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Vol. VIII.—No. 13.—Whole No. 195.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1874.

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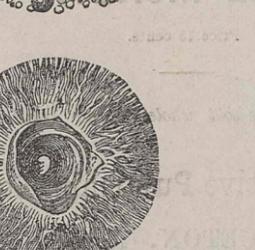
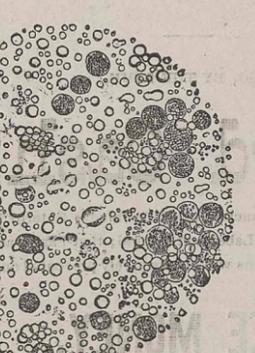
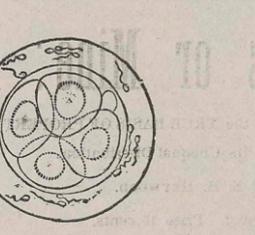
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THE GREAT SOCIAL EARTHQUAKE.

MR. MOULTON'S TESTIMONY.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 10, 1874.

The committee met at 3 P. M. All the members were present. At about 5 o'clock Francis D. Moulton, who was expected at the opening of the session, made his appearance, when, with the consent of the committee, he read the following statement, prefacing it with the remarks:

"I submit to you, first, the invitation signed by your Chairman, July 27, 1874; next, the invitation of your Chairman, signed July 23, and next, the invitation of your Chairman, signed August 4 [laying copies of these invitations on the table before him]."

STATEMENT OF MR. MOULTON.

Gentlemen of the Committee—When I was last before you I stated that I would, at your request, produce such documents as I had, and make such statement of facts as had come to my knowledge on the subject of your inquiry. I fully intended so to do, and have prepared my statement of facts as sustained by the documents, and made an exhibit of all the papers that have come in any way into my possession bearing on the controversy between the parties. That statement must, of course, bear with more or less force upon one or the other of them. On mature reflection, aided by the advice of my most valued friends, I have reconsidered that determination, and am obliged to say to you that I feel compelled from a sense of duty to the parties, to my relation to their controversy, and to myself, neither to make the statement nor to produce the documents.

When I first became a party to the unhappy controversy between Beecher and Tilton, I had no personal knowledge nor any document in my possession which could affect either. Everything that I know of fact, or have received of papers, has come to me in the most sacred confidence, to be used for the purpose of composing and settling all difficulties between them, and of preventing, so far as possible, any knowledge of their private affairs being brought to the public notice. For this purpose all their matters have been entrusted to me, and for none other. If I should now use them, it would be not for the purpose of peace and reconciliation, but to voluntarily take part in a controversy which they have seen fit to renew between themselves. How faithfully, earnestly and honestly I have labored to do my duty to the parties for peace they both know. The question for me to settle for myself, and no other, is now—ought I to do anything to aid either party in a renewed controversy by use of that which I received and have used only to promote harmony? On my honor and conscience I think I ought not. And at the risk of whatever of misconstruction and vituperation may come upon me, I must adhere to the dictates of my own judgment, and preserve, at least, my own self-respect.

I call attention again to the fact that yours is a mere voluntary tribunal, and whatever I do here is done by a voluntary and not compelled witness. Whether before any tribunal having the power to compel the production of testimony and statement of fact I shall ever produce these papers, or give any of these confidential statements, I reserve to myself to judge of the emergency, which I hope may never come. Against my wish—as I never have been in sympathy with a renewal of this conflict—a part of these documents have been given to the public. In so far, confidence in regard to them has ceased. It is but just, therefore, and due to the parties, that the whole of those documents, portions of which only have been given, shall be put into your hands, in response to the thrice-renewed request of the committee. I have therefore copies of them which I produce here and place in the hands of the committee, with the hope and request that after they have been examined by them, they may be returned to me. If any controversy shall arise as to the authenticity of the copies, or of the documents on that point, I shall hold myself open to speak. With this exception—except in defense of my own honor and the uprightness of my course in all this unfortunate and unhappy business, the purity and candor of which I appeal to the consciences of both parties to sustain—I do not propose, and hope I may never be called upon hereafter to speak, either as to the facts or to produce any paper that I have received from either of the parties involved herein.

FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

[The letters will appear in Mr. Beecher's statement, with an explanation of each.]

MR. BEECHER'S DEFENSE.

MR. BEECHER'S STATEMENT.

Gentlemen of the Committee—In the statement addressed to the public on the 22d of July last, I gave an explicit, comprehensive and solemn denial to the charges made by Theodore Tilton against me. That denial I now repeat and reaffirm. I also stated in that communication that I should appear before your committee with a more detailed statement and explanation of the facts in the case. For this the time has now come. Four years ago Theodore Tilton fell from one of the proudest editorial chairs in America, where he represented the cause of religion, humanity and patriotism, and in a few months thereafter became the associate and representative of Victoria Woodhull and the priest of her strange cause. By his follies he was bankrupt in reputation, in occupation, and in resources. The interior history of which I am now to give a brief outline is the history of his attempts to so employ me as to reinstate him in business, restore his reputation, and place him again upon the eminence from which he had fallen. It is a sad history, to the full meaning of which I have but recently awakened. Entangled in a wilderness of complications, I followed until lately a false theory and a delusive hope, believing that the friend who assured me of his determination and ability to control the passionate vagaries of Mr. Tilton, to restore his household, to rebuild his fortunes and to vindicate me, would be equal to that promise. This self-confessed failure has made clear to me what for a long time I did not suspect—the real motive of Mr. Tilton. My narrative does not represent a single standpoint only as regards my opinion of Theodore Tilton. It begins at my cordial intimacy with him in his earlier career, and shows my lamentation and sorrowful but hopeful affection for him during the period of his initial wanderings from truth and virtue. It describes my repentance over evils befalling him of which I was made to believe myself the cause; my persevering and finally despairing efforts to save him and his family by any sacrifice of myself not absolutely dishonorable, and my growing conviction that his perpetual follies and blunders rendered his recovery impossible. I can now see that he is and has been from the beginning of this difficulty a selfish and reckless schemer, pursuing a plan of mingled greed and hatred, and weaving about me a network of suspicious misunderstandings, plots and lies, to which my own innocent words and acts, nay, even my thoughts of kindness toward him, have been made to contribute. These successive views of him must be kept in view to explain my course through the last four years.

That I was blind so long to the real nature of the intrigue going on around me was due partly to my own overwhelming public engagements, partly to my complete surrender of this affair and all papers and questions connected with it into the hands of Mr. Moulton, who was intensely confident that he could manage it successfully. I suffered much, but I inquired little. Mr. Moulton was chary to me of Mr. Tilton's confidences to him, reporting to me occasionally, in a general way, Mr. Tilton's moods and outbreaks of passion only as elements of trouble which he was able to control, and as additional proofs of the wisdom of leaving it to him. His command of the situation seemed to me, at the time, complete, immersed as I was in incessant cares and duties, and only too glad to be relieved from considering the details of such wretched complications, the origin and the fact of which remain, in spite of all friendly intervention, a perpetual burden to my soul. I would not read in the papers about it; I would not talk about it. I made Moulton for a long period my confidant and my only channel of information.

From time to time suspicions were aroused in me by indications that Mr. Tilton was acting the part of an enemy; but these suspicions were repeatedly allayed by his own behavior toward me in other moods, and by the assurances of Mr. Moulton, who ascribed the circumstances to misunderstanding or to malice on the part of others. It is plain to me now that it was not until Mr. Tilton had fallen into disgrace and lost his salary that he thought it necessary to assail me with charges which he pretended to have had in mind for six months. The domestic offense which he alleged was very quickly and easily put aside, but yet in such a way as to keep my feelings stirred up, in order that I might, through my friends, be used to extract from Mr. Bowen \$7,000, the amount of a claim in dispute between them. The check for that sum in hand, Mr. Tilton signed an agreement of peace and concord—not made by me, but accepted by me as sincere. The *Golden Age* had been started. He had the capital to carry it on for a while. He was sure that he was to lead a great social revolution. With returning prosperity he had apparently no griefs which could not be covered by his signature to the articles of peace. Yet the change in that covenant, made by him before signing it, and represented to me as necessary merely to relieve him from the imputation of having originated and circulated certain old and shameless slanders about me, were really made, as now appears, to leave him free for future operations upon me and against me.

So long as he was, or thought he was, on the road to a new success, his conduct toward me was as friendly as he knew how to make it. His assumption of superiority and magnanimity, and his patronizing manner, were trifles at which I could afford to smile, and which I bore with the greater humility since I still retained the profound impression made upon me as explained in the following narrative—that I had been a cause of overwhelming disaster to him, and that his complete restoration to public standing and household happiness was a reparation justly required of me, and the only one which I could make.

But with a peculiar genius for blunders, he fell almost at every step into new complications and difficulties, and in every such instance it was his policy to bring coercion to bear upon my honor, my conscience and my affections for the purpose of procuring his extrication at my expense. Theodore Tilton knew me well. He has said again and again to his friends that if they wished to gain influence over me they must work upon the sympathetic side of my nature. To this he has addressed himself steadily for four years,

using as a lever, without scruple, my attachment to my friends, to my family, to his own household, and even my old affection for himself.

Not blind to his faults, but resolved to look on him as favorably and hopefully as possible, and ignorant of his deeper malice, I labored earnestly, even desperately, for his salvation. For four years I have been trying to feed the insatiable egotism, to make the man as great as he conceived himself to be, to restore to popularity and public confidence one who, in the midst of my efforts in his behalf, patronized disreputable people and doctrines, refused when I besought him to separate himself from them, and ascribed to my agency the increasing ruin which he was persistently bringing upon himself, and which I was doing my utmost to avert. It was hard to do anything for such a man. I might as well have tried to fill a sieve with water. In the latter part of the history he actually incited and created difficulties, apparently for no other purpose than to drive me to fresh exertions. I refused to indorse his wild views and associates. The best I could do was to speak well of him, mention those good qualities and abilities which I still believe him to possess in his higher moods, and keep silence concerning the evil things which, I was assured and believed, had been greatly exaggerated by public report. I could not think him so bad as my friends did. I trusted to the germs of good which I thought still lived in him, to Mr. Moulton's apparent power over him, and to the power of my persistent self-sacrifice.

Mr. Moulton came to me at first as the schoolmate and friend of Mr. Tilton, determined to reinstate him, I always suspected, without regard to my interests, but on further acquaintance with me he undertook and promised to serve his friend without doing wrong to me. He said he saw clearly how this was to be done, so as to restore peace and harmony to Mr. Tilton's home, and bring a happy end of all misunderstandings. Many things which he counseled I absolutely refused, but I never doubted his professed friendship for me, after friendship had grown up between us; and whatever he wished me to do I did, unless it seemed to me wrong.

My confidence in him was the only element that seemed secure in that confusion of tormenting perplexities. To him I wrote freely in that troublous time, when I felt that secret machinations were going on around me, and echoes of the vilest slander concerning me were heard of in unexpected quarters; when some of my near relatives were set against me, and the tattle of a crowd of malicious women, hostile to me on other grounds, was borne to my ears; when I had lost the last remnant of faith in Theodore, or hope for him; when I heard with unspeakable remorse that everything I had done to stay his destruction had made matters worse and worse; that my attempt to keep him from a public trial (involving such a flood of scandal as has now been let loose) had been used by him to bring up new troubles; that his unhappy wife was, under his dictation, signing papers and recantations, and I knew not what; that, in short, everything was breaking up, and the destruction from which I had sought to save the family was likely to be emptied on other families, the church, the community, with infinite horrors of woe for me; that my own innocence was buried under heaps and heaps of rubbish, and nobody but my professed friend (if even he) could save us. To his assurances that he could still do so, I gave at least so much faith as to maintain under these terrible trials the silence which he enjoined. Not until Mr. Tilton, having attempted through Frank Carpenter to raise money from my friends, openly assailed me in his letter to Dr. Bacon, did I break that silence, save my simple denial of the slanderous rumors against me a year before.

When on the appearance of the first open attack from Mr. Tilton, I immediately, without consulting Mr. Moulton, called for a thorough investigation with a committee of my church. I am not responsible for the delay, the publicity or the details of that investigation. All the harm which I have so long dreaded and have so earnestly striven to avoid has come to pass. I could not have further prevented it without a full surrender of honor and truth. The time has arrived when I can freely speak in vindication of myself. I labor under great disadvantages in making a statement. My memory of states of the mind is clear and tenacious, better than my memory of dates and details. During four troubled years, in all of which I have been singularly burdened with public labor, having established and conducted the *Christian Union*, delivered courses of lecture, preached before the Theological Seminary of Yale College, written the *Life of Christ*, delivered each winter lyceum lectures in all the North and West—all these duties, with the care of the great church and its outlying schools and chapels, and the miscellaneous business which falls upon a clergyman, more than upon any other public man, I have kept in regard, and now, with the necessity of explaining actions and letters resulting from complex influences apparent at the time, I find myself in a position where I know my innocence without being able to prove it with detailed explanation. I am one upon whom trouble works inwardly, making me outwardly silent, but reverberating in the chambers of my soul; and when at length I do speak, it is a pent-up flood and pours without measure or moderation. I inherit a tendency to sadness, the remains in me of positive hypochondria in my father and grandfather, and in certain moods of reaction the world becomes black and I see very despairingly.

If I were in such moods to speak as I feel, I should give false colors and exaggerated proportions of everything. This manifestation is in such contrast to the hopefulness and courage which I experienced in ordinary times that none but those intimate with me would suspect one so full of overflowing spirit and eager gladness to have within him a care of gloom or despondency. Some of my letters to Mr. Moulton reflect this morbid feeling. He understood it, and at times earnestly reproved me for indulging in it. With this preliminary review I proceed to my narrative.

Mr. Tilton was first known to me as a reporter of my sermons. He was then a youth just from school and work-

ing on the *New York Observer*. From this paper he passed to the *Independent* and became a great favorite with Mr. Bowen. When, about 1861, Drs. Bacon, Storrs and Thompson resigned their places I became editor of the *Independent*, to which I had been from its start a contributor. One of the inducements held out to me was that Mr. Tilton should be my assistant and relieve me wholly from routine office work. In this relation I became very much attached to him. We used to stroll to galleries and to print shops and dine often together. His mind was opening freshly and with enthusiasm upon all questions. I used to pour out my ideas of civil affairs, public policy, religion and philanthropy. Of this he often spoke with grateful appreciation and mourned at a later day over its cessation.

August was my vacation month, but my family repaired to my farm in June and July, and remained there during September and October. My labors confining me to the city, I took my meals in the families of friends, and from year to year I became so familiar with their children and homes that I went in and out daily almost as in my own house. Mr. Tilton often alluded to this habit, and urged me to do the same by his house. He used often to speak in extravagant terms of his wife's esteem and affection for me. After I began to visit his house he sought to make it attractive. He urged me to bring my papers down there and use his study to do my writing in, as it was not pleasant to write at the office of the *Independent*. When I went to England in 1863 Mr. Tilton took temporary charge of the *Independent*. On my return I paved the way for him to take sole charge of it, my name remaining for a year, and then he becoming the responsible editor. Friendly relations continued until 1866, when the violent assaults made upon me by Mr. Tilton in the *Independent*, on account of my Cleveland letter and the temporary discontinuation of the publication of my sermons in that paper, broke off my connection with it. Although Mr. Tilton and I remained personally on good terms, yet there was a coolness between us in all matters of politics. Our social relations were very kindly, and as late as 1868-9, at his request, I sat to Page some fifty times for a portrait. It was here that I first met and talked with Moulton, whose wife was a member of Plymouth Church, though he was not a member nor even a regular attendant. During this whole period I never received from Mr. Tilton or any member of his family the slightest hint that there was any dissatisfaction with my familiar relations to his household. As late, I think, as the winter of 1869, when going upon an extended lecturing tour, he said: "I wish you would look in after and see that Libby is not lonesome or does not want anything," or words to that effect. Never by sign or word did Mr. Tilton complain of my visits in his family until after he began to fear that the *Independent* would be taken from him, nor did he break out into violence until on the eve of dispossession from both the papers—the *Independent* and the *Brooklyn Union*—owned by Mr. Bowen. During these years of intimacy in Mr. Tilton's family I was treated as a father or elder brother; children were born—children died. They learned to love me and to frolic with me as I was one of themselves. I loved them and I had for Mrs. Tilton a true and honest regard.

She seemed to me an affectionate mother and devoted wife looking up to her husband as one far above the common race of men, and turning to me with artless familiarity and with entire confidence. Childish in appearance, she was childlike in nature; and I would as soon have misconceived the confidence of her little girls as the unstudied affection which she showed me. Delicate in health, with a self-cheerful air, she was boundless in her sympathy for those in trouble, and labored beyond her strength for the poor. She had the charge at one time of the married woman's class at the Bethel Mission School, and they perfectly worshiped her there. I gave Mrs. Tilton copies of my books when published. I sometimes sent down from the farm flowers to be distributed among a dozen or more families, and she occasionally shared. The only present of value I ever gave her was on my return from Europe in 1863, when I distributed souvenirs of my journey to some fifty or more persons, and to her I gave a simple brooch of little intrinsic value. So far from supposing that my presence and influence were alienating Mrs. Tilton from her family relations, I thought on the contrary that it was giving her strength and encouraging her to hold fast upon a man evidently sliding into dangerous associations, and liable to be ruined by unexampled self-conceit. I regarded Mr. Tilton as in a very critical period of his life, and used to think it fortunate that he had good home influences about him. During the later years of our friendship Mrs. Tilton spoke very mournfully to me about the tendency of her husband to great laxity of doctrine in religion and morals. She gave me to understand that he denied the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the scriptures and most articles of orthodox faith, while his views as to the sanctity of the marriage relation were undergoing constant change in the direction of free love.

In the latter part of July, 1870, Mrs. Tilton was sick, and at her request I visited her. She seemed much depressed, but gave me no hint of any trouble having reference to me. I cheered her as best I could and prayed with her just before leaving. This was our last interview before trouble broke out in the family. I describe it because it was the last, and its character has a bearing upon the later part of my story. Concerning all my other visits it is sufficient to say that at no interview which ever took place between Mrs. Tilton and myself did anything occur which might not have occurred with perfect propriety between a brother and sister, between a father and child, or between a man of honor and the wife of his dearest friend; nor did anything ever happen which she or I sought to conceal from her husband.

Some years before any open trouble between Mr. Tilton and myself, his doctrines as set forth in the leaders of the *Independent* aroused a storm of indignation among the representative Congregationalists in the West; and as the paper was still very largely supposed to be my organ, I was written to on the subject. In reply, I indignantly disclaimed all responsibility for the views expressed by Mr. Tilton. My

brother Edward, then living in Illinois, was prominent in the remonstrance addressed to Mr. Bowen concerning the course of his paper under Mr. Tilton's management. It was understood that Mr. Bowen agreed that, in consequence of proceedings arising out of this remonstrance, to remove Mr. Tilton or suppress his peculiar views; but instead of that, Theodore seemed firmer in the saddle than before, and his loose notions of marriage and divorce began to be shadowed editorially. This led to the starting of the *Advance* in Chicago, to supersede the *Independent* in the North-West, and Mr. Bowen was made to feel that Mr. Tilton's management was seriously injuring the business, and Mr. Tilton may have felt that his position was being undermined by opponents of his views with whom he subsequently pretended to believe I was in league. Vague intimations of his "feeling hard" toward me I ascribed to this misconception. I had in reality taken no step to harm him.

After Mr. Tilton's return from the West in December, 1870, a young girl whom Mrs. Tilton had taken into the family, educated and treated like an own child (her testimony, I understand, is before the committee) was sent to me with an urgent request that I would visit Mrs. Tilton at her mother's. She said that Mrs. Tilton had left her home and gone to her mother's in consequence of ill-treatment of her husband. She then gave an account of what she had seen of cruelty and abuse on the part of the husband that shocked me; and yet more, when with downcast look she said that Mr. Tilton had visited her chamber in the night and sought her consent to his wishes. I immediately visited Mrs. Tilton at her mother's and received an account of her home life, and of the despotism of her husband, and of the management of a woman whom he had made housekeeper, which seemed like a nightmare dream. The question was whether she should go back, or separate forever from her husband. I asked permission to bring my wife to see them, whose judgment in all domestic relations I thought better than my own; and accordingly a second visit was made. The result of the interview was that my wife was extremely indignant toward Mr. Tilton, and declared that no consideration on earth would induce her to remain an hour with a man who had treated her with a hundredth part of such insult and cruelty. I felt as strongly as she did, but hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of a separation. It was agreed that my wife should give her final advice at another visit. The next day, when ready to go, she wished a final word; but there was company, and the children were present, and so I wrote on a scrap of paper, "I incline to think that your view is right, and that a separation and a settlement of support will be wisest, and that in his present desperate state her presence near him is far more likely to produce hatred than her absence."

Mrs. Tilton did not tell me that my presence had anything to do with this trouble, nor did she let me know that on the July previous he had extorted from her a confession of excessive affection for me.

On the evening of December 27, 1870, Mr. Bowen, on his way home, called at my house and handed me a letter from Mr. Tilton. It was, as nearly as I can remember, in the following terms:

HENRY WARD BEECHER—For reasons which you explicitly know, and which I forbear to state, I demand that you withdraw from the pulpit and quit Brooklyn as a residence.

THEODORE TILTON.

I read it over twice, and turned to Bowen and said: "This man is crazy; this is sheer insanity," and other like words. Mr. Bowen professed to be ignorant of the contents, and I handed him the letter to read. We at once fell into a conversation about Mr. Tilton. He gave me some account of the reasons why he had reduced him from the editorship of the *Independent* to the subordinate position of contributor, namely, that Mr. Tilton's religious and social views were ruining the paper. But he said that as soon as it was known that he had so far broken with Tilton, there came pouring in upon him so many stories of Mr. Tilton's private life and habits that he was overwhelmed, and that he was now considering whether he could consistently retain him on the *Brooklyn Union*, or as chief contributor to the *Independent*. He narrated the story of the affair at Winsted, Conn., some like stories from the Northwest, and charges brought against Mr. Tilton in his own office. Without doubt he believed these allegations, and so did I. The other facts previously stated to me seemed a full corroboration. We conversed for some time, Mr. Bowen wishing my opinion. It was frankly given. I did not see how he could maintain his relations with Mr. Tilton. The substance of the full conversation was that Tilton's inordinate vanity, his fatal facility in blundering, (for which he had a genius), and ostentatious independence in his own opinions and general impracticableness would keep the *Union* at disagreement with the political party for whose service it was published; and now, added to all this, these revelations of these promiscuous immoralities would make his connection with either paper fatal to its interests. I spoke strongly and emphatically under the great provocation of his threatening to me and the revelation I had just had concerning his domestic affairs.

Mr. Bowen derided the letter of Tilton which he had brought to me, and said earnestly that if trouble came of it I might rely upon his friendship. I learned afterward that in the further quarrel, ending in Tilton's peremptory expulsion from Bowen's service, this conversation was repeated to Mr. Tilton. I believe that Mr. Bowen had an interview and received some further information about Tilton from my wife, to whom I had referred him; and although I have no doubt that Mr. Tilton would have lost his place at any rate, I have also no doubt that my influence was decisive, and precipitated his final overthrow. When I came to think it all over I felt very unhappy at the contemplation of Mr. Tilton's impending disaster. I had loved him much, and at one time he had seemed like a son to me. My influence had come just at the time of his first unfolding, and had much to do with this early development. I had aided him externally to bring him before the public. We had been together in the great controversies of the day until after the war, and our social relations had been intimate.

It is true that his nature always exaggerated his own excel-

lences. When he was but a boy he looked up to me with affectionate admiration. After some years he felt himself my equal, and was very companionable; and when he had outgrown me, and reached the position of the first man of the age, he still was kind and patronizing. I had always smiled at these weaknesses of vanity, and had believed that a larger experience, with some knocks among strong men, and by sorrows that temper the soul, he would yet fulfill a useful and brilliant career. But now all looked dark; he was to be cast forth from his eminent position, and his affairs at home did not promise that sympathy and strength which make one's house, as mine has been, in times of adversity, a refuge from the storm and a tower of defense.

Besides a generous suffering I should have had a selfish reason for such, if I had dreamed that I was about to become the instrument by which Mr. Tilton meant to fight his way back to the prosperity which he had forfeited. It now appears that on the 29th of December, 1870, Mr. Tilton having learned that I had replied to his threatening letter by expressing such an opinion of him as to set Mr. Bowen finally against him, and bring him face to face with immediate ruin, extorted from his wife, then suffering under a severe illness, a document incriminating me, and prepared an elaborate attack upon me.

On Tuesday evening, December 30, 1870, about 7 o'clock, Francis D. Moulton called at my house, and with intense earnestness said, "I wish you to go with me to see Mr. Tilton." I replied that I could not then, as I was just going to my prayer-meeting. With the most positive manner he said, "You must go; somebody else will take care of the meeting." I went with him, not knowing what trouble had agitated him, but vaguely thinking that I might now learn the solution of the recent threatening letter. On the way I asked what was the reason of this visit, to which he replied that Mr. Tilton would inform me, or words to that effect. On entering his house Mr. Moulton locked the door, saying something about not being interrupted. He requested me to go into the front chamber over the parlor. I was under the impression that Mr. Tilton was going to pour out upon me his anger for colleagueing with Bowen and for the advice of separation given to his wife. I wished Mr. Moulton to be with me as a witness, but he insisted that I should go by myself.

Mr. Tilton received me coldly, but calmly. After a word or two, standing in front of me with a memorandum in his hand, he began an oration. He charged me in substance with acting for a long time in an unfriendly spirit; that I had sought his downfall; had spread injurious rumors about him; was using my place and influence to undermine him; had advised Mr. Bowen to dismiss him, and much more that I cannot remember. He then declared that I had injured him in his family relations; had joined with his mother-in-law in producing discord in his house; had advised a separation; had alienated his wife's affections from him; had led her to love me more than any living being; had corrupted her moral nature, and taught her to be insincere, lying and hypocritical, and ended by charging that I had made wicked proposals to her. Until he had reached this I had listened with some contempt under the impression that he was attempting to bully me. But with the last charge he produced a paper purporting to be a certified statement of a previous confession made to him by his wife of her love for me, and that I had made proposals to her of an impure nature. He said that this confession had been made to him in July, six months previous; that his sense of honor and affection would not permit any such document to remain in existence; that he had burned the original and should now destroy the only copy; and he then tore the paper into small pieces. If I had been shocked at such a statement, I was absolutely thunderstruck when he closed the interview by requesting me to repair at once to his house, where he said Elizabeth was waiting for me, and learn from her lips the truth of his stories in so far as they concerned her. This fell like a thunderbolt on me. Could it be possible that his wife, whom I had regarded as the type of moral goodness, should have made such false and atrocious statements? And yet if she had not, how would he dare to send me to her for confirmation of his charges?

I went forth like a sleep-walker, while clouds were flying in the sky. There had been a snow storm, which was breaking away. The winds were out and whistling through the leafless trees, but all this was peace compared to my mood within. I believe that Moulton went with me to the door of Tilton's house. The housekeeper (the same woman of whom Mrs. Tilton complained) seemed to have been instructed by him for she evidently expected me, and showed me at once up to Mrs. Tilton's room. Mrs. Tilton lay upon her bed, white as marble, with closed eyes as in a trance, and with her hands upon her bosom, palm to palm, like one in prayer. As I look back upon it, the picture is like some forms carved in marble that I had seen upon monuments in Europe.

She made no motion, and gave no sign of recognition of my presence. I sat down near her and said: "Elizabeth, Theodore has been making very serious charges against me, and sends me to you for confirmation." She made no reply or sign. Yet it was plain that she was conscious and listening. I repeated some of his statements—that I had brought discord to the family, had alienated her from him, had sought to break up the family, had usurped his influence, and then as well as I could, I added that he said that I had made improper suggestions to her, and that she had admitted this fact to him last July. I said, "Elizabeth, have you made such statements to him? She made no answer. I repeated the question. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she very slightly bowed her head in acquiescence. I said: "You cannot mean that you have stated all he has charged." She opened her eyes and began in a slow and feeble way to explain how sick she had been, how wearied out with importunity; that he had confessed his own alienated loves, and said that he could not bear to think that she was better than he; that she might win him to reformation if she would confess that she had loved me more than him, and that they would repent and go on with future concord. I cannot give her language, but on-

ly the tenor of her representations. I received them impatiently, I spoke to her in the strongest language of her course. I said to her: "Have I ever made any improper advances to you?" She said: "No." Then I asked: "Why did you say so to your husband?" She seemed deeply distressed. "My friend," (by that designation she almost always called me), "I am sorry, but I could not help it. What can I do?" I told her she could state in writing what she had now told me. She beckoned for her writing materials which I handed her from her secretary standing near by, and she sat up in bed and wrote a brief counter-statement.

In a sort of postscript, she denied explicitly that I had ever offered any improper solicitation to her, that being the only charge made against me by Mr. Tilton, or sustained by the statement about the confession which he had read to me. I dreamed of no worse charge at that time. That was horrible enough. The mere thought that he could make it and could have extorted any evidence on which to base it, was enough to take away my senses. Neither my consciousness of its utter falsehood, nor Mrs. Tilton's retraction of her part in it could remove the shock from my heart and head. Indeed, her admission to me that she had stated under any circumstances to her husband so wicked a falsehood was the crowning blow of all. It seemed to me as if she was going to die, that her mind was overthrown, and that I was in some dreadful way mixed up in it, and might be left by her death with this terrible accusation hanging over me.

I returned, like one in a dream, to Mr. Moulton's house, where I said very little and soon went home. It has been said that I confessed guilt and expressed remorse. This is utterly false. Is it likely that, with Mrs. Tilton's retraction in my pocket, I should have thus stultified myself?

On the next day, at evening, Mr. Moulton called at my house and came up into my bedroom. He said that Mrs. Tilton, on her husband's return to her after our interview, had informed him what she had done, and that I had her retraction. Moulton expostulated with me, said that the retraction under the circumstances would not mend matters, but only awaken fresh discord between husband and wife and do great injury to Mrs. Tilton without helping me. Mrs. Tilton, he said, had already recanted in writing the retraction made to me, and of course there might be no end to such contradictions. Meanwhile, Tilton had destroyed his wife's first letter, acknowledging the confession, and Mr. Moulton claimed that I had taken a mean advantage, and made dishonorable use of Theodore's request that I should visit her, in obtaining from her a written contradiction to a document not in existence. He said that all difficulties could be settled without any such papers, and that I ought to give it up. He was under great excitement. He made no verbal threats, but he opened his overcoat, and with some emphatic remark showed a pistol, which afterward he took out and laid on the bureau near which he stood. I gave the paper to him, and after a few moments' talk he left.

Within a day or two after this, Mr. Moulton made me the third visit, and this time we repaired to my study in the third story of my house. Before speaking of this interview, it is right that I should allude to the suffering through which I had gone during the previous days—the cause of which was the strange change in Mrs. Tilton. Nothing had seemed to me more certain during all my acquaintance with her, than that she was singularly simple, truthful and honorable. Deceit seemed absolutely foreign to her nature, and yet she had stated to her husband those strange and awful falsehoods. She had not, when in July I called and prayed with her, given me the slightest hint, I will not say of such accusations, but even that there was any serious family difficulty. She had suddenly in December called me and my wife to a consultation to a possible separation from her husband, still leaving me ignorant that she had put into his hands such a weapon against me. I was bewildered with a double consciousness of a saintly woman communicating a very needless treachery to her friend and pastor. My distress was boundless. I did not for a moment feel, however, that she was blameworthy, as would ordinarily be thought, but supposed that she had been overborne by sickness and shattered in mind until she scarcely knew what she did, and was no longer responsible for her acts. My soul went out to her in pity. I blamed myself for want of prudence and foresight, for I thought that all this had been the result of her undue affection for me. I had a profound feeling that I would bear any blame and take any punishment if that poor child could only emerge from this cloud and be put back into the happiness from which I had been, as I thought, if not the cause, yet the occasion of withdrawing her. If my own daughter had been in similar case, my grief at her calamity could scarcely have been greater. Moreover, from the anger and fury of Mr. Tilton I apprehended that this charge was made by him, and supported by the accusation of his wife, was to be at once publicly pressed against me; and if it was, I had nothing but my simple word of denial to interpose against it. In my then morbid condition of mind, I thought that this charge, although entirely untrue, might result in great disaster, if not in absolute ruin. The great interests which were entirely dependent on me, the church which I had built up, the book which I was writing, my own immediate family, my brother's name, now engaged in the ministry, my sisters, the name which I had hoped might live after me and be in some slight degree a source of strength and encouragement to those who should succeed me, and above all the cause for which I had devoted my life, seemed imperiled. It seemed to me that my life-work was to end abruptly and in disaster. My earnest desire to avoid a public accusation, and the evils which must necessarily flow from it, and which now have resulted from it, has been one of the leading motives that must explain my action during these four years with reference to this matter.

It was in such a sore and distressing condition that Mr. Moulton found me. His manner was kind and conciliatory; he seemed, however, to be convinced that I had been seeking Tilton's downfall, that I had leagued with Mr. Bowen against him, and that I had by my advice come near destroying his

family. I did not need any argument or persuasion to induce me to do and say anything which would remedy the injury of which I then believed I had certainly been the occasion if not the active cause. But Mr. Moulton urged that having wronged so, the wrong meant his means of support suddenly taken away, his reputation gone, his family destroyed, and that I had done it. He assured me of his own knowledge that the stories which I had heard of Mr. Tilton's impurities of life, and which I had believed and repeated to Mr. Bowen, were all false, and that Mr. Tilton had always been faithful to his wife. I was persuaded into the belief of what he said, and felt convicted of slander in its meanest form. He drew the picture of Mr. Tilton, wronged in reputation, in position, wronged in purse, shattered in his family where he would otherwise have found a refuge, and at the same time looking upon me out of his deep distress, while I, abounding in friends, most popular, and with ample means; he drew that picture—my prosperity overflowing and abounding, and Tilton's utter degradation—I was most intensely excited indeed; I felt that my mind was in danger of giving way; I walked up and down the room pouring forth my heart in the most unrestrained grief and bitterness of self-accusation, telling what my ideas were of the obligation of friendship and of the sacredness of the household; denying, however, an intentional wrong, seeing that if I had been the cause, however remotely, of that which I then beheld, I never could forgive myself, and heaping all the blame on my own head. The case, as it then appeared to my eyes, was strongly against me. My old fellow-worker had been dispossessed of his eminent place and influence, and I had counseled it. His family had well nigh been broken up, and I had advised it; his wife had been long sick and broken in health and body, and I, as I fully believed it, had been the cause of all this wreck, by continuing that blind heedlessness and friendship which had beguiled her heart and had roused her husband into a fury of jealousy, although not caused by any intentional act of mine. And should I coldly defend myself? Should I pour indignation upon this lady? Should I hold her up to contempt as having thrust her affection upon me unthought? Should I tread upon the man and his household in their great adversity? I gave vent to my feelings without measure. I disclaimed with the greatest earnestness all intent to harm Theodore in his home or his business, and with inexplicable sorrow I both blamed and defended Mrs. Tilton in one breath.

Mr. Moulton was apparently affected by my soliloquy, for it was that, rather than a conversation. He said that if Mr. Tilton could really be persuaded of the friendliness of my feelings toward him, he was sure that there would be no trouble in procuring a reconciliation. I gave him leave to state to Theodore my feelings. He proposed that I should write a letter.

I declined but said that he could report our interview. He then prepared to make a memorandum of the talk, and sat down at my table, and took down, as I supposed, a condensed report of my talk; for I went on still pouring out my wounded feelings over this great desolation in Mr. Tilton's family. It was not a dictation of sentence after sentence, he a mere amanuensis, and I composing for him. Mr. Moulton was putting into his own shape parts of that which I was saying in my own manner, with profuse explanations. This paper of Moulton's was a mere memorandum of points to be used by him in setting forth my feelings. That it contains matter and points derived from me is without doubt; but they were put into sentences by him, and expressed as he understood them, not as my words, but as hints of my figures and letters, to be used by him in conversing with Mr. Tilton.

He did not read the paper to me nor did I read it, nor have I ever seen it or heard it read that I remember, until the publication of Mr. Tilton's recent documents. Now reading it, I see in it thoughts that point to the matter of my discourse; but it is not my paper, nor are those my sentences, nor is it a correct report of what I said. It is a mere string of hints hastily made by an unpracticed writer as helps to his memory in representing to Mr. Tilton how I felt toward his family. If more than this be claimed—if it be set forth as in any proper sense—my letter, I then disown it and denounce it. Some of its sentences, and particularly that in which I am made to say that I had obtained Mrs. Tilton's forgiveness, I never could have said, even in substance. I had not obtained nor asked any forgiveness from her, and nobody pretended that I had done so. Neither could I ever have said that I humbled myself before Tilton as before God—except in the sense that both to God and to the man I thought I had deeply injured, I humbled myself, as I certainly did. But it is useless to analyze a paper prepared as this was. The remainder of my plain statement concerning it will be its best comment. This document was written upon three separate half sheets of large letter paper. After it was finished Mr. Moulton asked me if I would sign it. I said no; it was not my letter. He replied that it would have more weight if I would in some way indicate that he was authorized to explain my sentiments. I took my pen, and at some distance below the writing and upon the lower margin I indicated that I had committed the document in trust to Mr. Moulton, and I signed the line thus written by me.

A few words more as to its further fate. Mr. Moulton, of his own accord, said that after using it he would, in two or three days, bring the memorandum back to me, and he cautioned me about disclosing in any way that there was a difficulty between Mr. Tilton and me, as it would be injurious to Tilton to have it known that I had quarreled with him, as well as to me to have rumors set afloat. I did not trouble myself about it until more than a year afterward, when Tilton began to write up his case (of which hereafter) and was looking up documents. I wondered what was in the old memorandum, and desired to see it for greater certainty; so one day I suddenly asked Moulton for that memorandum, and said, "You promised to return it to me." He seemed confused for a moment, said "Did I?" "Certainly," I answered. He replied that the paper had been destroyed. On my putting the question again, "That paper was burned up long ago;" and during the next two years, in various con-

versations, of his own accord he spoke of it as destroyed. I had never asked for, nor authorized, the destruction of this paper. But I was not allowed to know that the document was in existence until a distinguished editor in New York, within a few weeks past, assured me that Mr. Moulton had shown him the original, and that he had examined my signature to be sure of its genuineness. I know that there was a copy of it since this statement was in preparation.

While I rejected his memorandum as my work, or an accurate condensation of my statement, it does, undoubtedly, correctly represent that I was in profound sorrow, and that I blamed myself with great severity for the disasters of the Tilton family. I had not then the light that I now have. There was much then that weighed heavily upon my heart and conscience, which now weighs only on my heart. I have not the light which analyzes and disseminates things. By one blow there opened before me a revelation full of anguish; an agonized family, whose inmates had been my friends, greatly beloved; the husband ruined in worldly prospects, the household crumbling to pieces, the woman, by long sickness and suffering, either corrupted to deceit, as her husband alleged, or so broken in mind as to be irresponsible; and either way it was her enthusiasm for her pastor, as I was made to believe, that was the germ and beginning of the trouble. It was for me to have forestalled and prevented that mischief. My age and experience in the world should have put me more on my guard. I could not at that time tell what was true and what was not true of all the considerations urged upon me by Mr. Tilton and Moulton. There was a gulf before me in which lay those who had been warm friends, and they alleged that I had helped to plunge them therein. That seemed enough to fill my soul with sorrow and anguish. No mother who has lost a child but will understand the wild self-accusation that grief produced, against all reason, blaming herself for what things she did do and for what she neglected to do, and charging upon herself her neglect or heedlessness, the death of the child, while ordinarily every one knows that she had worn herself out with her assiduousities.

Soon after this I met Mr. Tilton at Moulton's house. Either Moulton was sick or was very late in rising, for he was in bed. The subject of my feelings and conduct toward Tilton was introduced. I made a statement of the motives under which I had acted in counselling Bowen, of my feelings in regard to Mr. Tilton's family, disclaiming with horror the thought of wrong, and expressing desire to do whatever lay in human power to remedy any evil I had occasioned, and to reunite his family. Tilton was silent and sullen. He played the part of an injured man, but Moulton said to Mr. Tilton, with intense emphasis: "That is all that a gentleman can say, and you ought to accept it as our honorable basis of reconciliation." This he repeated two or three times, and Tilton's countenance cheered up under Moulton's strong talk. We shook hands and parted in a friendly way. Not very long afterward Tilton asked me to his house, and said that he should be glad to have good old times renewed. I do not remember whether I ever took a meal after this under his roof, but I certainly was invited by him to renew my visits as formerly. I never renewed my intimacy with the family; but once or twice I went there soon after my reconciliation with Mr. Tilton, and at his request. I particularly remember a scene which took place at his house when he talked about his wife and me in a very gracious mood. He began by mourning his sorrows; he was very desolate; the future seemed quite dark. After impressing us with his great patience he grew generous, praised me to his wife, saying that I had taken upon myself all blame of past troubles, and had honorably exculpated her, and telling me that his wife likewise had behaved very magnanimously, had blamed herself and declared that I was blameless, and he closed his homily with increasing hope and cheer, saying that deep as was his misery he did not know but that it would work out in the future a more cheerful home than he had before. I restrained my smiles at the absurdity of the thing, well content to have it evaporate so, and even thinking he was generous in his way. This seemed to me the end of trouble. With a sensitive and honorable man, who had no ulterior designs to accomplish, it would have been the burial of the difficulty. I supposed Mr. Tilton had given up the idea of intentional wrong on my part and forgiven my unintentional wrong. I plainly understand now, what I did not then suspect, that my trouble of mind was to be kept alive and nourished so that I might be used to act on my friend in securing from Mr. Bowen the money which Mr. Tilton claimed to be due as compensation for his expulsion from the two newspapers.

Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton both strove to obliterate from my mind all belief in the rumors that had been circulated about Mr. Tilton. There was much going on in silencing, explaining, arranging, etc., that I did not understand as well then as now. But of one thing I was convinced, viz.: that Mr. Tilton had the highest sense of marital purity, and that he had never strayed from the path of virtue; which preservation he owed, as he told me in a narrative of his life, to a very solemn scene with his father, who, on the eve of his leaving home, pointed out to him the nature of amorous temptations and snares, and the evils to be dreaded from unlawful practices. He declared that he had always been kept spotless by the memory of that scene. I was glad to believe it true, and felt how hard it was that he should be made to suffer by evil and slanderous foes. I could not explain some testimony which had been laid before me; but, I said, there is undoubtedly some misunderstanding, and if I knew the whole I should find Theodore, though with obvious faults, at heart sound and good. These views I often expressed to intimate friends in spite of their manifest incredulity, and what in the light of the facts I must now call their well-deserved ridicule. Mr. Moulton lost no occasion of presenting to me the kindest view of Mr. Tilton's character and conduct. On the other hand, he complained that Mrs. Tilton did not trust her husband or him, and did not assist him in his effort to help Theodore. I knew that she distrusted Moulton, and felt bitterly hurt by the treatment of her husband. I was urged to use my influence with her to inspire confidence in Moulton, and to lead her to take a

kinder view of Theodore. Accordingly, at the instance of Mr. Moulton, three letters were written on the same day—Feb. 17, 1871—on one common purpose, to be shown to Mrs. Tilton and to reconcile her to her husband; and my letter to her of that date was designed to effect the further or collateral purpose of giving her confidence in Mr. Moulton. This will be obvious from the reading of the letters.

The following is the full text of my letters of that date from a copy verified by one of your committee, for I have not to this hour been permitted to see the originals either of them or of any other papers which I had deposited with Moulton for safe keeping:

BEECHER TO MRS. TILTON.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 7, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. TILTON—When I saw you last I did not expect ever to see you again or to be alive many days. God was kinder to me than were my own thoughts. The friend whom God sent to me, Mr. Moulton, has proved above all friends that ever I had, able and willing to help me in this terrible emergency of my life. His hand it was that tied up the storm that was ready to burst upon our heads.

I am not the less disposed to trust him from finding that he has your welfare most deeply and tenderly at heart. You have no friend (Theodore excepted) who has it in his power to serve you so vitally and who will do it with so much delicacy and honor. I beseech you, if my wishes have yet any influence, let my deliberate judgment in this matter weigh with you. It does my sore heart good to see in Mr. Moulton an unfeigned respect and honor for you. It would kill me if he thought otherwise. He will be as true a friend to your honor and happiness as a brother would be to a sister's.

In him we have a common ground. You and I may meet in him. The past is ended. But is there no future? No wiser, higher, holier future? May not this friend stand as a priest in the new sanctuary of reconciliation, and mediate and bless you, Theodore, and my most unhappy self? Do not let my earnestness fail of its end. You believe in my judgment. I have put myself wholly and gladly in Moulton's hands, and there I must meet you.

This is sent with Theodore's consent, but he has not read it. *Will you return it to me by his hands.*

I am very earnest in this wish for all our sakes, as such a letter ought not to be subject to even a chance of miscarriage.

Your unhappy friend,

H. W. BEECHER.

BEECHER TO MOULTON.

FEBRUARY 7, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. MOULTON—I am glad to send you a book which you will relish, or which a man on a sick bed *ought* to relish. I wish I had more like it, and that I could send you one every day, not as a repayment of your great kindness to me, for that can never be repaid, not even by love, which I give you freely. Many, many friends has God raised up to me; but to no one of them has He ever given the opportunity and the wisdom so to serve me as you have. My trust in you is implicit. You have also proved yourself Theodore's friend and Elizabeth's. Does God look down from heaven on three unhappy creatures that more need a friend than these? Is it not an intimation of God's intent of mercy to all that each one of these has in you a tried and proved friend? But only in you are we three united. Would to God, who orders all hearts, that by your kind mediation, Theodore, Elizabeth and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case; but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things?

I wonder if Elizabeth knows how generously he has carried himself towards me? Of course I can never speak with her again except with his permission—and I do not know that even then it would be best. My earnest longing is to see her, in the full sympathy of her nature, at rest in him, and to see him once more trusting her and loving her with even a better than the old love. I am always sad in such thoughts. Is there any way out of this night? May not a day star arise?

Truly yours always, and with truest love,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I have no recollection of seeing or hearing read the letter of Mr. Tilton of the same date. In my letter to Mrs. Tilton I alluded to the fact that I did not expect when I saw her last to be alive many days. That statement stands connected with a series of symptoms which I first experienced in 1856. I went through the Fremont campaign, speaking in the open air three hours at a time three days in the week. On renewing my literary labors I felt I must have given way, I very seriously thought that I was going to have apoplexy or paralysis or something of the kind. On two or three occasions, while preaching, I should have fallen in the pulpit if I had not held on to the table. Very often I came near falling in the streets. During the last fifteen years I have gone into the pulpit I suppose 100 times with a very strong impression that I should never come out of it alive. I have preached more sermons than any human being would believe, when I felt all the while that whatever I had to say to my people I must say it then or I never would have another chance to use it. If I had consulted a physician his first advice would have been, "You must stop work." But I was in such a situation that I could not stop work. I read the best medical books on symptoms of nervous prostration, and overwork and paralysis, and formed my own judgment of my case. The three points I marked were: I must have good digestion, good sleep, and I must go on working. These three things were to be reconciled; and in regard to my diet and stimulants and medicines I made the most thorough and searching trial; and as the result managed my body so that I could get the most work out of it without essentially impairing it. If I had said a word about this to my family it would have brought such distress and anxiety on the part of my wife as I could not bear. I have for many years so steadily taxed my mind to the utmost that there have been periods when I could not afford to have people express even sympathy with me. To have my wife or friends anxious about it, and showing it to me, would be just the drop too much.

In 1863 I came again into the same condition just before going to England, and it was one of the reasons why I was wishing to go. The war was at its height. I carried my country in my heart. I had the *Independent* in charge, and was working, preaching and lecturing continually. I knew I was likely to be prostrated again.

In December, 1870, the sudden shock of these troubles brought on again these symptoms in a more violent form. I was very much depressed in mind, and all the more because it was one of those things that I could not say anything about; I was silent with everybody. During the last four years these symptoms had been repeatedly brought on by

my intense work, carried forward on the underlying basis of so much sorrow and trouble.

My friends will bear witness that in the pulpit I have very frequently alluded to my expectation of sudden death. I feel that I have more than once already been near a stroke that would have killed or paralyzed me, and I carry with me now, as I have so often carried in years before this trouble began, the daily thought of death as a door which might open for me at any moment, out of all cares and labors into welcome rest.

During the whole of the year 1871 I was kept in a state of suspense and doubt, not only as to the future of the family, for the reunion and happiness of which I had striven so earnestly, but as to the degree to which I might personally be subject to attack and misconception, and the trouble brought into the church and magnified by publicity. The officers of the church sought to investigate Mr. Tilton's religious views and moral conduct, and on the latter point I had been deceived into the belief that he was not in fault. As to the religious views I still hoped for a change for the better, as it was proposed to drop him from the list of members for non-attendance, and as he asserted to me his withdrawal, this might have been done, but his wife still attended the church and hoped for his restoration. I recollect having with him a conversation, in which he dimly intimated to me that he thought it not unlikely that he might go back into his old position. He seemed to be in a mood to regret the past. And so, when I was urged by the Examining Committee to take some steps, I said I was not without hopes that by patience and kindness Tilton will come back again into his old church works and be one of us again. I therefore delayed a decision upon this point for a long time. Many of our members were anxious and impatient, and there were many tokens of trouble from this quarter. Meanwhile, one wing of the Female Suffrage party had got hold of the story in a distorted and exaggerated form, such as had never been intimated to me by Mr. Tilton or his friends. I did not then suspect what I now know, that these atrociously false rumors originated with Mr. Tilton himself. I only saw the evil growing, instead of diminishing, and perceived that while I was pledged to silence, and therefore could not speak in my own defense, some one was forever persevering in falsehood, growing continually in dimensions, and these difficulties were immensely increased by the affiliation of Mr. Tilton with the Woodhull clique.

In May 1871 Mrs. Woodhull advertised a forthcoming article, shadowing an account of the disturbance in Mr. Tilton's family, but without using names. It was delayed, ostensibly, by Mr. Tilton's influence with Mrs. Woodhull, until November 1872. During this suspension of her publication, she became the heroine of Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton. She was made welcome to both houses, with the toleration, but not the cordial consent of their wives. I heard the most extravagant eulogies upon her. She was represented as a genius, born and reared among rude influences, but only needed to be surrounded by refined society to show a noble and commanding nature. I did not know much about her, and, though my impressions were unfavorable, her real character was not then really known to the world. I met her three times. At the first interview she was gracious, at the second she was cold and haughty, but at the third she was angry and threatening, for I had peremptorily refused to preside at the lecture she was about to give at Steinway Hall. The most strenuous efforts had been made by both Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton to induce me to preside at this lecture and to identify myself publicly with Mrs. Woodhull. It was represented to me that I need not, in so doing, expressly give assent to her doctrines, especially with regard to the marriage relation, upon which point she was beginning to be more explicit in opposition to the views which I, in common with all Christian men, entertained; but it was plausibly urged that I could preside at the lecture and introduce her upon the simple ground of advocating free speech and liberty of debate. But as I understood that she was to avow doctrines which I abhor, I would not be induced by this plausible argument to give her public countenance; and after continuing to urge me, up to the very day of the meeting, without any distinct threats, but with the obvious intimation that my personal safety would be better secured by taking this advice, Mr. Tilton himself went over to New York and presided at the meeting, where Mrs. Woodhull gave vent, as I understand, for the first time in public, to a full exposition of her free-love doctrines. The very thought that I should have been asked under any circumstances, and upon any excuse, to preside or be present at such a meeting, was inexpressibly galling to me. Whatever my astonishment might have been, the motive of Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton in asking such a thing (as to which I had not at the time as clear a perception as I now have), the request was, nevertheless, a humiliating one. At about the same time I found that the circle, of which Mrs. Woodhull formed a part, was the centre of loathsome scandals, organized, classified and perpetuated with a greedy and unclean appetite for everything that was foul and vile.

The moment that any one, whether man or woman, became noted as a reformer, or attained any degree of eminence among the advocates of liberal sentiments, it seemed as if those who claimed a monopoly of reform selected such persons as the special victims of charges and filthy slanders. I was by no means the only clergyman who was made the butt of their private gossip, while it seemed as if no woman of any distinction in the land was left out of their pool of scandal. All the history of their past lives, and even the graves of their friends, were raked over to furnish material and pretexts for their loathsome falsehoods. It was inexpressibly disgusting to me, and I would not associate with these people. Yet Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton had some strange theory concerning the management of this particular affair which always made it in their judgment necessary for them to maintain friendly relations with the group of human hyenas. From this circle, and from Mr. Tilton's intimate associations with it, many rumors and suspicions arose among my own congregation, which led them to press me with questions, and

to originate investigations, especially into the affairs of Mr. Tilton, from whom alone, as they generally believed, the rumors against me originated. In this I was constantly and vehemently assured by Mr. Moulton that they were mistaken, and yet their zeal in my defense made them impatient of my silence and anxious to deal in a summary manner with Mr. Tilton. Had I allowed them to do this, it was obvious that Mr. Tilton would have been greatly enraged, that all his former unjust suspicions of me would have been confirmed, and that he would have had every motive which was necessary to induce him to break up the peace between us, and to make some such public attack upon me as he has finally made.

I have no knowledge of Mr. Tilton's friendship for Victoria Woodhull, other than that which the public already has—that he manifested his admiration for her publicly, that he wrote her biography, and that he presided at her Steinway Hall lecture, I mention only because he aroused against himself great indignation and odium.

The winter following (1871-72), Mr. Tilton returned from the lecture field in despair. Engagements had been canceled, invitations withdrawn, and he spoke of the prejudice and repugnance with which he was everywhere met as indescribable. I urged him to make a prompt repudiation of these women and their doctrines. I told him that no man could rise against the public confidence with such a load. Mr. Tilton's vanity seldom allows him to regard himself as in the wrong or his actions faulty. He could never be made to believe that his failure to rise again was caused by his partnership with these women, and by his want of sensible work, which work should make the public feel that he had in him power for good. Instead of this he preferred, or professed, to think that I was using my influence against him; that I was allowing him to be traduced without coming generously to the front to defend him, and that my friends were working against him; to which I replied that unless the laws of mind were changed, not Almighty God Himself could lift him into favor if these women must be lifted with him. Nevertheless, I sought in every way to restore peace and concord to the family which I was made to feel had been injured by me and was dependent on my influence for recovery.

But one thing was constant and apparent: When Theodore, by lecturing or otherwise, was prosperous, he was very genial and affectionate to me. Whenever he met rebuffs and was in pecuniary trouble, he scowled threateningly upon me as the author of his troubles, and Moulton himself seemed at times to accuse me of indifference to Tilton's misfortunes. It was in the midst of complications like these, though it may be that part of these events happened shortly afterward, that in a thoroughly worried and depressed mood, discouraged by the apparent helplessness of extricating Tilton from his difficulties, or of saving his family from the blight which he has since fastened upon it with even more destructive effect upon its members than I then feared, I wrote a letter to Mr. Moulton, of which Mr. Tilton has given extracts even more wickedly garbled than his other quotations; for he has represented two extracts from this letter as constituting points of two separate letters, and has artfully given the impression that they were written in or after June, 1873, whereas this letter was dated February, 1872. He further says that this letter was written for the purpose of being shown to him. I had no idea of such a thing being done, as the letter shows plainly enough on its face, and did not authorize any such use of that letter, which was supposed by me to be written and received in the most sacred confidence. This letter was as follows, as I am now informed. An inspection of the original would doubtless refresh my memory concerning the circumstances; but this Mr. Moulton denies to me.

BEECHER TO MOULTON.

MONDAY, Feb. 5, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I leave town to-day, and expect to pass through from Philadelphia to New Haven; shall not be here until Friday.

About three weeks ago I met T. in the cars going to B—. He was kind. We talked much. At the end he told me to go on with my work without the least anxiety, in so far as his feelings and actions were the occasion of apprehension.

On returning home from New Haven (where I am three days in the week delivering a course of lectures to the Theological students) I found a note from B. stating that T. felt hard toward me, and was going to see or write me before leaving for the West. She kindly added: "Do not be cast down. I bear this almost always, but the God, in whom we trust, will deliver us all safely."

"I know you do and are willing abundantly to help him, and I also know your embarrassments." There were added words of warning, but also of consolation, for I believe E. is beloved of God, and that her prayers for me are sooner heard than mine for myself or for her. But it seems that change has come to T. since I saw him in the cars. Indeed, ever since he felt more intensely the force of feeling in society, and the humiliations which environ his enterprise, he has growingly felt that I had a power to help which I did not develop, and I believe that you have participated in this feeling; it is natural you should. T. is dearer to you than I can be. He is with you. All his trials lie open to your eye daily. But I see you but seldom, and my personal relations, environments, necessities, limitations, dangers, and perplexities you cannot see nor imagine. If I had not gone through this *great year of trouble* I would not have believed that any one could pass through my experience and be *alive and sane*.

I have been the centre of three distinct circles, each of which required clear-mindedness and peculiarly inventive, or originating power, viz.:

1. *The Great Church.*
2. *The Newspaper.*
3. *The Book.*

The first I could neither get out of nor slight. The sensitiveness of so many of my people would have made any appearance of trouble or any remission of force an occasion of alarm and notice, and have excited where it was important that rumors should die and everything be quieted.

The newspaper I did roll off—doing but little except giving general directions, and in so doing, I was continually spurred and exhorted by those in interest. It could not be helped.

The Life of Christ, long delayed, had locked up the capital of the firm and was likely to sink them—finished it *must* be. Was ever book born of such sorrow as that was? The interior history of it will never be written.

During all this time you, literally, were all my *stay and comfort*. I should have fallen on the way but for the courage which you inspired and the hope which you breathed.

My vacation was profitable. I came back, hoping that the bitterness

of death was passed. But T's trouble brought back the cloud, with even severer suffering. For, all this fall and winter I have felt that you did not feel satisfied with me; and that I seemed both to you and Tilton as contenting myself with a cautious or sluggish policy—willing to save myself, but not willing to risk anything for Tilton. I have again and again probed my heart to see whether I was truly liable to such feeling, and the response is unequivocal that I am not.

No man can see the difficulties that environ me, unless he stands where I do. To say that I have a church on my hands is simple enough, but to have the hundreds and thousands of men, pressing me, each one with his keen suspicion, or anxiety, or zeal; to see tendencies which if not stopped would break out into a ruinous defense of me; to stop them without seeming to do it; to prevent any one questioning me; to meet and allay prejudices against T. which had their beginning years before this; to keep serene, as if I was not alarmed or disturbed; to be cheerful at home and among friends, when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet, to come up fresh and full for Sunday;—all this may be talked about, but the real thing cannot be understood from the outside, nor its wearing and grinding on the nervous system.

God knows that I have put more thought and judgment, and earnest desire into my efforts to prepare a way for T and E., than ever I did for myself an hundred-fold.

As to the outside public, I have never lost an opportunity to soften prejudices, to refute falsehoods, and to excite a kindly feeling among all whom I met. I am known among clergymen, public men, and generally, the makers of public opinion; and I have used every rational endeavor to restrain the evils which have been visited upon T., and with increasing success.

But the roots of this prejudice are long. The catastrophe which precipitated him from his place only disclosed feelings that had existed long. Neither he nor you can be aware of the feelings of classes in society on other grounds than late rumors. I mention this to explain why I know with absolute certainty that no mere statement, letter, testimony or affirmation will reach the root of affairs and reinstate them. Time and work will. But chronic evil requires chronic remedies.

If my destruction would place him all right that shall not stand in the way. I am willing to step down and out. No one can offer more than that; that I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation if you can clearly see your way to his happiness and safety thereby.

I do not think that anything would be gained by it. I should be destroyed but he would not be saved. Elizabeth and the children would have their future clouded.

In one point of view I could desire the sacrifice on my part. Nothing can possibly be so bad as the horror of great darkness, in which I spend much of my time. I look upon death as sweeter-faced than any friend I have in the world. Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered; but to live on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on all the appearances of serenity and happiness, cannot be endured much longer.

I am well-nigh discouraged. If you too cease to trust me, to love me, I am alone. I have not another person to whom I could go.

Well, to God I commit all, whatever it may be here, it shall be well there. With sincere gratitude for your heroic friendship, and with sincere affection, even though you love me not,

I am yours (though unknown to you),

H. W. B.

The letter of Mrs. Tilton, which is here partly quoted, is as follows:

TUESDAY.—I leave for the West Monday next. How glad I was to learn you were your own self Sunday morning! Theodore's mind has been hard toward you of late, and I think he proposes an interview with you by word or note before leaving home. If so, be not cast down; I bear this most always, but the God in whom we trust will deliver us all safely. I know you do and are willing abundantly to help him, and I also know your embarrassments. I anticipate my Western trip, where I may be alone with him, exceedingly.

I now come in my narrative to give an account of the origin of the somewhat famous tripartite agreement. Shortly after the foregoing letter was written, Mr. Tilton returned to the city thoroughly discouraged with the result of his lecturing tour. The *Golden Age*, which had then been established for about twelve months, had not succeeded, and was understood to be losing money. His pecuniary obligations were pressing, and although his claim against Bowen for the violation of his two contracts had a year previously been put under the exclusive control of Moulton, with a view of settlement, it had not as yet been effected. About this time Mr. Moulton, who was sick, sent for me and showed me a galley-proof of an article, prepared by Mr. Tilton for the *Golden Age* (and which has since been published in the Brooklyn papers), in which he embodied a copy of a letter written by him to Mr. Bowen, dated January 1, 1871, in which he charged Mr. Bowen with making scandalous accusations against my moral character. This was the first time that I had ever seen these charges, and I had never heard of them except by mere rumor, Mr. Bowen never saying, at any time, a word to me on the subject. I was amazed at the proposed publication. I did not then understand the real object of giving circulation to such slanders. My first impression was that Mr. Tilton designed, under cover of an attack upon me in the name of another, to open the way for a publication of his own pretended personal grievances. I protested against the publication in the strongest terms, but was informed that it was not intended as a hostile act to myself, but to Mr. Bowen. I did not any the less insist upon my protest against this publication. On its being shown to Mr. Bowen, he was thoroughly alarmed, and speedily consented to the appointment of arbitrators to bring about an amicable settlement. The result of this proceeding was that Mr. Bowen paid Mr. Tilton over \$7,000, and that a written agreement was entered into by Bowen, Tilton and myself, of amnesty, concord and future peace. It was agreed that the offensive article, the publication of which had produced such an effect upon Mr. Bowen and secured a happy settlement, should be destroyed without seeing the light. It was an act of treachery peculiarly base that this article was permitted to get into hands which would insure its publication, and that it was published. I was assured that every vestige of it had been destroyed; nor until a comparatively recent period did I understand how Mr. Tilton secured its publication without seeming to be himself responsible for the deed.

Finally, after vainly attempting to obtain money both from myself and my wife as the price of its suppression, the Woodhull women published their version of the Tilton scandal in the November of 1872. The details given by them were so minute, though so distorted, that suspicion was universally directed toward Mr. Tilton as the real author of this, which he so justly calls "a wicked and horrible scandal," though it is not a whit more horrible than that which he has now

fathered, and not half so wicked, because those abandoned women did not have personal knowledge of the falsity of their story, as Mr. Tilton has of his.

To rid himself of this incubus, Mr. Tilton drew up a voluminous paper called "A true statement," but which was familiarly called "Tilton's case." I had some knowledge of its composition, having heard much of it read; but some documents were only referred to as on file, and others had not yet been manufactured. Tilton's *favore* for compiling statements was one of my familiar annoyances. Moulton used to tell me that the only way to manage Theodore was to let him work off his periodical passion on some such document, and then to pounce on the document and suppress it. This particular "true statement" was a special plea or abatement of the prejudices excited by his Woodhull partnership. It was a muddle of garbled statements, manufactured documents and downright falsehoods. This paper I know he read to many, and I am told that he read it to not less than fifty persons, in which he did not pretend to charge immorality upon his wife; on the contrary, he explicitly denied it and asserted her purity, but charged me with improper overtures to her. It was this paper which he read to Dr. Storrs, and poisoned therewith his mind, thus leading to the attempt to prosecute Tilton in Plymouth Church, the interference of neighboring churches, and the calling of the Congregational Council. After the Woodhull story was published, and while Mr. Tilton seemed really desirous for a short time of protecting his wife, I sent through him the following letter to her:

MY DEAR MRS. TILTON—I hoped that you would be shielded from the knowledge of the great wrong that has been done to you, and through you to universal womanhood. I can hardly bear to speak of it or allude to a matter than which nothing can be imagined more painful to a pure and womanly nature. I pray daily for you "that your faith fail not." You yourself know the way and the power of prayer. God has been your refuge in many a sorrow before. He will now hide you in his pavilion until the storm be overpast; the rain that beats down the flower to the earth will pass at length, and the stem bent but not broken will rise again and blossom as before. Every pure woman on earth will feel that this wanton and unprovoked assault is aimed at you, but reaches to universal womanhood. Meantime your dear children will love you with double tenderness, and Theodore, at whom the shafts are hurled, will hide you in his heart of hearts. I am glad that revelation from the pit has given him a sight of the danger that was before hidden by spurious appearances and promises of usefulness. May God keep him in courage in this arduous struggle which he wages against adversity, and bring him out through much trial, like gold seven times refined. I have not spoken of myself. No words could express the sharpness and depth of my sorrow in your behalf, my dear and honored friend. God walks in the fire by the side of those He loves, and in Heaven neither you nor Theodore nor I shall regret the discipline, how hard soever it may seem now. May He restrain and turn these poor creatures who have been given over to do all this sorrowful harm to those who have deserved no such treatment at their hands! I commend you to my mother's God, my dear friend! May His smile bring light in darkness and His love be a perpetual summer to you. Very truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The whole series of events, beginning with the outbreak of the Woodhull story, repeatedly brought me a terrible accumulation of anxieties and perils. Everything that had threatened before now started up again with new violence. Tilton's behavior was at once inexplicable and uncontrollable. His card "to a complaining friend" did not produce the effect he pretended to expect from it, of convincing the public of his great magnanimity. Then his infamous article and letter to Mr. Bowen made its appearance in the *Eagle*. It had been suggested that the publication of the "tripartite covenant" would have a good effect in counteracting the slanderous stories about Mrs. Tilton and myself which Theodore professed to regret, but which his foolish card and the publication of that article had done so much to revive and render mischievous. Mr. Moulton urged me to get from the gentlemen who held the "tripartite covenant," a copy of it for us, when suddenly Mr. Wilkeson came out with it on his responsibility. Its publication in this manner I made strenuous but unavailing efforts to prevent. He had originally kept a copy of it. (Everybody in this business seems to have copies of everything except myself.) On the appearance of that paper Theodore went into a rage. He put him, he said, in a "false position" before the public, and he said he would publish another card giving a statement something like what he afterward wrote to Dr. Bacon, that is, as I recollect the matter, declaring that I had committed an offense and that he had been the magnanimous party in the business. It was necessary to decide what to do with him. Moulton strangely urged a card from me exonerating Theodore (as I could honestly do) from the authorship of the particular scandals detailed in his article to Mr. Bowen and alluded to in the covenant.

I said I would think it over and perhaps write something. This was Friday or Saturday. The covenant appeared on Friday morning, and the alarm was sounded on me immediately that Theodore would do something dreadful if not restrained. On Sunday I had made up my mind to write to Mr. Moulton the following letter, garbled extracts of which are given in Mr. Tilton's statement:

BEECHER TO MOULTON.

SUNDAY MORNING, June 1, 1873.

MY DEAR FRANK—The whole earth is tranquil and the heaven is serene, as befits one who has about finished this world life.

I could do nothing on Saturday. My head was confused.

But a good sleep has made it like crystal. I have determined to make no more resistance. Theodore's temperament is such that the future, even if temporarily earned, would be absolutely worthless, filled with abrupt changes, and rendering me liable at any hour or day to be obliged to satisfy all the devices by which we saved ourselves.

It is only fair that he should know that the publication of the card which he proposes would leave him far worse off than before. The agreement was made after my letter through you was written. He had had it a year. He had condoned his wife's fault. He had enjoined upon me with the utmost earnestness and solemnity not to betray his wife nor leave his children to a blight. I had honestly and earnestly joined in the purpose.

Then this settlement was made and signed by him. It was not my making. He revised his part so that it should wholly suit him and signed it. It stood unquestioned and unblamed for more than a year. Then it was published. Nothing but that. That which he did in private, when made public, excited him to fury, and he charges me with making

him appear as one graciously pardoned by me! It was his own deliberate act, with which he was perfectly content till others saw it, and then he charges a grievous wrong home on me!

My mind is clear; I am not in haste. I shall write for the public a statement that will bear the light of the judgment day. God will take care of me and mine. When I look on earth it is deep night. When I look to the heavens above I see the morning breaking. But, oh that I could put in golden letters my deep sense of your faithful, earnest, undying fidelity—your disinterested friendship. Your wife, too, has been one of God's comforters. It is such as she that renews a waning faith in womanhood.

Now, Frank, I would not have you waste any more energy on a hopeless task. With such a man as T. T. there is no possible salvation for any that depend upon him. With a strong nature, he does not know how to govern it. With generous impulses, the undercurrent that rules him is self. With ardent affections, he cannot love long that which does not repay but with admiration and praise. With a strong theatric nature, he is constantly imposed upon with the idea that a position—a great stroke, a *coup d'etat*—is the way to success. Besides these, he has a hundred good things about him, but these named traits made him absolutely unreliable. Therefore, there is no use in further trying. I have a strong feeling upon me, and it brings great peace with it, that I am spending my last Sunday and preaching my last sermon. Dear good God, I thank thee; I am indeed beginning to see rest and triumph. The pain of life is but a moment—the glory of the everlasting emancipation is wordless, inconceivable, full of breaking glory. Oh, my beloved Frank, I shall know you then, and forever hold fellowship with you, and look back and smile at the past. Your loving,

H. W. B.

There are intimations at the beginning and end of this letter that I felt the approach of death. With regard to that I merely refer to my previous statement concerning my bodily symptoms, and add, that on this day I felt symptoms upon me. The main point is that I was worried out with the whole business, and would have been glad to escape by death, of which I long had little dread. I could see no end but death to the accumulation of torture, but I resolved to stop short and waste no more time in making matters worse. I felt that Mr. Moulton had better stop too, and let the whole thing come out. I determined then to make a full and true statement, which I now make, and to leave the result with God. Mr. Tilton had repeatedly urged me, as stated in my letter, not to betray his wife, and I felt bound by every sense of honor, in case I should be pressed by inquiries from my church or family as to the foundations of rumors which might reach them, to keep this promise. By this promise I meant only that I would not betray the excessive affection which his wife, as I had been told, had conceived for me, and had confessed to him. It certainly did not refer to adultery. If there had been such a fact in existence its betrayal would have ruined me as well as her, and a pledge not to destroy myself would have been too absurd to be mentioned in this letter. In reply to this note, which was calm and reserved rather than gloomy, Mr. Moulton wrote that same day a letter of three and a half sheets of copy paper. He began as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND—You know I have never been in sympathy with the mood out of which you have often spoken as you have written this morning. If the truth must be spoken, let it be. I know you can stand if the whole case was published to-morrow, and in my opinion it shows a selfish faith in God.

Having proceeded thus far Mr. Moulton seems to have perceived that the tone of this letter was rather likely to determine me in my determination to publish the whole case than otherwise; and as this was opposed to the whole line of his policy, he crossed out with one dash of the pencil the whole of this, and commenced anew, writing the following letter:

SUNDAY, June 1, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter makes this first Sabbath of summer dark and cold like a vault. You have never inspired me with courage or hope, and if I had listened to you alone my hands would have dropped helpless long ago. You don't begin to be in the danger to-day that has faced you many times before. If you now look it square in the eyes it will cover and slink away again. You know that I have never been in sympathy with, but that I absolutely abhor, the unmanly mood out of which your letter of this morning came. This mood is a reservoir of mildew. You can stand if the whole case were published to-morrow. In my opinion it shows only a selfish faith in God to go whining into heaven, if you could, with a truth that you are not courageous enough, with God's help and faith in God, to try to live on earth. You know that I love you, and because I do I shall try and try and try as in the past. You are mistaken when you say that "Theodore charges you with making him appear as one graciously pardoned by you." He said the form in which it was published in some of the papers made it so appear, and it was from this that he asked relief. I do not think it impossible to frame a letter which will cover the case. May God bless you; I know he will protect you.

FRANK.

(On the back, crossed out.)

MY DEAR FRIEND—You know I have never been in sympathy with the mood out of which you have often spoken as you have written this morning. I know you can stand if the whole case was published to-morrow, and in my opinion it shows a selfish faith in God to

In the haste of writing, Mr. Moulton apparently failed to perceive what he had written. In the first instance, he wrote on one side of a half sheet of paper, and used the clean side of that half sheet for the purpose of the letter which he sent in the shape he had given. But it will be seen that he deliberately and twice in succession reaffirmed his main statement, that there was nothing in the whole case on which I could not safely stand. He treats my resolution as born of such morbid despair as he had often reproached me for, and urged me strongly to maintain my faith in him. Tilton yielded to his persuasion, and graciously allowed himself to be soothed by the publication of a card exonerating him from the authorship of the base lies to which the tripartite covenant referred. So, once more, and this time against my calmer judgment, I patched up a hollow peace with him.

That I have grievously erred in judgment with this perplexed case, no one is more conscious than I am. I chose the wrong path and accepted a disastrous guidance in the beginning, and have indeed traveled on a "rough and ragged edge" in my prolonged efforts to suppress this scandal, which has at last spread so much desolation through the land. But I cannot admit that I erred in desiring to keep these matters out of sight. In this respect I appeal to you and to all Christian men to judge whether almost any personal sacrifice ought not to have been made rather than to suffer the morals of an entire community, and especially of the young, to be

(Continued on page 11.)

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"The diseases of society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language."—JOHN STUART MILL.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

THE ULTIMATUM.

FROM THE SPEECH "TRIED AS BY FIRE."

Sexual freedom, then, means the abolition of prostitution both in and out of marriage; means the emancipation of woman from sexual slavery and her coming into ownership and control of her own body; means the end of her pecuniary dependence upon man, so that she may never even seemingly have to procure whatever she may desire or need by sexual favors; means the abrogation of forced pregnancy, of ante-natal murder, of undesired children; means the birth of love children only; endowed by every inherited virtue that the highest exaltation can confer at conception, by every influence for good to be obtained during gestation and by the wisest guidance and instruction on to manhood, industrially, intellectually, and sexually.

NATIONAL SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

In accordance with Article II., chapter 5, and Article I., chapter 7, of the Constitution of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, the Provisional National Council issue this call for a National Convention, to be convened in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, on Tuesday, September 15, and to extend during three days.

This Convention is expressly for the purposes of discussion and propaganda; and all Spiritualists, Socialists, Infidels, Materialists, Free Religionists and Free Thinkers are cordially invited to attend and join in the effort to advance the cause of truth and human welfare. All subjects in which the good of the race is involved will be legitimate themes for discussion and for set speeches. Those who propose to speak upon specific subjects are requested to prepare their speeches, so that they may be published in the regular proceedings of the Convention.

By order of the Provisional National Council.
 VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, President.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We respectfully apologize to many valued correspondents whose communications are necessarily crowded out from this issue of the WEEKLY. We trust they will appreciate the difficulties of our position, and excuse us for our sins of omission, inasmuch as the public expect from us the fullest reports of the all-engrossing topic of the time, viz.: the Brooklyn Beecher trial, and we feel it to be our duty to give them, inasmuch as we know our readers are deeply interested therein.

WHITE MAIL.

Henry Ward Beecher would have the public believe that he mortgaged his house for \$5,000 and handed over the money to Mr. Moulton, receiving no equivalent therefor, and did not know that it was black-mail he was paying. Well, we believe it was not, and that Mr. Frank Moulton will successfully prove that we are correct in our opinion.

BEECHER'S LIFE OF TILTON.

THE PREAMBLE.

This remarkable document was given to the press on Friday last. Some term it Henry Ward Beecher's defense, but it seems to us that the name we have given it is far more appropriate. It was uttered before the committee appointed by Mr. Beecher to investigate the charges against himself in the Tilton affair. The WEEKLY trusts that, under such circumstances, he had lenient judges for listeners. It commences with an absolute denial of any criminality whatever as regards Mrs. Tilton. Considering that the lady had already taken that line of defense, we do not see that the pastor of Plymouth erred in strengthening the position she had previously taken; in such a case it would be to any man manifestly impossible to do otherwise.

Having uttered this negation, he addresses himself to the subject of his discourse, viz., the life of Tilton. He says: "My narrative does not represent a single standpoint only as regards Theodore Tilton." This is a great admission, as that was not what the public expected from him. After this he describes what he terms "Theodore's blunders and follies," and regrets that "his persevering efforts to save him and his family by any sacrifice" was vain. After that the style changes and the man who was a friend turns into a monster; he is called "a selfish and reckless schemer, pursuing a plan of greed and hatred, etc., by whose arts the pastor of Plymouth was blinded;" after which Mr. Moulton is introduced, not very favorably. We are led to infer that the good clergyman was deceived in him from the first; inasmuch as he says "Mr. Moulton was chary to him of Mr. Tilton's confidence in a general way," although he was "only too glad to be relieved from considering the details of and wretched complications, the origin and the fact of which remain, in spite of all friendly intervention, a perpetual burden to my soul." This is certainly strong language, and, in consideration of the plea of entire innocence, not warranted under the circumstances of the case.

In the next paragraph we are told that he recognized Mr. Tilton as an enemy, and we suppose, mindful of his Christian duty to love his enemies, he aided him to obtain \$7,000 from Mr. Bowen, who appears from Henry Ward Beecher's account to be the first sufferer from the "blackmailing" operations of Mr. Tilton. After this, however, he declares that the latter "brought coercion to bear on Mr. Beecher's honor, conscience and affections for the purpose of procuring his extrication" from pecuniary difficulties "at his (Mr. Beecher's) expense." What conscience had to do in the matter is left to the judgment of our readers.

But what shall we say of the holy modern trinity, Beecher, Bowen and Tilton, and the beautiful tripartite treaty which next comes into view. What honesty, what nobility, what truthfulness does that exhibit? Even Mr. Beecher disdains to comment on it. But really the parties to it deserve some crown for their exertions. What shall we give them? Why that presented to us by the pastor of Plymouth! That famous bucket of slops, which the N. Y. World with its filthy folly and its natural nastiness converted into a vessel of dishonor filled with —; we leave to it the pleasure of filling up the blank, convinced that there is no word in our language that can soil the World's pages. Whatever it be, we return the present of Mr. Beecher to himself, with the compliments of the WEEKLY, assuring him that he and his confederates, when they signed that treaty, were far more worthy of such distinction than ourselves. And he who invented it and misapplied it to the WEEKLY, is at fault if he does not perceive that the near future will ratify and confirm our award.

We share in the matter of the Plymouth pastor's sympathy," for if we are to credit his narrative, as the poet says:

"E'en his failings lean to virtue's side."

But cannot help remarking that his praise would sound better if it came out of another mouth. However, he economizes it all for himself, for in the next paragraph he deplores that Theodore patronized "a crowd of disreputable people and doctrines," and further, that "the tattle of malicious women, hostile to him on other grounds, was borne to his ears." There is a rich humor that follows this statement, viz.: "That Henry Ward Beecher's attempt to keep Theodore Tilton from a public trial (involving such a flood of scandal as has now been let loose) had been used by Theodore to bring up new troubles." Considering the present position of the above parties in the case, our readers will readily recognize the curiosity of the legerdemain exhibited in the transposition of the accuser and the accused in the above statement. This, which may be termed the preamble, very fitly closes with the insertion of the old plea of "hereditary insanity" on the part of the pastor of Plymouth.

THE LIFE.

Theodore Tilton, the *bete noir* of the compilation is the hero. He is the Satan of the modern Paradise Lost. The role of Milton's beneficent deity is sustained by Henry Ward Beecher. The pastor of Plymouth describes himself as watching over the youth Theodore with more than paternal love, leading him up step by step in the *Independent* office until he places him in the editorial chair. Mr. Beecher here exhibits in our opinion a symptom of his hereditary hypochondria, for he really appears to think that position a creditable one.

Whether it was or not Theodore Tilton soon had to quit

it, and also that of the Brooklyn Union, both of which papers were owned by Mr. Bowen. The excellent pastor of Plymouth afterward reproaches himself as being the cause of Mr. Tilton's dismissal in the following language: "He" (Mr. Moulton) "assured me of his own knowledge that the stories which I had heard of Mr. Tilton's impurity of life, and which I had believed and repeated to Mr. Bowen, were all false, and that Mr. Tilton had always been faithful to his wife." Mark! This delicate "back action" of Henry Ward Beecher took place when both parties were on good terms, for the Plymouth pastor says that Mr. Tilton "did not break out into violence until the eve of his dispossession from both those papers." Such conduct may be Christian, but it cannot be termed either friendly or honorable.

A very pretty picture is then drawn of Mrs. Tilton; she is represented as childlike, delicate and beautiful. Her religious scruples respecting the orthodoxy of her husband are thus spoken of: "During the late years of our friendship, Mrs. Tilton spoke very mournfully to me about the tendency of her husband to great laxity of doctrine with regard to religion and morals. She gave me to understand that he denied the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the scriptures and most articles of orthodox faith, while his views as to the sanctity of the marriage relation were undergoing constant change in the direction of free love." Alas! that the Plymouth pastor's defense should rest on the falsity of so excellent a lady, but such is the fact. Her character, as summed up both by her husband and her pastor is, that she is a most admirable Christian, whose word cannot be relied on.

Henry Ward Beecher then returns on his tirade in order to describe the conduct of Mr. Tilton as editor of the *Independent*. After noting the starting of a rival paper—the *Advance*, of Chicago—he says: "Mr. Bowen was made to feel that Tilton's management was seriously injuring the business, and Mr. Tilton may have felt that his position was being undermined by opponents of his views, with whom he subsequently pretended to believe I was in league. Vague intimations of his 'feeling hard' toward me, I ascribed to his misconception. I had in reality taken no step to harm him." As Mr. Beecher afterward confessed to Mr. Moulton, "My old and fellow-worker had been dispossessed of his eminent place, and I had counseled it." Well might the Plymouth pastor say, in the same confession, "I felt convicted of slander in its meanest form," and in his next he can add something else to it—a something that places his character as a Christian on a par with that of Mrs. Tilton, as described in the last paragraph.

As it is not the intention of the WEEKLY to defend the hypocrisy of either party, we pass lightly over the charge made against Mr. Tilton on the statement of a young girl, who confessed to the Plymouth pastor that he (Tilton) had taken liberties with her. We do so because it has been insinuated that she did not go to the wrong party for consolation. Many believe that the Protestant clergy make excellent father confessors on such occasions. The *Tribune*, Aug. 10, states with regard to the affair, that the girl was sent into the country to boarding school in order to keep her from talking, as she had overheard Mrs. Tilton's confession. Mrs. Tilton is quoted in the same article as saying that Mr. Beecher paid her bills, and had good reason for so doing. Another party connected with the case adds, that the girl's father told him that he (the father) had collected many of the above-mentioned bills from Mr. Beecher. We must not forget, however, that the girl was sent to notify Mr. Beecher that Mrs. Tilton had left her husband, had gone to her mother's house, and desired Mr. Beecher to visit her and give her—his advice. When it is remembered that, according to Mr. Beecher's own statement, in the July previous, Mrs. Tilton had confessed her guilt to her husband, and criminated the pastor of Plymouth in so doing, to send to the latter, requesting his presence and advice, was certainly a very romantic and very curious proceeding.

If the pastor of Plymouth may be looked upon as the Artful Dodger, Bowen deserves mention as the Jew Fagin of the concern. He is the man that looks after the "monish," and he now appears upon the scene. He hands a letter to Mr. Beecher to the following purport:

For reasons which you explicitly know, and which I forbear to state, I demand that you withdraw from the pulpit and quit Brooklyn as a residence. THEODORE TILTON.

Beecher says: "Bowen professed to be in ignorance of its contents, and, having been shown it, he derided it and promised his friendship to me" (Mr. Beecher). After this interview, Mr. Tilton was expelled from the editorship of the Brooklyn Union.

Then comes the scene in which Mr. Moulton figures as an accessory, in which Mr. Tilton first charged Mr. Beecher with criminal intercourse with his (Tilton's) wife; Mr. Beecher's interview with that wife after its termination, with Mr. Tilton's permission, and what Henry Ward Beecher obtained from the sick woman on that occasion. With Mrs. Tilton's retraction in his pocket he returned to Mr. Moulton's house, "like one in a dream." He adds: "It has been said that I confessed guilt and expressed remorse. This is utterly false. Is it likely that, with Mrs. Tilton's retraction in my pocket, I should thus stultify myself?" The question is pertinent, but it does not ring like one likely to enter the mind of an innocent man.

The next interview worthy of notice, for we pass over the twaddle and self-praise of the pastor of Plymouth, was that in which Mr. Moulton was invited by Mr. Beecher to act as

his amanuensis. Although Mr. Beecher signed the note then written, he asserts he did not read it, and now he repudiates it partially. Two statements in it he quotes and denies. The question of its correctness must (and sooner or later will) be settled between himself and Mr. Moulton.

Mr. Beecher then expects the public to believe that in his letter of remorse of Feb. 7, 1871, which commences, "My dear Mrs. Tilton, When I saw you last I did not expect to be alive many days;" and closes, "Your unhappy friend, Henry Ward Beecher," that the allusion to death in it referred to a fear he had of dying suddenly by apoplexy or paralysis, although he confesses that he never consulted a physician or said a word to his family on the said subject of his "horrible imaginings," which had haunted him for years previously.

Victoria C. Woodhull and the ladies of the Woman Suffrage party then come in for their share of the Brooklyn pastor's anathemas.

As these ladies are the only parties who have a knowledge of the affair that have not been accused of either lying or blackmailing, or some other equally gross crime, they can well bear the malignant attacks made upon them and the disgusting epithets applied to them by Mr. Beecher. To him they are "a crowd of disreputable people, or a crowd of malicious women," and finally, he winds up by calling them "human hyenas," in return for their kind but unwise reticence, which has, we believe, long shielded him from the punishment due hypocrisy and mendacity.

As regards the proprietors of the WEEKLY, the charges he makes against them are far stronger in the assertion than in the proof. Here they are: "Finally, after vainly attempting to obtain money both from myself and my wife as the price of its suppression, the Woodhull women published their version of the Tilton Scandal in the November of 1872."

But, as Malvolio says, "this suffers under probation;" for in another part of his long document Mr. Beecher says of Mrs. Woodhull: "I met her three times. At the first interview she was gracious, at the second she was cold and haughty, but at the third she was angry and threatening; for I had peremptorily refused to preside at the lecture she was about to give at Steinway Hall." From this it may be perceived that money was not solicited from Mr. Beecher at either of those interviews, the only ones he says he had with the proprietor of the WEEKLY, or he would have mentioned it. But he was cross-examined on the subject. Let us see how he makes out the above charges then. In it he asserts that he never met Mrs. Woodhull, more than three times to speak to her. He also refers to two letters he received from Mrs. Woodhull, one threatening that she would open the scandal if he did not preside at the Steinway Hall meeting, and one which he terms "a whining letter, saying that her reformatory movement had brought upon her such odium that she could not procure lodgings in New York, and that she had been turned out of the Gilsey House, I think, and asking me in a very significant way to interpose my influence or some other relief for her. To that letter I replied very briefly, saying I regretted when anybody suffered persecution for the advocacy of their sincere views, but that I must decline interference."

We do not find anything here to warrant the charges he made against the proprietors of the WEEKLY. We deny them in toto, and fearlessly assert that he has not brought, and cannot bring, any evidence to sustain them.

That he did not reserve his fire against Mrs. Woodhull may be perceived in his answer to the following:

"Has Mrs. Woodhull any letters of yours in her possession? A. Two, I suppose, unless she has sold them."

Well knowing that the public is interested in the question, permit us, in turn, to ask Mr. Beecher: Did you buy them? and to add that, if he did, it is his duty to show us up, for we can truly say, with more charity for him than he appears to have for us, that all through this disgusting business we have had no personal ends to serve, and that all we have desired to expose is the truth. In return for his compliment we add that the above-mentioned slur may be excusable in a clergyman, but it would be disgraceful to a gentleman.

As to Mr. Beecher's condemnation of the doctrine of free-love, which subject is next touched upon by him, although he may have occasion to hate it now, there was a time when he did not, as witness the following letter:

ELMIRA, Nov. 5, 1872.

Mrs. Woodhull only carries out Henry's philosophy, against which I recorded my protest twenty years ago.

THOMAS K. BEECHER.

We do not deny, however, that he has a right to change his views; but surely he might do so without vituperating those who retain opinions which, according to his own brother's testimony, he himself once held.

Of course, after the Woodhull expose, we could expect but little quarter from the learned parson. Undoubtedly he has said against the proprietor of the WEEKLY all he can say, and we are proud to submit it to the impartial judgment of the public. One would think, however, from the gross attacks of some presses like the New York World, which aim to make up by vituperation what they lack in logic, that the press which has done its duty to the public fully is alone to blame in the matter. To such we would say: "Friends, we can afford to wait—time will do us (and is doing us) justice."

We have but little time to comment on the remainder of the document. We are sorry to find, from Mr. Beecher's letter to Mr. Moulton of June 1, that he was again fearful of another attack of hydrophobia or hypochondria, or something of that nature, and trust that he has now recovered

his health. His charge of blackmail appears to be sustained, but cannot be proved until Mr. Moulton is heard from. The WEEKLY agrees with the pastor of Plymouth, that the case "is an open pool of corruption, exhaling deadly vapors," and takes credit in having warned the public, in the first instance, that such a centre of rottenness and putrescence existed among them. If they do not drain it and ventilate it, it is their fault. The duty of the WEEKLY was done when it exposed it. In conclusion, we would say that if the statement we have waded through cannot be considered a very able defense of Beecher, it is, as we have termed it, a caustic, if not a correct review of the life of Tilton.

A PROTESTANT CONFESSION.

The root of the Beecher-Tilton affair is the confession of Mrs. Tilton. Henry Ward Beecher asserts it is false, Theodore Tilton declares it is true. Both parties vouch for the singular excellence and almost perfect Christianity of the testator. The best method that the public can take in order to decide the delicate question as to which of the above men is correct in his estimate, is to view Mrs. Tilton in her desertion of her husband, and her present position in the case.

OUR POSITION ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

The WEEKLY does not expect justice from its orthodox opponents, and (for a time at least) must not hope to obtain it. The reforms it advocates, more especially that one of them, which is termed "social reform," is so at war with existing ideas and attacks so many vested interests, ecclesiastical and civil, that it is almost excusable in religionists and lawyers to misstate the demands of free-lovers for the purpose of vilifying them. But we have a right to hope for better treatment from those who claim, like ourselves, to be reformers, although, we are sorry to say, it is not always, or even generally, extended to us.

The free-love system advocated by the WEEKLY is not a crude undigested mass of absurdities, but a compact and formidable array of facts and observations upon the subject of sexuality, soon, we trust, to be crystallized into a science. It is the easiest thing in the world for our opponents to dress up according to their various fancies, a lifeless, hideous monster, to label the same "Free-love" and then go to work and destroy it. Like Oliver Proudfoot, in St. Valentine's Eve, they are sure of victory when they fence with their wooden soldier; they can hack him and nick him as they please, without any fear of his retaliating, and go off singing paeans over their victory. But what is it that they have accomplished after all? Why, they have simply destroyed an idol their own ideas have created, and not the living reality believed in by the supporters of the WEEKLY.

This being the case, for the benefit of such as desire to discuss with us the subject of social or sexual reform, we submit a list of our beliefs and disbeliefs with regard to the same:

1. We believe in the individual or personal sovereignty of man and of woman, and condemn all laws, ecclesiastical or civil, which conflict with the exercise of this right by adult human beings.
2. We believe that, on sexual questions, woman is naturally in power, and that a healthier moral condition will obtain among us when her power is fully recognized and all man-made laws aiming to curb it are annulled.
3. We believe and honor love-unions between men and women; monogamic, if the parties forming them be naturally monogamic, or otherwise, if they be naturally otherwise.
4. We maintain the propriety and necessity of the co-education of the sexes, and assert that the separate system is a reversal of natural order and is punished accordingly.
5. We recognize freedom of choice in others and claim freedom of choice for ourselves in sexual matters, in all states and under all conditions of adult life.
6. Believing woman to be the co-equal and helpmate of man, we desire her civil, political, social and religious rights to be admitted and established.
7. We believe that all children and women in child-bearing and nursing, have a just claim upon the communities where they exist for a loving and liberal support; and that the refusal to admit this claim is as uneconomic as it is unwise, and as uncharitable as it is barbarous.

Having said this much for the faith that is in us, we now place on record our disbeliefs also:

1. We do not believe that any church or ecclesiastical body has special power over "marriage;" the majority of Protestants agree with us in this particular.
2. We are opposed to the interference of the civil power in such case, because of the pains, penalties and forfeitures it usually attaches to the female partner in such contract. In this position we are backed by the Catholic Church.
3. We abjure the supervision of man in the determination of affectional questions, and affirm that it rightly pertains to woman solus.
4. Perceiving the variety of the sexual conditions of mankind, we object to the interference of any collective power of church or State arbitrarily and compulsorily dictating any positions on the sexual plane, and assert the right of each one of us to choose a social status in harmony with his or her nature, untrammelled by law, so long as in the exercise of such liberty the same right in another is not infringed upon,

5. We do not recognize the personal ownership of one human being by another in any case whatever, Church or State to the contrary notwithstanding.

6. We condemn male prostitution as well as female prostitution, in marriage and out of it, as contrary to (and certain of punishment by) nature.

7. We deny that anything that is in itself consistent with nature, can be made a crime by any human edicts, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil.

One word more. Let our opponents kindly remember that all we seek in sexual matters is the same freedom that exists in religious matters in this country. That we advocate no special system; that monogamists, promiscuous people, and even celibates are to be found in our ranks. That we only differ from the many now in rejecting the employment of civil or ecclesiastical force in order to determine the sexual status of human beings; that the application of such powers to us, who do not believe in their necessity, is an invasion of our liberties. That we do not in consequence bring the war, but that the war is forced upon us; and lastly, that we are justified in our efforts to endeavor in any and every way to protect what we believe to be the corner-stone of all liberty, viz., our individual or personal sovereignty.

WHERE IT HURTS.

In Mr. Tilton's answer to Mr. Beecher, which is published in the New York Herald of the 18th August, speaking of Mrs. Tilton's confession, he says:

"The ground of the confession was not the sin committed, but the wretchedness and degradation arising from the deception practiced."

It is so in all such cases, the sin of unchastity, if it be one, is no greater in a woman than in a man, and so all priests are bound to teach. But the penalty attached to it is marvelously different. It is not to be wondered at that, in her endeavor to avoid "moral death," woman sacrifices everything and demoralizes herself utterly in order to hide it. Curse on the barbarous injustice of society that enforces a penalty on the one sex that it dares not dream of imposing on the other.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

This great law runs through the whole domain of animated nature. The strength of man is based upon his weakness and his glory springs out of his shame. The further we are removed from isolated savage life the less innocent we are; but the question is, does not the good more than over-balance the evil that arises out of collective life? But, whether it does or not, it is not left for man to make his choice between the two. He is bound to go forward by a law as potent as that which has appointed the orbits of the worlds around him; he must on, he cannot retreat or retrace his footprints.

Had man had the swiftness of the eagle, the strength of the lion, or the cunning of the serpent, he would never have arisen to his present position in the universe. Necessity has been the force which has compelled and is compelling him to develop his powers. Although his labors may be useless, like those of Sisyphus, he must toil on. Although the reforms projected in the present age may turn to ashes on his lips, he must strive for and obtain the fruit that so temptingly hangs before him.

And there is no respite for his labors. When agitation ceases decay commences. There is no interregnum. When the beneficent sceptre of Ahrimanes ceases to rule, the scythe of Orosmales takes its place. The human harvest is reaped, the sheaves are gathered and bound, and cast into the bottomless granary of the past.

The young reformer starts out after his object with bounding youth and joy. He says, if I can only attain that height before me, there are pleasant vales beyond in which humanity can repose. He gains it in middle age, but still far above him he sees

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

there is no rest for him, he must speed forward on his errand of mercy, looking solely to the future for his reward.

Alas! what has man gained by his advance from savage life? If the top of the human tree is nearer to the sun, its roots have, at the same time, stricken deeper into the dust and darkness of the earth. The price of wealth is poverty; the cost of security is war and bloodshed; and the exchange for scientific knowledge is greater helplessness. If the savage of the wilds has no dentists he has better teeth; if he has less cultivation he has more honesty; and if he lacks laws he has a far greater degree of liberty than his more civilized brother.

But man cannot go back if he would. As was said before, his orbit as well as that of the world he inhabits, is appointed for him, and his law of gravitation is as immutable as that of the globe on which he dwells.

But this grand law of compensation is a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. It is the *lex-talionis* of nature. The cruelty and greed of man as he is would water the dust of the earth with the blood of his brethren did it not step in to stay his hand. Let Midas revel in his gold. The life-giving sunlight, the beauties of sea and sky, the glories of hills and vales he cannot monopolize. If he reduces his serfs to live on coarser food, he cannot deprive them of appetites to enjoy it with a far greater zest than he can

attain by stimulants or by the choicest of viands dressed by the ablest of cooks. But this law of compensation will do far more than that. Already it has nerved the arm of the toiler, and protected him by his labor from those meaner vices that enervate the arms of his oppressors; in the near future it will enable the wealth producer to pluck from their seats his would-be-rulers and reverse the positions of idlers and workers in all civilized communities.

If this law is thus potent in the case of man it will prove itself equally so in the case of woman. Every advance that man has made above the rest of the animal creation has been purchased by a degradation below them. This is especially to be found in his treatment of his mate. The nobler animals beneath him never have infringed upon this order of nature. In sexual questions, the female being the grantor, her power over them is always recognized. Man alone has reversed the position, and has been and is now consequently called upon to pay the penalty. Past warnings seem to have no effect on him, he will keep his chains upon his mate. He will organize her chastity for his own supreme pleasure by laws ecclesiastical or civil. Acting upon the Roman adage "divide and conquer," he has stimulated and does stimulate woman to place her feet on the necks of her sisters. He offers her the position of being his doll or his slave, or both, as is sometimes the case, but never that of his equal. What are the consequences of this annihilation of her rights. Chaos and the decimation of the human family. But these will yet be greater. Out of her oppression will spring superior virtue and consequently superior force; out of his tyranny will arise and has already arisen, his degradation and his weakness. The reins once held by man, woman will not long be willing to surrender to half emasculated human beings. "The wheel will come"—is coming—"full circle." In behalf of the rights of woman, so long usurped by man, the law of compensation is moving on with the accelerated force of ages to remedy and to reconstruct, and the day of "woman's subjection" will soon vanish in the records of the past.

TOO THIN.

If we are to believe Henry Ward Beecher, he has been supremely miserable for four years because a woman lied. He has paid thousands of dollars and mortgaged his house in Brooklyn on the same account. His well-studied defense proves that in other respects he is a sane and able man. There is absolutely no other direct charge against him than Mrs. Tilton's confession, and the public are expected to believe that Mrs. Tilton's falsehood has cost him all that trouble and expense.

WHICH IS CORRECT?

In his letter to Mr. Moulton of February 5th, 1872, the Plymouth pastor declares that Mr. Moulton is "all his stay and comfort," and that he has "not another person in the world to whom he can go." It is satisfactory to remember that, in this season of depression, Mr. Beecher was better off than Theodore Tilton would have been in similar circumstances; for he taunts Mr. Tilton in his defense that "his (Mr. Tilton's) affairs at home did not promise that sympathy and strength which makes one's house, as mine (Mr. Beecher's) has been in times of adversity a refuge from the storm and a tower of defense."

THOROUGH WORK.

We take pleasure in making the following extract from a late leading article in the *Banner of Light*, which touches on the subject of the various reforms of the age so long advocated by the WEEKLY:

"We have never ceased, since the plain truths of Spiritualism began to make themselves manifest, to comment on the multiplying proofs about us of a general stir-up and ferment of the public mind in relation to religious faith and the laws and methods of religious growth and development, and not in religious matters only, but in those also of social and moral progress. The infecting influence shows itself not less emphatically in the avocations of industry, and in all the classified pursuits of men. As has been aptly said of this upheaval, 'If the press, the pulpit, trades-unions, granges, labor struggles, temperance and woman's rights movements and other signs of the times be of any value, they appear to show a universal social ferment, seeking and demanding reforms everywhere. The whole social fabric seems to be rotten and falling to pieces. Nothing is held to be sound. From our various standpoints we look at this or that individual measure of reform as the one thing needful. If we have, as yet, accomplished no reforms, we have at least excited thought and prepared the way for them. As we progress further we shall cease to regard these innumerable social principles, but shall look into the constitution of society itself; here is the source of all our troubles.' The affliction, therefore, being radical, the remedy must be radical also. If it is in the very structure of our society that the difficulties lie, it is plain that our efforts, if we would not see them misapplied, must be directed to the reformation of that. The work of mere repair is not the thing—will not answer—is temporary patching—and must be repeated many times, and each time to less profit. Even when the prevailing temper of reform is positively conservative, it will be best to strike straight for the marrow of the complaint, instead of treating it cutaneously."

Agreeing as we do with the statement made in the above article, that "society is the source of all our troubles," we have done our best to expose its shortcomings. The difference between "radical spiritualist" and other reformatory papers is, that while the latter limit their reformatory efforts to amending the evils caused by the false rulings of modern

society, the former aim to renovate and remodel society itself, the source from which they spring, the stagnant pool in which they are all generated. But, before the people could be expected to enter upon this grand work it was necessary to prove to them that society was rotten and really needed remodeling. It was to that end and for that specific purpose that our now famous November number containing our charge against Henry Ward Beecher was published. It has done its work. The whole nation beholds the condition of things in Brooklyn, and as with Brooklyn, so with what is called "society" generally. What morality and honesty there is yet in the Union is to be found in the middle and working classes; the rich and the poor paupers who live not by their labors but by their wits, are the sources of most of our degeneracy. They are British importations and must be annihilated by industrial and financial reform.

It is no use for ex-Governor Hoffman and Gen. Butler to preach to our young farmers and try to induce them to live by hard labor and the tillage of the soil, when they well know they can make more money by idling in a bank or loafing in broker's office in Wall or State streets. If they deplore the unsound system of political economy which mothers injustice, let them labor with us to change it. It is the same with the other and major reforms we are seeking to establish. The WEEKLY has never aimed to change the sexual or social status of any human being; but we have asserted the right of all human beings to follow out their inclinations unrestrained by the churches or the State, so long as they infringe not on the like liberties of other individuals. We know that men here generally are promiscuous animals, and that being the case fixes the status of the majority of women also. We do not assert that promiscuity is better than monogamy, or monogamy better than celibacy, we only say be what you are, and don't sham that you are otherwise. In a better state of society men and women will deem it disgraceful and impertinent to inquire into the private affairs of their neighbors in such particulars; it is now. If we have been engaged in the dirty business of exposing such liaisons, it was not to hold them up to public rebuke, but to exhibit the fraud and hypocrisy with which they were accompanied; that, and that alone, justifies our intrusions.

But all the reforms previously spoken of depend, and must depend, on the establishment of religious liberty. Nothing can be done among us while there are about a thousand various Christian priesthoods lading out brimstone *ad libitum*. It is true that the scientific world is almost free from the chains of religious slavery. It is certain also that our financial and commercial magnates rather support priesthoods as a matter of economy than from any belief in what they teach. It is deemed also that a majority of the working classes, who have been elbowed out of the fashionable churches in our cities, have no desire to return to them for information, and neither heed the anathemas nor desire the blessings of their ministers. More than this, it is certain that not only here, but in all countries, there is what may be termed an interregnum of faith generally throughout the world. But faith is the revivifying element, the very blood of the soul of man; we do not apply this to one faith but to all faiths. The fulcrum of the lever that moves the world must be placed outside the world. The question is: Is not that which was formerly faith now become a certainty and about to be developed into a science; and is not that science Radical Spiritualism?

SORE YET.

Our neighbor, the *New York World*, however it may be opposed to foul water, does not appear to hesitate at the use of foul language, as its leader of Saturday the 15th, August, painfully proves. The proprietor of the WEEKLY, however, suffers in good company, for, in its next issue we find the following low allusion against the Queen of Great Britain:

"John Brown's relations with Queen Victoria may be proved to have not been improper on the 4th of July, 1874; if on that day she is proved to have been at Windsor Castle, and he in the Highlands."

N. B. The WEEKLY is not answerable for the "mean slander" insinuated in the above, what we do we do openly, and not surreptitiously, under cover.

THE DECAY OF CATHOLICISM.

Hugh Miller tells us that in the grand processions of the animal world during the past ages, the stone books prove that the magnates of the various orders marched first, and the developments of the human world seem to follow one another in a similar manner. There is a double motion to be discerned in the world's march which is visible to the geologist in the histories that do not lie. There are those who believe that the great authority we have quoted believed that the mammal order was in process of disintegration and decay ready to succumb before a grander formation. This would coincide with Daniel's interpretation of the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. The head of the image representing the human world was of gold, the breast of silver, the thighs of brass, the legs of iron and the feet of iron and clay. Here is retrogression, and, instructed by the past, we find that retrogression always precedes and heralds a new and superior formation.

As with the natural so with the spiritual world. The moral developments of humanity follow one another in a

similar manner. The steps of the faiths mentioned in the Bible terminating with Christianity or rather Spiritualism, exhibit the progression and retrogression of the animal creation. We believe that Judaism was purest in the time of the Judges, and we know that Christianity was Communism in the time of the apostles. Up to the twelfth century the Catholic Church was the centre of Christian civilization, the conservator of the arts and sciences, and the benefactor and the friend of the peoples. Before the time of John Huss, Jerome of Prague and John Wickliffe, its disintegration had commenced, and those reformers vainly endeavored to arrest it. From that time it has gradually deteriorated and become the friend of the oppressors and the foe of the commons. This retrograde movement of the Catholic Church has continued from that time to this, great nations have deserted it, and every movement it makes to re-establish itself in the hearts of the peoples only eventuates in originating further disintegrations.

There was a time previous to the great French revolution (1793) when the Catholic Church might have righted itself and reassumed its ancient position in the hearts of the peoples. But the doctrine of the divine right of kings was then the order of the day, and the cries of the oppressed were not permitted to enter either the courts or the churches. They forced their way in, first into the courts, and now they are effecting an entrance into the Catholic Church. The assertion of the infallibility of the Pope has severed the partnership of priest and king; but if they be not partners they must be enemies. In ancient times, when a difference occurred, the Papacy rested on the peoples, and, not unfrequently, brought kings to its terms. But that time has passed away for ever. The compliment paid lately by Pio Nono to the Republic of the United States will be of none effect, and the later movement toward introducing the democratic element into the election of a Pope will prove equally useless. In the battle between the State and the Church, for they stand in that order now, Catholicism can find no safety save in submission.

COMPLIMENTARY.

To whom does the the Pastor of Plymouth apply the terms, "a crowd of disreputable people;" also, "a crowd of malicious women"—who were "patronized" by Theodore Tilton? Does he allude to Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Bullard, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis and the many they represent, or not? Again, are we to understand that the above polite expressions are the real sentiments of his tender heart, or the remains of the hypochondria presented to him by his father and his grandfather? In charity we submit the latter alternative to be the true solution of his lamentable case.

DAWN VALCOUR COMMUNITY.

Our decision is perfected. We are now ready to act. We count it a pleasure to announce to all persons of the radical stamp, who favor a community of harmony and fraternity, based on the principles of social science—in accordance with my previous article on Dawn—we invite your attention to the important fact that we have made an extensive, complete and reliable examination of the superb and magnificent gratuity of one thousand and ten acres of land for our community enterprise. Much of the area is under cultivation. To perfect the magnitude of this majestic enterprise, we wish it extensively and fully known. This locality truly combines the best attractions of other lands concentrated. We feel assured its intrinsic excellence could not be found in the Northern or Middle States.

Our circular is issued. Order or write and we will send. We aim to give any and all particulars as to locality, our plans for immediate action, the noble objects, hopes and aims we love so well, and to which we pledge our lives—the illustration of the principles of social science. Let every radical and reformer, far and near, immediately send for our circular. Address John Willcox, Winooski, Vermont.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Battle Creek, Mich., August 23, and in Bowmansville, Ontario, September 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists will hold their fourth annual convention in Lempster, N. H., September 4, 5 and 6. Mrs. Emma E. Weston, of East Boston, Mass., test, physical and clairvoyant medium, will be present during all the sessions of the convention and demonstrate through her wonderful mediumistic powers the truth of Spiritualism. George A. Fuller, agent for the New Hampshire State Association, is the speaker engaged for the convention. Other speakers will be in attendance.

This will be an important convention. Let every town in the State be represented. Let all the Spiritualists come together harmoniously for the advancement of the cause of Spiritualism.

Per order Business Committee,
ERASTUS NICHOLS, Lempster, N. H.
MRS. ELECTA SHEPARDSON, Marlow, N. H.
DR. SYLVESTER WOOD, Washington, N. H.
GEO. S. MORGAN, Pres., Bradford, N. H.

C. W. STEWART, the uncompromising young Radical, is re-engaged at Terre Haute, Indiana, for the next three months and will answer calls to lecture on week evenings during that time to all parties who uphold free speech, and have the welfare of humanity at heart here and now. No others need apply.

(Continued from page 7.)

corrupted by the filthy details of scandalous falsehoods, daily iterated and amplified, for the gratification of impure curiosity and the demoralization of every child that is old enough to read.

The full truth of this history requires that one more fact should be told, especially as Mr. Tilton has invited it. Money has been obtained from me in the course of these affairs in considerable sums, but I did not at first look upon the suggestions that I should contribute to Mr. Tilton's pecuniary wants as savoring of blackmail. This did not occur to me until I had paid perhaps \$2,000. Afterward I contributed at one time \$5,000. After the money had been paid over, in five \$1,000 bills, to raise which I mortgaged the house I live in, I felt very much dissatisfied with myself about it. Finally a square demand and a threat was made to me by my confidential friend, that if \$5,000 more was not paid, Tilton's charges would be laid before the public. This, I saw at once, was blackmail in its boldest form, and I never paid a cent of it, but challenged and requested the fullest exposure.

But, after the summer of 1873, I became inwardly satisfied that Tilton was, inherently and inevitably, a ruined man. I no longer trusted either his word or his honor. I came to feel that his kindness was but a snare and his professions of friendship treacherous. He did not mean well by me nor by his own household; but I suffered all the more on that account. As he had grown up under my influence and in my church, I could never free myself from a certain degree of responsibility for his misdoings, such as visits a father for a wrong-doing son, and, in times of great mental depression, this feeling sometimes amounted almost to a mania.

Among the last desperate efforts to restrain him from overwhelming himself, his family, myself, the church and the whole community with the fetid flood of scandal which he had by this time accumulated, were those connected with the charges of Mr. West, and the subsequent proceedings of the Examining Committee of the Church. The prosecution of Mr. Tilton I felt bound to prevent. In any form I would strive to prevent the belching forth of a scandal; but in that form it was peculiarly distasteful. It presented no square issues upon which my guilt or innocence could be tried; it was a roundabout issue, on which Mr. Tilton could have escaped, possibly, by showing that he believed the stories he told about me, or that he had not "circulated" them, or by the mere failure on the other side to prove that he had done so, or by the decision that he was a monomaniac and not responsible. Any such half-way decision would leave me in the attitude of overthrow, and yet no party to the case. Moreover, I felt that Mr. Tilton thought I was setting my church against him—and I was bound he should not think that; for if it had not been for me he would have been dropped two years before for non-attendance, and for his distinct notice to me that he was out of the church. I had got the Examining Committee to postpone the usual action, because he was letting his wife still attend the church, and I thought that would gradually influence him for good. Indeed, he had deluded me with hopes that he would give up his bad women associates and reform his life. I felt that we had no right to claim him as a member, under the circumstances, for the sole purpose of his public trial. Mr. Moulton insisted that everything must be done to prevent that trial, as the Examining Committee was likely to be equally divided whether the facts sustained Mr. Tilton's plea, whether he was out of the church or not. I was so determined to carry out my pledges to Moulton, for him, and do all in human power to save him, even from himself, that I was ready to resign, if that would stop the scandal. I wrote a letter of resignation, not referring to charges against me, but declaring that I had striven for years to maintain secrecy concerning a scandal affecting a family in the church, and that, as I had failed, I herewith resigned. This letter was never sent. A little calmer thought showed me how futile it would be to stop the trouble—a mere useless self-sacrifice—but I showed it to Mr. Moulton, and possibly he copied it. I have found the original of it in my house.

If I could at this moment remember any of the other letters which I have written to Mr. Moulton, I would do so. If he has reserved all my effusions of feeling he must have a large collection. I wished him to bring them all before the committee. I should have been glad to get such hints as they may contain to refresh my recollection of facts and sequences. I have no fear of their full and fair publication, for though they would doubtless make a sad exposure of my weakness, grief and despondency, they do not contain a line confessing such guilt as has been charged upon me, or a word inconsistent with my innocence, nor any other spirit than that of a generous remorse over a great and more and more irreparable evil. But however intense and numerous may be these expressions of grief, they cannot possibly ever state the anxiety which I constantly felt for the future, the perils of which it is now clear I did not exaggerate; nor the sorrow and remorse which I felt originally on account of the injury which I supposed I had unwittingly done to a beloved family, and afterward for the greater injury which I became satisfied I had done by my unwise, blind and useless efforts to remedy that injury only, as it proved, at the expense of my own name, the happiness of my own family and the peace of my own church.

Gentlemen of the Committee, In the note requesting your appointment I asked that you should make full investigation of all sources of information. You are witnesses that I have in no way influenced or interfered with your proceedings or duties. I have wished the investigation to be so searching that nothing could unsettle its results. I have nothing to gain by any policy of suppression or compromise.

For four years I have borne and suffered enough, and I will not go a step further. I will be free. I will not walk under a rod or yoke. If any man would do me a favor, let him tell all he knows now. It is not mine to lay down the law of honor in regard to the use of other person's confidential communications; but, in so far as my own writings are concerned, there is not a letter or document which I am afraid

to have exhibited, and I authorize any and call upon any living person to produce and print forthwith whatever writings they have of any source whatsoever.

It is time, for the sake of decency and public morals, that this matter should be brought to an end. It is an open pool of corruption, exhaling deadly vapors.

For six weeks the nation has risen up and sat down upon scandal. Not a great war nor a revolution could more have filled the newspapers than this question of domestic trouble; magnified a thousandfold, and, like a sore spot in the human body, drawing to itself every morbid humor in the blood. Whoever is buried with it, it is time that this abomination be buried below all touch or power of resurrection.

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

By Mr. Sterrs—Q. You spoke of Mr. Tilton being a reporter for the *Observer*; was it not for the *Times*? A. The *Observer* never had a reporter in the sense in which we use that term, but he was a worker—a man of all work—in the editorial and publishing departments of the *Observer*. I know nothing about his connection with the *Times*.

By Mr. Sage—I would like to inquire how Mr. Moulton first entered this case, and how he came to be your confidant? A. Mr. Moulton was a schoolmate and friend of Mr. Tilton, and Mr. Tilton, when his various complicated troubles came upon him in connection with Mr. Bowen, went to Mr. Moulton and made him his adviser and helper. That is the way that he came into the case.

Q. Can you tell us how you came to write that letter of despondency dated Feb. 5, 1872, to Mr. Moulton? A. I would come back from a whole week's lecturing and would be perfectly fagged out, and the first thing on getting home there would be some confounding development opening on me. In this state of mind, in which I had not longer any resiliency or rebound in me, so I would work the whole week out. And that is the way it happened time and time and time again. On one of these occasions I went to Mr. Moulton's store. Mr. Moulton had always treated me with the greatest personal kindness. He never had refused by day or by night to see me or to listen to me. I never saw him out of mood toward me after the first few months. He treated me as if he loved me. On this occasion I went down to the store to see him, and his face was cold toward me. I proposed to walk with him, and he walked with me in such a way that it seemed to me as though it was irksome to him to have me with him, and as though he wanted to shake me off. Now, anything like that all but kills me. I don't wish to push myself upon anybody. To feel that I have pushed myself upon any human being who does not want me is enough to kill me; and to be treated so by him at that time made it seem to me as though the end of the world had come. For he was the only man on the globe I could talk with on this subject. I was shut up to every human being. I could not go to my wife; I could not go to my children; I could not go to my brothers and sisters; I could not go to my church. He was the only one person to whom I could talk, and when I got that rebuff from him it seemed as though it would kill me, and the letter was the product of that mood into which I was thrown.

By Mr. Sage—When was this interview with the pistol? A. The first interview was at Mr. Moulton's house, Dec. 30, and the next was at my own on the next day.

Q. Did you consider the interview at Mr. Moulton's house a threatening interview? I have heard from some source that the door was locked. A. That is stated in my statement.

Q. What was your impression from that act of locking the door? A. I did not think anything about it, nor care a snap about it. I only remembered it afterward. His family was away visiting, and the family was alone for several days; and when he came in he not only locked the door, but he took the key out and put it in his pocket. I must have noticed it, or it would not have come to my memory. He said something about not being interrupted in any way. The servant girl was in the house, I think.

Q. Then, Mr. Tilton locked the door when you went into the room with him? A. Not that I remember.

Q. Did Mr. Tilton at that time make any charge of adultery? A. No, sir.

Q. What was Mr. Moulton's manner at the time when he demanded the retraction of Mrs. Tilton's—threatening? A. I should describe it as being exceedingly one of intense excitement.

Q. Did it impress you with any sense of personal danger? A. No, sir.

Q. Was it the result of that evening's conversation and full and free expression from you that he came to be your confidant, and that he seemed to sympathize with you? A. No, sir, that was the result, probably, of some months' intercourse.

By Mr. Claflin:

Q. Do you suppose that you or the community would have heard anything of these troubles of Mr. Tilton with his family had he been a successful man? A. I am morally certain that the thing would have been deeper buried than the bottom of the sea if Mr. Tilton had gone right on to a prosperous career, and he had had the food which he had been accustomed to; but Mr. Tilton is a man who starves for want of flattery, and no power on God's earth can ever make him happy when he is not receiving some intense—

By Mr. Winslow:

Q. I understand by your statement that you first met Mr. Moulton at Mr. Page's studio. Is that correct? A. The first meeting with Mr. Moulton that ever led me to know him or think of him as distinct from a thousand other men was that; I had undoubtedly met him before, but not in a way that made any impression upon me; I date my knowledge of the man from that time; he was having his portrait painted at the same time, and we met there occasionally; I remember that on one occasion we walked from Page's studio clear down to his door, or to Fulton Ferry, and talked of public matters all the way, and I recollect being impressed with the feeling that he was an acute fellow, and that he had strong literary tastes, as he has.

Q. Had you ever visited his house in a social way prior to his call at your house on this business? A. Never.

Q. Then you had no intimate personal relations with him? A. None.

Q. So that when he came to you he came rather as Mr. Tilton's friend than otherwise? A. Altogether.

Q. When did you come to believe that that relation was becoming one of mutual friendship? A. I cannot tell you, but it was some time afterward; the transition was made during the consultations which they held as to how Mr. Bowen should be managed so as to do, as they said, justice to Mr. Tilton; once or twice he said to me, when I told him something: "There, that is the right thing." I recollect that on one occasion I made a confidential statement to him about some matter that they could never have found out otherwise, and he said (I don't recollect the words, I only have a recollection of the impression that was made in my mind) that I never should regret putting confidence in him; it sprung from some statement that I had made; he gave token of his pleasure at my trust in him as if to encourage, as it were, a full trust, and he said that I never should regret having put confidence in him—which I shall regret to the day of my death.

Q. In the course of your conversation when the so-called apology was written, did he say anything to you to the effect that there was nothing about the case but what an apology might cover? A. He made the impression on my mind not only that Mr. Tilton had been greatly injured, but that Mr. Tilton was saturated with the conviction that I was using my whole power against him. When any disclosure of my real feelings was made to him, he listened with a kind of incredulity, as if I was acting a part. But when I shed tears, and my voice broke, and I walked up and down the room with unfeigned distress, he seemed to be touched, and finally he said, "Now if that is the way you feel, if Mr. Tilton could be made to see it, this whole thing could be settled."

Q. If you used the words, "He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been," what did you mean by them? A. I do not know, I'm sure; the conversation was hypothetical in respect to the betrayal of a friend in an hour of emergency; in respect to undermining Mr. Tilton just at the time when Mr. Bowen and all the world were leaving him; in respect to a want of fidelity; and there is one thing that you are to bear in mind—a thing that I have never mentioned to any of you, and that had a very strong influence upon me: I never can forget a kindness done to me. When the war broke out, my son went into a Brooklyn regiment, and after being seven months in a camp at Washington, he played a series of pranks on some of the officers and got himself into great trouble, and Col. Adams recommended him to resign, and he came to me. Well, it broke my heart. I had but one boy that was old enough to go that I could offer to my country, and I told Theodore, who was in the office with me. He made the case his own. Mr. Tilton has a great deal in his upper nature. If he could be cut into and his lower nature could be separated from the upper, there is a great deal in his upper nature that is capable of great sweetness and beauty. At any rate, he took up my case. He suggested himself that the thing to do would be to get him transferred into the regular army. He said that he knew Sam. Wilkeson, a correspondent of the *Tribune*, who was at that time in Washington, and had great influence, and that he would go right on that very night and secure this thing. He did, without a moment's delay, start and go to Washington, and he secured, through Sam. Wilkeson, from Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, the appointment of Henry as a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Artillery service. I have felt ever since that in the doing of that thing he did me most royal service. I have felt it exquisitely; and there has not been a time when I have done anything that hurt Tilton that that thing has not come back to me, and when it seemed as though I had, in an hour of his need and trouble, stepped aside, and even helped to push him down, I felt it very acutely.

Q. Here are three letters written on Feb. 7, 1871—I am not quite sure whether I understood you correctly in saying that you did not see Theodore's letter of that date? A. I have no remembrance of it; I only know that there was an arrangement made among us to bring an influence to bear upon Elizabeth in consequence of her state of mind; I used to say to him, "Moulton, I am a man walking in the open air and full of work, and Theodore is at loose and doing whatever he pleases, and we can come down and talk to you and have counsel; but what human being has Elizabeth Tilton to talk with her in her trouble? She is shut up at home, sick and unbefriended, and it is not generous for us to let her go without and uncared for." I was always saying that there ought to be somebody who should think of her.

Q. In your letter of the same date to Mr. Moulton this occurs: "Would to God, who orders all hearts, that, by his kind mediation, Theodore and Elizabeth and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case." Precisely what did you mean? A. It is all a muddle to me, as I don't recall the precise working of my mind. I have no vivid recollection of the making up of the letter, or of the precise moods under which I wrote; I cannot give the reason or the sentence, or of that sentence; I only know the general drift which we were on.

Q. I call your attention to it because criticism is made in certain quarters that it referred to Mr. Tilton's marital trouble growing out of your offense? A. Well, but see; isn't it a going back to friendship? Isn't it the restoration of the family?

Q. What you ask for is that you three should be made friends again? A. Yes; that we should all co-operate.

Q. And you say that Theodore will have the hardest task? A. There was a family that by circumstances had been brought to the bitterest antagonisms at a time of the most profound adversity, when Mr. Tilton had got to struggle for his livelihood, for his name, for his position and for his household. Everything put together, he was in a situation in which he had to exert himself in every way for restora-

tion in every manner; and the point was that she should co-operate with him, as well as with his friends. If she had her sorrow to bear at home, he had his too. That is what I think it likely may have suggested these words; but I don't say that it is, because I don't remember. Elizabeth, you know, was at times immensely bitter against Theodore, and felt that she had been the aggrieved one, and I had been led to suppose that she had not been anything like so much aggrieved as I now suppose she has been.

Q. In the same letter of Feb. 7, you say: "Of course I can never speak with her again without his permission, and I don't know that even then it would be best;" why did you say that? A. Because either at the time of that letter from Mr. Bowen, or in its immediate vicinity, Mr. Tilton, as I have the impression now, sent word by Mr. Bowen (though I cannot be sure of that) forbidding me even to enter his house again.

Q. When was that? A. It was in the vicinity of that whole business; but in what way it came, or what the precise date of it was, I cannot tell. I only know that the message was conveyed to me from him; but by whom, or how, or when, I have forgotten. It was a distinct thing in my memory, and afterward he, on one or two occasions, took pains to revoke it after he had become reconciled.

Q. In the same letter occurred the words (which Mr. Tilton in his statement makes appear to come from another letter, but which in fact are from the same letter): "When I saw you last I did not expect ever to see you again or be alive many days." What was in your mind when you wrote them? A. Just what I have stated in my statement already.

Q. Nothing else? A. No; I know I frequently said, "I wish I was dead," and Theodore Tilton, he came in and said he wished he was dead, and Mr. Moulton was frequently in a state in which he wished he was dead, and Mrs. Moulton said, "I am living among friends, every one of whom wishes he was dead," or something like that; I do not know but it was smarter than that; but she put it in a way that was very ludicrous; every one of us used to be echoing that expression; we were vexed and plagued together, and I used the familiar phrase, "I wish I was dead."

Q. The outside gossip is that you referred in that line to contemplated suicide?

Mr. Beecher—How do you propose to cure the gossip?

Mr. Winslow—I cannot say; but I want to know if anything of that kind was in your mind? A. It was not. My general purpose in the matter of this whole thing was this (and I kept it as the motto of my life): By patient continuance in well-doing to put to shame those who falsely accuse me. I meant to put down and preach down this truth. Of course, in my dismal moods, I felt as though the earth had come to an end. Now, in interpreting these special letters, everybody is irresistibly tempted to suppose that everything I said was said narrowly in regard to their text, instead of considering the foregoing state of my mind; whereas my utterances were largely to be interpreted by the past as well as by the present or the future. I cannot interpret them precisely, as I can a note of hand or a check. A man that is poetical, a man that is oftentimes extravagant, a man that is subject to moods such as make me such as I am, cannot narrowly measure his words. And yet, from this writing of over four years in every conceivable condition, in this large correspondence, proceeding from a mind speaking in hyperbolic moods, and in all manner of states, about everybody and everything—out of this mass they have got only these few equivocal things.

Q. Theodore said he was born for war and Moulton was probably born for diplomacy? A. Yes.

By Mr. Cleveland—Q. Were the plan and method by which, from time to time, these things were managed by your suggestion or by Mr. Moulton? A. I made suggestions from time to time generally without any effect, and the essential course of affairs so far as it has not been forced upon us from outside influences has been of his (Moulton's) procuring.

Q. He managed this whole matter with Mr. Tilton? A. Yes; he represented himself always as having all the reins in his hands—as having in his hands such power that if worst should come to worst he could compel a settlement; he intimated to me time and again that he had such materials in his hands respecting Theodore that, as he said once, "If Theodore does not do as I say, I'll grind him to powder."

By Mr. Winslow—"Devices by which we saved ourselves"—this letter says—saved from what? A. "Devices," did not refer to me, but to him—his whole style of acting.

By Mr. Winslow—The "earning the future," as I understand, was to procure the silence and burial of the scandal? A. No, it wasn't either. It referred to the plans by which Tilton was to get something to do, and do it, and get some praise for it, and be content.

Q. The "devices;" did that refer to all the plans and arrangements and steps that had been taken? A. It referred to this. If I had been left to manage this matter simply myself, I should have said "Yes" or "No." That would have been the whole of it; but instead of that the matter went into Moulton's hands, and Moulton is a man that loves intrigue in such a way that, as Lady Montague said of somebody, "He would not carve a cabbage unless he could steal on it from behind, and do it by a 'device,' and the smallest things and the plainest he liked to do in the sharpest way. He was consulting with parties here and there and elsewhere, and a great deal of whispering was taking place, and finally it would turn out that something was not going to be done that he had said he would do, and he did not tell me why, and I had to guess. There was this wide circuit of various influences through which he was moving all the time.

Q. He had condoned "his wife's fault"—what did you mean by this? A. Condone has a legal meaning and a general meaning, but the general meaning of condone is to pass over, to make peace, to overlook, and I use the word as a literary man would use it, not as a lawyer. If I used it in a legal phrase the word would have been "offense," not "fault."

Q. In using the word fault do you refer to some particular

ct of Mrs. Tilton? A. I refer to the complaints he made in general in respect to her; you know perfectly well what was the impression conveyed to me from the beginning to the end, and that was that I had stolen into his house, and that I had taken advantage of the simplicity of his wife to steal her affections to myself and away from him.

Q. And do you mean to say you had that in your mind when you used the word fault? A. I suppose I did.

Q. You say in the same letter that he had "enjoined upon you most earnestly and solemnly not to betray his wife;" in what respect? A. Not to betray this whole difficulty into which his household had been cast. Consider how it is: I appeal to every sensitive man and cultured woman in the world if any greater evil can befall than to have a woman, a wife and mother, made the subject of even investigation as it respects her moral character; for no greater harm can befall a woman than to be talked about from house to house, with discussions as to the grade of offense, and the probable nature of the offense, and the cause of the offense, and everything about it. Next to stabbing a woman dead is to talk about her virtue; and if the public suppose that in order to interpret these letters I must refer to a vulgar, physical gross indignity, then they are living on a plane where I do not live. You must remember that I was aware that in addition to the trouble involving my name, Mr. Tilton had also, in fits of jealousy, accused his wife of criminal intercourse with several gentlemen, of whom I was not one, and had asserted in the presence of witnesses that all her children, except the first, were the children of those gentlemen respectively; in his decent moods he was very anxious to have such accusations unknown to the world; the mere rumor of them would cast an ineffaceable blight upon his children. Nothing would have induced me to make this explanation, but that Mr. Tilton had deliberately chosen to cast a blight of precisely the same kind upon those very children by his subsequent course; and all that is left to me is the power to speak of this abominable accusation with the scorn which such a horrible falsehood deserves.

Q. You can refer to some points which have already been considered, for a moment—"I have a strange feeling upon me that I am spending my last Sunday and preaching my last sermon." Do you refer to the same condition of health and mind that you have described? A. I refer to the fact, simply that that was my state of mind during this great trouble, although if you were to collect all the language I have used at various times it might produce an impression that I had wallowed in a sea of unparalleled distress. I have had stormy days, and have suffered more from this than probably all other causes in my life put together. Yet, taking the four years together, I have had more religious peace and more profound insight into the wants and sufferings of men since I have become acquainted with trouble and despair. I have had an experience in the higher regions of Christian life that is worth all the sorrow and suffering that I have had to go through to get to it.

Q. Is it or not true that in the course of these matters Mr. Tilton expressed a strong desire that the secrets of his family should not be known? A. Always; at least that was his mood, except when he fell into a strange mania at times. There were times in which it was very evident that he perfectly longed to be obliged to bring out or to have somebody bring out a scandalous story on his family in order that he might have his credit with the world as to be so magnanimous as still to stay at home and live with his wife.

Q. You say, "My mind is clear. I am not in haste. I shall write for the public a statement that will bear the light of the judgment day?" A. I have done it.

Q. You didn't do it, however, then. Had you any present purpose of doing it then? A. I thought a good many times that I had better sit down before my memory failed me and make a memorandum of the course of events and the reasons of my conduct. But I was so busy I could not do it, and every year it became less possible.

Q. Here comes a clause in which you express a profound confidence in Moulton's fidelity; does that correctly represent your own feelings? A. It does, although Mr. Moulton was not the man that I should select as an ideal man; I thought that in that one particular, fidelity to friends, he was the most remarkable man I ever met by the amount of time he was willing to give, by the amount of anxiety he was willing to encounter, by the doing of work which I suppose is more agreeable to him than to me—that is, of seeing different parties, and of ferreting out stories and running things back to their source, which I utterly abhor in social relations, and consequently trying to keep me in good heart, and presenting to me the best sides of Tilton's character, which he never failed to do. When I brought to Moulton what seemed to be the bad and treacherous things I learned of Tilton, he said, "Don't believe a word of such things; I will make inquiries;" and the next time I would see him he would have a plausible explanation of the whole thing, and I felt as though it was no use to attack Tilton; that he shed every arrow that was aimed against him. I have said this not only in reference to the impressions he produced upon me, but until the time of the Council I was in an abiding faith of Mr. Moulton's truth; until the reply of Mr. Tilton to Bacon's letters I never had a suspicion of his good faith, and of the sincerity with which he was dealing with me, and when that letter was published, and Mr. Moulton on my visiting him in reference to it proposed no counter operation—no documents, no help—I was staggered, and when Tilton subsequently published his statement, after he came to this committee, when that came out I never heard a word from Moulton; he never sent for me nor visited me, nor did a thing. I waited for him to say or do something; for I had said to Moulton within the last year, "As things are coming, you never are going to manage Tilton; he is going to manage you." I have said to him once or twice, "Moulton, Tilton is longer headed than you are, and he has outwitted you;" and I have said to him, "The time is coming in which I see distinctly you have got to choose between Tilton's statement and mine." He said, "There never will be a time, for I shall

stand by you to the death." He said that to me in the last conversation I had with him.

Q. In view of all that has happened, what is your present feeling as to the conduct of Moulton—his sincerity? A. I have no views to express.

Q. In case of an issue between Tilton and yourself, now, in this published issue, which exists between you and Tilton? A. I have no expectation of help from Moulton.

Q. Has Moulton any secret of yours in paper, in document, or in knowledge of any act of yours that you would not have seen the light in this house? A. Not that I am aware of.

Q. Have you any doubt? A. I have none.

Q. Do you now call upon him to produce all that he has and tell all he knows? A. I do.

By Mr. Cleveland—Q. Have you reason, in the light of recent disclosures, to doubt his fidelity to you during those four years? A. The impression made by him during the four years of friendship and fidelity was so strong that my present surprise and indignation do not seem to rub it out. I am in that kind of divided consciousness that I was in respect to Elizabeth Tilton—that she was a saint and chief of sinners—and Mr. Moulton's hold upon my confidence was so great that all that has come now affects me as a dream.

By Mr. Winslow:

Q. In your letter of February 5, 1872, you speak of the possibility of a ruinous defense of you breaking out; how could there be any ruinous defense of you? A. A defense of me conducted by ignorant people, full of church zeal and personal, partisan feeling, knowing nothing of the facts, and compelling this whole avalanche of mud to descend upon the community, might have been ruinous; I think now as I then felt.

Q. It would be at least injurious? A. Where you would say injurious, I would say ruinous.

Q. You speak of remorse, fear and despair? A. I suppose I felt them all; whether I was justified in so feeling is a question; when I lived in Indianapolis there was an old lawyer there named Calvin Fletcher, a New England man of large brain, who stood at the head of the bar; he was a Methodist, Christian man; he took a peculiar fancy to me, and he used to come and see me often when I was a young minister, and I would see him a great deal. He would make many admirable suggestions, one of which was that he never admitted anybody was to blame except the party who uttered the complaint. Says he: "I hold myself responsible for having everybody do right by me, and if they do not do right it is because I do not do my duty. And now," said he, "in preaching during your life, do you take blame upon yourself, and don't you be scolding your church and blaming everybody. It is your business to see that your folks are right." Well, it sank down into my heart, and became a spring of influence from that day to this. If my prayer-meetings do not go right it is my fault. If the people do not come to church, I am the one to blame for their not coming. If things go wrong in my family I find the reason in myself. I have foreseen quarrels in the church, and if I had left them alone they would burst and break out; but acting under the advice thus given, and doing my own duty, I have had no difficulty in my church.

Q. An anonymous letter to the the committee, from a free lover, says that you have a reservation in your philosophy which would enable you to say "I had no wrong conduct or relations with Mrs. Tilton," having in your own mind a belief that what you are charged with doing was right. What are your ideas on this subject? A. I am not versed in the philosophy and casuistry of free love. I stand on the New-England doctrine, in which I was brought up, that it is best for a man to have one wife, and that he stay by her, and that he do not meddle with his neighbors' wives. I abhor every manifestation of the free love-doctrine that I have seen in theory, and I abhor every advocate of the free-love doctrine that I have known.

Q. Did you ever know anybody who took hold of it seriously who was not ruined by it? A. No, sir; provided they were susceptible of ruin. I have had women write to me that if I did not send them \$10 they were ruined, and I wrote in reply that they were ruined before.

Q. You speak about having sent Mrs. Tilton a copy of books. Was that an act of courtesy specially to her? A. No; I gave them out to friends. When one book would come out I would give a copy to a friend, and so on. I have not been a great distributor of my own books—only in cases where it would be a real pleasure, and from an intimation that it would be so.

Q. Are you clear in your recollection that you never met the Woodhulls more than three times? A. I am perfectly clear—that is, to speak to them.

Q. State the time and places? A. On one occasion I was walking with Mr. Moulton in the general direction of Tilton's house, when he said that Mrs. Woodhull was going to be there. I at first hesitated, and he said: "Come in and just see her." I said: "Very well." I went in, and after some conversation down in the parlors, I went up-stairs into this famous boudoir room, where she sat waiting, and, like a spider to a fly, she rushed to me on my entrance and reached out both her hands, with the utmost earnestness, and said how rejoiced she was to see me. I talked with her about five minutes, and then went down-stairs. My second interview with her was on one occasion when I had been with some twenty or thirty gentlemen to look at the warehouse establishment of Woodruff & Robinson. We were on the steamer that had been chartered for the occasion; and when I came up Moulton said, "Come with me to town." He never told me there was to be any company. When I came there I learned there was to be something in New York in the evening, and that there were to be there a number of literary ladies, among whom was Mrs. Woodhull. I was placed at the head of the table, near Mrs. Moulton, I think on her left. Mrs. Woodhull was next to me, or else she was first and I was next; I do not remember which. At that table she scarcely deigned to speak to me. I addressed a few words to her, for politeness' sake, during the dinner, but there was no

sort of enthusiasm between us. My third and last interview was at Moulton's house. She had addressed to me a threatening letter, saying that she would open all the scandal if I did not preside at Steinway Hall, and in reply to that Mr. Moulton advised that instead of answering her letter I should see her and say without witnesses what I had to say. She brought with her her great subject. It was in type, and my policy was to let her talk and to say little, which I did, and she went on saying, "You know you believe so and so," and I said nothing, and so on, from point to point, until I said, at last, "Mrs. Woodhull, I do not understand your views. I have never read them thoroughly. As far as I do understand them, I do not believe in them, and, though I am in favor of free discussion, yet presiding at meetings is a thing I seldom do for anybody, and I shall not do it for you, because I am not in sympathy with your movement."

Q. Has Mrs. Woodhull any letters of yours in her possession? A. Two, I suppose, unless she has sold them.

Q. Upon what subject? A. She inclosed a letter to me with one from my sister, Mrs. Isabella Hooker, inviting me to be present at the Suffrage Convention at Washington. To that letter I replied briefly in the negative, but made a few statements in respect to my ideas of women's voting. The other letter was just before her scandalous publication. She wrote to me a whining letter saying that her reformatory movements had brought upon her such odium that she could not procure lodgings in New York, and that she had been turned out of the Gilsey House, I think, and asking me in a very significant way to interpose my influence or some other relief for her. To that letter I replied very briefly, saying I regretted when anybody suffered persecution for the advocacy of their sincere views, but that I must decline interference.

By Mr. Claflin—These are two letters, the signatures of which she showed to Mr. Bowen and myself. It was reported that by these letters you were to be sunk forty thousand fathoms deep. I told Bowen before I went there that I knew of the existence of these letters, and that was all they contained. Bowen made the journey clear down from Connecticut on purpose to go up there.

By Mr. Winslow—Did you ever meet her at Tilton's? A. The first time I saw her was at Tilton's.

Q. Did you ever meet her there at any other time? A. Not that I recall. If I saw her I am perfectly sure I would know it. I remember her well on account of the transcendent description I had heard of her and because of Mrs. Hooker's feelings toward her. Mrs. Hooker regarded her as Joan of Arc would a vision of the Virgin Mary, and when I went to see her I went with great expectations, saying to myself, "Here is this woman, who is lauded everywhere, and must be a power to rise to the head."

By Mr. Winslow—Can you tell us what became of Mrs. Woodhull's threatening letter? A. Mr. Moulton opened it.

Q. Now, as to what occurred in your library and in his bedchamber—I refer to the occasions in which he said you touched his wife's ankle, and were found with a flushed face in the bedchamber of his house? A. I do emphatically deny that either of these scenes ever occurred.

By Mr. White—Q. In one part of your statement you say that in December, 1870, you heard of many immoralities of Mr. Tilton, and that you believed in their existence. In a later part of your statement you say that you had been subsequently deceived into a belief that Mr. Tilton was not in fault in respect to his moral conduct. How do you reconcile these two statements? A. Because when the matter came to me from Mr. Bowen, and through the visit of Tilton's family, I was under the full persuasion of the truth of these things. One of the very first things to which Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton had addressed themselves was to disabuse my mind of this belief concerning Mr. Tilton's moral conduct. Tilton alluded to the subject of his own purity with circumstantial and historical statements, and Moulton's conduct specially tended to convince me that all the allegations against Mr. Tilton respecting such matters were false.

Q. Did you admit at any time to Mr. Moulton or Mr. Tilton, or to any other person, that you had ever had any relations with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or ever committed any act to or with her, or said any word to her, which would be unfit for a Christian man to hold, do, or say with the wife of his friend, or for a father to hold, do, or say with his daughter, or a brother with his sister—did you ever admit this in any form or in any words? A. Never.

By Mr. Tracy—Q. Did you ever, in fact, hold any such relations, do any such act, or utter any such word? A. Never.

By Mr. Cleveland—Q. In your statement you have alluded to one payment of \$5,000—have you furnished any other money to those parties? A. I have furnished at least \$2,000 besides the \$5,000.

Q. To whom did you pay that money? A. To Mr. Moulton.

Q. In various sums? A. In various sums, partly in cash and partly in checks.

Q. Have you any of those checks? A. I have several. I don't remember how many.

Q. Where are they? A. I have some of them here; one of June 23, 1871, drawn on the Mechanics' Bank, to the order of Frank Moulton, and indorsed in his handwriting; and one of Nov. 10, 1871, payable to the order of Frank Moulton, and indorsed in his handwriting; and one of May 23, 1872, to the order of F. D. Moulton, and also indorsed in his handwriting. Each of these that are marked "for deposit" across the face have been paid.

Q. As nearly as you can recollect, how much money went into the hands of Mr. Moulton? A. I should say I have paid \$7,000.

Q. To what use did you suppose that money was to be appropriated? A. I supposed that it was to be appropriated to extricate Mr. Tilton from his difficulties in some way.

Q. You did not stop to inquire how or why? A. Moulton sometimes sent me a note saying, "I wish you would send me your check," for so much.

Q. Did you usually respond to the demands of Mr. Moulton for money during those months? A. I always did.

Q. Under what circumstances did you come to pay the

\$5,000 in one sum? A. Because it was represented to me that the whole difficulty could be now settled by that amount of money, which would put the affairs of the *Golden Age* on a secure footing; that they would be able to go right on, and that, with the going on of them, the safety of Tilton would be assured, and that would be the settlement of the whole thing. It was to save Tilton pecuniarily.

Q. Were there any documents shown to you by Moulton? What did he show you before you made the payments? A. It was the result of intimations and general statements, and I finally said to him, "I am willing to pay \$5,000." I came to do it in this way: There was a discussion about that paper. Moulton was constantly advancing money, as he said to me, to help Tilton. The paper was needy. One evening I was at his house. We were alone together in the back parlor, and Moulton took out of his pocket a letter from —. It was read to me, in which the writer mentioned contributions which the writer had made to Theodore. I understood from him that the writer of this letter had given him some thousands of dollars down in cash, and then taking out two time checks or drafts, which as I recollect, were on bluish paper—although I am not sure of that. There were two checks, each of them amounting to one or two thousand dollars more, and I should think it amounted in all to about six thousand dollars, although my memory about quantities and figures is to be taken with great allowance, but it produced the impression in me that the writer had given him one or two thousand dollars in cash down, and, as the writer explained in his letter, it was not convenient to give the balance in money at that time, but, that the writer had drawn time drafts which would be just as useful to him as money, and Moulton slapped the table and said: "That is what I call friendship;" and I was stupid and said, "Yes, it was." Afterward, when I got home, and thinking about it in the morning—"Why," said I, "what a fool! I never dreamed what he meant." Then I went to him and said to him, "I am willing to make a contribution and put the thing beyond a controversy." Well, he said something like this: "That he thought it would be the best investment that ever I made in my life." I then went to the savings bank and put a mortgage of \$5,000 on my house. I took a check which was given me by the bank's lawyer and put it into the bank, and on Moulton's suggestion that it would be better than to have a check drawn to his order, I drew the money in \$500 or \$1,000 bills, I have forgotten which, but I know that they were large, for I carried the roll in my hand, and these I gave into his hands. From time to time he spoke in the most glowing terms, and said that he was feeding it out to Theodore, and he said that at the time of the first installment he gave Theodore \$500 at once, and that he sent with it a promissory note for Theodore to sign, but that Theodore did not sign it, and sent it back to him, saying that he saw no prospect in the end of paying loans, and that he could not honorably, therefore, accept them and refused to sign any note, and Moulton laughed significantly, and said that Tilton subsequently took the money without giving any note.

Q. Did you receive any note of security whatever, or evidence of debt from Mr. Moulton, or has there been any offer to return the money to you? A. Nothing of the kind; it was never expected to be returned by either party.

Q. Has Moulton said anything to you about money in a comparatively recent period? A. About the time of the publication of the Bacon letter I think I had been given to understand that he had offered \$5,000 in gold to Tilton if he would not publish that letter, and at the then stage of affairs Moulton felt profoundly that Tilton could not come out with a disclosure of all this matter without leaving Moulton in an awkward position, and that he offered \$5,000 in gold if Tilton would not publish that letter. It led to some little conversation about a supply of money, and he said that I had better give him my whole fortune than have Tilton go on in his course.

Q. That you had better give your whole fortune to Mr. Tilton? A. Yes, rather than have Tilton go into this fight.

Q. Was that before or after the publication of the Bacon letter? A. I can't be certain about that, it was about that time.

Q. Did Mr. Moulton ever question you in regard to this matter, whether you had ever spoken on that to any one, or expressed any anxiety in your mind about it? A. He did, not many weeks ago, among the last interviews I had with him.

Q. Since the publication of that Bacon letter? A. Yes, I think it was on the Sabbath day after the appointment of this committee. I preached but once on that day, and on the afternoon of that day he saw me, and said to me in a conversation: "You have never mentioned about that five thousand dollars." I said, yes, I had to one or two persons. I mentioned it to Oliver Johnson for one, because he was saying something to me one day about what some of Tilton's friends were saying, and I incidentally mentioned that to him, which he never repeated, I suppose, to anybody. Moulton said, "I will never admit that, I shall deny it always."

Q. Have you any objections to state what Tilton's friends were saying to Oliver Johnson and others; what did Oliver Johnson say to you? A. On one occasion he reported to me that among the friends of Tilton he had heard reproaches made against me, that I neither was endeavoring to help Theodore in reputation or in any other way, and that the expression was this, that I had been the instrument of his being thrown off the track in life, and that I would not re-instate him. I replied in substance that so far as reputation was concerned I not only longed and tried to do what I could for Tilton, but that his association with the Woodhull was fatal to him, and I could not make any head against it. And with regard to the other, I said to him that I had been willing to help him materially, and that recently I paid \$5,000 to him.

Q. Did you see and have a conversation with Tilton soon after the payment of the \$5,000? A. On the Sunday morning following the payment of the \$5,000, as I was going to church in the morning, I met Mr. Tilton standing right opposite the

house. He put his arm through mine, and was in the most beatific mood. While walking along down to the church, he was talking all the way of grace, mercy and peace, to me, and at that time, I recollect thinking that \$5,000 is very mollifying.

By Mr. Claflin—Q. Did you at any time receive the note which the committee have in evidence, as follows:

H. W. B.:
Grace, mercy and peace.
SUNDAY MORNING.

T. T.

A. Yes. He sent it on Sunday morning by his wife, who laid it on my pulpit-stand.

Mr. Cleveland—Q. If your mortgage was dated about May 1, 1873, the money, of course, was paid to Mr. Moulton after your mortgage was made? A. Yes, sir. I did not keep the money an hour. I went with it directly from the Mechanics' Bank, where I drew it, and put it into Moulton's hands on the same day, and within a few hours.

Q. At his house? A. I do not know.

Q. Did you have trouble with Mr. Tilton during the latter part of that month; before the 1st of June, 1873? A. I do not know the months in which I have not had trouble with him; but he made a special outburst at the end of the month of May, 1873, on account of the publication of the tripartite agreement which led to my letter to Moulton, June 1, 1873.

Q. Here is a letter dated May 1, 1874, in which Tilton refers to some story of Carpenter about your offering money. Did you receive that letter? A. I did, sir. It was a magnificent humbug. I know that Mr. Tilton knew that he had been tinkling my gold in his pockets for months and years, and he wrote that letter to be published for a sham and mask.

Q. What did you understand by Carpenter's relations to the money matter? A. My first knowledge of Mr. Carpenter was that he was putting his nose into this business which did not concern him. That was also Mr. Moulton's impression. I asked Moulton one day, "What under the sun is Carpenter doing around here, and meddling with this matter?" He summarily damned him, and represented him as a good-natured and well-meaning busybody. I suggested why didn't he tell him distinctly that his presence was not wanted. He said: "Well, he serves us some useful purposes. When we hear of things going on in the clubs or any place in New York, we put Carpenter on the track, and he fetches all the rumors, and so we use him to find out what we could not get otherwise." And I did find that he not only did that, but that Mr. Carpenter was one of those good-natured men whose philanthropy exhibited itself in trying to settle quarrels and difficulties by picking up everything he could hear said by, for, or against a man, and carrying it to the parties where it would do the most harm possible. He was a kind of genial, good-natured fool; and in all this matter he has been a tool more than a helper. He has never once done anything except in the kindest way, and never once did anything in the whole of this matter, from beginning to end, that was not a stupid blunder. I made up my mind from the beginning that as I was silent to everybody in this matter, I would be especially silent to him, Carpenter. I recollect but one interview with him that had any particular significance. He came to see me once when the council was in session, and our document was published. There was a phrase introduced into it that Tilton thought pointed to him, and Tilton that night was in a bonfire flame, and walked up and down the street with Moulton. I was in at Freeland's, and in comes Carpenter, with his dark and mysterious eyes. He sat down on the sofa, and in a kind of sepulchral whisper told me of some matters. Says I, "That is all nonsense;" that it meant —, and —, and Carpenter was rejoiced to hear it, and then went out. On another occasion he came to me and, in a great glow of benevolence, said there was to be a newspaper established in New York, and that I was to take the editorship of it, and a half million was to be raised almost by the tap of a drum. I was greatly amused, but said to him, gravely: "Well, Carpenter, if I should ever leave the pulpit I think it very likely I should go into journalism. It would be more natural to me than anything else." That was the amount of that conversation. One other conversation I have some recollection of, in April, and that was when Mr. Moulton had a plan on foot to buy the *Golden Age* of Tilton, and send him to Europe, and Carpenter came in and talked with me about it. I recollect very distinctly that conversation; my eyes were beginning to be enlightened. My education was beginning to tell on me a little, and I said to Mr. Carpenter, distinctly: "Mr. Carpenter, that is a matter which I can have nothing to do with. I don't know but that if Tilton wishes to go to Europe with his family and live there for some time, that his friends would be willing to raise that amount of money; but that is a matter you must talk with somebody else, and not with me."

Q. Did you say that if Tilton printed his documents you would never ascend that pulpit again? A. I never said that, and I should never talk about the thing with such a weak man as he.

Q. Who introduced the subject of going to Europe when Carpenter came to see you? A. He did.

Q. In the statement which you have made and the letters you have published you express great agitation, sorrow and suffering, even to anguish. How do you reconcile that with the tone of your public ministrations, and with the declarations of peace and trust which have fallen from you from time to time in the lecture-room? A. I explain it in precisely the same way as I do the words of Paul, who said that he died deaths daily, that he was the offscouring of the earth—having the care of all the churches—and yet, with all this burden on his mind, he described himself as living in the most transcendent religious peace and joy that stands on record in human literature. "Godly sorrow worketh joy." The first effect of these troubles to me was most anguishful and depressing, and oftentimes I lay in them even as a ship heaves on the sea in times of calm, when she can make no progress and yet cannot lie still. But after a little came the reaction, and by the power of the Holy Ghost my mind was lifted above these things, and I said to myself, "It is my business as a man and minister to live the doctrines of

have been preaching." I have always been telling people how to manage sorrow, and telling men how to bear up under their troubles. I determined that I would not flinch, whine or sit down. I would stand up, and I did not care how much the Lord piled on me. I believed He would not put on me more than I could bear, if I rose to it, and I took work whenever it offered, and I went through the work and grew strong under it, and at intervals had experiences of peace and of resignation and of divine comfort which I had never known before in all my life. And, in the retrospect of all this trouble, I can say truly that I am better capable of interpreting the comfort of the Word of God to the sorrowing heart than ever I should have been if I had not passed through this discipline. I have lost children; I have lost brothers; I have had many friends who have died and some who would not die—and yet under all this I have never been more sustained than I have in this.

Q. Notwithstanding your great suffering during the last four years, do you feel that your health or powers for labor and usefulness are impaired? A. I work because I like work. I worked because my whole soul was saying to me: "Go forward and preach." I never measured how long the shadow was of my life. I never put a question to myself once whether I was higher or lower than other Christian ministers. To be called the first preacher in America or the world is only throwing a shadow at me. I have but one feeling about this, and that is just as long as I live every particle of strength, and imagination, and feeling, and reason, and body and soul, I give to my country and to my kind, and that is all the ambition I have. I never had better health than I have to-day. I do not think the machinery is worn out yet, and I do not propose to be idle, and I shall do again what I did in the beginning of my life. I never asked anybody for permission to work—I shall not ask anybody now. The channels I am working in may flow here or there, but I propose to work fifteen years yet.

THE CHARGE OF BLACKMAIL.

A reporter of the *Herald*, who met Mr. Tilton on the Fulton ferry boat last evening, asked him what he thought of Mr. Beecher's charge of blackmail.

"I think," replied Mr. Tilton, "that probably nowhere else in the civilized world was there a more dastardly act committed than yesterday—no, not by any member of the human race—than Henry Ward Beecher's attack on Frank Moulton as a blackmailer. Mr. Moulton is rich enough to pay Mr. Beecher's salary as a bagatelle. He is, moreover, the most faithful friend that Mr. Beecher ever had, or ever will have again, though he should live to be a hundred years old. Frank Moulton's services to that man—the way he has put a shield over him and guarded him, year by year, for the last four years, from the exposure of his guilty secret—the zeal and care with which he has striven to keep public ruin from overtaking him in the pulpit and disgrace from shadowing his children and grandchildren—services like these are rarely rendered by one man to another, and I know of no instance of such baseness or ingratitude as the desperate minister of Plymouth Church has exhibited in thus striking a man whose shoe latchet he is unworthy to unloose. I care nothing for this pitiful pretext of blackmail, except so far as it affects Mr. Moulton—if it can affect him at all, which it will not, for he is too proud a man to be wounded by such a stab—he will simply be filled with scorn. So far as I myself am concerned, the only money which I know of Mr. Beecher's paying is in a case which is one of the many proofs of his guilt. A young girl, a servant in my house, overheard, four years ago, a conversation between Mrs. Tilton and me concerning her intimacy with Mr. Beecher. This conversation was repeated by the listener to the family relatives and to some friends. Her disposition to repeat the story was dangerous for the actors in it, and accordingly it was deemed best to send her to the West to boarding-school. She remained there three years, and the bills were paid by Mr. Beecher. Perhaps he regards this as blackmail. As to his contributing money to the *Golden Age*, it is the first time that any person connected with the *Golden Age* has ever heard of it. If the capital of that paper, which a number of friends made up, contained a secret and silent contribution from Henry Ward Beecher, the knowledge of that fact was carefully withheld from me and my associates in that journal. If Mr. Beecher did contribute this money unbeknown to me, and if he procured it by a mortgage on his house, or in any other difficult way, then this fact alone, without any other evidence added, is enough to convict him of every charge that I have made. Mr. Beecher's crime against me and mine was enough of a sin to answer for; but in adding to this baseness his audacious and desperate attacks on Mr. Moulton and Mr. Carpenter as blackmailers, to say nothing of myself, whom he includes in the accusation, he bids fair to sink as low as he once stood high."

TILTON'S ANSWER TO BEECHER.

Mr. Tilton has promised to make a reply to Mr. Beecher after Mr. Moulton has spoken. It will be found, however, that the outline of that reply is given below. It was communicated to a friend of Mr. Tilton's on Sunday for publication, and is in every line indorsed by Mr. Tilton as his answer to the defense of the Plymouth pastor. It attacks some of the incidental details of Mr. Beecher's statement, and only renders it more imperative that Mr. Moulton should explain what Mr. Tilton alleges he is entirely ignorant of:

"Mrs. Tilton did not make her confession as Mr. Beecher states it. She made it July 3, 1870. She was not sick or feeble; she was in perfect, robust health. She had been five weeks in the country; no one called her home, no one expected her. Within one hour after she came into the house she entered Mr. Tilton's room and made a full, clean confession. No conversation called it out; no allusion had been made to the subject of the confession. Up to that hour Mr. Tilton had no suspicion of anything wrong between his wife and Mr. Beecher, and this was six months before the time named by Mr. Beecher. The ground of the confession was not the sin committed, but the wretchedness and degradation arising from the deception practiced. The confession was repeated to the mother (Mrs. Morse) and to others whose names are mentioned.

"Mr. Tilton denies that he went to Mr. Beecher to have him intercede with Bowen. There was no need of any intercession. The scene in the locked chamber was on the 30th December. Five days before Tilton had made with Bowen two contracts, each running for five years. By the one he was to edit the *Union*, by the other he was to correspond for the *Independent*, the salary in each case to be \$5,000 a year. The day after (December 31) the apology was given Tilton received from Bowen a letter breaking his contracts and Mr. Beecher did the deed.

"Tilton pronounces Mr. Beecher's account of his remorse as a simple absurdity. If Mr. Tilton 'condoned his wife's fault,' there was a fault to be condoned. That word applies to but one wrong. Why should Mr. Beecher live on the 'ragged edge of remorse' for three and a half years for advice given that was not followed? Why should he have years of sorrow for breaking up a home which was not broken up, as Mrs. Tilton's letters clearly show?

"The quotations from Mr. Beecher's letters, are acknowledged to be correct extracts. But two variations are pointed out, and these are im-

material. In each case the whole letter does Mr. Beecher more damage than the extract.

"The printed letters of Mrs. Tilton cover the whole time from 1868 onward, during which Mrs. Tilton was alleged to suffer from the neglect and cruel treatment of her husband. The letters are mere specimens of love and affection which Mrs. Tilton professed to her husband. They were preserved by herself, both those sent and those received. They are full 500 in number, most of them long letters, covering three pages, and occupying a period from 1866 to the confession. Those not printed are equally full and gushing.

"When Mrs. Morse received her daughter's confession she said: 'Elizabeth, now look out for a divorce.' This idea haunted the mother, and from that grave attacks were made on Mr. Tilton's character.

"The trial of Mr. Beecher by a committee of his own choosing is simply a farce. The result was foreshadowed at the start. Not many men would be convicted in our courts if the accused selected his own judge and jury, shut out the accuser, and made the cross-examination a mere excuse for filling the chinks and straightening out the testimony. Mr. Tilton's statement is the complaint. Mr. Beecher's defense is the answer. Now comes the trial and the proof. Moulton must now speak. He must come to the front. He can no longer keep silence. There will be no backward steps taken. Compromise is out of the question. Mr. Beecher's savage attack on the best friend he ever had makes private settlement impossible. A few days will decide the course of action."—*N. Y. Herald*.

INTERVIEW WITH MOULTON.

A gentleman who saw Mr. Moulton at Ipswich, Mass., yesterday, sent the following dispatch to the *Brooklyn Argus*:

Ipswich, Mass., August 17, 1874.

Frank Moulton has at last spoken in regard to the situation. He says he has digested Mr. Beecher's statement with regard to the blackmailing charge. He is much struck with it, and speaking on this point said, with great emphasis, "There is no blackmail about it. Every thing in connection with money matters in this case can be explained satisfactorily to everybody."

Mr. Moulton still declares that his course has been an entirely honorable one, and he proposes that it shall continue so to the end. His attention was called by your correspondent to a portion of Mr. Beecher's cross-examination where Mr. Beecher says: "He would not carve a cabbage unless he could steal on it from behind and do it by device." When this was read, Mr. Moulton smiled and said: "I will reply to that by withholding criticism of his (Mr. Beecher's) method of telling the truth without guilt. I have decided upon my future course, and shall strictly adhere to the plan I have adopted. What that plan is no human being but myself knows. This has been a very difficult case for me to manage up to the present time, but the difficulty is now all over."

With regard to making public any future statement, he adheres to his determination as set forth in his statement to the Investigating Committee on Monday last. But he adds that any charges that affect his honor will call from him such an explanation as will effectually wipe out any stain that anybody may seek to attach to his name. Mr. Moulton read Mr. Halliday's statement, and remarked, "That doesn't show much animosity on my part toward Mr. Beecher, does it?"

Mr. Moulton closed the interview by stating that this was the last time he should speak on this topic while he remained away from Brooklyn. "When I get ready to be interviewed," said Mr. Moulton, "the interviewers will be busy enough." While fully appreciating the serious nature of this matter, Mr. Moulton appears perfectly calm and self-possessed. He is enjoying excellent health.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

DE GARMO HALL.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 16, Miss Lillie de S. Wood delivered a discourse at the above-named hall, on the subject of "Chastity." It was of the radical spiritualist order, and was listened to with marked attention and approbation by a large audience. The speaker stated that it was her first effort on the rostrum, but had no occasion to thus apologize for her performance. In it the grand personal rights of woman were boldly stated and defended, and a glorious future sketched for humanity, when they would be admitted. Her remarks were both argumentative and incisive, grave and humorous, and frequently elicited applause. Without condemning monogamy, she condemned any system which legally enforced it or any other special system upon mankind. Her motto was "Freedom," and freedom could not be enforced, but could only be acknowledged, by the world. The fair lecturer then dissected the gospels, and claimed an ally in the great Nazarene. Himself a foundling—for he was not the son of Joseph, the husband of Mary—he seemed to select those women for his followers who were least recognized by mankind. He exposed the beauties of his religion to the woman of Samaria, who had had five husbands, and who was living with a man who was not her husband, and pre-eminently honored Mary Magdalene, because she loved much.

After the lecture Mrs. Hall spoke for a considerable time, with good effect, following out and elaborating the line taken by the first speaker. In conclusion, Mr. Swackhammer informed the audience that Miss Wood would again address them on the next Sunday evening, which announcement was received with merited applause.

We are glad to state that the regular morning addresses on Universology, by Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, are well attended, and the attendance is rapidly increasing. Advanced minds all over the Union are turning to the philosopher of the States for information on the subject, as is proved by the letters daily received by the Bureau of Correspondence, which is advertised in the *WEEKLY*.

PERSONAL.

W. F. Jamieson is now speaking in McLean and Lansing, N. Y. In September he will hold another debate with Elder Miles Grant. Is engaged to return to Boston for the Sundays of October. Will receive applications for week-evening lectures in vicinity of Boston. Address No. 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

Is engaged to speak at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting on Sunday, August 16. He will also speak for the First Spiritual Society in Springfield, Mass., at Liberty Hall, during the month of September, and in Putnam, Conn., during October. Would make other engagements. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

Dr. L. K. COONLEY has removed from Vineland to Newark, N. J. Office and residence No. 51 Academy street, where he will treat the sick daily and receive applications to lecture Sundays in New Jersey, New York or elsewhere in the vicinity.
L. K. COONLEY.

THE Universal Association of Spiritualists, Primary Council No. 1 of Illinois, meets every Sunday at 3:30 P. M., at hall 204 Van Buren street, corner of Franklin, Chicago. Free conference and free seats.

H. AUGUSTA WHITE, Cor. Sec.

WANTED by a Middle-aged Man, a Single Medium not over 35, as a companion. For particulars address MR. WILLIAMS, Washington, D. C., Post Office.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH'S engagements are as follows: August, Manchester, New Hampshire and vicinity; September, January and March, Boston; October, New Bedford, Mass.; February, Salem, Mass. Societies desiring to engage her for the intervening months would do well to apply at once. Address, till further notice, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Slade, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 25 East Twenty-first street near Broadway

The First Primary Council of Boston, of the U. A. of Spiritualists, have leased the new "Parker Fraternity (lower) Hall," corner of Berkly and Appleton streets, where they give lectures every Sunday afternoon and evening.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Secretary.

MAN IN EMBRYO.

We have published in pamphlet form, with the above title, the oration in verse of John A. Jost, which was printed in our No. 187, of July 4. It makes a pamphlet of twenty pages, and it can be obtained from us here, or from John A. Jost, Ogden, Utah. Price 10 cents per copy.

D. W. HULL is now in the East, and will answer calls to lecture at any place. Address 871, Washington st., Boston.

QUARTERLY CONVENTION.

The third quarterly Convention for 1874 of the N. J. State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will be held in Hammonton on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 29 and 30. Three sessions each day. Hammonton is midway between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Fare from Philadelphia less than \$1; from New York, \$3. The friends in Hammonton are noted for their liberality and the excellence and variety of their fruits. It is expected that the Association will join in an excursion to Atlantic City on Aug. 31. Good Speakers will be in attendance. Subject: Spiritualism; Its Relation to Science and Reform. All are invited. Those who propose attending the Convention and wish further particulars, please address
D. J. STANSBERRY, Secy.
Of L. K. COONLEY, Pres., Newark, N. J.

MASS MEETING.

There will be a mass meeting of Spiritualists, Free Religionists and Liberalists, held under the auspices of the First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, Ind., at the Vigo Co. Fair Grounds, on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of August.

The ground is pleasantly located, comprising twenty acres of a beautifully shaded grove, within two miles of the city, accessible from every direction by good roads, and from the city by railroad, and is bountifully supplied with good water and sheds and buildings adapted to the purposes of such a meeting.

Dancing and other attractive and innocent amusements will be introduced.

Board and lodging furnished at a nominal price on the ground, and every effort to interest all attending and to render them comfortable will be made.

All stands for refreshments will be controlled by and in the interest of the above society.

Extra trains for the accommodation of those passing from and to the grounds will be held in reserve. Arrangements are also being made at this point by which those attending may reach the city at reduced rates; and it is hereby made a special request of the friends that they negotiate with the proper authorities at their respective points for reduced railroad fare, and report the result at once to the undersigned, notice of which will be given to the public in due time.

Speakers and mediums are particularly invited, and will receive due and proper attention. Such intending to be present will confer a favor by notifying the Secretary at once that timely notice thereof may be given. A full attendance and a good time is expected. Let all who can attend do so and they will be made welcome.

By order of the Committee, JAMES HOOK, Sec.

R. W. HUME, Associate Editor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, is prepared to deliver lectures on Radical Spiritualism, and on all the reforms of which it is the base. For further particulars, list of lectures, etc., address box 3,791 New York City.

NELLIE L. DAVIS will lecture in New York during August; in Bay City during September; in San Jose, California, during November; in San Francisco during December. Permanent address, 235 Washington street, Salem, Mass.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SICK.

Dr. R. P. Fellows, the renowned healer, is winning laurels by healing the sick through the agency of his Magnetized Powder. Persons of late have been cured by him who were considered hopeless, and, in fact, pronounced so by the most skillful physicians of the day. It is seldom such an unbroken tide of success attends any devotee of the healing art. It is an augury of proficiency in the science which Dr. Fellows may well be proud of. We would say to those who are in a low state of disease to consult him without further delay. His advice is invaluable, and is well worth the price of the powder, which is \$1 per box. Address Vineland, N. J.

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Testimonials.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

For several years I have been suffering from an acute disease (inflammation of the kidneys and upper part of the stomach and bowels), for which I had been treated by several of the most eminent and successful physicians in the vicinity of New York, but without success. My disease seemed to have assumed a chronic form, and I had almost despaired of ever being cured. Hearing of their success in the treatment of all chronic diseases, I determined to try their skill, and I am now thankful that I did, as after the very first operation I commenced to improve, and now, after a few weeks, I am well, or nearly so.

Hoping that this may induce others who need their services to test their skill, I cheerfully give this testimony in their favor, and hope that they may be the means of restoring hundreds of those suffering as I did to health and strength.

Spring Valley, N. Y.

JOHN A. VANZANT.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3, 1869.

Eight years ago I was taken with bleeding from the kidneys, which has continued at intervals ever since. All the best physicians did me no good, and finally gave me up as an incurable case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. My friends had all lost hope, and I had also given up, as

I had become so weak that I could scarcely walk a block. A friend advised me to go to the Magnetic Healing Institute, and see what could be done for me there. I went, and after being examined was told I could be cured only by the strictest Magnetic treatment. The first operation affected me strangely, sending piercing pains through my back and kidneys; but I began to improve at once, and now, after one month's treatment, I have returned to my employment and can walk several miles without fatigue. I can be seen at 101 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, or at 23 South street, New York.

T. P. RICHARDSON.

Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

I had been afflicted for several years by a serious inflammation of the face, involving the eyes, which were so bad that at times I could not see at all. One eye I thought entirely destroyed. I tried various remedies and the most eminent physicians, but could not even get relief, for the most excruciating pain accompanied it. As a last resort I applied at the Magnetic Healing Institute. They explained my disease and said it could be removed. Though thoroughly skeptical, I placed myself under treatment, and, strange as it may seem, am now, after six weeks' treatment, entirely cured; the eye I thought destroyed, is also restored. I consider my case demonstrates that the mode of treating diseases practiced at the Institute is superior to all others, as I had tried them all without benefit.

JOHN FOX.

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A band of angels are scattering flowers, typical of God's inspired teachings. One holds in his hand a crown of light. A little flower-wreathed seraph drops roses and buds, which in their descent assume the form of letters and words that whisper to the youthful pilgrims on the shore, "Be kind." Near the water's edge, mingling with the sunlit grass, in flower letters we read, "God is love." Just beyond sits a humble waif, her face radiant with innocence and love, as she lifts the first letter of "Charity"—"Faith" and "Hope," being already garnered in the basket by her side. Over the rising ground we read, "Lives of Great Men," and "Longfellow's poem," "A Psalm of Life," lifts the veil, and we read beyond the limits of the picture—"all remind us we can make our lives sublime." Further on to the left, "So live," admonishes us that we should thoughtfully consider the closing lines of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." "They will be done" has fallen upon the bow of the boat, and is the voyager's bright uttering of faith. Trailing in the water from the side of the boat, is the song of the heavenly messengers: "Gently we'll wait him o'er." The boy, playing with his toy boat, and his sister standing near, view with astonishment the passing scenes.

This picture, embodying such exalted sentiment, combined with the beautiful in nature—of water, plain, hill and mountain scenery—the rich and mellow tints of the setting sun—the distant clouds, the passing shower, and the "bow of promise," the impressive lessons of the flowers—their quiet ministrations not injuring the general effect—the angels in their ethereal garments, floating without wings as gracefully as summer's feecy clouds—the air of harmony and purity pervading the whole composition, impresses the beholder with its being truly a remarkable production—refining and ennobling in its influences. It should occupy a favored place in every home and school where children receive instruction.

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A light for the wandering pilgrim shines from the windows of that room where spiritual telegraphy began to electrify the world with its "glad tidings of great joy." Luminous floods of morning light stream up from the cloud-mantled horizon, illuminating the floating clouds in gorgeous tints, and then falling over the angel band and the dark clouds beyond.

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All the characteristics of my husband are in the bust—his greatness, his goodness, his tenderness, his love. You cannot give life to clay or marble; but you can represent it, and this Mr. Morse has done.—Lydia D. Parker to Hannah E. Stevenson.

The eyes, though but of clay, are gleaming with possible indignation, with possible tears; the lips are set firm with the resolution of him who, like Paul, could "fight a good fight" as well as "give a reason."—Samuel Longfellow.

The first time I have seen Theodore Parker since he died.—Wm. Sparrell.

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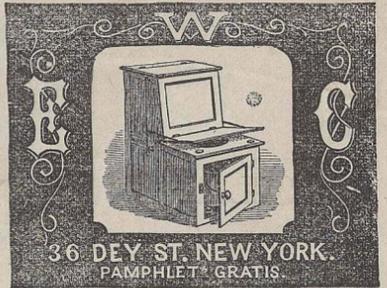
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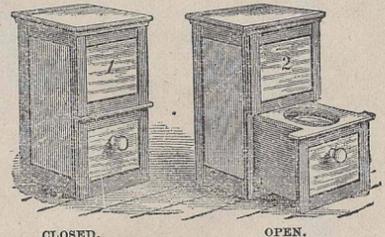
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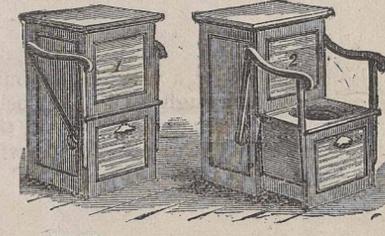


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