

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE RADICALS.

By ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Oh! quiver 'neath the morning sun,
Ye arrows, in your speeding,
The radicals have ever won
Their laurels in the leading!

Most graciously within its sphere
Old earth is onward moving,
Conservation in the rear
The backward march is proving;

I am happy, yet not entirely happy. I aspire
For higher attainments. And such beautiful
Sprits visit me. They help me, too. But it is
Curses that must make the step; and after we
Might as well try to get on it, as to stand by and

Oh, speed the hand that yet may sow
The seeds of revelation
Upon a soil from which they grow,
To bloom for every nation.

WRITTEN MESSAGES.

A Cause Why They are, in Early Development
More Often Deaf than a
Later One, Given in France.

LYDIA M. BAKER, M.D.

The human system, with its fine, soft texture
Of nervous fibre, was made transparent before me,
While the spirit's voice came in an explanation

MIRACULOUS.
An old woman writes a language she
Never learned.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED.
BY EPES SARGENT.
AUTHOR OF
"Bonnet Liberty, or the Despair of Science."

Prof. Wm. Denton's Works.
THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR PSYCHOMETRIC
RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

CONJUGAL SIN.
AGAINST THE
LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH,

UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM.
WITH
Criticisms on its Opposers.

POEMS.
FROM
THE INNER LIFE.

Florence Sewing Machines.
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THE FIRST VISIT.

Pentecost Mennonites gives the following account
of a spirit's first communication after leaving
earth:

A familiar intelligence had occupied a portion
of the evening. At length she remarked:
"Thou art some one here very desirous of
speaking with me; some one well known to
you; I will give place to her."

There was a moment's pause. The calm,
placid expression left the medium's face; the
features were a little disturbed; it is right hand
trembled violently; then it was extended toward
me, and a whispered voice came from the lips:
"Why don't you speak? Don't you know me?"

You may call it an impression or a guess; the
thought came to me and I spoke it.

It was now an expression of joy that came
over the lady's features.

The voice, still whispering, but eager, said:
"Yes, it is me. Come, all of you in the room,
nearer to me. It helps me to keep control of
her."

She then in a characteristic manner gave
way for a moment to expressions of delight at
her situation.

The voice now became clearer and rose above
a whisper, saying: "O, I can control her so
as to speak with you, can I not? How strange
it will be to me to know how I do it either,
am not within this body, as it seems to you, I
stand here;" (pointing with the arms behind her)

"Tell us, Annie, something about where you
are and what you are doing?" said one.

"Oh," said she, "there is so much to tell.
I can't say what I would wish. When I come
back I will try and tell you how I do it. I
am not within this body, as it seems to you, I
stand here;" (pointing with the arms behind her)

"I am happy, yet not entirely happy. I aspire
For higher attainments. And such beautiful
Sprits visit me. They help me, too. But it is
Curses that must make the step; and after we
Might as well try to get on it, as to stand by and

"I was in a sort of lethargy when I passed
away. I was not afraid to die. The doctor
gave me opium. I think I wanted to send
more messages to my friends. I wanted to get
a word to H—about the book. Some of them
would have been of so much use to him."

Mrs. Eckhardt had almost a morbid fear of
intruding herself on others, or making as she
feared, trouble. Soon this old characteristic re-
appeared, and she remarked several times she
had intruded on the conversation. This she
mentioned several times in a self-deprecating
manner which was annoying to us. She also
distressed herself lest the medium should "take
on" her own physical condition just previous to
disincarnation. "I shall make her sick," I know
I shall," she remarked several times. These
thoughts marred the pleasure of her visit.

She spoke several times of two particular
friends in San Francisco, and said, "Well, you
write and tell them I come?" I said I would
write the next day.

Will you? Will you indeed write to-mor-
row? she exclaimed. "O, that is spirit talk!"

The remainder of the conversation touched
upon matters of a private nature. The entire
interview had not the smoothness of the nor-
mal. Our every day meetings and greet-
ings are not in speech, planned to a book. I
do not think they are in spirit-life either. It
might even be said that Miss Eckhardt was
hurried and excited. Her manner often showed
that her utterances failed to convey what she
wished. She wanted to say more to us. When
she had gone, we thought of a hundred things
we would have asked her, and it is not improba-
ble that she was in a similar mental condition.

Mr. Wm. Wherrett and his wife lived in Col-
umbia, Fayette county, Indiana, in 1845, and
for many years previous to that time they had
resided there. They were an aged couple and
members of the M. E. Church. All who knew
them regarded them as honest, and reli-
gious men. Both were benevolent, but
Mrs. Wherrett in particular was noted for her
kindness and strict regard for good understand-
ing and truthfulness among neighbors. This I
doubt not, was her inherent disposition, but she
cultivated it and ascribed it all to grace—the
grace of G. D. That is a good way of Spirit-
development, which the writer of this article
enjoyed for many years. All called her "Mother
Wherrett" for she was a "Mother in Israel."
She was not obtrusive or boastful
of her religious experience, but in class meeting
and some in private conversation, would
relate what she said. The Lord had done for her.
One incident of her experience, regarded by
her as of this character, she narrated to me, and
afterwards in class meeting related the same,
saying, as a reason for doing so, that as she
was old and might be called away at any time,
she thought it was her duty to tell what the Lord
had done for her. This is what I mean. I was
married in Pennsylvania, we moved to Kentucky,
and I did not hear from my folks in Pennsylvania,
for nearly two years, when I received a letter
written in Dutch, that I knew was from them;
but I could not read it because I never learned
to read such writing. I enquired if I could not
read what was written there, and she said I could
read Dutch. Then I felt much worse than I had
before got my letter, and I went out in the
kitchen and I did cry, and pray, and something
seemed to say to me, "You may go home now,
you can read your letter." I went home and I
did read it—every word. It was written in Dutch
but I could read it, and I was glad that I was
both in the same language. I had never learned
to write it, but they told me afterwards that I did
write very well. But I forgot it right away,
and never could write any more.

I asked Mother Wherrett, if she thought
it was a miracle performed for her. She has
told me several times if I should like to know
to what she ought to say, and meekly replied "It
would seem as if it was."

I have headed the above "Miraculous," but
your readers will recognize it as a Methodist
sermon, and Methodist writings of a century ago
abound with similar experiences of members of
that Society. There is a space enough to

write of the Spiritual phenomena that have
recurred among Methodists, and in other
denominations of religious people, as well as
with all sorts of persons in all ages. It presch-
ers say that miracles ceased with the introduction
of Christianity, many of the members of the
churches do not believe them. It is but a few
months since we read in a Methodist missionary
publication, that a certain preaching elder on
"returning from his work on the district, found
his house and household goods barred, including
his books, but his wife and children had escaped
out by the merestrade." I wondered why the
writer did not tell us that if G. D. wrought a
miracle in saving His Servants, wife and chil-
dren, it would just as easily have saved his
house and those G. D. library books from being
burned!

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Are they Convertible and Inter-changeable
Substances?

By G. W. LAWSON.

In one of your late numbers, Mr. J. Tinney
propounds some views of the relations and differ-
ence of spirit and matter, that vary so far from
all ancient ideas and positions on the subject, that
I beg leave to consider them somewhat in your
view.

He takes the ground that all things are one
and alike; but that spirit is the positive and
matter the negative side thereof; that all is
substance; and that the evolution of spirit produces
matter; and the action of matter produces
spirit; that both stages are in constant action.

My view has been that the Universe is G. D.;
that all suns and planets are but the body of
G. D.; with all laws, principles and intelligence,
are the spirit; that all suns and planets are forms
of matter or negative to the laws and principles,
or positive, that govern them, their spirit. Now
I have never thought something of the kind.

Now the idea that spirit is the author of mat-
ter or form, and vice versa, is at variance with
the Creator, J. deus, Persian, Hindu, and the
great law of cause and effect. If matter and
spirit were created in pairs, in some far-off heaven,
and sent to earth "to find them bodies here," and
some modern mediums, like Rindolph and
Hammond, have taught that there is an order,
of E. as or spirits, like crystal points, created in
some far off worlds or realms of spirits, and that
enter into space, as they become imbedded
into mental (aerian) or astral, while E. being
in the palpable air, and ultimately find
them human bodies through the earthly system
of human reproduction. Mr. Tinney's theory,
that spirits produce bodies, does away with the
ancient E. as theory entirely, and brings us
right down to our own earth and
curious as the responsible parties in human
organization and teaches us that "like will
produce like," and that if parental atoms and
attributes are defective and depraved, so will be
the newly created soul and body. I the atoms
that constitute the parentage, are an aggregate
of J. deus, which is opium, war, murder, lust,
or larceny, the children will inevitably be such
as are brought forth in the slimes and purlets
of dileta. A matter for grave consideration
among reformers is things upon the truth in these
premises, for as this planet now is, the negative
or female half moves and ever has moved in
subjection or restraint to the positive, or male
half, and as the earth, or astral, can ever
ever produce its perfect fruit, the complete man
and woman, until those atoms and attributes
are released to grow in full freedom and ex-
pansion like the male; and another also arises,
have not children rights as well as women, for
agitation and recognition—the right to be born
of love and not of lust, of the healthy hygienic
atoms, and nobly spiritual attributes. In fact,
to be created of the whole; brain, and not of the
cerebellum merely, as is too much now the case.

Speakers Register.

Spokers Register and Notice of Meetings.
We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of
Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation
of the part of those most interested.

Mr. Orris Abbott, developing medium 149, Fourth Ave.
Chicago Ill.
J. Madison Allen, Acorn, N. J.
O. Fancie Ailly, Stoneham, Mass.

A. J. Fishback, Victoria, Missouri.
Rev. J. Francis O'Connell, N. Y.
I. H. Garrison, Philadelphia, Pa.
E. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address
Mohamud, Ind.

Dr. G. Newcomer, lecturer, 28 Superior St., Cleveland
Mrs. S. A. Perkins, Inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich
Mrs. L. H. Perrin, Trance Speaker and Healing Medium,
Washington, D. C.

Dr. F. B. Randolph, 50 Court St., Boston, Mass.
Mrs. E. A. Reed, Inspirational speaker. Address in
care of A. G. Grover, Rock Island, Ill.
Warren Smith, Alexandria, Madison Co., Ind.

Dr. E. A. F. Swan, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn
Benjamin Todd, Portland, Oregon.
Mrs. Benjamin Todd, Inspirational Speaker, Portland,
Oregon.
M. M. Tupper, Lake Mills.

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Original Poetry.

THE RADICALS. BY ELIZA A. FITZINGER.

Oh! 'quiver' 'neath the morning sun, Ye arrows, in your speeding, The radicals have ever won...

THE FIRST VISIT.

P. entice Mentord gives the following account of a spirit's first communications...

A familiar intelligence had occupied a portion of the evening. At length she remarked: "Oh, I have been here very long...

"You may call it an impression or a guess; the thought came to me and I speak it."

"It was now an expression of joy that came over the lady's features...

"The voice, still whispering, but eager, said: 'Yes, it is me. Come, all of you in the room, nearer to me. It helps me to keep control of her.'"

"She then in a characteristic manner gave way to a moment to expressions of delight at her situation. The voice now became clearer and more audible...

"I am happy, yet not entirely happy. I aspire for higher attainments. And such beautiful spirits visit me. They help me, too. But it is ourselves that must make the step; and after we make it we must get on it. I will tell you one thing. We pray here; we do not despair of it. Some on earth, when they come out of old life, become too selfish and scornful in these things. It is the Christ spirit that rules in this life. All must enter in by that door to attain happiness."

"Have you done anything in your old occupation?" she asked. "I have done nothing save lounge and idle since I have been here."

"How did you look on death?" "I was in a sort of lethargy when I passed away. I was not afraid to die. The doctor gave me opiates, I think, wanted to send more messages to my friends. I wanted to get a word from 'H'—about the books. Some of them would have been of so much use to him."

"Miss Lockhart had almost a morbid fear of intruding herself on others, or making as she feared, trouble. She thought old characteristic reappeared in her. She troubled herself because she had intruded on the conversation. It is as mentioned several times in a self-deprecating manner which was annoying to us. She also distressed herself if the medium should 'take on' her own physical condition just previous to dissolution. 'I shall make her sick,—I know I shall,' she said. 'I shall be several times. These thoughts marred the pleasure of her visit. She spoke several times of two particular friends in San Francisco, and said, 'Well, you write and tell them I come!' I said I would write the next day."

"Will you? Will you indeed write to-morrow?" she explained. "O, that is splendid!"

The remainder of the visit was touched upon matters of a private nature. The entire interview had not the smoothness of the novices' page. Our every day meetings and greetings are not in speech, planned to a book or paper. I do not think they are in spirit-like either. It might even be said that Miss Lockhart was flustered and excited. Her manner often gave that her utterances failed to convey what she wished. She wanted to say more to us. When she had gone, we thought of a hundred things we would have asked her, and it is not probable that she was in a similar mental condition.

MIRACULOUS.

An old woman writes a language she never learned.

BY A. C. BOYMAN.

Mr. Wm. Wherritt and his wife lived in Columbus, Fayette county, Indiana, in 1845, and for many years previous to that time they had resided there. They were an aged couple and members of the M. E. Church. All who knew them regarded them as honest, true, kindly, and religious persons. Both were benevolent, but Mrs. Wherritt in particular was noted for her kindness and strict regard for good order; and and truthfulness among neighbors. This I do not doubt; was her inherent disposition, but she cultivated it as a sacred duty to all to the glory of G. D. This is a good way of Spiritual development, which the writer of this enjoyed for many years. All called her "Mother Wherritt," for she was a "Mother in Israel."

"When Mr. Wherritt and I were married in Pennsylvania, we moved to Kentucky, and I did not hear from my folks in Pennsylvania, for nearly two years, when I received a letter written in Dutch, that I knew was from them; but I could not read it because I never learned to read Dutch. I inquired but could not find a person where we were that could read Dutch. Then I felt much worse than if I had never got my letter, and I went out in the orchard, and I did cry, and pray, and something seemed to say to me, 'You may give now, you can read your letter.' I was glad, and I did read it—every word. It was written in Dutch by two Brothers, and I wrote answers to them both in the same language. I had never learned to write it, but they told me afterwards that I did write very well. But I forgot it right away, and never could write any more."

"I have handed the above 'Miraculous,' but your readers will recognize it as a 'Scholarship' and a 'Method' writing of a century ago, and abounded with similar experiences of members of that Society. There is a space enough to

write of the Spiritual phenomena that have occurred among Methodists, and in other denominations of religious people, as well as with all sorts of persons in all ages. It preachers say that material ceased with the introduction of Christianity, many of the members of the churches do not believe them. It is but a few months since we read in a Methodist missionary publication, that a certain presiding elder on returning from his work on the district, found his house and household goods burned, including his books, but his wife and children had escaped but by the merest miracle. I wondered why the writer did not refer to that if G. D. wrought a miracle in saving Mrs. Serrano, wife and children, it could just as easily have saved his house and those G. D. library books from burning!

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Are they Convertible and Inter-changeable substances?

BY G. W. LAWSON.

In one of your late numbers, Mr. J. Tinney propounds some views of the relations and difference of spirit and matter, that vary so far from all ancient ideas and positions on the subject, that I beg leave to consider them somewhat in your valuable pages.

He takes the ground that all things are one and alike; but that spirit is the positive and matter the negative side thereof; that all is substance; that the evolution of spirit produces matter; and the action of matter produces spirit; that both states are in constant action.

I suppose he means that planets are forms of matter or negative to the sun, as the sun, or positive, that governs them, their spirit. Now I have thought something of the kind. My view has been that the Universe is G. D.; that all suns and planets are but the body of 'Deity,' while all laws, principles and intelligences are the spirit; that atom contains attributes of matter and spirit; that all things are positive and negative, male and female; that all are of a revolving; that the production of human beings is the conversion of matter into spirit and spirit into matter; that the highest law of matter is orbital, not spiral; is circular and interchanging, passing from positive or spirit, to negative or matter, and vice versa, in a continuous and regular manner; that all things are positive and negative; that all forms, from an atom to a universe are negative; that all manifestations, from an attribute to a God are positive; and thus they live and move and have their being; that generation after generation is but the law of orbital and revolving convertible matter and spirit changing into matter, and matter into spirit.

Now the idea that spirit is the author of matter or form, and vice versa, is at variance with the Creator, Judean, Persian, Hindu, and the origin, as well as in general, that human souls were created; that all things are of a revolving, and sent to earth to find their bodies here, and some modern mediums, like R. D. and Hammond, have taught that there is an order, of E. N. or spirits, like crystal points, created in some far off worlds or realms of spirits, and that enter into all space; that they become imbedded into matter (atoms), or atoms far off being in the impalpable air, and ultimately find them human bodies through the earthly system of human reproduction. Mr. Tinney's theory, that spirits produce bodies, does away with the ancient E. N. theory entirely, and brings us right down to our own earth and ourselves, as the responsible parties in human organization and teaches us that "like will produce like," and that if parental atoms and attributes are defective and depraved, so will be the newly created soul and body. The atoms that constitute the parentage, are an aggregate of tobacco, whiskey, opium, war, murder, lust, and other evil influences, as well as the atoms are brought forth in the alms and purities of cities. A matter for grave consideration among reformers hinges upon the truth in these premises, for as this planet now is, the negative or female half moves and ever has moved in subjection or restraint to the positive or male half, and not the question is, whether the earth ever produce its perfect fruit, the complete man and woman, until those atoms and attributes are released to grow in full freedom and expansion like the male; and another also arises, have not children rights as well as women, for agitation and recognition,—that right to be born of love, and not of duty, true, healthy hygienic atoms, and nobly spiritual attributes; a fact, to be created of the whole brain, and not of the cerebellum merely, as is too much now the case.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED.

BY EPES SARGENT. AUTHOR OF 'Flanquette, or the Despair of Science.'

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AGAINST THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE FATHER MOTHER AND CHILD. BY AUGUSTUS S. GARDNER, A. M., M. D. LATE Professor of Diseases of Females and Chemical Medical Midwifery in the New York Medical College. CONTENTS. I. The Modern Women's Physical Constitution. II. Local disease in children and its cause. III. At what age should one marry. IV. Continence physically injurious. V. Personal Pollution. VI. The injurious results of Physical Excess. VII. Methods used to prevent Conception and their consequences. VIII. Infanticide. IX. Conjugal relations during the period of Menstruation. X. Conjugal relations between the child. XI. Marriage between Old Men and Young Girls. XII. What may be done With Health in View, and the fourfold barrier to its Appendix. Price in cloth, \$1.50, Postage 16 cents; in paper, 90c, Postage 8 cents. The Trade Supplier. Address S. S. Jones, 187 and 189 So. Clark St., Chicago Ill.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street, CHICAGO AUGUST 27, 1870.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. JONES, 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A Search After God.

In all ages of the world, the question has arisen, Is there a God? Even Virgil said:

God goes forth and spreads throughout the whole, The heaven, the earth, the sea, the universal soul, Each at his birth, from him all beings.

In ancient times, as well as now, the query arose within the mind in reference to the existence of a God, through whose instrumentality, worlds and suns were brought into existence.

We never saw God; the ancients never saw him; he never was seen, and never can be seen, hence arose the difficulty in answering the question.

All matter is God's tongue, And from its motion his thoughts are sung; The rains of grace are the ocean's hair, And the music notes are the suns and stars.

We desire to demonstrate the actual existence of a God, or to prove the existence of any such being.

In two previous articles, headed, "Does God Keep a Cat?" we exhibited the misery that existed in the world, and the confusion that seemed to prevail in all departments of the vast universe.

Why this discord, contention, strife, animosity, war, famine and pestilence? Where is the divine love manifested in war? Is the cry of the wounded as it goes off on the breeze, dying out in sweet echoes, whispering of the calamities of home, any evidence that God's love and power is being exhibited? The walls of

the widow and orphan, the moans and anguish of those suffering the excruciating torments of disease or racked in camp or on the battle field...

See that hawk, with eyes of piercing brilliancy and glistening plumage, flying high in the air, soaring above the storm-clouds, defying the lightning's flash and thunder's roar...

Then, of course, if there is divine wisdom in all departments of life, it apparently stands in antagonistic relations to itself, for if it exists in the pleasure of the hawk, and in the fear and pain of the sparrow, such must be the case.

Can we judge of God by his works? Look at that little bird sitting on the limb overhanging our window, its feathers glistening in the sunbeams, and reflecting the variegated tints of the rainbow.

At least three hundred persons surrounded the gallows. To the very last, the prisoner remained calm and serene as a summer's eve. He even aided in adjusting the fatal noose around his neck.

Such an exhibition of stolidity, or of stoicism, or of exalted religious enthusiasm, is very rare witnessed. Those of us who were acquainted with the prisoner are lost in amazement.

There is a constant war and strife in the animal kingdom. The ferocity of the bull-dog, the maliciousness of the hawk, the cunning of the fox, the venom of the rattlesnake, the sting of the wasp, the subtle poison of the antipodes, present to us a knotty question for solution.

There is one eternal warfare within the animal kingdom. The strong prey upon the weak, as if there was a design down deep in their nature, prompting them to do so. In the venom of the rattlesnake, and sting of the wasp, and in the maliciousness of all animals, we see no evidence of divine wisdom; for animals are supposed to possess only instinct, and that instinct, if formed by an all-wise Creator, could have been directed in a channel wherein all the animals could have lived harmoniously together, instead of this ceaseless warfare.

The venom of the rattlesnake, when it is infused into the human system, is a curious manifestation of the love of a God for his children. The pain arising from the sting of a poisonous insect, does not prompt us to pay homage to an all-wise God, thanking him for the walls of anguish that it causes. If we should thank him for pleasure, we should also for pain. If the well-formed, healthy man, well developed throughout, should thank God, should not that cripple from birth, whose distorted features, dimly capacity, dull comprehension, thank him also? If divine wisdom is in one phase of his, it must exist in all phases.

We will now see God in the wonderful antagonism that exists in the animal kingdom. We see the wild, glaring eyes of hate and animosity, beheld the traits of disposition in animals that prompts their possessors to delight in the walls of anguish and fear manifested by those they can conquer.

TO BE CONTINUED. A Singular Scene. Judge Lynch in Dakota—Hanging of Matt. Miller, the Murderer—A Clergyman Puts the Question of Life or Death.

My partner, Mr. J. G. Ogden, has just returned in St. Paul, Minn., and states that he arrived there in season to see and hear all that transpired on that melancholy occasion.

Before Miller was permitted to speak to the excited assembly, Rev. M. B. Beardshear, the Christian or Campbellite minister of Dixon county, arose and with great solemnity, said that he would read a chapter in the Bible about the crucifixion of Christ.

After the conclusion of the prisoner, the Rev. Mr. Beardshear arose, and stated to the assembled assembly that he fully believed that the prisoner was correct in saying he had repented of his awful crime, and had received full pardon from an all-wise God.

The excited assembly called for the question. The clergyman then commanded silence, and all voted in the affirmative on the question put by the minister, except two.

The prisoner was then taken to the wagon which stood in readiness. The wagon was driven a short distance and he led under the gallows which had been hastily erected.

At last three hundred persons surrounded the gallows. To the very last, the prisoner remained calm and serene as a summer's eve. He even aided in adjusting the fatal noose around his neck.

Such an exhibition of stolidity, or of stoicism, or of exalted religious enthusiasm, is very rare witnessed. Those of us who were acquainted with the prisoner are lost in amazement.

This Rev. Mr. Beardshear was a human monster—a fiend which the lowest hell the imagination could picture, would be too good a place for him until his nature became awakened to the fact that it is well to have charity, even in this life.

Just think of it—a minister of God, an humble follower of the gentle Nazarene, raising his hands in the life-blood of a fellow-being, and exulting in the fact that he was about to be launched into eternity! Is this Beardshear any better than a wild Comanche Indian, who sees his victim roasting at the stake, exults in his pains?

Perhaps the criminal was a bad man; a dangerous citizen of society, and should have been punished. But this blood thirsty divine will yet atone for his mad act; and on the stool of repentance cry out for mercy, which he would not extend to the criminal, for even he has rights which those less unfortunate are bound to respect.

With his hands stained with the blood of a human being, his nature distorted, and like a rank, poisonous weed, he should be plied by every Spiritualist and true man, and so acted upon by them that he would see the error of his ways, and lead such a life, that his marks of crime would be overshadowed by good deeds. Which is the greater criminal, Matt. Miller or Rev. Beardshear?

The Psalms of Life. The editor seems to have gone over the whole range of poetry, and exercised a fine taste in his selection. As a "Hand-Book of Poetry," it is worth five times the price at which it is sold.

The great merit of this work, combined with its low price, is its long range sale. See advertisement.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, "A Bold Pioneer."

The BANNER OF LIGHT commenting on the removal of the Present Age to Chicago, says:

"The Religio-Philosophical Journal, long published in Chicago, holds its own in the field of reform. It has passed through great vicissitudes in times past, and we should be exceedingly grieved if any untoward circumstances intervened at this late day to dim its lustre. It has been a bold pioneer in the field of religious liberty in the West, has aided in causing Spiritualism to expand there to its proper proportions, and deserves to be well patronized by our people, as we are assured it is. May its shadow never be less. The cause we advocate is, as the Age says, 'great and grand,' and with harmony among its leaders, can and will produce mighty results in the universe of mind and matter, for both, we hold, are inseparably connected."

Thank you, Brother Colby, for the complimentary notice in the columns of the glorious old BANNER OF LIGHT. With you we ever have been, and hope ever to be, in harmony.

"The cause we advocate is great and grand," says, Mr. T. on July 31, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL "has been," is now, and will continue to be, "a bold pioneer in the field of religious liberty." Its boldness has aroused the ire of something less than a baker's dozen, and made the JOURNAL a favorite with as many thousands, thus verifying the adage, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

Upon the question of "harmony among its leaders," we would crave an explanation. Who are leaders? Would-be "leaders" are just the class of men that the JOURNAL has been compelled to contend against. Not much harm may there!

That selfish policy which sought to take a fee of five dollars from each person before he or she could become a member of the "American Association of Spiritualists," and put it into the pockets of "leaders," is just what the JOURNAL has not been in harmony with, and if we are correctly formed, our good friends of the BANNER stand by our side in the contest.

We hope ever to be in harmony with truth—never with error. But we do most devoutly pray for light from the spiritual spheres, and that our columns may never be perverted from their legitimate purpose, of disseminating the spiritual philosophy, void of all sectarian dogmas, and that we may be bold and fearless in exposing error, however inharmonious with it we may be in the contest.

We owe no allegiance to, and hope never to be in harmony with, error.

Henry C. Wright.

Henry C. Wright, the speaker and author died suddenly a few days ago, at Pawtucket, R. I., of apoplexy. He was truly devoted to Spiritualism, and his whole soul seemed to be imbued with a philanthropic spirit: He was opposed to slavery in all its forms, was an earnest and eloquent speaker, and the seeds that he has sown will germinate, and producing an hundred fold, will ever bless his name. He was a terse and easy writer, his words cutting like a two edged sword. He is the author of the "Empire of the Mind"; "Errors of the Bible"; "Marriage and Parentage," etc. The cause has lost in him a noble advocate, and the world a true philanthropist.

A Word to Old Friends.

"The summer is past, and the harvest is ended," nearly so, and millions of souls are "lost" from that fear which torments, the fear of annihilation, or never-ending hell torments after death. What is the duty of every true philanthropist, of every one who would like to see his or her neighbor happy in the full knowledge of the life hereafter,—of eternal progression, of the power of the loved-ones of spirit-life to commune with mortals? It is to give them light, even as you receive it. But for some circumstance, trifling in itself, we,—you and I, might have been to-day in the bonds of ignorance in regard to the spirit land,—the accidental reading of a newspaper, a book, or per chance a brief conversation with some one who recommended the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as an exponent of Spiritualism, leading to a subscription for it,—then to a full understanding of its philosophy and truth.

Our field of labor is broad, and demands the hearty co-operation of every liberal mind. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is an exponent of the truth of Spiritualism! It has no dogmatical creeds to urge upon the minds of the people, but seeks to know and present truths as they actually exist, and unfold from day to day.

To the point: We wait our friends everywhere to aid in increasing the circulation of the JOURNAL, to place it where it has never been before. To that end we offer to send it for three months to any person, who has never taken it, for fifty cents, which is just the cost of the blank paper on which it is printed, and the expense of folding and mailing.

We continue this offer for the reasons above stated; and ask our subscribers to send it as a present to friends, when they can afford to do so, and to solicit liberal minded men and women to try it for three months, at this nominal price.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has already demonstrated itself to be a permanent institution, and every one can speak of it as such, without fear of failure, as unfortunately has been the case with almost every spiritual paper started.

Will our friends heed this urgent request? We trust so,—your past efforts are only appreciated, and the many thousands of new subscribers which the JOURNAL has received during the last two years, is mainly attributable,—first, to a superior paper, then to the mastery efforts of friends inspired from the Spirit World, to give circulation to a paper they have confidence in; that the same effort will be continued this fall, we doubt not. The Spirit World, speaking through thousands of mediums in all parts of the country, affirm the same great truth—the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL must and shall be sustained.

Spirit Artists.

Among the most remarkable spirit artists of the present day, Brother N. B. Barr, of Fort Huron, Mich., stands high.

Brother Starr is controlled by eminent artists, now in spirit-life, to use the brush and oil-paint, as was their custom when in the earth-life. His work is executed with great rapidity, and often with an artistic skill which excites the admiration of connoisseurs of the fine arts.

We have two specimens executed through his mediumship in a few minutes' time, to which we invite the attention of our friends who may call at our Reception Room.

Dr. Persons' Book.

Theory and Success in the Treatment of Diseases, by Dr. Wm. Persons, the Successful Magnetic Healer, is the title of a pamphlet of 80 pages. Warren Chase & Co., News Dealers, St. Louis, publishers.

This work contains an interesting "introduction" with "testimony, ancient and modern." It also treats of the Medical profession and Philosophy.

The remainder of the work contains numerous testimonials from eminent men and women, of the Doctor's skill in the healing art. It is a little pamphlet, well executed mechanically, and is destined to impart knowledge to tens of thousands of invalids in regard to their afflictions, to let them know that they must not despair of again recovering their lost health, as hundreds of others effected in a like manner, have been made whole through spiritual power.

This valuable work will be sent to any address, on the receipt of five cents, to cover expenses of mailing. Address Warren Chase & Co., 601 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo.

D. W. Ballard.

Writes to Mr. Jones, but does not give his Post Office address. He says he is going to Illinois. Some one who knows, will oblige by informing us of his post office address.

Hobart.

There will be a meeting of the Spiritualists at Hobart, Indiana, on the 30th, 31st and 2nd inst. A grand good time is expected there.

The Journal of the Gynecological Society.

This Journal has been a decided success, its circulation having been equal to that of any other medical journal published in the United States during its first year of existence. Mr. Jas. Campbell, publisher, Boston.

Fraternal Call.

John S. Lindsey and Fred T. Ferris, who have been sojourning in England for several months, gave us a call a few days ago. They are connected with the Salt Lake Tribune, an ably edited and conducted paper.

A. B. Whiting.

A. B. Whiting's lectures are creating considerable interest at Crosby's Music Hall. His address last Sunday on "Guardian Angels," was replete with beautiful thoughts, and exhibited the grandeur of Spiritualism in a manner that pleased all. He is one of our most efficient laborers, and should be kept constantly employed.

Personal and Local.

Dr. H. P. Fairchild will lecture in Lynn, Mass., during September, and in Salem, same state, during the Sundays of October. His address is in care of Dr. John Gordon, Lynn, Mass.

J. H. Powell's permanent address is No. 103 Chelsea St., East Boston.

Thomas Gates Foster lectured twice in Rockport, Mass., receiving therefor \$2.50. What a worthy audience!

We received a fraternal call from Brother Moses Hull, who has recently returned from an eastern tour. He is looking well and manifests his usual exuberance of spirit.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has been lecturing and holding circles in various parts of Minnesota. He lectured at Mendota, Ill., on Sunday last. He is doing a good work, and should be kept constantly employed.

Announcements.

DEAR BEN THEATRE.

Grand Matinee this afternoon and to-night, and last performance of the great Bill for this week, of Manning's Minstrels. Bob Hart's great Stump Speech, Scenes at the Army, the Balls and Traces of Fashion, Peter Piper, Characteristic Fritation Dance, are the distinguishing characteristics of this minstrel troupe. Next week, a very laughable burlesque, with everything new, entitled "Bommbola."

ALBION'S MUSEUM.

Two grand performances to-day, afternoon and evening. This Saturday, August 20th, Grand Matinee at half past two o'clock. Evening, at eight o'clock. Last performance of "M. P." To conclude with the musical burlesque of "Black Kyril Bessie"; or, the Little Bill that was Taken up."

Monday evening, Charles Edler's great Demonstration, "Courtier of Lyons."

WICKER'S THEATRE.

Last afternoon and evening of the great Irish Comedian and Vocalist, Mr. John Collins, this Saturday, August 20th, in "King O'Hall"; or, the Irish Brigade, and the Irish Post." Mr. Collins, with song, Widow Machee, and other favorite songs. Next week, on Monday evening, August 22d, the eminent American comedian, Mr. J. S. Clark, will make his first appearance in Chicago.

The Posthumous.

A LECTURE.

BY N. FRANK WHITE.

Delivered at Concord Hall, Philadelphia, on the Religion of Spiritualism.

Reported for the Journal by H. T. Child, M. D.

I am impressed to present for your consideration "The Religion of Spiritualism." It is common for those who are ignorant of our distinctive position in regard to Spiritualism to assume that we have no religion in the matter; only a bare, cold philosophy which offers no comfort and consolation to the soul.

The world has supposed that religion and philosophy must be divorced. Cold, calculating reason, said theologians, must come in conflict with religious aspirations, must quench the flames of religion, and leave only the bare, cold stones of scepticism in the place of that which is lovely and desirable. It is easy to perceive how they arrived at this conclusion. All the manifestations of religion which they saw were in opposition to the philosophy of the age.

A new inspiration becomes necessary. The great soul of humanity, ever progressing and advancing with the years, finds that the shores of religion are fast receding behind it.

From their high places, they bewail the degeneracy of the age, and ignoring the living present, deplore the loss of the dead past to the world. Knowing, then, how they arrive at this assumption, we see as clearly, that it is entirely without foundation.

Our philosophy to-day as Spiritualists is sufficient to supply that want. We present to the world a philosophy and religion combined. Spiritualism, recognizing the uselessness of these orthodox brands upon the altar of religion, has gone at once boldly to work. It has swept all these brands clean away, preserving the living coal of truth. It has fed the flames with science and philosophy, and we see the flames rise to-day, giving no uncertain light.

Spiritualism presents to the world a religion and philosophy combined; a philosophy so well adapted to the wants of the soul, that while it digests and assimilates the highest truth, it also furnishes food for the intellect. Close by its side, as its sister, we have religion—a religion which has no dogmatism. With its co-worker, it forms a combination possessing a mighty power.

I know that, so far, I am only making bold assertions. I do not mean to cram these down your throats, but do I assert that the forms of religion which have been high in authority, ancient or modern, are authority in themselves. We have had enough of this cramming and forcing operation in the past.

I ought, perhaps, to prove, as well as assert, that Spiritualism presents to the world a religion which responds to every demand of the soul, and has no necessity to fortify itself by authority.

First, we present to the world a religion not of hope, because it gives a knowledge of the future existence of man. We do not ask you simply to believe this, but the belief is not a matter of choice. We weigh ten thousand years as certain that there is a future existence, it does not convince my reason. I am not satisfied, and if this is not evidence, my soul reaches out into the great darkness and demands of those theologians, who recognize that demand of the soul, to do this if they would certainly endeavor to do this if they were not so much concerned in explaining some infinite degrees of depravity, or something equally absurd, so that they have no time to spend in instructions in regard to the soul's wants.

The great soul of humanity to-day demands living knowledge. The fact cannot be denied, that within the last twenty-one years, millions in this country, through this communion, have come into a knowledge of the future existence. Then, who shall assume that we have not a religion? Who shall arrogate to himself or herself the right to declare that man can choose a belief as he would choose a new hat? We respect the millions that have chosen a religion, who were before shrouded in uncertainty as to the future, basing their hopes upon a blind faith, have to-day come to such a knowledge of the future existence as to be entirely satisfied.

Spiritualism, then, presents to the world a religion of knowledge, for it brings to its completion of the laws which govern it. Further, it brings it to a recognition of the fact that there is as yet no ultimate in good. It leads the soul out of the lullies of ignorance into the broad fields of knowledge. It bids the soul enter that arena as it throws off its garments of stagnation, and is willing to accept the foundation of the past as helpful to its own conclusions.

The soul feels free to reject the inflexible standards, and so it comes into a comprehension of the law, which it knows must ultimate in good.

So, through the influences of spiritual communion, we come into a religion of trust and confidence, not based on a blind faith, but upon a comprehension of facts. Neither is it a selfish trust, which ignores its own light and relies upon some power to which it has no right. This is the only trust recognized as distinguishable part of our religion, which enables us to look upon all the deep thinkers outside our ranks with respect and admiration, though this may be pronounced by the ignorant as a manifestation of depravity. We submit to be judged by them.

Next, we come through this communion into the possession of a religion, not that which is the language of an old writer, in "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I know it is said that the Christian Church accepted this charity before we did. "Good Lord, deliver us from the distinctive charity of the Christian Church—the charity which gathers its treasures to build monuments to God, while it neglects squalid poverty and want around it;—the charity that bewails the degeneracy of the present, while, at the same time, it is pushing some soul deeper down in the degradation, for fear that its garments of charity may be soiled by the contact with those who differ in religious opinion, and condemns the erring,—those whom Jesus commanded to "go and sin no more."—while they pass proudly by, with carefully gathered robes.

We have taken a step in the right direction, for the religion of Spiritualism teaches us the necessity of experience. It teaches us that all these souls down in their agony, we learn not to despise or scorn any. So thousands of hands have grown more gentle, thousands of eyes have lost their look of scorn.

Spiritualism also presents to the world a great amount of consolation. It has brought to the world a halo all through life. I know it is said that the Christian Church furnishes all this. It is said that Christ removes all sorrow from those who believe in him. Suppose, for the sake of the argument, he could remove the difficulty. If I were wrecked upon a broad ocean, floating upon a frail spar, a wilderness of waters about me, and I were in the mercy of the waves, what would I ask should I receive a help from some distant mariner, that if I would I come to them I should be saved. In vain I implore for help. In God's name come to my support! You have a boat; you have strong arms; I am exhausted, come to me! But I am left flailing at random.

The cases are exactly parallel. I am floating upon the broad ocean of life,—all that makes existence valuable taken away from me. They have reached some distant shore, where all is peace, comfort and joy. Shall I some day reach that shore? If so, I should be satisfied. If so, they would be rougher to me. I see a boat in the distance; it may bring me some information. I hear a voice. I receive an answer that there is such a shore. I struggle on,—ah, how I struggle with the great waves! I am to be mocked by the tantalizing cry, "Come unto me, and ye shall be saved."

You cannot forsake the ways of reason,—try ever so hard; and even if you could reach that boat, you would find that you were still afloat upon the waves. You would only forget the reality under the satisfying influence of blind faith.

Now, Spiritualism does not float at a distance, mocking us, with a tantalizing cry, "Come unto me," which we cannot, but it comes floating beautifully down to us, with its waves of light, bringing us the forms of the departed, showing us that they live. We know them as they come to us, and the great waves of life no longer have any power over us, for we are all around us are bearing us on to higher and better conditions. All around us are the forms of the departed, loved ones, with their messages of love and instruction,—instruction, too, that does not lash upon the waves of reason, but increases their power.

The religion of Spiritualism is a religion which is universal in its application, opening the door for the admission of all the world, without regard to belief or condition.

From such a religion as this we have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope. It must make a noble and a grand religion, and it must be a great barrier of unchangeableness, until the day, harsh lectures of condemnation will no longer be heard, and in the place thereof we shall have gentle and loving words. Under this religion all mankind will of necessity become one great brotherhood, bound by no fetters, in a land of peace and joy, where the dark valleys of past superstition, but their lives will be lighted up with bright, fresh sunbeams of truth, full of significance.

The tree of Spiritualism is growing, and it casts no sickening shadows of despair. There may be some who will say, "I know it is true, but we see no fruit; the fifth of a century has passed and we see no fruit. I do not admit this, yet it were true, it would not be strange. It cannot be denied that its fruits are reaching out away through the ages, neither can it be denied that its branches are far-reaching. Having witnessed the growth of this tree, I break down to-day are thrifty and strong, and many a graft is sought for to be placed upon the withered old tree of theology.

I defy any religion in the first twenty-one years of its growth to present such greenness, such a display of fruit. Prejudice does not care to see the fruit, but the tree breaks down or lifting their eyes, lest they might see the fruit. We know there are those who are ready to declare that no good has come from this tree, who are not ready to see any good that has come from it. They are not ready to hear of this joy, which comes up from thousands of souls who have arrived at the knowledge of the future through this communion,—who are made happy by the trust and confidence of this religion. All this falls unheeded upon their ears. But let some poor, unfortunate soul commit some folly or indiscretion, or even crime, and all its eyes and ears are upon him, and their tongues are ready to proclaim, "These are the legitimate fruits of Spiritualism."

The religion of Spiritualism does not teach us that we can escape any trial by changing our condition. It does not teach us that we can escape any penalty through the goodness and mercy of any power, be that power God himself. It teaches us that experiences have their own lessons, and that we must learn our own lessons. We shall some day recognize it. It teaches of a universe of order; of law fixed, and not to be set aside. It teaches us that every soul is destined to an eternal progress; not a lazy reliance upon some one else. It teaches us that there is no dodging, no cowardly shrinking in this matter.

What must be the effect of such teachings as these upon the soul? Would it naturally lead the soul to live in vice, or would it naturally lead it to struggle away from vice and sin? The latter result is the only legitimate one that can follow from this.

If a man were plunged in the boiling rapids which were bearing him on to the falls that must destroy him, and were informed that there was a protecting ledge at the very edge of the cataract, which he could reach by a single feeble effort; if assured that he could reach this ledge, but if unwilling to float down and catch the ledge, but if we were assured that he could only escape through his own individual exertions, and were shown that the further he went down the more difficult it would be to rescue himself, he would doubtless make the exertion. Common sense, then, must decide what will be the effect upon the soul, and we are willing to leave it to the decision of common sense in the matter.

Our religion does not teach us to look for humanity to be redeemed in a moment, or in a few brief years. It will do for visionary theorists to talk of a strange mysterious millennium to be inaugurated with wondrous and miracles, when they think any one will be down together. The religion of Spiritualism does not teach us to hope for any such sudden change. It teaches us that progress comes through slow, discrete development. Now and then, it is true, there comes a flood-wave which dashes us far ahead of time, but the tide flows on evenly. The his-

tory of the past should be sufficient to teach us that we need not expect such sudden growth.

When the Christians ceased to know of us why in twenty-one years we have produced no more fruit, they seem to forget their own infancy. Cursing our age, they seem to forget that their own was almost vice after vice, and indeed we might even now question the character of their fruit.

We know that these growths must come by gradual development. We can work for it hopefully and confidently, knowing that it will come. Only evil will be created; error and error will be removed, vice after vice will be overcome. There is no fear but that the fruits of our glorious religion will be manifested. The Church has been experimenting for eighteen centuries, and if we cannot produce something better than the gnarly, knotty worm eaten fruit of the past, why should we not? Christianity, then it will be time to condemn us.

Humanity will ever continue to reach out after something better.

Born of the Infinite, the soul cannot be confined by any limitation. It will overcome all these obstructions, and reach continually on for the life of the future, as well as for itself, in which nothing can obstruct it.

Our religion is well adapted to the wants of the human soul. It is adapted to an age in which reason is determined to assert its supremacy. It has no limits in its influence. It is only, as it were, giving us glimpses, grand and sublime glimpses, of the great beyond.

Only those who are in the mountains of which he has only dreamed, mountains almost hidden in the mists of obscurity, yet giving the promise of glorious exhilaration,—mountains checked all over by sunshine and shadow, yet full of promise in the luxuriant foliage which grows around their bases, and in the glory that floods their summits, through the mists of the future, are continually approaching these eternal realities. Exists there a soul so fossilized with the ideas of the past as not to recognize the beauty of this religion? Exists there a soul so bound down by the chain of authority that it cannot see the brightness of this holy standard, or so originating in the mind of such a man, that he would not speak or remain silent, but open his eyes, walk or stand still, until the flame of his soul's aspirations shall melt away this chain.

In the name of consistency, let not these assert that this standard does not exist. Our standard is not composed of such trifles and general material that reason will sweep it away. Superstition has not disguised it with her usurious impressions.

Broad as the universe, expansive as the human soul, free as the air of heaven, it floats over all humanity to-day.

Below this is the following poem on "The Banner of Our Religion," was improvised:

Beneath its folds the timid soul grows strong, And dares its glorious Goodhood, bright, claim, Throws off the fetters which have bound it long, And bows no longer with its load of shame. Erect in conscious majesty it stands, The ignorance manacles from its shoulders cast; The mystery blinded eye, the fettered hands, But all its shames and shadows of the perished past. The heavy clouds that gather round the path O'er which the millions of the earth must tread, Freight'd with horrors of revengeful wrath, Or mournful wailings for the perished dead, Are scattered, and the banner-bearer's light of dawn Before the banner-fold's red lighted light. Before its radiant shafts, heaven-born, Disperse the shadows of the darkest night. Then silent be the lip that dares deny The living truth brought by these banner-glories; Dumb be the tongue encumbered with the lie, That the bright flashing is not what it seems. O'er all the temples of the perished past, Religion lives! the living altar of to-day, Religion lives! before such glories cast As those which now around her banners play.

Phenomenal.

(Continued from last week.)

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

Parris and his "circle."

THE PROCTOR FAMILY.

We have sketched the life of one family out of many, and will leave the rest for such of our readers as may choose to learn more. We have done this, however, to disclose a whole family history in a few words; as the following in relation to John Proctor and his wife:

"The bitterness of the prosecutors against Proctor was so vehement that they not only arrested, and tried to destroy, his wife and all his family, but they also sought to destroy all her relatives in Lynn, many of whom were thrown into prison. The helpless children were left destitute, and the house swept of its provisions by the sheriff. Proctor's wife gave birth to a child about a fortnight after his execution. This incident to what alone she owed her life. John Proctor was so bold in his defiance of the proceedings, and all who had part in them, that it was thought to be necessary to put him out of the way." (Vol. II, p. 312)

The Rev. Mr. Noyes, the worthy coadjutor of Mr. Parris, refused to pray with Mr. Proctor before his death, unless he would confess; and he was so severely punished by the revival of pity, humility and reason, the more zealous waded the wrath of the pious pastors against the Enemy of Sula. When, on the fatal 23d of September, Mr. Noyes stood looking at the execution, he exclaimed that it had nothing to do with the friends of hell hanging there! This spectacle was never seen again on Witches Hill.

The Jacobs family was signally by the confession of one of its members,—Margaret, one of the "fitted" girls. She brought her grandfather to the gallows, and suffered as much as a weak ignorant, impressionable person under the same conditions of trial and remorse. But she married well seven years ago, and still feeling enough in regard to the past to refuse to be married by Mr. Noyes. She deserved such peace of mind as she obtained, for she retraced the confession of witchcraft which she made, and went to prison. It was too late for her to be saved by Mr. Burrows, her grandfather, but she obtained their full and free forgiveness. At that time this was the condition of the family:

"No account has come to us of the department of George Jacobs, Sr., at his execution. As he was remarkable in life for his firmness of mind, and coolness in death, he had made his last will before the delusion arose. It is dated January 29, 1692, and shows that he, like Proctor, had considerable estate. In his infirm old age he had been condemned to die for a crime of which he knew himself innocent, and which there is some reason to believe he did not think any one would believe he had committed. He regarded the whole thing as a wicked conspiracy and an absurd fabrication. He had to end his long life upon the scaffold in a week from that day. His house was desolated, and his property sequestered. His only son, charged with the same crime, had eluded the sheriff,—leaving his

family, in the hurry of his flight, unprovided for—and was an exile in foreign lands. The crazy wife of that son was in prison and in chains, awaiting trial on the same charge; her little children, including an unweaned infant, left a fatherless and destitute condition in the woods. The older children were so terrified, knew not where, while one of them had completed the bitterness of his lot by becoming a confessor, upon being arrested with her mother as a witch. This granddaughter, Margaret, overwhelmed with fright and horror, bewildered by the state of mind of the accusers and controlled probably by the arguments and arbitrary methods of address employed by her minister, Mr. Noyes,—whose peculiar function in those proceedings seems to have been to drive persons accused to make confessions—had been betrayed into that position, and become a confessor and accuser of others." (Vol. II, p. 312)

GILES AND MARTHA COREY.

The life and death of a prominent citizen, Giles Corey, should not be altogether passed over in a survey of such a community and at such a time. He had land, and was called "Goodman Corey," but he was unpopular from being too courageous as to young a generation of society. He was once tried for the death of a man who had been used roughly, and only fined. He had a wife and six children. He was eighty years old when the Witch Delusion broke out, and he was then off on a journey with a devout woman who spent much time on her knees, praying against the snares of Satan, that is, the delusion about witchcraft. She spoke freely of the tricks of children, the blindness of the magistrates, and the falling away of many from common sense and the word of God; and while she was off on a journey, she was being quarreled with her, and she was at once marked out for a victim, and one of the earliest. When visited by examiners, she smiled and conversed with composure, declaring that she was not a witch, and that "she did not think there was any such thing as witchcraft." Her husband, a devoted woman who spent much time on her knees, praying against the snares of Satan, that is, the delusion about witchcraft. She spoke freely of the tricks of children, the blindness of the magistrates, and the falling away of many from common sense and the word of God; and while she was off on a journey, she was being quarreled with her, and she was at once marked out for a victim, and one of the earliest. When visited by examiners, she smiled and conversed with composure, declaring that she was not a witch, and that "she did not think there was any such thing as witchcraft." Her husband, a devoted woman who spent much time on her knees, praying against the snares of Satan, that is, the delusion about witchcraft. 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