

MEMOIR

9116
OF THE

REV. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY;

WHO WAS MURDERED

IN

DEFENCE OF THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS,

AT ALTON, ILLINOIS, NOV. 7, 1837.

BY JOSEPH C. AND OWEN LOVEJOY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR,
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,
Corner of Park Row and Spruce Street.

1838.

19-7-4

ENTERED
According to an Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by
JOHN S. TAYLOR,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of
NEW YORK.



STEREOTYPED BY SMITH AND WRIGHT,
216 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK.

His wife was not at home at the time of his death, having gone to Upper Alton, that same day in order to avoid that state of continual alarm and apprehension, which attended her while at Alton. When told that her husband was killed, she sank down senseless, "trembling," says one present, "as though an arrow had pierced her heart." She remained in this state for several days, so that she was not able to attend the burial of her husband. After her partial recovery she stopped for a few days at her house. On the day she left Alton for her mother's at St. Charles, where she now is, she rode to the grave of her husband. She wept freely but was not very much agitated. She said on her return, that she hoped she might live to train up her little son to imitate the example of his father.

She has but one little boy, Edward Payson, who was born in March, 1836. If she lives she will probably give birth to another child. Her health is now, February, 1838, comparatively good.

That our brother, for we knew him well, has gone to a world where hatred cannot disturb, nor violence injure, we cannot doubt. We cannot doubt that those ties which twined so closely around his heart, and which were so rudely and wickedly sundered, have been healed in that place of peace and blessedness dimly shadowed forth in the following lines from his own pen.

THERE IS AN ISLE.

"THERE is an isle, a lovely isle,
Which ocean depth's embrace,
Nor man's deceit, nor woman's wile,
Hath ever found the place.
How sweet 'twould be, if I could find
This isle, and leave the world behind.

See from the heaven-born Pleiades,
Comes the young, blooming spring ;
Her light car yoked unto a breeze,
With aromatic wing ;
Gaily she drives around its shores,
And scatters all her purple stores.

Ten thousand Naiads sport along,
Her ever joyous train ;
And life and love are poured in song,
And bliss in every strain ;
So soft, so sweet, so bland the while,
That even despair itself would smile.

Eternal calm hangs o'er its plains,
Its skies are ever fair ;
In nectar'd dew descend its rains ;
No fire-charged clouds are there,
To speak in thunder from the path
Of God come down to earth in wrath.

Its silvery streams o'er crystals flow,
Where sparkling diamonds be,
And, sweetly murmuring, gently go,
To meet a stormless sea ;
And in their clear, reflective tide,
In golden scales the fishes glide.

Melodious songsters fill its groves,
To harmony attuned ;
Where saints and seraphs tell their loves,
Their golden harps around,
In strains as soft as charmed the hours,
When man was blest in Eden's bowers.

No birds of blood, nor beasts of prey,
Can in its woodlands breathe ;
Peace spreads her wing o'er ev'ry spray,
And beauty sleeps beneath ;

Or wakes to joy her varying note,
From ev'ry golden-feather'd throat.

No gloomy morning ever gleams
Upon this isle so fair ;
No tainted breeze from guilty climes
Infects the evening air ;
For in the light of ev'ry star
Are angels watching from afar.

Oh ! I would leave this wretched world,
Where hope can hardly smile ;
And go on wings by faith unfurled,
To reach this happy isle ;
But that some ties still bind me here,
Which while they fetter, still endear.

And I would not that these should part,
Till He, and He alone,
Who wound them finely round my heart,
Has cut them one by one :
And when the last is severed, then
Upon this isle 'twill heal again."

E. P. L.

Hallowell Gazette, Nov. 7th, 1827.