

It was a moment fraught with future ambition for Alton, should it allow the Editor to flee like Paul before Festus?

Striking conditions had selected this fair city of the hills to become a leading western metropolis; the city had awoke from its lethargy too late, albeit through altercation.

The edge of the precipice is always dangerous, still below often lie fertile pastures.

How many often speculate as to chance, even planning routes that lie only on paper, forgetting that it is strategy that finally wins out.

And Alton possessed great strategy in its frontier life, it Indian experience, its lesson from its woods, its swampy sink-holes; but it

was most unwise in the selection of its Leaders, which fact shattered many well-planned schemes. The times hatched out a Paradox. The influx of wrong population was a despoiler, which the city did not grasp but beheld only, as it saw fit. This Paradox might be best represented as a "Floating bridge." What might have been, occurs to many cities which cease to grow; one may kindle at will a Spanish air castle, but to build up a mighty wall or create a standing army requires the master mind of timely men.

CHAPTER XVII.

"When he had opened the 'Fifth Seal,' I saw the souls of them, That were slain for the word of God."—Rev. 6-9.

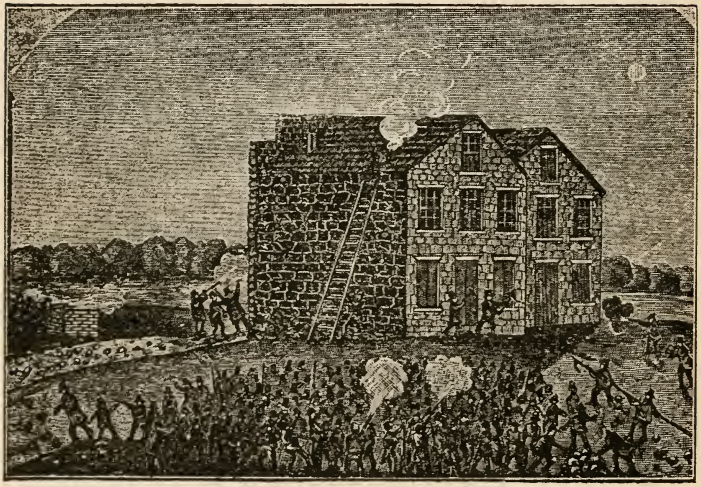
The melancholy days of November hastened toward the new year; its dark days seemed distressed with dubious feelings; The situation, as analyzed, was of most mighty dimensions; the fundamental basis of constitutional free speech seemed of little value compared to the Will of the majority: in cosmic ignorance, Jack-whet-stone gathered up sticks and stones one dark night, and many citizens wore concealed fire-arms, for a fiat had gone forth.
The warehouse of Gilman, awaited the arrival of the last press, around which was soon to be twined a cypress vine.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you for my sake, for so persecuth they the prophets of old."

"But he that over-cometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over all."

"And when he had opened the Fifth Seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God."

Such words were doubtless felt within the hearts of the twenty-five noble defenders within the warehouse that night, who were willing to risk their lives as a testimony of Faith in the noble cause for which Mr. Lovejoy gave his life.



The Ware-House on the Mississippi Where Mr. Lovejoy was Killed.

When the night grew late, the rabble on the river banks grew larger, until to those who peered out of the warehouse chinks they seemed but a collective whole, so massed together were they. The brick warehouse standing so firmly on the north bank of the Mississippi, presented such a well fortified front on the east and north with its closed shutters and solid structure, that those within felt a great assurance of safety, though they kept a watchful eye without.

"These Sadducees outside are servants of the evil one; for a servant knoweth not what the master mind doeth; he is of the world, and he knows that evil cannot cloak sin *in the light.*" So saying and turning away from his volunteers, Mr. Lovejoy inspected the fastenings of the door; while there he heard the Mayor vainly pleading with the mob without: "Desist I beg of you."

"We want the press," they roared back.

"I will never give up the Press," shouted Mr. Lovejoy through the closed door to those without: his words seemed to add further fury

to the now maddened mob, who howled in derision.

"Brothers," cried Mr. Lovejoy to the defenders, "We will stand as the Thermopyle of American freedom; let me repeat what may be my epitaph:

'Whether on the scaffold high,
Or on the battles van;
The noblest place for man to die,
Is when he dies for Man.'

Let these sentiments linger in your hearts forever; and herein may ye bear much fruit, for ye have glorified the father."

"Gentlemen" warned a loud voice from without: "Save yourselves, save yourselves."

With one accord the defenders rushed to the loft where the odor of burning wood was most apparent.

"The roof is afire" cried a defender.

"They have raised ladders to the roof" cried another.

"We shall be caught like rats in a trap" cried a third, fearful of results.

Then they counciled together as one man, and Mr. Lovejoy extolled their bravery in declaring their wish to remain with him to the end.

"But if any one of you wish to depart, you have my sanction."

"We will remain" cried they in one voice, and like faithful mastiffs the men awaited further developments.

"Defenders of Liberty," cried their Leader, "Should the work which I have begun yield to this night's pressure, I will stand by the press alone."

A fire brigade was then quickly formed and seizing a bucket of water, Mr. Lovejoy as leader ran quickly up the ladder leading to the roof and successfully reached the creeping flames; then he turned to crawl back; but the fire had gained headway and was greedily licking its way windward with stifling breath.

Below, the mob was rushing madly to and fro, intent only, upon doing its fiendish work; their number was constantly increasing. The whole town seemed awake and gazing like a

Nero upon the burning building, wherein were housed the faithful few. Suddenly it gasped in horror, for against the blackness of the heavens lit up by advancing flames was outlined a silhouette, that seemed to balance itself on the peaked roof. It was the Editor, who overcome by his efforts rose upright, in endeavoring to return to the loft door in the roof.

A momentary silence ensued, the mob stood at bay; then like the fury of maddened beasts, there arose a howl as of one voice. A howl that only sounds its master tone—DEATH.

A shot rang out on the midnight air, the shot sought its target with faithful aim; under the cover of darkness, a coward's hand had pulled the trigger;

"Whether on the scaffold high
Or on the battles van;
The noblest place for man to die,
Is when he dies for man."

Wounded unto death, the Editor painfully crawled back to the loft opening, where friendly hands quickly drew him within.

They placed him beside his press.

"Greater love hath no man, that he lay down his life for his brothers." said they solemnly. In the faint prayer that came back, ere the Editor breathed his last, were heard these words: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

"The Editor is dead" said one to another in awesome whisper. What more remained, than to open the door and exclaim to the mob without; "The Editor is dead."

So great is the dynamo of human nature, it often becomes just mechanical force; such was no doubt the effect upon the mob, that had displayed such an abnormal hatred of a Cause that was favored by a Majority Vote.

"The Editor is dead."

A roar arose, which boded no good: "The press, the Press." "We want the Press," and with one accord they rushed within the opened doors of the famous warehouse.

On an improvised bier, covering a secret trap door through which the last press was thrown into the river and known to but a few, lay the form of the Editor, cold in death.

"He gave his life for Freedom" wept his defenders, and even now in death he keeps the faith; well done good and faithful servant, whose work will go on."

Thus died a man whom the state of Illinois venerated many years later by erecting a handsome marble shaft in Alton City cemetery, given to Alton, as a perpetual burying place. There rests the body; hither his spirit calls annually many pilgrims to a *"Shrine of Freedom."*

"Jacet Hic In Pacem."

For many years the Mississippi River held the secret of the press, then the waters divided and from its turbulent grave, fragment of the Press arose; Alton treasures parts and The Chicago Historical Society also exhibits parts, of what is said to be the Last Press of Elijah Parish Lovejoy.