

markable woman who lived in the Puritanic days of New England whose memory should be held in preeminent regard.

Monuments are now erected over the graves of noble women who, in the seventeenth century, were persecuted unto death by a fanatical priesthood and an insane church. Our ancestor, Margaret Noyes, had the honor above all other women bearing the name, of being deemed a "Witch." It was, however, her good fortune to live a generation later than the period when whipping from street to street and from town to town at the cart tail, drowning in ponds, and strangling was the fate of many good women who were discovered by ecclesiastical tigers to be too intelligent and intellectually independent to be fanatically orthodox.

The venerable Nonagenarian lady already quoted describes the class of persons who obtained "the unenviable notoriety of witches as being usually inoffensive women, possessing a marked individuality, strong intellectual faculties, quick perception and keen wit, united to a firm will and independence of action, characteristics which, in some way, brought upon them the ban of the community. The witch of the Falls Parish (Newbury), was an old woman called "Tuggie Noyes"; her real Christian name was Margaret. I never heard how she obtained the nickname of Tuggie. I have only a faint remembrance of her, a dim recollection of stealing behind my mother to peep at the witch, as she bargained for some tobacco which my father had raised. I think this woman gained a livelihood by spinning and weaving. I have often heard David Emery relate an incident of his boyhood by which his disbelief in witches was fully confirmed. One cold winter morning, David and his chum Nate Perley were on their way to school, when they descried Tuggie advancing over the half-trodden path, the hood on her gray lambkin cloak drawn around her face, and a bunch of woolen yarn in her hand.

"There's the witch," Nate exclaimed, lamenting the lack of a sixpence to place in the path to stop her farther progress. His companion expressed his credulity respecting such an effect, but nevertheless drew a sixpence from his pocket, which he adroitly dropped immediately before the old woman; she passed on directly over it with a courtsey and good day, and David again pocketed his coin, firm in the faith of Tuggie's innocence of the diabolical influence, with a full determination never to believe in any witch, save the witch of Endor."