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Truth wields no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A RESPONSE TO THE "TRIBUTE APPEARED TO THE FRIENDS OF LITTLE MARY."

"Sweetly sleeping, dear baby, -- no; The sleep of death has passed away, Darkness and death all pass away..."

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN. A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BOOK SEVENTH--THE DISCOURAGEMENT. CHAPTER XLVI.--THE RESCUE--THE JOURNAL.

It was nearly midnight. Many were the persons who trod the pavements of Broadway and the great thoroughfares of the city at that unseasonable hour...

with their faces uplifted toward the conflagration; the bold, adventurous fireman; the engines glittering in the blaze of the burning house; the red flames, now darting from the windows...

crevices, and a peculiar smell of burning cloth was diffused through the garret. A dull light from within penetrated the garret windows, and redeemed the spot from total darkness...

generosity, the tenderness of Henry Neville as of greater value than all the treasures of earth. My presentiment of evil was correct. This morning my mother called me to her private apartment and informed me that she had a communication to make to me...

as a gentleman of education, family and fortune. The exception, trifling as it was--but let me not forget that I am the wife of Owen Tracy. "I do not understand the conduct of Alfred Tracy. He desires friendship and sympathy from me...













