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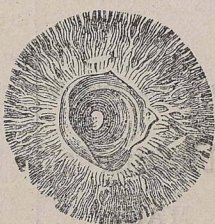
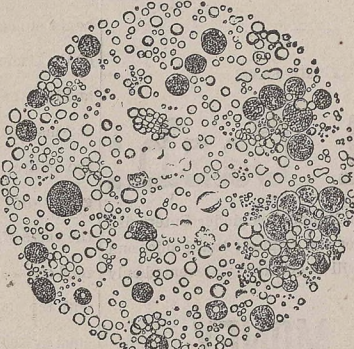
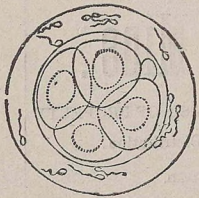


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BY AND BY:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

CHAPTER XI.—[Continued.]

A movement was made (it was in the latter part of the nineteenth century) for relieving the church-going public from the recitation of a creed which contained clauses repugnant alike to their intellect, their moral sense and their good taste. This creed, called, according to ecclesiastical wont, by the name of a person who was well known to have had no hand in its production, not only contained statements which were altogether incomprehensible or self-contradictory, but by virtue of what, in the vocabulary of the female theologians of the period, were designated its *dratatory* clauses, it consigned to everlasting misery all who failed implicitly to accept those statements.

The ecclesiastical mind, incapable of appreciating that finer sense of truthfulness, which led the laity to hesitate about declaring their belief in statements avowedly beyond evidence and probability, or of charity, which made them demur to passing upon their neighbors such sentence and for such cause, stuck to the obnoxious formula with all the obstinacy of a papal infallibility. The so-called "Creed of St. Athanasius" thus operated as a seton to keep the sore open, until at length all the other creeds and dogmas of the church were brought into question. Of these, the dogma of marriage was the one that ultimately enlisted the women on the side of freedom, and for the first time in the history of the world the woman was arrayed against the priest. The cause of freedom was won once for all. Thenceforth, for all civilized peoples, experience took the place of tradition and authority in the guidance of life.

It was in pursuance of the same principle that the enfranchisement of women was restricted to matters purely social. In all that affected the mutual convenience of the sexes, they were allowed to bear their part. From politics, as resting upon strength of muscle, and therefore fitted only for men, they were excluded. It is true they did not readily acquiesce in the limitation. And the argument based upon babies failing, the men fell back on the argument based upon biceps. "When you can share," they said, "our place as policemen, soldiers and sailors, by land, sea and air, then we shall be happy to admit you to a share in the enactment of laws, of which, at present, the execution falls upon us. We grant that taxation involves a certain right, but it is, so far as you are concerned, the right, not of representation, but of protection."

But though we declined to confer public legislative and executive functions upon women, we were not unwilling to conciliate them by utilizing their suggestive powers, and so created the chamber which bears the name of the House of Female Convocation, the members of which are elected by women, though they need not themselves be women. The powers of this body are investigatory, deliberative and commendatory, in regard to the House of Legislature. It thus serves as a place for initiating the discussion of questions especially affecting women and children. It is worthy of remark, that although in the first enthusiasm for its institution, a very small proportion of those elected were men, the number of women has ever since steadily declined, until it now amounts to scarcely five per cent. of the whole body. Considering, moreover, the greatness and importance of its constituency, the House of Female Convocation has not attained the eminence and influence which might fairly have been expected for it.

Two hypotheses have been framed to account for this comparative failure. One, that women do not choose the best persons to represent them. The other, that the circumstance of being chosen by and having to represent women has a deleterious effect upon the persons chosen.

Mistress Susanna Avenil, who was for a term Vice President of the chamber, is acknowledged to have been one of the most useful it has ever possessed.

CHAPTER XII.

And what had the church to say for the new social development? Its once famous Reformation had delivered it from the tyranny of Rome. But how came it to consent to the

emancipation, which delivered it from the tyranny of its own dogmas and traditions? Deprived of its life-blood, how could the Church continue to exist?

For one reared as I was, in the ranks of the old orthodox *Remnant*, such questions as these involve far greater significance than is nowadays generally recognized. I can see now that what I and my fellow-religionists took for the church's life-blood, was in reality its death-poison. I shall save space in my narrative, and at the same time fulfill one essential part of its design, if I anticipate by some years the introduction of myself into the story, and relate here the incident which led, ultimately, to my return to *The Triangle* and intimacy with Christmas Carol.

From all things external to our own sect, we, of the *Remnant*, rigidly kept aloof, regarding ourselves as a peculiar people endowed with the high duty of keeping alive on earth the light of divine tradition, as derived from remote antiquity, and interpreted by the teachers whom, for the correctness of their views, we selected to be its exponents.

We thus represented the secession from the emancipation, for we consisted of that party which refused to acknowledge, as being a church at all, an institution which did not define the faith and practice of its members according to standards derived from antiquity, but left it to the congregations and their teachers to follow their own individual perceptions in faith and morals.

As was to be expected, so vast a movement was not made without causing considerable inconvenience and distress. The number of the malcontent clergy was too great for more than a fraction of them to find employment within the *Remnant*. Of the rest, some entered upon a secular life, and others, to a considerable number, accepted a proposal made by the Emperor of Abyssinia, that they should settle in that country, which already was Christian, and attempt the conversion of his newly acquired provinces in Soudan. It is owing to their labors that throughout nearly the whole of the Central African plateau, from the Nile to the Niger, the profession of Christianity has succeeded to that of Mohamedanism. The achievements of Christmas Carol in those regions, thus have for me, as an old member of the *Remnant*, a peculiar interest.

Of course I see now plainly enough that a civil government cannot, with any reasonableness or propriety, claim to be qualified to decide between different points and modes of faith, or to select one form of belief in preference to another. All that such a government can know is, that it depends for its own existence and stability upon the general intelligence and moral sense of its citizens; so that it cannot, with any show of consistency or regard for the common security, maintain a system which sets that intelligence and moral sense at naught.

But we of the Secession did not think so, for those whom we had appointed to be our teachers did not think so, and we were bound to follow them. And so it came, that while the vast mass of our countrymen were rejoicing in the freedom of the Emancipation, we stood aloof under the old banners and declined all advance toward compromise or reconciliation. We declined to read even books and newspapers which emanated from the other side, but were content with those which we could ourselves produce. And, though existing like a congested mass in the midst of an otherwise healthy system, we were entirely without thankfulness for the tolerance which left us unmolested.

Such tolerance, I remember, struck me in my early youth as inexplicable, except on the ground that our opponents were possessed by a secret conviction that they were in the wrong. Had our side been in a large majority, we certainly should not have suffered any who differed from us to exist. Why, then, did the other side, who must often be irritated by our contemptuous assumption of superiority, and even of infallibility, not annihilate us? We assuredly could not put forward our good citizenship as a plea for their forbearance, for we made a point of subordinating our duties as citizens to our sectarian obligations, and this especially as regarded the education of our youth, and thus were a constant thorn in the sides of our countrymen. Could it be that they despised us for sentimentality and feebleness, or for the paucity of our numbers? I could not comprehend it, for all the lessons I had ever been taught were those of the most rigid intolerance in respect of that which we considered wrong, namely, difference in opinion from ourselves.

One evening I had gone to hear a performance of sacred music at the Alberthalla—that noble monument to the virtues of a famous prince of the Victorian era—which, with its galleries of the busts of British worthies, fulfills a double use as a national Valhalla, and a hall for musical and vocal exertions.

After getting to my seat, I found that I had mistaken the evening, and that the vast crowd which prevented my leaving on discovering my error, had met to witness an elocutionary exhibition, and, in particular, to hear a new orator who was said to be gifted with the finest voice and manner ever known.

I may here mention, for the benefit of my younger readers, that the institution of a class of professional orators—reasonable and necessary as it appears to us who are accustomed to it—was altogether unknown to our ancestors of a few generations back. In their days a man might be gifted intellectually with the loftiest and most convincing eloquence, and yet be physically incapable of uttering a word in public. Of course when the whole of the faculties, mental and physical, requisite to make the complete orator happened to be combined in one person, the result was one of the highest achievements of humanity. But this was necessarily rare, and in numberless instances it happened that the noblest souls were dumb, the noblest sentiments unuttered, simply because nature had not chosen to endow the same individual with the requisite combination of powers. On the other hand, there were numbers of splendid physiques and capacities so far as voice, manner and dramatic faculty were concerned, but who yet lacked the genius, culture or position which were needful to supply them with ought to say, or the opportunity for saying it. For a long time the only resource,

for such as these was the stage, for there the actor is not called upon to supply the matter."

At length it occurred to two men—I do not know whether they were brothers or friends—to combine the faculties which they possessed in a remarkable degree; the one as a thinker and composer of orations, the other as an elocutionist, and join in the advocacy of some great public question which they had at heart. Carefully and patiently did they work together at their respective parts until the time came for public utterance; the composer, who had an impediment in his speech, elaborating his matter and re-adjusting his sentences, until the argument and its expression perfectly fitted each other, and the elocutionist practicing his delivery of the speech thus perfected, under the supervision of the composer, just as is done in learning a part for the stage.

The partners made no secret of their method, and the result was so gratifying to the public that they soon found imitators. In this way the practice of oratory became, like the stage, a regular and liberal profession, and one that persons of position and culture were not ashamed to follow. And we now possess a class of professional orators, always ready, for a fee, to stand up and deliver a speech on any question, or side of a question, required, it being well understood that they are responsible neither for the words or the sentiments, but are mere machines of eloquence and grace. To them the vast audiences of modern times are indebted for many an intellectual treat, of which, but for such addition to the author's function, they would be altogether deprived.

The convenience of the system at length procured its introduction into Parliament and the Church; and so it has come to be no unusual thing for a Minister of State to have his oratorical secretary, whom he deputed to deliver his speeches in the Legislature, or a teacher, his deputy in the pulpit or on a platform.

Sometimes a party of orators combine to give an exhibition of their skill, and few exhibitions prove more attractive than such a performance, or more valuable as an educational agency. Our co-operative artisan classes have always taken especial delight in them. They say it is the best way of learning history.

On the evening of my presence for the first time at one of these contests, the subject for the recitations was an ancient parliamentary debate, partly real and partly imaginary, in the upper chamber of the Legislature toward the triumphant close of the great emancipation controversy in the Victorian era.

It was with no slight uneasiness that I found myself compelled to witness a performance which was strictly prohibited by the rules of the *Remnant*; but as I was not a transgressor by intention, and could not get out except by being hoisted over the heads of a mass of people, an operation from which my retiring disposition made me shrink, I reluctantly acquiesced in my fate.

The first speech, however, served to reconcile me to my position. The precise subject for the evening was—the Church; should it be loosened from the State, to follow its own traditions, or should it be made that which it has since actually become—a national, rather than a denominational, institution, and retained as a department of the State?

The leader of the discussion opened with a speech which completely satisfied me, so convincing on my side of the question did his arguments appear. He took the line that the Church being altogether a Christian institution, and Christianity consisting of dogmas, to deprive the Church of its dogmatic basis would be to un-Christianize it. The secular power of course was not competent to judge of dogmas; it must therefore leave the Church sole mistress of itself. If the connection between them was to be maintained, it was for the benefit of the State, for the Church needed it not. She preferred to be independent. Only, under either alternative, she must retain her possessions. To deprive her of these would be a fraud.

After this clear statement of the case for the Church, I breathed more freely and felt indifferent as to what might be said on the other side.

But I was perplexed by the heartiness of the cheers which greeted the orator; even at the points which told most against the popular view of the day—the view which I knew to be probably unshared by a single person present except myself. I tried, therefore, to think that it was the orator, not the arguments, for whom the applause was given. Of the beauty of *method* in statement, I was then altogether ignorant.

The progress of the debate made me very uncomfortable. The tone of it was admirable in its elevation, and wonderfully illustrative of the difficulties through which our ancestors had to steer their way. I began to feel more tolerant of my opponents, now that for the first time I was enabled to comprehend somewhat of their standpoint. I experienced, too, a certain twinge of bitterness at having been so long shut out from the advantages enjoyed by my fellow-citizens. For the first time the real history of my country began to unfold itself to me. It was very curious to see how completely the attention of the vast audience became engrossed by the merits, not of the rival orators, but of the controversy itself. The assembly seemed to have receded from the present, and to be composed in reality of Tories and radicals, churchmen, nonconformists, positivists and all the other strangely nomenclatured sects of those ages. And they shouted their assent and their dissent as eagerly as ancient records tell us used to be done in the Legislature itself, though of course without the vocal excesses, savoring of the farmyard, which disfigured those ruder times.

I was already in a state of intense mental conflict when the new orator rose to produce what was expected to be the sensation of the evening. Should this story ever come under the eyes of any who are still in the bondage that afflicted my youth, they will comprehend and share the anguish I felt on first hearing it seriously asserted and plausibly argued that our dearly cherished religion is a mode of life and not a set of opinions! and that whatever it be, whether practical or doctrinal, if it be not capable of development and adaptation by modification, it cannot be divine or suited to humanity;



inasmuch as the divine life of the universe, of which man is a portion, is ever advancing toward loftier capacities and more complex conditions.

Well, at length it came to the turn of the man of the evening. Little availed the buzz of curiosity round me to remind me that the debate was but a recitation, and no real conflict of opinions. Like a half-drawn tooth, I was too far gone to be recalled. The process could not be stayed there. Of the new orator himself I can say little. My inability to describe him or his style is perhaps the best testimony to his power. Under the first strong impressions analysis fails. The maidens of old, when visited by a god in their sleep, did not forget the rapture to note the details of the interview. At least, the rapture must have been very much qualified to admit of their taking such notes.

In a few short sentences he dismissed much of what had been said as worthless of a council of ecclesiastics than of a national senate.

"Our function," he said, turning to his fellow-orators who sat upon the platform looking wonderfully like a real senate, "our function is not to discover abstract truth or determine historical problems, but to do justice and prevent spoliation."

Now when he said this, I thought, why he is going to speak on my side, for if ever there was a case of injustice and spoliation, it was when the Legislature turned the Church out of the Establishment and appropriated its property to other uses.

"Whatever religion be the true one," he continued, "it cannot be incompatible with honesty and justice. And it is not honesty, not justice, to take from a nation that which it has set apart for the whole, and give it over to a sect which comprises but a part. Thus the first question we have to deal with is not one of disestablishment, not one even of reform, but one of ownership. *Who is it* that is entitled to have a voice in the management and direction of the Church or of any reform to be made in it?"

And then he went on to answer this question in terms which I can but indicate, without any claim adequately to reproduce the original or describe their effect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE GREAT SOCIAL EARTHQUAKE.

### THEODORE TILTON'S SECOND STATEMENT.

[From the Daily Graphic.]

Throughout the country, if I rightly interpret the public press, a majority of candid minds admit the truth of my indictment against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. But many fair-minded persons, animated by a charitable doubt, have asked me for some further confirmation of the one chief allegation in this controversy. My sworn statement was not written for publication, otherwise I would have cited in it a greater number of facts and proofs. The only use which I designed for that statement was simply to read it to the Investigating Committee, before whom I expected to confirm its charges by such additional testimony as the investigators (if such they could be called) should require. But the committee, consisting of six trusted friends of the accused, appointed by him for the sole purpose, not of discovering his guilt, but of pronouncing his acquittal, resented my accusation against their popular favorite, and, to punish me for making it, converted their tribunal into a star chamber for trying, not him, but me. One of the committee's attorneys said to me, "If Mr. Beecher is guilty I prefer not to know it." The whole committee acted on this predetermined plan. The chief witnesses who could testify against Mr. Beecher—notably Francis D. Moulton, Joseph H. Richards, Martha B. Bradshaw, Susan B. Anthony, Francis B. Carpenter, Emma R. Moulton, Henry C. Bowen, Thomas Kinsella and others—were either not willing to testify, or their testimony was set aside as not being officially before a tribunal that did not wish to receive it. When the committee asked me if the statement contained my whole case, I answered, no. Since the date of its publication, several counter-statements have appeared, including Mr. Beecher's denial, closely followed by Mrs. Tilton's, both of which were untrue; then by the committee's numerous publications of one-sided testimony, and last of all by a verdict based solely on these untruthful denials, to the neglect of all the positive allegations on the other side; so that the committee accepted the silly fictions of Bessie Turner, but rejected the serious facts of Mr. Moulton, nor did they even invite Mr. Bowen to appear before them; all which unfair proceedings and uncandid publications require of me, for the sake of some hesitant minds, a reply which the larger portion of the community have already made for themselves. I therefore submit the following facts and evidences, to correct and counteract, one by one, the untrue denials of Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, and the unjust deductions of the committee.

[Here follow extracts from letters showing the kindly nature of his personal relations with Mr. Beecher.]

These evidences disprove Mrs. Tilton's extraordinary and fictitious charge, wherein—speaking of what she calls "the last ten years," "whose stings and pains she daily schooled herself to bury and forgive,"—she said that one of these "stings and pains" was the fact that her husband made an "almost daily threat that he lived to crush out Mr. Beecher; that he (Mr. T.) had always been Mr. Beecher's superior, and that all that lay in his path—wife, children, and reputation, if need be—should fall before this purpose." This charge by Mrs. Tilton of malice on my part toward Mr. Beecher was a pure invention. She might with equal truth have accused me of entertaining during that same period a secret and daily hostility toward Horace Greeley or Charles Sumner. The committee, accepting Mrs. Tilton's false statement, incorporated it into their verdict, and thereby falsely charged me with exhibiting toward Mr. Beecher what they call "a heated and malicious mind," an accusation which has never been true of me toward any human being, and which even at the present hour is not true of me toward the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In so far, therefore, as the committee's verdict bases itself on this supposed fact—which is not

a fact, but a falsehood—the report for lack of foundation falls to the ground.

II. I ought next to show by similar documentary evidence the harmony and affection existing between Mrs. Tilton and myself to July 3, 1870. But this argument has been so fully made by the publication of the voluminous private correspondence between myself and wife, filling several pages of the *Chicago Tribune* of August 13, 1874, that I need here only point to that great sheaf of letters, and to pluck merely a few straws from them—just enough to remind the reader of their general scope and tone:

#### MRS. TILTON TO HER HUSBAND.

April 16, 1866.—"I know not how I could live without your precious daily letter."

December 28, 1866.—"Above all, you rise grandest, highest, best."

January 7, 1867.—"What a delicious way you have of rebuking and teaching me—pretending always that you think I am the loveliest and best of little wives."

January 11, 1867.—"When I look at you I say: 'yes, my soul is satisfied; our union is perfect.'"

January 20, 1867.—"Your letter expressing great patience toward me in reference to my finances came yesterday, and I thank you with all my heart; you are magnanimous and generous beyond all men."

February 5, 1867.—"The inspiration of my daily life now is the thought of looking upon your dear face again."

February 11, 1867.—"God bless you for the confession of your perfect love for me."

February 1, 1868.—"The supreme place is yours forever."

February 7, 1868.—"Oh, you are truly and nobly loved in your home."

February 18, 1868.—"The idea of a faithful, true marriage will be lost out of the world—certainly out of the literary and refined world—unless we revive it."

March 15, 1868.—"If the thought of seeing you is so delicious, what will be the reality?"

February 4, 1869.—"My darling, I must believe that this beautiful home that you have made for us must have given you a greater amount of satisfaction than we generally secure from earthly labors."

February 7, 1869.—"I consecrate myself to you so long as I shall live."

February 11, 1869.—"You will find a worn and weary woman thoroughly satisfied when once again she may rest in your bosom."

February 28, 1869.—"Among the terrible changes of many hearths God has kept us steadfast with a glowing love, admiration, and respect for each other."

March 20, 1869.—"I am nearly beside myself thinking that in *one week* I am yours and you are mine again."

August 18, 1869.—"I have taken your sentence in large letters, 'With Love Unbounded,' and hung it over my mantel-piece."

January 3, 1870.—"I am in a neat little hotel where the hostess reads the *Independent*, and wishes more to see its editor than any other living man. Such a sentiment from this simple-hearted woman was like wine to my tired body and soul."

[Mr. Tilton's letters are omitted.]

Let it be borne in mind that the above correspondence between Mrs. Tilton and myself covers the long period which her testimony assigns to my feigned ill-treatment of her, namely, "the ten years of sorrow, filled with stings and pains," including my alleged looking her in a room for days together, and depriving her of food and fire!

To throw a side-light on the happy domestic relations which the above correspondence portrays, I will here add a brief letter, without year, received by me while on my lecturing travels from my then office-associate in the *Independent* and Mr. Beecher's present editor of the *Christian Union*:

#### OLIVER JOHNSON TO THEODORE TILTON.

INDEPENDENT OFFICE, December 12.

My Dear Theodore—I wonder what you would give for a chance to kiss the little woman who only an hour since kissed me?

Ah, my dear fellow, it is a great sacrifice you make in leaving such a home as yours.

I was delighted this morning on receiving a visit from your wife, and hearing her say what beautiful love-letters she gets from you. She seemed well, and smiled on me through her tears as she spoke of you and the long season of separation that is before you.

Yours lovingly, OLIVER JOHNSON.

Mr. Beecher himself strikes a similar blow at Mrs. Tilton's pretence of my ill-treatment of her:

She seemed to me [Mr. Beecher says] an affectionate and devoted wife, looking up to her husband as one far above the common race of men.

Mrs. Tilton's charge of ill-treatment is already so universally discredited that I need not answer it further.

III. Having thus (in section I.) disposed of my alleged vindictiveness toward Mr. Beecher, and (in section II.) of my imaginary brutality toward Mrs. Tilton, I now come to Mrs. Tilton's confession, July 3, 1870, wherein she narrated the story of her seduction by her pastor, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It is a requirement of truth that I should state explicitly the circumstances out of which this confession sprang, and the substance of the confession itself.

During several weeks previous to July 3, 1870, Mrs. Tilton had been in the country, having gone thither in a spirit of alienation. I had recently detected in her, to my grief, a tendency to deceit and falsehood foreign to her normal and pure nature. Accordingly, a cloud was on her spirit at parting. But I neither knew nor suspected that her depression had its root in her relations with Mr. Beecher.

During her absence I wrote to her that she would forfeit my respect the moment she ceased to tell the truth—a letter which she afterward reminded me of, saying that "it had pierced her very soul."

After her absence had been prolonged for several weeks, during which only a slight correspondence passed between us, she came unexpectedly to Brooklyn, reaching home about nine o'clock in the evening of July 3. I expressed my surprise at seeing her, greeted her with cordiality, and marked her improved health and rosy look.

Within an hour after her arrival, sitting in her favorite chamber, wherein her infant son Paul had died two years before, she made a tender allusion to his death, and then said that she had come to tell me a secret which she had long kept in her heart in connection with that event—a secret which she had several months before, while on a sick-bed, resolved to tell me, but lacked the courage. Since then the tone of her mind, she said, had improved with her health, and, having prayed for strength to tell me the truth without fear, she had now come on purpose to clear her mind of a

burden which, if longer concealed, she felt would by and by grow too great for her to bear.

What the secret was which she was about to disclose I could not conjecture.

Before disclosing it she exacted from me a solemn pledge that I would not injure the person of whom she was about to speak, nor communicate to him the fact of her making such a revelation, for she wanted to inform him in her own way that she had divulged to me the facts in the case.

After exacting these conditions, to which I pledged myself, she narrated with modesty and diffidence, yet without shamefacedness or sense of guilt, a detailed history of her long acquaintance with Mr. Beecher—of a growing friendship between them—of a passionate fondness which he at length began to exhibit toward her—of the inadequacy of his home life and his consequent need that some other woman than Mrs. Beecher should act the part of a wife to him—of the great treasure which he found in Mrs. Tilton's sweet and tender affection—of his protestations of a greater homage for her than for any other woman—of her duty to minister to his mind and body—and of the many specious arguments by which he commended these views to her, in order to overcome her Puritan repugnance to them; and she said that finally, in an interview between herself and Mr. Beecher at his house, not long after her little Paul's death, and as a recompense for the sympathy which her pastor had shown her during that bereavement, she then and there yielded her person to his sexual embrace.

This event, she stated, occurred October 10, 1868, during my absence in New England, and she showed me a memorandum in her diary marked at that date with the words, "A day memorable."

She further said that on the next Saturday evening (while I was still absent) Mr. Beecher visited her at her home in Livingston street and consummated with her another act of sexual intimacy.

She further confessed that at intervals during the ensuing fall and winter, and in the spring following, she repeated with him certain acts of criminal intercourse, yielding to him seldom though solicited often.

Furthermore, with great particularity, she mentioned the several places of these interviews, which I cannot bring myself to chronicle here.

This confession was made by Mrs. Tilton voluntarily, and not in response to any accusation by me, for I had never accused her of guilt either with Mr. Beecher or with any other person, nor had I ever suspected her of such wrong-doing. Neither was her confession made in sickness, but in unusual health. It was the free act of a sound mind under an accumulating pressure of conscience no longer to be resisted; her sin, as she described it to me, consisting not so much of her adultery as of the deceit which she was thereby compelled to practice toward her husband.

In Mrs. Tilton's published statement of July 24, 1874, she admits that she made to me in July, 1870, a "confession." She says:

A like confession with hers (namely, Catharine Gaunt's) I had made to Mr. Tilton in telling of my love to my friend and pastor one year before.

So, too, the committee's report concedes that Mrs. Tilton made a "confession." The report says:

It now appears that Mrs. Tilton became strongly attached to Mr. Beecher, and in July, 1870, confessed to her husband an overshadowing affection for her pastor.

The above acknowledgments—the first by Mrs. Tilton and the second by the committee—are true as far as they go. Mrs. Tilton *did* confess her love for her friend and pastor, but she also confessed not only her love for him, but his love for her; and still further she confessed (and this was the chief burden of her confession) that this love resulted in a sexual intimacy extending during fifteen or sixteen months.

This confession, stripped of its details but including its principal fact, was made by Mrs. Tilton, not only to me, but to several other persons, including Mr. Moulton and his wife, and a similar confession was made by Mr. Beecher, not only to me, but to Mr. Moulton and his wife.

Some of the confidants to whom Mrs. Tilton intrusted this secret were lady-friends of hers whose names I am not willing to be the first to drag into this unhappy controversy. But as one of these persons has been already quoted by the press (I refer to Miss Susan B. Anthony, to whom Mrs. Tilton told her story in the Autumn of 1870), I here adduce a portion of a letter from Miss Anthony to Mr. Beecher's sister, Mrs. Hooker, of Hartford. It will be seen from the date that the letter was written just a fortnight after the publication of the Woodhull tale—two years ago:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY TO MRS. HOOKER.

ROCHESTER, November 16, 1872.

\* \* \* The reply of your brother to you is not more startling, not so open a falsehood, as that to Mr. Watters [a newspaper reporter]: "Of course, Mr. Beecher, this is a fraud from beginning to end?"

"Entirely."

Wouldn't you think if God ever did strike any one dead for telling a lie, He would have struck then?

I feel the deepest sympathy with all the parties involved, but most of all for poor, dear, trembling Mrs. Tilton. My heart bleeds for her every hour. I would fain take her in my arms, with her precious comforts—all she has on earth—her children—and hide her away from the wicked gaze of men.

For a cultivated man, at whose feet the whole world of men as well as of women sits in love and reverence, whose moral, intellectual, social resources are without limit—for such a man, so blest, so overflowing with soul food; for him to ask or accept the body of one or a dozen of his reverent and revering devotees, I tell you he is the sinner—if it be a sin—and who shall say it is not?

My pen has faltered and staggered; it would not write you for these three days; and now, seven p. m. Saturday, comes a letter from Mrs. Stanton in reply to mine asking how could she make that denial in the *Lewiston Telegram*. [Referring to a report of Mrs. S.'s having denied the Woodhull story.] She says: "Dear Susan, I had supposed you knew enough of papers to trust a friend of twenty years' knowledge before them. I never made nor authorized the statement made in the *Lewiston* paper. I simply said I never used the language Mrs. Woodhull put in my mouth; that whatever I said was clothed in refined language at least, however disgusting the subject. I have said many times since the denouement that if my testimony of what I did know would save Victoria from prison I should feel compelled to give it. You do not monopolize, dear Susan, all the honor there is among womankind. I shall



not run before I am sent, but when the time comes I shall prove myself as true as you. No, no! I do not propose to shelter a man when a woman's liberty is at stake."

Now, my dear Mrs. Hooker, I wish you were with me to-night to rejoice with me that Mrs. Stanton is determined to stand firm to truth. I ought not to have believed the *Telegram* true. I feel ashamed of my doubts, or rather of my beliefs. Mrs. Stanton says her daughter Hattie heard all she said to the two clergymen, and said to her: "Why, mother, you might as well have told them the whole thing was true." \* \* \*

No, Mrs. Hooker; I cannot now, any more than last winter, comply with your request to reveal Mrs. T.'s whole story. \* \* \*

Your brother will yet see his way out, and let us hope he will be able to prove himself above the willingness that others shall suffer for weakness or wickedness of his.

If he has no new theories, then he will surely be compelled to admit either that he has failed to live or to preach those he has; and, whichever horn of the dilemma he may choose, will acknowledge either weakness or wickedness, or both.

Affectionately yours,

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The above letter from Miss Anthony not only indicates that Mrs. Tilton confessed her sexual intimacy with Mr. Beecher, but shows also that this intimacy was brought about, not because (as Mr. Beecher dishonorably charges in his statement) Mrs. Tilton "thrust her affection on him unsought," but because he himself was the aggressor upon her love, honor and good name. I know full well from Mrs. Tilton's truthful story—told me at a time when she could have had no possible motive to deceive—that Mr. Beecher made the advances, which she for a long time repelled. It was he, not she, who instigated and achieved the criminality between them. It was he, the revered pastor, who sought out his trustful parishioner and craftily spread his toils about her, ensnaring her virtue and accomplishing her seduction. Mrs. Tilton was always too much of a lady to thrust her affection upon Mr. Beecher or any other man "unsought." And yet Mr. Beecher, after having possessed himself of a woman at whose feet he had knelt for years before her surrender, has finally turned upon her with the false accusation that she was his tempter, not he hers;—for which act on his part I brand him as a coward of uncommon baseness, whom all manly men, both good and bad, should equally despise. I shall never permit him to put the blame on this woman. "She is guiltless," he said in his apology. He shall never take back that word. He well knew that the motive to guilt did not come from this gentle lady's pure and cleanly mind. I repeat here what I said before the committee—and what I shall believe to the end of my life—that Elizabeth Tilton is a woman of pure heart and mind, sinned against rather than sinning, yielding only to a strong man's triumph over her conscience and will, and through no wantonness or forwardness of her own.

I have been told that I endanger my success in the battle which I am now fighting by making this concession to my wife's goodness of motive. But I am determined in all this controversy to speak the exact truth in all points; and I know that no indelicacy in Mrs. Tilton's behavior ever proceeded from her own voluntary impulse or suggestion; but that, on the contrary, her highly emotional religious nature was made by her pastor the means whereby he accomplished the ruin of his confiding victim.

I take the liberty to quote here a passage from a letter by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to Mr. Moulton, as follows:

MRS. STANTON TO MR. MOULTON.

TENAFLY, N. J., September 2, 1874.

FRANCIS D. MOULTON:

Dear Friend—In your forthcoming statement, whatever you say or fail to say, do not forget as a brave knight to bring your steel on the head of "The Great Preacher," for his base charge that Elizabeth Tilton thrust her love on him unsought.

You know, better than Susan or I do, the time and arguments by which he achieved his purpose.

Alas! alas! how little charity, to say nothing of common justice, has been shown woman in this tragedy. \* \* \* Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

If any further proof were needed that it was Mr. Beecher who solicited Mrs. Tilton's affection, and not she who thrust hers upon him—which he says many women in Plymouth Church do—this proof will be found in the letters which he wrote and in the gifts which he made to this ever grateful but never obtrusive woman. Touching these letters the committee's verdict contains the following extraordinary statement:

There is no proof [they say] of clandestine correspondence, nor attempts in that direction. Mr. Beecher's letters were, as a rule, opened, arranged and read by his wife.

In reply to the above (as a single illustration of its untruth) I need only say that after Mrs. Tilton deserted her home I found in a locked closet, hidden away beyond chance of detection, a collection of clandestine letters from Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tilton; some of them unaddressed to her name and unsigned by *his*, revealing their designation only by the envelope, and their authorship only by the handwriting. In one of these letters, printed in Mr. Moulton's recent statement, Mr. Beecher says:

My wife takes boat for Havana and Florida on Thursday.

In another he asks Mrs. Tilton to write to him, for he says: "It would be safe. I am now at home here with my sister, and it is permitted to you."

A man who—taking prompt advantage of the departure of a lynx-eyed wife, who, "as a rule, opens and arranges and reads his letters"—makes haste to send this information to another lady from whom he solicits letters, saying it will be safe now for her to write them—such a man cannot accuse this lady of "thrusting her affections upon him unsought."

In like manner, just as the committee have denied Mr. Beecher's clandestine letters, he himself has denied his clandestine gifts. He says that the only gift-tokens which he ever made to Mrs. Tilton were a "brooch" and "a copy of books." I do not understand what he means by "a copy of books." Is it a copy of the English edition of "Norwood," in three volumes? He made her such a gift. But since her recent desertion of her home I have found a great number of books given to her by Mr. Beecher, sufficient to make a small library of themselves—a collection which I never saw before, nor did I know that he had ever given them to her.

IV. Immediately after Mrs. Tilton's confession and her retirement into the country, in the summer of 1870, the tone of

her letters to her husband underwent a striking change. These letters were no longer shining links in a golden chain of daily messages of love and good will, like the series published in the *Chicago Tribune*. Every letter of note was now shaded by some allusion to the shipwreck which had been wrought in her life and home.

These missives, thus freighted with the burden of her grief, I destroyed as soon as I received them, for fear they might be lost and found, and thus become tell-tales of the writer's secret. So far as I now remember, I destroyed every letter which I received from her during the summer and fall of 1870, and it is only by accident that I now possess a single one belonging to that period. This was written to her mother, and contained a copy of one written by my wife to me. Before producing this remarkable letter—or double letter—I must refer somewhat unfavorably to Mrs. Tilton's mother, the Hon. Mrs. N. B. Morse.

This eccentric lady has for years past been animated by violent hatreds and an uncontrollable temper, resulting often in hysterical fits. In one of these she clutched her husband by the throat and strangled him till he grew black in the face, after which the venerable man called the family together and enacted a legal separation from her, which he maintains to this day. She has twice thrust her parasol, like a rapier, into my breast, breaking off the handle in her violence. Often and often she has sent me notes avowing her intention of taking my life. Her stormy peculiarities are well known to our family, and are partly excused on the ground that she is not wholly responsible for her conduct, a view of her case which led her physician, the late Dr. Baker, of Brooklyn, to recommend her for treatment to an asylum for the insane.

One evening, in the summer of 1870, Mrs. Morse (before she received from Elizabeth her confession, though this confession had already been made to me) spoke calumniously of a lady who was then, and is now, Mrs. Tilton's most intimate and honored friend. Mrs. Morse's calumny was that this lady had permitted a *liaison* with myself. I said to Mrs. Morse, in Mrs. Tilton's presence: "Madam, either you must retire from this house or else speak more respectfully of its master and his guests; and for your good behavior in this respect I shall hold your daughter responsible." Mrs. Morse instantly and in rage interpreted this as a counter-accusation against Mrs. Tilton, and turning toward her, cried fiercely: "Elizabeth, have you been doing wrong?" There was something in the suddenness of the question which struck Elizabeth mute and dumb, whereupon Mrs. Morse fell upon her with another question: "Is it Mr. Beecher?" Mrs. Tilton suddenly left the room, Mrs. Morse following her, repeating her question until Elizabeth bowed her head in assent. Mrs. Morse then wrung her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, my God! my God!"

During the several days immediately ensuing Mrs. Morse, who had been made ill by the disclosure, held a few conversations with me, in which she begged me to be gentle with her daughter, who, she said, had never before committed any sin in her life.

So violent was Mrs. Morse's feeling against Mr. Beecher at this period that she threatened to out to pieces the oil portrait of him which Page had painted for me, in consequence of which threat I removed the work of art to Mr. Moulton's house, where it remains to this day. \* \* \*

Mrs. Tilton being still absent in the West, Mrs. Morse's vacant place was taken by an elderly lady, Miss Sarah Ellen Dennis, who had been a friend of our family for twenty-five years, a good and upright woman, now in her grave.

As a point has been made by Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Beecher of the alleged indignities which this woman practiced toward Mrs. Tilton on the latter's return from the West, and as a malicious accusation of an improper intimacy between this good woman and myself has been concocted by Mrs. Morse, I am constrained to say, in behalf of the dead, that all who knew the late Miss Dennis will bear testimony to her gravity of character, her devotion to her duties, and her sober experience of years; and I am outraged—as her relatives and friends justly are—that her honored memory should thus be insulted over her dust.

After Mrs. Morse's retirement as my house-keeper, I received from my mother-in-law an almost daily letter of abuse. From these letters I will make a few extracts to show the spirit and temper of a woman with whom I believe no man could possibly dwell long at peace. These extracts will, moreover, serve to show how well Mrs. Morse understood her daughter's criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher. I have hitherto shrunk from making my wife's mother testify against her own daughter, but since these twain have united to wage against me a pitiless war of falsehood and obloquy, I am forced in self-defense to exhibit these extracts from Mrs. Morse's letters:

ELEGANT EXTRACTS FROM MRS. MORSE TO MR. TILTON.

"You infernal villain! This night you should be in jail. \* \* \* Why your treacherous tongue has not ere this been taken out by the roots is a wonder."

"Your slimy, polluted, brawny hand curses everything you touch. A perfect type of Uriah Heep. This is not original. It is well understood why I have been turned out of your rotten house."

"I have said you were not worth the time and paper, and I would never waste either on you; but the hypocrisy and villainy of your course has of late been so apparent, and the sight of your base and perfidious person so revolting, I can tell you my opinion better this than any other way."

"I can with the stroke of my pen bring you to your knees and brand you for life. \* \* \* The world would be better for the riddance of such a villain, and think no more of putting you aside than killing the meanest cur that runs the street. You diabolical, infernal, I would have killed you," etc., etc., etc.

"You told Carol I hit you. You poor, deluded fool, Carol knew you deserved it."

"Retributive justice has partially overtaken you. Woman's rights have killed you. The remark I made three years ago last summer: If you had gone for your family instead of looking after woman's rights meetings you would not be obliged to look up your lost trunk. For this I was told to leave the house and never enter it. For this you were made a beggar suddenly. Just as I predicted. And this I call retributive justice."

"If you have given her (Miss Dennis) the privilege of going to people and insinuating her dark and damning facts regarding your wife and children, it is a poor rule which won't work both ways."

"I never associated my child's name in the most distant manner with B. (Mr. Beecher). The nearest I ever came was when Joseph (Mrs. Morse's son) questioned me how much I knew of the matter—if I thought B. was implicated. I said: 'A! I can say is, I will tell you all my darling told me—she bowed her head just as she did on that dark and dreadful night when you with your fist in her face compelled her to acknowledge this sacred secret.' And that act, with all its sickening details, will haunt me to my dying day."

"My poor, dear child never answered your bestial want—too religious by nature and grace for such as you, and this want he answered. Till this hour I can swear that the only comfort I have taken has been in the fact that he was a comfort and did sympathize with her."

"Mr. M. \* \* \* knows all, and it has been the sorrow of his life, and he now in a small measure understands my suffering."

"Do you suppose after your vile tongue has been permitted to wag to E. D. that I will be silent? No, I will not. My poor, distracted child said, not a week since: 'Ma, I fear Ellen Dennis will ruin me and my children forever.'"

"You retalkate by exposing the only deed which my martyred child ever did which was not God-like, and this was brought about by the love and sympathy that man had for her wretchedness; and how she ever came to expose him or herself to one she knew so well could not be trusted, eternity will not be long enough to reveal the mystery."

The latest communication received by me from the author of the above letters was at the beginning of the present year, and contains the following confession and proposition:

CLINTON PLACE, January 29, 1874.

THEODORE: \* \* \* I am more than willing to agree to this compact. It is this: If you from this day will agree to do all in your power to make the remainder of her life (Mrs. Tilton's) peaceful and happy (as far as the fearful past is concerned), shield her from reproach, giving her the feeling of safety, etc. \* \* \* I will for my part from this hour speak well of you, etc.

The eccentric, uncontrollable and mischief-making woman, whose peculiarities are sufficiently set forth in the above extracts, devised a plan in 1870, as I have already said, to divorce Elizabeth from me in order to prevent my supposed design to divorce myself from her. Mrs. Morse, during Mrs. Tilton's absence in the West, undertook to win Elizabeth to this plan of divorce by plying her with letters filled with false reports of my behavior—for example, that I was holding orgies in my house with strange women, and uttering drunken accusations against my wife, by villifying her with Mr. Beecher as one of his many mistresses, etc.

Elizabeth, although she was needful to Mrs. Morse's design of divorce, could not be converted to it. Nevertheless, under the powerful influence of her mother's slanders concerning me, my wife became alarmed at the prospect of my using her ruin as a prelude to my own. She seemed to reflect her mother's idea that I was taking a sudden plunge to perdition, drinking to drown my sorrows, filling my hard-working daily life with more sins than I had time to commit, hoping for my wife's speedy death, and threatening to publish her infamy to the world as soon as she should be under the sod!

Accordingly Mrs. Tilton wrote me an earnest letter, full of allusions to her own previously confessed criminality with Mr. Beecher, begging me to be merciful to her in her brokenness of spirit, and remonstrating with me for the bad state of mind into which Mrs. Morse had described me to have fallen:

MRS. TILTON TO MRS. MORSE.

[Written from Marietta, Ohio, to Brooklyn.]

NOVEMBER, 1870.

I feel my duty now, and love to you, my dear mother, impels me to send you a copy which I this morning have written to Theodore, which I insist that you destroy, and use not in conversation with him. This—because of my trust in you—you will do I'm sure.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Oh, Theodore, Theodore! what shall I say to you? My tongue and pen are dumb and powerless; but I must force my aching heart to protest against your cruelty. I do not willingly chide. I suffer most when I discover to you my feelings.

Do you not know that you are fulfilling your threat—that "I shall no longer be considered the saint?"

My life is before you. I have aspired to nothing save to do, through manifold infirmities, *my best*, and that not for human praise, but for the grateful love I feel toward Jesus Christ, my God.

Do you not know, also, that when in any circle you blacken Mr. B's name—and soon after couple mine with it—you blacken mine as well?

When, by your threats, my mother cried out in agony to me, "Why, what have you done, Elizabeth, my child?" her worst suspicions were aroused, and I laid bare my heart then—that from my lips and not yours she might receive the dagger into her heart! Did not my dear child [Florence] learn enough by insinuations, that her sweet, pure soul agonized in secret till she broke out with the *dreadful question*? I know not but it hath been her death blow!

When you say to my beloved brother: "Mr. B. preaches to forty of his m—s every Sunday, then follow with the remark that after my death you have a dreadful secret to reveal, need he be told any more ere the sword pass into his soul?"

After this, "you are my indignant champion," are you? It is now too late; you have blackened my character, and it is for my loved ones that I suffer; yea, for the agony which the revelation has caused you, my cries ascend to Heaven night and day that upon mine own head all the anguish may fall.

Believe you that I would thrust a like dart into your sister's or mother's heart were there occasion. No, no, I would not, indeed.

So after my death you will, to the bereaved hearts of those who love me, add the poisoned balm! In heaven lands the sins of our beloved are buried, and only their virtues are remembered!

Theodore, your past is safe with me, rolled up, put away never to be opened, though it is big with stains of various hue, unless you force me for the sake of my children and friends to discover it, in self defense or their defense.

Would you suffer were I to cast a shadow on any lady whom you love? Certainly, if you have any manliness you would. Even so every word, look or intimation against Mr. B., though I be in no wise brought in, is an agony beyond the piercing of myself a hundred times. His position and his good name are dear to me; and even thus do I agonize—yea, agony is the word—for your good name, and if you will only value it yourself to keep it good, I am and always will be your helper.

Once again I implore you for your children's sake, to whom you have a duty in this matter, that my past be buried—left with me and my God. He is merciful. Will you, His son, be like Him?

Do not be alarmed about mother; you are not responsible for her revelations. Do not think or say any more that my ill-health is on account of my sin and its discovery. It is not true indeed. My sins and my life's record I have carried to my Saviour, and his delicacy and tenderness toward me passeth even a mother's love or "the love of women." I rest in him, I trust in him, and though the way is darker than death, I do hear "the still small voice" which brings to me a peace life's experience has never before brought me. No, my prostration is owing to



the suffering I have caused you and will cause those I love in the future if the spirit of forgiveness does not exorcise the spirit of hate. And add to this the revelations you have made of your fallen condition, witness of which I am daily! This it is that breaks my heart. How can I but "linger at my praying" at thought of you?

Oh, do avoid all stimulating drinks, my darling. I know many a heart-ache would have been saved, only you knew not what or how the cruel word was said! I have failed in my duty to you from lack of courage to speak of these things. Allow me to advise with you now, my dearly beloved, for surely I am your best friend, and for the sake of our precious born and unborn. I tell you that since I have been conscious of wronging you I needed only to know that, and always in everything I utterly forsake the wrong, repent before God alone and strive to bring forth fruit worthy of repentance. Will you for the added reason of your soul's sake do the same.

I feel that you are not in the condition of mind to lead the "woman's suffrage" movement, and I implore you to break away from it and from your friends Susan, Mrs. Stanton and every one and everything that helps to make a conflict with your responsibilities as husband and father.

I do not hesitate to return to Brooklyn and renew my home-work. Far be it from me to shirk my duty; on the contrary, to have again the privilege of being with my entire family is the ambition I feel to gain in health here. Forgive the long letter. Good-night.

YOUR DEAR WIFE.

POSTSCRIPT.

Dear mother, I will now add a line to you. I should mourn greatly if my life was to be made yet known to father; his head would be bowed indeed to the grave. I love him very much, and it would soothe my heart could you be restored to him. I was greatly touched by his saying to you that "you were still his wife."

Would not his sympathizing heart comfort you in your great sorrow? Both your letter and Theodore's came together, concerning your interviews with Joseph.

You will see that by reading or showing this letter to any one you discover my secret. It is because I trust you, dear mother, that I send you this, that you may know my spirit completely toward you both.

I have been told, Confide not in your mother; but I reply, To whom on earth can I confide?

I think it pre-eminently wise for us to destroy our letters respecting this subject, lest Flory or some one should pick them up. DARLING.

The brief confession which Mrs. Tilton wrote of her criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher, and which was referred to by Mr. Moulton as held by him until I procured it from him and returned to her to be destroyed, has been falsely called a confession wrung from a wife at her husband's command. But no such accusation can hold against the above letter, which a daughter wrote to her mother, and which contains as plain a confession of Mrs. Tilton's guilty intimacy with Mr. Beecher as language can express, a confession all the more veritable because made without design, and in the absence of any other controlling influence upon the writer save the presence of her own conscience and sorrow, as evinced in her melancholy contemplation of the calamity which had fallen upon her honor and her home.

In view of Mrs. Tilton's truthful confession in the above letter four years ago, of what avail are recent denials to the committee?

The committee themselves have practically impugned the testimony which their own attorneys prompted Mrs. Tilton to make to them, and Mr. Beecher's own journal, the *Christian Union*, soon after the rendering of the verdict, published a conspicuous editorial article on purpose to put forth, under the stamp of Mr. Beecher's name, the following official rejection of Mrs. Tilton's evidence by the Beecher party. The *Christian Union* says:

*This poor woman has been shown to be so weak—so wholly subject to the strongest outside influence at the moment—that the general public can give but little weight to her testimony, either for or against Mr. Beecher.*

The above extract from the *Christian Union* invalidating Mrs. Tilton's testimony necessarily blots out from Mr. Beecher's defense all Mrs. Tilton's recent denials of their criminality, and leaves him to be convicted by Mrs. Tilton's original, honest, dispassionate confession of their mutual sin, recorded in the above-quoted letter to her mother!

This letter, therefore, effectually disposes of two principal points of the committee's verdict. One of these points the committee state as follows:

Tilton's allegations that she (Mrs. T.) confessed to her mother, Mrs. Morse, is pronounced false by the mother, who testified before the committee.

Mrs. Tilton's letter, above given, together with the extracts from Mrs. Morse's letters, show that Mrs. Morse, in denying to the committee that her daughter had ever made to her a confession of adultery, was a deliberate falsehood—half pardonable, perhaps, because uttered by a mother to save her daughter. The committee in relying on Mrs. Morse's testimony relied on a false basis, which now sinks and carries down with it the committee's verdict into an unfathomable depth!

The other point in the verdict which the above letter effectually settles is the following:

"She" (Mrs. Tilton) say the committee, "has always denied the charge when free from the dominating influence of her husband."

Mrs. Tilton's above letter to her mother was written "free from the dominating influence of her husband." It was written 578 miles from her husband's presence. It was written, not at his request, but for his condemnation. It was written to reproduce to him the feelings excited in his wife's mind by the contemplation of her wrong-doing, and to appeal to him, from such a basis, against the moral recklessness which she then believed that her fall had produced upon his religious views and daily life. It was written before Mr. Beecher knew that she had betrayed him, and, of course, before he had indicted his own equally agonizing "letter of contrition." It was written before Mrs. Tilton had any idea of future public proceedings by a church committee who would ask her to deny the truth in order to save Mr. Beecher. It was written before Mrs. Morse expected to be called upon to add her own falsehoods to her daughter's for this same purpose. It was written with no suspicion that these joint falsehoods of mother and daughter were thus to be exploded by the counter-records of their own correspondence!

On both these points the committee's own witnesses falsify the committee's own verdict.

Candor now requires me to state that the committee are correct in one point. Their report says:

This unhappy woman (Mrs. Tilton) has been the plastic victim of extorted falsehoods.

The committee are correct in this view. Mrs. Tilton has indeed been "the plastic victim of extorted falsehoods." These are the falsehoods extorted from her during her cross-examination—"extorted falsehoods" which the committee reproduce in their verdict as true, namely: that she was a victim to my "ill-treatment," including deprivation of "food and fire," "imprisonment under lock and key," and other hardships from which she "fled for peace to the graves of her children"—"extorted falsehoods" never prompted by Mrs. Tilton's own mind (if she still remains the kindly and tender-hearted woman whom I knew), but extorted from her as the "plastic victim" of Mr. Beecher's attorneys, who, having first used her for Mr. Beecher's defense, have since repudiated the very testimony which they thus extorted from her, pronouncing it worthless even for the base purpose for which it was thus extorted from "this plastic victim."

V. I now call attention to the difference of tone between Mrs. Tilton's letters to me written before her confession of July 3, 1870, and those written after it. It is impossible, for instance, to imagine such a letter as the following to have been written to me by Mrs. Tilton as one of the series in the *Chicago Tribune*, ending July 3, 1870:

MRS. TILTON TO HER HUSBAND.

JULY 29, 1871.

Your Lines sent to me in Flory's letter I respond to from my soul's depths.

So you do not hate  
Nor, in all that earlier period, would she have written thus, dated Schoharie, June 20, 1871:

My mind no longer insists upon a lonely, daily wandering through my past.

Nor would she have said, as she does in the last quoted letter:

The romantic love of the sexes doth not satisfy.  
Nor would she have cried out as follows, dated July 4, 1871:

Oh, my dear husband, may you never need the discipline of being misled by a good woman, as I have been by a good man.

Nor could she have in happier days penned this, of the same date with the preceding:

I thank you for the sufferings of the past year. You have been my deliverer.

As a further illustration of Mrs. Tilton's prevailing state of mind, induced by her criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher, by her confession thereof to her husband, and by the shadowy memories that followed these sad facts, I will mention an incident: One day in October, 1871, during a wearisome railroad ride, I beguiled myself with the composition of a little poem, which I sent in lead-pencil to the *Golden Age*, and which appeared in that paper under the title of "Sir Marmaduke's Musings," containing the following stanza:

I clasped a woman's breast,  
As if her heart, I knew,  
Or fancied, would be true,—  
Who proved—alas, she too!—  
False like the rest.

On my return home after publishing the above, I was piteously assailed by Mrs. Tilton, who, with tears in her eyes, reproached me, saying: "O, Theodore, you might as well have called me by name." Meanwhile, I had not been conscious of any offense against my wife in the above publication, because no public allusion had yet connected Mrs. Tilton's name with Mr. Beecher's. The Woodhull story, which first did this, did not appear till more than a year afterward, namely, November 2, 1872!

As a further illustration of Mrs. Tilton's extreme feverishness of mind at any public allusion to the scandal, I will mention the following: The tripartite covenant, which was signed April 2, 1872, was published May 31, 1873; and its publication drew forth, a few days afterward, the appended card from Mr. Beecher in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, June 2, 1873:

MR. BEECHER'S CARD EXONERATING MR. TILTON.

JUNE 2, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN EAGLE:

Dear Sir—I have maintained silence respecting the slanders which have for some time past followed me. I should not speak now but for the sake of relieving another of unjust imputation. The document that was recently published bearing my name, with others, was published without consultation either with me or with Mr. Tilton, nor with any authorization from us. If that document should lead the public to regard Theodore Tilton as the author of the calumnies to which it alludes, it will do him great injustice. I am unwilling that he should even seem to be responsible for injurious statements whose force was derived wholly from others.

H. W. BEECHER.

The agitation of Mr. Beecher's mind, out of which the above card grew, I well remember; and some trace of it appears in Mr. Beecher's reminiscences which he gave to the committee during his examination; but the equally great distress of Mrs. Tilton at the same time has not yet been made public, and will appear in the following letter by her to a friend who had rebuked her for imputing to me the publication of that covenant, although the bad business of publishing it was done by my friend, critic, and freely-forgiven calumniator, Mr. Samuel Wilkeson, Mr. Beecher's Hotspur of a partner:

MRS. TILTON TO MRS. —.

WEDNESDAY, June 4, 1873.

My Dearly Beloved—The terrible days of Saturday and Sunday last, resulting in the evil condition of soul wherein you found me yesterday, have utterly overcome me. I feel sick all over my body to-day. Indeed I cannot afford to be ugly and wicked.

That you came, I bless God: for I vomited forth all the wickedness into your safe care—and I am relieved, though profoundly ashamed, that I should judge and injure T. as I did; yet in certain states of mind there are roused in me demons, which fill me with horror that they exist. Surely with so bad a heart as mine I cannot judge him!

I sincerely hope he has had his last blow from me.—By-bye, E.—

I have given the preceding letters and extracts to show how heavily Mrs. Tilton's guilty secret pressed on her heart, particularly in exigencies when she feared exposure; and there is much in her agonized expressions to remind the reader of Mr. Beecher's similar strains of woe over the same cause.

VI. Having thus considered Mrs. Tilton's confession of July 3, 1870, together with the various facts which cluster more closely about this than about any other single branch

of this case, I shall now take the opportunity, before coming to my dealings face to face with Mr. Beecher, to refer to Mr. Henry C. Bowen. I must do this with some explicitness, because the key-note of Mr. Beecher's attack on me is that my accusation against him originated in my business troubles with Mr. Bowen. In Mr. Beecher's elaborate statement, the first proposition which he lays down, and which forms the basis of his ensuing argument, is in these words:

*Four years ago Theodore Tilton fell from one of the proudest editorial chairs in America.*

I shall show that the above statement, together with the whole argument that Mr. Beecher bases upon it, is so wholly untrue that I might almost say that language could not be put to a falser use.

From the beginning of 1856 to the close of 1870—a period of fifteen years—I was in Mr. Bowen's employ in the *Independent* in various characters, from subordinate to chief. How well I served my employer he himself publicly attested at the end of fourteen years of my service, when he published over his own signature a special eulogy of my labors. In this article, which states that it was written "to do justice to its present editor, Theodore Tilton," Mr. Bowen looks back through my fourteen years of service and records himself as "approving his (Mr. Tilton's) every movement and suggestion," etc. I could not have wished higher praise from my employer, particularly as covering so long a period of service.

During the following year, 1870—which was the last of my connection with the *Independent*—I became temporarily the editor also of the *Brooklyn Daily Union*. My first difference with Mr. Bowen—a trifling one—occurred shortly after. He had meanwhile come to Brooklyn and taken a strong interest in the election of certain local candidates whom I had opposed. Moreover, he was a supporter of President Grant, whom he entertained at Woodstock, and whom I criticized in the *Independent*. After the Brooklyn election was over Mr. Bowen and I, in a friendly conversation, reviewed these differences, and other differences growing out of my increasing heterodoxy of religious belief. After two or three friendly interchanges, he expressed a desire to become himself the sole editor of the *Independent*, just as he was its sole owner. To this end he wanted me to transfer my pen to the first page of that paper as its special contributor, while at the same time he wanted me to sign a contract to edit the *Brooklyn Union* for the ensuing five years. The pecuniary inducements which he held out to commend this proposed change to my mind were flattering, consisting of an income of about \$14,000 a year and upward. This arrangement took legal and binding form by the signing of two contracts between Mr. Bowen and myself about the 20th of December, 1870. Two days afterward, in pursuance of these arrangements, the *Independent*, in publishing my valedictory, accompanied it with an eulogy on its retiring editor.

Mr. Bowen, in addition to his published encomium of me, gave me a gold watch of a reputed value of \$500; and Oliver Johnson, then the managing editor of the *Independent*, to whom I had made a similar gift, sent me the following note December 29, 1870:

Dear Theodore—Don't buy a chain for your new watch, for I have ordered one which I want you to accept as a New Year's present from me.

The above particulars of my retirement from the *Independent's* editorial chair—a retirement which Mr. Bowen said was to my honor, and which I believed was to my profit—I have thus been compelled to give at length, in order that the exact facts may confront Mr. Beecher's false description of the same event, wherein he said as above quoted: "Four years ago Theodore Tilton fell from one of the proudest editorial chairs in America."

The preceding record, from the *Independent's* own columns and by its own editors, touching the circumstances of my retirement from that editorial chair, show how I "fell;"—I may add that I would be happy to experience another such fall.

As soon as I had completed the above-mentioned arrangements with Mr. Bowen, and they had been announced as above quoted, he urged me to make a more prominent figure of Plymouth Church in the *Daily Union*, and remarked on my non-attendance at the church meetings.

This led me to reply that I had a good reason for not going to Plymouth Church, and that I should never again sit under Mr. Beecher's ministry.

On Mr. Bowen's urging me to give the reason, I reminded him first of his own oft-repeated charges against Mr. Beecher as a clergyman given to loose behavior with women, and dangerous to the families of his congregation. I said that I had in past times given little credence to these accusations, being slow to believe ill of my pastor and friend; but that I had been informed by Mrs. Tilton, a few months previously, of improper behavior by Mr. Beecher toward her, and that I should never again attend Plymouth Church.

This announcement fanned Mr. Bowen to a flame of anger against Mr. Beecher. All his own past grievances against his pastor seemed to be rekindled into sudden heat. He walked up and down his library, denounced Mr. Beecher as a man guilty of many adulteries, dating from his Western pastorate and running down through all the succeeding years. Mr. Bowen declared that Mr. Beecher had, in the preceding month of February, 1870, confessed to him certain of these adulteries, and Mr. Bowen pointed out to me the exact spot in his library whereon Mr. Beecher, with tears and humbleness, had (as Mr. Bowen said) acknowledged to him his guilt.

Mr. Bowen, in this interview, declared that he and I owed a duty to society in this matter, and that I ought to join him in a just demand on Mr. Beecher to retire from the ministry, to quit the city, and to betake himself beyond the reach of the families whose homes he was invading like a destroyer.

Mr. Bowen challenged me to write such a demand, and begged for an opportunity to bear it to Mr. Beecher in person, saying that he would support it by a great volume of evidence, and would compel its enforcement. I wrote on the spot the note mentioned in Mr. Moulton's statement, and which seemed to please Mr. Bowen greatly. Just as I was leaving his house his last word to me was, "Henry Ward



Beecher is a wolf in the fold, and I know it; he ought never to preach another sermon nor write another word in a religious newspaper; he endangers families and disgraces religion; he should be blotted out."

This interview with Mr. Bowen occurred on the 26th of December, 1870, and was partly in the presence of Oliver Johnson, who retired before it was ended.

On that same day I informed Mr. Moulton of this interview, as he has noticed in his narrative. I also informed Mrs. Tilton, who, as she was just then recovering from a recent miscarriage, received the intelligence with great distress. She spoke alarmingly of Mr. Bowen's long hatred of Mr. Beecher, which now seemed to her to be about to break forth afresh, and said that if Mr. Bowen and I should thus combine against Mr. Beecher, she would run a risk of an exposure of her own secret. She wept, and reminded me of the pledge which I had given her six months before, to do her pastor no wrong. She said, moreover, that Mr. Beecher might not altogether understand my letter to him demanding his retirement "for reasons which he explicitly knew," because she had not yet informed him that she had made her confession to me. I was surprised at this intelligence, for in the previous August she told me that she had communicated to Mr. Beecher the fact that she had told me the story of their sexual association. She went on picturing to me the heart-break which she would suffer if, in the coming collision between Mr. Bowen and Mr. Beecher, her secret should be divulged. I well remember the piteful accents in which, for the children's sake and her own, she pleaded her cause with me, and begged me to be gentle with Mr. Beecher, and to protect him from Mr. Bowen's anger; also, to quench my own.

Lying on her bed sick, she said that unless I could stop the battle which seemed about to open, and could make peace between Mr. Bowen and Mr. Beecher—if not for *their* sakes, at least for *hers*—and could myself become reconciled to the man who had wronged me, she would pray God that she might die. She then begged me to send for Mr. Beecher, desiring me to see him in her presence, to speak to him without malice when he came, and to assure him that I would not proceed in the matter of his expulsion from the pulpit. I declined such an interview as not comely for a sick woman's chamber, nor was I willing to subject her to the mortification of conferring with her paramour in the presence of her husband.

After this conversation with Mrs. Tilton, I notified Mr. Bowen that I intended to see Mr. Beecher face to face. In response to this intelligence, Mr. Bowen came into my editorial room at the *Union* office, and without asking or giving me any explanation, but exhibiting a passion such as I had never witnessed in him before, and speaking like one who was in fear and desperation, he exclaimed in a high key that if I divulged to Mr. Beecher the story of his numerous adulteries as he (Mr. Bowen) had narrated them, he (Mr. Bowen) would interdict me from ever again entering his office or his house. He then suddenly retired.

This unexpected exhibition on Mr. Bowen's part I could not comprehend; for I did not dream that Mr. Bowen, who was so determined an enemy of Mr. Beecher, had meanwhile entered into sudden league with the object of his hate, in order to overthrow, not Mr. Beecher, but myself!

I informed Elizabeth at once of Mr. Bowen's excited interview. Elizabeth's distress, in view of this expected conflict, it would be impossible to exaggerate, as it was heightened by her still enfeebled condition. She begged me to see Mr. Beecher without delay, and, for her sake, to put him on his guard against Mr. Bowen, and to explain to him that, though I had written the letter demanding his retirement from the pulpit, yet that I had afterward listened to my wife's entreaty, and had promised her that I would not press the demand to execution.

At her own suggestion she wrote a note to Mr. Beecher, and gave it to me, stating therein that she was distressed at the prospect of trouble, and begged, as the best mode of avoiding it, that a reconciliation might be had between Mr. Beecher and myself. She informed him in this letter that she had made to me a confession, six months before, of her sexual intimacy with him, and that she had hitherto deceived her husband into believing that her pastor knew of this confession having been made. She said she was distracted at having caused so much misery, and prayed that Mr. Beecher and her husband might instantly unite to prevent Mr. Bowen from doing the damage which he had threatened in instigating Mr. Beecher's retirement from the church.

This letter of Mrs. Tilton's was written on the 29th of December, 1870. I carried it in my pocket during the remainder of that day and all the next until evening, and then resolved that I would accede to my wife's request, and for her sake would prevent the threatened exposure of Mr. Beecher by Mr. Bowen.

I accordingly went to Mr. Moulton, as he has stated, and put into his hands my wife's letter, which conveyed to him his first knowledge of her adultery. He then, as he has described, brought Mr. Beecher to me on Friday evening, December 30, through a violent wintry storm, which Mr. Beecher referred to on the way as appropriate to the disturbed hour.

VII. The interview which followed between Mr. Beecher and me I shall relate somewhat in detail, because his recent distorted description of it is mainly a pretence and not the truth. Mr. Beecher fills his false account with invented particulars of what he calls my complaint to him of my "business troubles," "loss of place and salary," and the like, with cognate complaints against him for his supposed agency in bringing about these results; whereas he forgets that I had not yet lost my "place and salary," and had not yet come into my "business troubles," nor did I then dream that he had conspired with Mr. Bowen to displace me from the *Independent* or the *Union*, or that any such disaster was then pending over my head, particularly as I had only a few days before signed two new contracts securing to me a lucrative connection with those two journals for years to come.

It was not because I had first "lost my place" that I held

this interview with Mr. Beecher, for I did not "lose my place" until after this interview was held. Mr. Beecher confesses to an "imperfect memory of dates." This imperfection of memory has betrayed him here. My interview with him, as he acknowledges, was on Friday evening, December 30, 1870. This is correct. But it was not until Saturday evening, December 31, at nine o'clock at night, during the closing hours of the year, that my notification of dismissal came from Mr. Bowen. See my letter to Mr. Bowen, January 1, 1870, in which I said:

I received *last evening* [that is, not December 30, but 31] your sudden notice breaking my two contracts, one with the *Independent* the other with the *Brooklyn Union*.

It is thus plainly proven, as by mathematics, that my interview with Mr. Beecher—which he says occurred on account of my having "lost my place and salary"—occurred *before* I "lost my place and salary," and before I imagined that my two contracts—since both were new and fresh and hardly a week old!—were to be summarily broken.

Indeed, even when I received, on the night after my interview with Mr. Beecher, Mr. Bowen's notice of their fracture, I had no suspicion *then* that Mr. Beecher had meanwhile been using what he now admits to have been "his decisive influence to overthrow me," and to entail upon me "loss of place and salary." On the contrary, I still supposed that Mr. Bowen was more the enemy of Mr. Beecher than of me, for he had given me abundant reason to believe so. It was not until after Mr. Beecher's written apology to me that I learned from his own humble and dust-covered lips that he had been guilty not only of ruining my home but of displacing me from my public trusts.

Let me refer a little more in detail to this interview with Mr. Beecher, December 30, 1870, to show how thoroughly he has misrepresented it.

Mr. Beecher describes me as opening to him on that occasion a budget of particulars touching three points: first, that I accused him of procuring my "downfall"—whereas my downfall had not yet come; next, that he had advised my wife to separate from me—a story of which I never heard until I heard it in the Investigating Committee; and third, that I charged him with improper proposals to Elizabeth—which was indeed true, but only half the truth, for I informed him in detail of Elizabeth's confession of their adultery.

I must be repetitiously explicit on each of these points, so that neither of them shall escape the reader's mind.

First, then, touching my "downfall" or "business difficulties," or "loss of place and salary," I repeat that I had not yet suffered any of these losses, nor did I then suppose that such disasters were in store for me.

Next, as to his alleged "advice to my wife to separate from me," I solemnly aver that Mrs. Tilton has never to this day informed me that Mr. Beecher ever gave her any such advice, nor did she so inform the committee; that Mr. Moulton, like myself, never heard of such advice having been given until we both heard of it, to our surprise, during the present inquiry; and that the only persons who had, as I supposed, advised Mrs. Tilton to leave me were Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Beecher, but not Mr. Beecher.

What evidence does Mr. Beecher now give to show that he ever advised Mrs. Tilton to separate from her husband?

I asked permission [he says] to bring my wife to see them (that is to see Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Tilton). \* \* \* My wife [he continues] was extremely indignant toward Mr. Tilton. \* \* \* I felt as strongly as he did, but hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of a separation. It was agreed that my wife should give her (Mrs. Tilton) 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."

Admitting for the argument's sake that Mr. Beecher may have written such a scrap of paper (although I do not believe he did), the testimony of Mrs. Tilton makes no mention of having received such advice from her pastor. The only advice to this effect which she mentions she accords to her mother and to her pastor's wife, but not to Mr. Beecher. Furthermore, if Mr. Beecher had given the advice which he pretends to have given, Mrs. Morse would have known of it, would have eagerly made use of it, and would have urged (perhaps forced) her daughter to act upon it. Now, Mrs. Morse gives explicit testimony over her own hand that Mr. Beecher never gave any such advice; on the contrary, she shows that the only advice which Mr. Beecher gave concerning the proposed separation was that Mrs. Tilton should not separate from her husband! I refer to Mrs. Morse's letter to Mr. Beecher, indorsed in his own handwriting as having been received from her by him January 27, 1871—only a few weeks after his apology. Mrs. Morse speaks in this letter complainingly to Mr. Beecher as follows:

You or any one else who advises her (Mrs. Tilton) to live with him (Mr. Tilton), when he is doing all he can to kill her by slow torture, is any thing but a friend.

It will be seen from the above that at the very time when Mr. Beecher pretends to have been suddenly thrown into remorse and despair for having given Elizabeth bad advice—namely, to separate from me—Elizabeth's mother was writing to Mr. Beecher to chide him because he had given, not that advice, but just the opposite! Mrs. Morse's letter accuses me of "killing her daughter by slow torture," and accuses him at the same time of advising her against the separation from such a brute!

In the presence of this letter of Mrs. Morse—who of all persons in the world was most solicitous to procure Elizabeth's separation, and who would be most likely to know on which side of the question Mr. Beecher had advised—I respectfully submit that Mr. Beecher's recent and pretended claim to have given such advice, and that this advice was the key-note to his four years of subsequent remorse and letter-writing, is blown to the winds, and the committee's report is whisked away with it.

Third, Mr. Beecher's statement that at this interview of December 30, 1870, I charged him with making impure proposals to Mrs. Tilton (as I have said) true as far as it goes, but it is only a part of the truth, for I charged him with adul-

tery. It was this last topic, namely, his criminal relations with Mrs. Tilton. It was his criminal association with Mrs. Tilton—this, and this only—that constituted the basis of my interview with him on that memorable night. This interview, I repeat, was held at Mrs. Tilton's request, and my object in holding it was to quiet her apprehension concerning the possible exposure of her secret through what both she and I then supposed to be an imminent assault upon Mr. Beecher by Mr. Bowen. To this end I informed Mr. Beecher of the confession which Mrs. Tilton had made to me six months before, and which it had become necessary for her peace—perhaps even for her life—that Mr. Beecher should receive from my lips in order that he should manage his case with Mr. Bowen that no danger would arise therefrom of Mrs. Tilton's exposure to the world. This was my purpose and my only purpose, in that interview, as Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Beecher knew right well.

Now, in the light of these facts, thus proved, note Mr. Beecher's false statement of them as follows:

It was not until Mr. Tilton [he says] 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.

Against the above fallacious assertions I have set the counter testimony of incontrovertible facts, which I will recapitulate, namely:

When I resolved to meet Mr. Beecher on Friday, December 30, 1870, I had just made two new contracts with Mr. Bowen, signing them only a few days previous, from which I looked forward to an income as large as the salary of the pastor of Plymouth Church. When I sat waiting for Mr. Beecher on that night I was in independent circumstances, and expected to be increasingly so for years to come. When Mr. Moulton brought him to me that night I had no thought—not the remotest—of "financial difficulties" or "business troubles" or "loss of place," for I had not yet come to these disasters, nor did I then foresee them. When I, as he said, "talked calmly" to him on that night, it was because I had previously demanded his retirement from the pulpit, and because this demand had well-nigh broken my wife's heart; for whose sake alone, and for no other reason, I agreed with her to meet him face to face in order to inform him that I knew of his intimacy with her, and to say to him that, for the sake of this suffering woman and her children, I would withdraw the demand upon him to quit the pulpit and flee the city, and that Mr. Bowen should have no ally in me in his proposed war against his pastor.

In that interview, from a little memorandum in my hand, giving dates and places, I recited to Mr. Beecher Mrs. Tilton's long story as she had given it to me in the previous July, and which she had, on the previous day, reauthenticated in her note of December 29, which I had put into Mr. Moulton's hands to be the basis of his summons to Mr. Beecher to meet me for the conference. No extraneous subject did I introduce into that single-minded recital; for only one theme was in my thoughts; and in order that no intruder should interrupt me, or that Mr. Beecher should retire before hearing me, I locked the door and put the key into my pocket.

After I delivered my message, I unlocked the door and said to Mr. Beecher, "Now that we understand each other, you are free to go. If any harm or disgrace comes to Elizabeth or the children, I shall hold you responsible. For her sake I spare you, but if you turn upon her, I will smite your name dead before the whole world."

When I ceased speaking he hesitated to leave his chair, but sat with bowed head and with eyes riveted to the floor. At length, looking up into my face, he said: "Theodore, I am in a dream—I am in Dante's Inferno?"

I pointed to the door and said again, "You are free to retire."

In going out he stopped on the threshold, turned, looked me in the face, and asked with quivering lip whether or not I would permit him to see Elizabeth once more for the last time. I was about to answer, "No, never," but remembered my wife's grief, and her expressed wish that this interview could have taken place in her presence, I felt that she would be better satisfied if I gave him the permission he asked, and so I said, "Yes, you may go at once, but you shall not chide Elizabeth for confessing the truth to her husband. Remember what I say: If you reproach that sick woman for her confession, or utter to her a word to weigh heavily upon her broken heart for betraying you, I will visit you with vengeance. I have spared your life during the past six months and am able to spare it again; but I am able also to destroy it." "Mark me," I added, "Elizabeth is prostrate with grief—she must hear no word of blame or reproach."

"Oh, Theodore!" he said, "I am in a wild whirl!"

After these words he retired from the room, and almost immediately (as Mr. Moulton has narrated) accompanied that gentleman to my house, where (as Mr. Beecher admits) he fell upon Elizabeth with "strong language," that is, full of reproach, and procured from her a retraction which he dictated to her, and which she wrote at his command—her tremor and fear being plainly visible in her handwriting.

On my return home that evening, I found my wife far from being in the condition Mr. Beecher described when he styled her a marble statue or carved monument; but, on the contrary, she was full of tears and misery, saying that he had called upon her, had reproached her in violent terms, had declared that she had "struck him dead," and that unless she would give him a writing for his protection he would be tried by a council of ministers."

She described to me his manner as full of mingled anger and grief, in consequence of which she was at one moment so terrified by the look on his face that she thought he would kill her.

She grew nearly distracted at the thought that her womanly and charitable effort to make peace had only resulted in making Mr. Beecher her enemy and mine. I believe that if he had entered a second time into her presence that night she would have shuddered and fainted at his approach. Her narrative to me of the agony which he expressed to her, of the reproaches which he heaped upon her, and of the bitter-

(Continued on page 10.)



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 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.

## THE BOSTON CONVENTION.

We are glad to be able to state that the Spiritualists' Mass Convention, held in the Parker Memorial Hall, in Boston, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was a most happy, harmonious and successful gathering, and its effects upon the radically-minded people of that city must be highly beneficial and useful. We have but one regret regarding it, which is, that circumstances combined to prevent our presence. When we finally decided to take an ocean voyage as a necessary step to entering upon our fall lecture campaign, as stated in the next issue of the WEEKLY after our departure, we calculated upon returning to arrive in time to attend the first meeting of the Convention. Our tickets were to leave Havre on the 4th inst., which having a usual trip, would have landed us in New York on the 14th. The elements were, however, against us. Besides, the machinery of the ship got out of order the second day out, which delayed us fully one day. This with heavy winds and fogs which succeeded the accident, and encountering the tail end of the cyclone, which came near wrecking the French steamer Ville de Paris, lengthened out the passage to thirteen days. We landed on the wharf at Hoboken, on Thursday the 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M., three hours too late to take the last train that could have conveyed us to Boston to participate in the closing acts of the Convention. We have received the first installment of the official proceeding from Mr. Jamieson, the Secretary, and shall publish them as soon as possible, being crowded out this week, however, by the length of Mr. Tilton's last aid by far the most important statement that has been made. We return our thanks to the Convention for the expression of confidence and respect as elicited by the reception of our telegram announcing our return, and regret that the return was too late for us to reach Boston in time.

Now is the time to subscribe for the WEEKLY, so that those who have not fully read up the great Brooklyn Scandal may obtain a full knowledge of it from the first, as we shall shortly begin a review and "summing up" of the case, with the particular purpose in view of showing its effects upon the Social Question. The frightened press assume that this Scandal has dealt Free Love its death blow, whereas, we shall show that enforced lust—legal marriage—has been killed instead. This we shall commence in the next number of the WEEKLY. All the back numbers containing the various statements of the parties to the Scandal can be furnished from our office.

## THE SOCIAL EARTHQUAKE.

It is no longer the Beecher-Tilton Scandal that is convulsing the social world. It has spread beyond the narrow boundaries to which those names would confine it. It is of too wide significance to be covered if it were denominated the Scandal in Plymouth Church, because it has spread beyond its boundaries. Nor can it be any longer properly designated as the Social Earthquake in Brooklyn, since its yawnings and thunderings have extended beyond that city, threatening to involve those high in the world's estimation in other cities and States. Nor should it be named as a scandal to religion merely, since it goes deeper than religious theories and convictions, and reaches the "bottom facts" of social organization. It is, therefore, the Great Social Earthquake, the unavailing of the great Mokanna of marriage, and its birth will assuredly mark the beginning of the visible downfall of our present social system—the downfall of legal marriage.

It is presumable that all the facts relating to, at least, one of the parties (Mrs. Tilton) in the case are before the public; Mr. Tilton's first and last statements, Mrs. Tilton's autobiography, Mr. Beecher's life of Tilton and Mr. Moulton's history of all the others. In whatever way further developments may involve the other principals to this affair, she, it may be assumed, has "touched bottom," since nothing can be conceived of more bitter and humiliating than to be reviled by the man for whom a woman has bartered what the world calls her honor. But just this treatment has Mrs. Tilton received at the hands of the God of Plymouth Church and congregation, whose skirts must be kept clean at whatever sacrifice of honor, truth and innocence elsewhere. A more despicable position in the eyes of all honorable men and women than that occupied by this man is not conceivable. To save himself for a few brief days at most, he would strike down the good name of every woman with whom he has ever been intimate; and upon such a man the Christian world fawns in uncompromising sycophancy. We must, however, do it the justice to say that it is not Mr. Beecher for whom all this is done, and when Mr. Beecher seats himself upon such a fallacy and fancies that it is his personality that commands this homage and that will ensure his security, he occupies most dangerous ground. If it were not necessary for the safety of the system of religion that Mr. Beecher should be sustained, those who fawn now would be among the first to cry "Away with him," in order that some other aspirant might step to his place.

But, personally, Mr. Beecher is nothing to us, any more than Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Tilton, and people who imagine that we attacked him at the outset in order that his fall might be accomplished, or that we have any desire now that this occur, are very much mistaken. It is himself who is accomplishing his ruin. We opened the way not only for Mr. Beecher's salvation from impending ruin, but for all the others connected with this painful drama; since truth and honorable dealing, and not falsehood and devices, can save anybody who is in danger. From the first this has been to us a question of principle and of a great cause to which persons were merely secondary or subservient. So it now comes that the interest we have in the case is not who shall be saved and who damned, but how much will the cause of social freedom—the cause of woman's sexual emancipation—of the welfare of future generations—be promoted.

For these reasons we have mostly refrained from taking an active part either in the discussion or criticism of any or all of the parties; and have not added any further facts in our possession to swell the enormity to which the case has grown. We were willing that the combatants should fight out the battle, which their cowardice made impossible to be avoided, without any interference on our part. We acted upon the rule that if any wrong thing had been done by anybody, the wrong consisted in the deed and not in the public coming to a knowledge of its wrong; and that anybody whose social or other existence depended upon the concealment of such a deed from the public was certain to be sooner or later exposed, whereupon he would not only be credited with the deed, but also with the folly and hypocrisy of holding a place in public esteem by a fraud upon its intelligence.

We even withheld from our readers, for the same reason, what we have promised them regarding Mr. Beecher's real social views, because, upon second thought, we did not wish by making them public to further weaken him in whatever defense he might have or choose to attempt, any more than we were or are desirous of weakening Mr. Tilton's attack by calling him to an account for the false and malicious statements in reference to ourselves and his connections with us. But the confirmation of whatever we might have said of Mr. Beecher's views has been had from his own pen and lips, and in a much more forcible way than we could have accomplished it. His explanations to Mr. Moulton of his relation with Mrs. Tilton, were to that gentleman "the first attempt at justification of the doctrine of free love that he had heard." We have hoped and still hope that what has occurred in this, affecting our purpose regarding Mr. Beecher, may also occur to affect our present purpose regarding Mr. Tilton—that among themselves the correction of his falsehoods may be accomplished, and that, too, by no interference of ours. Should this, however, fail to occur, there is nothing that shall prevent us from performing the task fearlessly.

Will not Mr. Tilton recognize that nearly every fact stated in the original scandal, which he first denominated as false and malicious, and which he still continues to say, "most of which is untrue," has been confirmed by himself or his witnesses, and that, too, in time to persuade him to adopt a different and manly course, and not seek to avoid the force and logic of his own acts and theories? Nothing less than this can ever restore him to public confidence. He must be just even to "that woman" though her "darkened name" float like a pall before his eyes, since through being just to others only, may he hope ever to have justice for himself. If he has felt it necessary to prevaricate and falsify, thinking by so doing to strengthen himself, it were better for him to at once correct himself before it is done for him.

For instance, would it not be well for him to reconsider his version of "making" and "breaking" the acquaintance of the woman whose "life his pen portrayed in exaggerated colors." And would it not also be well for him to revise his theory of this portrayal, and to reconsider whether this "sketch" was true or untrue, and if it were the former, whether he need to "condemn himself so severely" that he "refuses to be defended" for the deed; but if it were the latter, whether he is not, as he portrays Mr. Beecher to be, when he says of him that "he (Beecher) is convicted of falsehood by the production of his own words?" And might he not well refer to the circumstances under which the "pamphlet on woman suffrage" was written? And more than all the rest, ought he not to reconsider through whose means, principally, it has come about that "that woman" has what he calls a "darkened name," and find if he can that he is blameless? Nor should these things have required a second and open warning had the subject of them been in his right mind, having a proper regard for his own welfare. But we shall not be pushed by the entreaties of friends, which are constantly pressed upon us, nor the stings of enemies and blackguardism which every day accumulate, to take a step ourselves toward setting these matters right, until we are satisfied that our assistance is required to insure its being done. Theodore Tilton, however, ought to know well enough that his last attempt to cast the odium of his ruin, through his so-called "sacrifices," which were really sacrifices of quite another individual, upon us, will meet with the same ultimate defeat that a former effort of his, which he then called his "true statement," met.

If these words of warning require any illustration to make them effectual let it be found in the present difficulties of the prosecution in this case. When the scandal was first published all the parties involved united to lie it down; but it would not down, and those who were then so vehement in their denials are now found making oath to its truth, and a star that was to "shine long after ours had set in darkness," has already been buried in the mud by the hands of those by whose borrowed light it was to shine. It is a wise man who gets wisdom from experience; and we sincerely trust that the experience of the parties to this scandal in the role of "the liar," will appeal to their wisdom and prevent them from electing to cross the stormy ocean upon which they have ventured in the old ship of that name. Let them desert this sinking craft and re-embark upon that one which is so easily managed in the fiercest storms, and which, though it be submerged for a time beneath the waves, never fails to appear again upon their crests and to ride them triumphantly; and they will assuredly be carried safely through whatever tempest may arise, to their destination, even though that "dangerous woman" sail in the same good ship.

NEWSMEN.—Let our friends everywhere see to it that the Newsmen keep the WEEKLY on their counters, remembering that one of the largest and most prosperous businesses in London was built up solely through the employment of persons to travel the city over, asking for its articles at every store. The WEEKLY is "returnable" through the American News Co., so that Newsmen are perfectly safe in ordering a supply from that company, or from any of its agents or correspondents in any of the large cities.

## "THE RUNAWAYS" RETURNED.

As we warned our readers that it would be, before starting on our recent trip, our departure was heralded all over the country, besides being telegraphed to Europe, as having been brought about by parties connected with the social earthquake in Brooklyn. This earthquake is still belching forth its sulphurous fumes, which speak, too clearly for it to be denied, of the rottenness that there have been such strenuous efforts made to effectually stifle and hide, and which alone ought to be a sufficient refutation of such an unfounded and malicious report. Not only was this report greedily seized upon by papers specially inimical to the discussion of the question, the advancement of which was the only final reason that decided us to fire the train that led to the present condition, but they also availed themselves of our absence as a pretext to vent their spleen upon us for having succeeded so thoroughly in what we undertook to do. Whether they would or no, the papers have been compelled to literally give up their columns to the Beecher-Tilton Scandal, as we said they would be obliged to do, and the language for the using of which upon the rostrum and in these columns they have blackguarded us for two years, they have daily spread before their readers,



in almost every column of their papers, until the sexual question and sexual intercourse, to say nothing about Free-love, are freely discussed by promiscuous parties of men, women and children, in all circles of society; and because they have been unable to stem the tide of public demand, or to ignore its behests, they have eased their consciences, if indeed they have anything left that can be called conscience, by calling us hard names for having put them in this predicament.

But we "had run away to Europe carrying with us a large sum of money, the price of our absence," as it was dispatched across the ocean to greet us on our arrival. "The infamous women," said the *Tribune*. "The women who shall be nameless as too base to be mentioned among other women, even though they be black as ravens," said the *Herald*; those prostitutes and blackmailers, squeaked all the lesser broods. But no single one of all this libelous set has ever presented a solitary fact upon which to base any of these gallant and euphonious terms, and were any of them compelled to present a justification for their illegal acts, they would be unable to do so. Pressed to do their utmost they can only say that we broached the Beecher-Tilton Scandal, and that for this we are justly liable to whatever expletive words can be gleaned from the English language.

Well, what will these gentlemen, these honorable gentlemen (?) say now that those who "ran away" to Europe have returned so quickly that the reverberations of these falsehoods of the press had not died away? Will they say that they were mistaken and too hasty in their conclusions? No. They will take care not only not to say anything of the kind, but also to prevent anybody else from using their columns to refute the slander. But these honorable (?) persons may rest assured that the old adage will in this case again be proven true, that

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.

We are all the vile things that these papers have represented us to be, because we told what has been fully established as a part of the truth only, about Henry Ward Beecher, and by so doing have compelled those who have black-guarded us for so doing, to publish not only the confirmation but all the further facts that have been developed as the case has progressed. Therefore, according to their philosophy, we, and not they of whom we speak, are libelers, blackmailers and prostitutes. We cannot refrain, however, from reminding these truth-telling (?) individuals that a resort to hard names without citing the facts to warrant them, carries conviction of the weakness of their cause and their bad faith to the mind of every person whose judgment is worth a straw. When an attorney is pleading a bad case and he has no proofs to offer he always resorts to black-guardism. The present case of the Press vs. "The Run-aways" is an illustration. We defy any or all of them to produce a single fact other than the one cited above to sustain any of these base assertions; and the time will come when they will be compelled, as they have already been in the case of Mr. Beecher, to write down their own condemnation, for their unsuccessful attempt to crush out a woman whose first and last aim and effort have been to emancipate her sex, at whatever sacrifice to herself of private comfort and pecuniary gain.

**RENEWALS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—We must again remind our subscribers that it is their duty when they receive a bill for the renewal of their subscriptions, to at once forward the amount or else to notify us to stop the WEEKLY. This is a matter of a few moments' time and should be promptly attended to in every instance, as a matter of simple justice to us.

#### COURTSHIP PROLONGED.

Under the above heading the *Golden Age* indulges in what appears to the WEEKLY to be a mournful wail over the shortcomings of our present marriage system. We reprint the article, which appears to us to be singularly correct and truthful:

"Very much of the pleasure of courtship comes from the constant attentions of the parties to each other. Their affection voices itself in all possible ways. Every sentence is edged with a compliment and spoken in tender tones. Every look is a confession. Every act is a new word in the exhaustless vocabulary of love. Kiss and caress are parenthetical clauses and gestures in the dialect of love, and gifts and sacrifices are the more emphatic expressions of the spirit no language can fully articulate and no devotion declare. And it is in the fact that affection confesses itself continually in look and word and act, making the voice musical and the fingers poetic in their touch and doing, that makes the experience so beautiful, the only Eden many a woman ever has on earth.

"In courtship nothing is taken for granted. Both parties are put on their good behavior. Love keeps itself fresh and active by constant expression in word and act. But, strange to say, the courtship usually ends in marriage. Very soon both parties yield to the sense of possession, and the feeling of security robs gallantry of motive and extracts the poetry from the mind. The beautiful attentions which were so pleasing before marriage are too often forgotten afterward; the gifts cease or come only with the asking; the music dies out of the voice; everything is taken for granted and the love that, like the silver jet of the fountain, leaped to heaven, denied its natural outlet, ceases to flow alto-

gether. Then comes dull, heavy, hard days, with two unhappinesses tied together wishing themselves apart, and not always content with merely wishing.

"This is unnatural, unwise. What married life wants to give it new tone and sweetness is more of the manner as well as the spirit of the courting time. Love must have expression or it will die. It can be kept forever beautiful and blessed as at the first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service, the stronger and more satisfying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day, and the true marriage vow is made not once for all at the altar, but by loving words and helpful service and delicate attentions to the end. And the more courtship after marriage the better for the married. Indeed, the ideal marriage is one continuous and prolonged courtship."

We do not hold that the change after marriage lamented by the writer is "unnatural and unwise," but look upon it as the almost certain result of our adherence to a false system which aims to establish monogamy by arbitrary law. We believe, as a general rule, that a man finds it necessary to be more attentive to his mistress than to his wife. The reason is obvious. In the latter case the wife is secured to him by the bond of law, while in the former the chain is only that of love, and that is apt to rust if it be not kept bright by constant attention. Legal or ecclesiastical marriage bonds are sad foes to those little attentions and careful kindnesses that the nature of woman constantly demands from her mate; they are apt to beget in both man and woman a carelessness in the performance of those delicate *politesse*s which are the very food of love. There is a finality in the statement, "this is my wife," that to most men conveys an idea of property that is absolutely abhorrent to all right-thinking women, though man has good grounds for asserting and indeed feeling such to be the case. Has not the partner he has chosen surrendered herself to him, and permitted her very name to be annihilated in order to exhibit her affection? Bound captive by the law, and helpless at his feet, is it any wonder that most men, under such circumstances, consider themselves as woman's conquerors, and refuse to take up again the role of solicitors. But, where is the woman that does not feel that, on affectional questions, the position of a solicitor is man's proper place, though all the bibles in the world testify to the contrary? On sexual affairs woman is naturally queen, she cannot abdicate her throne until she changes her nature.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of attention to the seemingly minor matters of wedded life. Take away your marriage laws and they would be attended to far better than they are now; it is they that clip the wings of "Love," and then men and women are astonished to find that their idol has changed into "Duty." After it is so changed it is no wonder that the true God returns and ejects his tame successor with contempt. Then follow in dreadful train, hypocrisy, lying, anger, hatred and murder. Thus is the world filled with social crimes. Inconstancy of affection is not the real cause of such troubles, but hard, cold, stern marriage and social laws which have converted women into slaves. These are all based on the laws of Moses, which, four thousand years ago, were perhaps fit for a rude race just emerging from barbarism, but are both useless and highly detrimental to the well-being of the civilized peoples of the earth in the present period.

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**—Our friends ought never to forget that the public press, in favor of the old and worn out social system, takes every opportunity to prejudice the minds of the liberally inclined against the WEEKLY. If efforts from some quarter are not put forth to oppose this influence, it is easy to see that the grand doctrines of woman's emancipation cannot spread rapidly. We do whatever we can upon the rostrum and in the distribution, as far as we are able, of sample copies of the WEEKLY, and Hull's *Crucible* does glorious work in the same direction; but it must be remembered that without the personal efforts of all who are in favor of social reform, it cannot make much headway against the organized opposition that confronts it upon all sides. Every reader of the WEEKLY ought to have interest enough to secure at least one new subscriber. In this way the principles which it advocates may find their way into many a sorrowing heart to comfort and cheer. Let the patrons of reform papers have, first, the courage of their opinions, and then the further courage to do what they can to spread them among their friends and neighbors.

#### "SELLING OUT."

We do not like to think that many of our friends are foolish enough to even imagine that the malicious stories floating about in the public press, to the effect that we have sold out to Mr. Beecher for ten or fifteen thousand dollars, or any other sum, have any foundation in fact. So long as these were confined to the papers we could not afford to stoop to notice them, but when we are constantly in receipt of letters, which seem to be the offspring of great nervousness lest we have done so, we feel constrained to speak. Really we do not know whether to laugh at the simplicity which can suggest such a thing or to treat the more serious complaints with the contempt which they deserve. If there had been any sale in us would it not have been more likely to have exhibited itself when there was money, and large

sums too, offered, and that when the penitentiary was staring us in the face? After the trials, suffering and privations which we have undergone on account of our connection with the Beecher-Tilton Scandal, all of which we could have escaped and been largely paid, it is an insult which we can find no words to properly characterize, to offer us this affront. Besides, what is there to sell? Have not Mr. Beecher's own words affirmed all and more than we ever charged him with having done? And are there not six living witnesses to sustain Mr. Tilton's suits against Mr. Beecher in the courts, each one of whom will testify to the main fact? What could we sell that could be of service to Mr. B. against such testimony? Moreover, Mr. B. is not fool enough to spend his money in any such unprofitable manner. But once for all: we have never received a dollar or any other consideration from Mr. Beecher, or from any one for Mr. Beecher, or from any other party connected with this Scandal, or from any one for any party connected with it, either to offer or to withhold any testimony. We trust this may be received as final.

We ask the special attention of our readers to the series of articles that is to appear in the WEEKLY, begun in the last number, entitled "The New Religion—Universal Justice." The ultimate condition of humanity will be foreshadowed in this series, as well as the means by which it must, and the reasons why it should be reached.

#### A POSITIVE STAND AT LAST.

We are sorry to have to announce the *Banner of Light* which has so long battled for freedom in so many directions, has at last felt it necessary to pronounce decidedly against social freedom, which it does in the following emphatic words in its issue of September 19:

"It has again and again avowed itself the stern opposer of the doctrine of free love."

Our readers will observe, therefore, that since the *Banner* is a stern opposer of free love that it must be a rigid advocate of enforced lust, as we recently showed too conclusively to be evaded that whoever is not in favor of free love must necessarily be in favor of enforced lust. We repeat that we are sorry to see the old and brave *Banner* driven to such an extremity, and to such a departure from logic and good sense as to call free love "a license to passion and ignorance." Whereas the only thing known to civilization which is a license to passion and ignorance is the present marriage law, which delivers women over to men to be their bond-slaves sexually, subjecting them to intercourse against their wills and to child-bearing under conditions that people the earth with physical, intellectual and moral dwarfs and monstrosities. Nevertheless, our readers and the public must remember that the *Banner of Light* can no longer be considered as favorable to a freedom any broader than we have at present; indeed, that it must be held to be an advocate of something "far more stringent than present marriage laws."

#### MASCULINE SEXUAL TYRANNY.

The Christian idea practically, if not theoretically, is that man can hold sexual commerce with woman, but that woman cannot and shall not hold unlegalized sexual commerce with man without the direct and most terrific punishment. This domination of man in affectional matters is an utter usurpation, and all women know it to be such; and the reversal of this order, which is advocated by the WEEKLY, is the one thing needful to harmonize the social and sexual affairs of society. After Professor Denslow, many of the so-called religious papers have and do deride Theodore Tilton for his kind and loving treatment of his wife, because it is contrary to the Christian practice. Like the professor they not unfrequently intimate that "a conservative man of honor would have probably shot Beecher, certainly would have cow-hided and exposed him."

But we object to these barbarisms of the dark ages. They serve no purpose save that of malice or revenge, neither of which do we hold to be virtues. They will not reinstate a man in a woman's affections, whether she be a mistress or a wife. No law man can make can really bind a woman. The poet Scott says from the mouth of the Knight Marmion:

"We hold our greyhound in our hand,  
Our falcon on our glove;  
But where shall we find leash or band  
For dame that loves to rove?"

Where, indeed, the foolish laws of priests and lawyers to the contrary, notwithstanding; and it is the ridiculous effort to enforce such edicts that causes a considerable part of the social sorrows of mankind.

#### INCONSISTENT.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* states that Dr. Dollinger desires to form a union between the Old Catholics, the Greek Church, the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. He, however, strenuously denies the right of private judgment, and holding such an opinion, we are fain to inquire how comes it that he stands outside of the Roman Catholic Church? It is monstrously inconsistent in him to claim that right for himself which he denies to other individuals. If his position be correct, Dr. Dollinger's infallibility is superior to that the world's bishops conferred on Pío Nono,



## CHRISTIAN STATESMANSHIP.

The God of the *Christian Statesman* is lazy. He won't work. He neglects his duties. He ought to be spanked for permitting "the Woodhulls" to return home safely from Europe after having received the following notification from his followers:

The Woodhulls have gone to Europe. If they return in safety we shall wonder at the mysterious dispensation, but shall conclude that God has some wise though inscrutable end to serve by their presence.—*Christian Statesman*.

We are indebted for the above to that brave old asserter of the rights of the people, the *Boston Investigator*, which comments on it thus:

That is the pious style for hoping they may drown, and that would be their fate if praying could bring it about.—*Boston Investigator*.

Even so, but they are not drowned, and, if we believe in any devil, we should have the right to maintain that the *Christian Statesman's* "God" was not so strong as our "Devil." But is the above "mysterious dispensation" Christianity? Because, if it be, we don't like it, and feel that under the circumstances we ought not to be damned for expressing such an opinion. True, we candidly exonerate the Great Nazarene from having anything to do with any such folly. He said, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," but we do not infer from it that he meant that there would be cause for rejoicing, in that locality, over half a dozen sinners that were drowned, as would appear to be the case with the above-mentioned *Christian Statesman*.

## OUR LECTURE SEASON.

We are happy to be able to announce to our friends all over the country that we have returned from our trip to Europe refreshed and strengthened in health, and eager to re-enter the lecture-field in defense and advocacy of those truths which, we believe, must finally be the foundation for the salvation of the world from sorrow and suffering. The intense agitation of the social question through the discussion of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal has caused the thinking people to ask earnestly, "What is to take the place of a social system which this scandal has shown to be tottering to age and decay?" One of our principal efforts during the coming season will be satisfactorily and rationally to answer this question, and we feel warranted in saying in advance that when it is answered, all the doubts and fears of anarchy and confusion which now occupy the minds of the timorous, will be quickly dispelled, and the most conservative will be willing to acknowledge that it must be a happy change that will bring such a consummation. We expect to begin our season about the 1st of October. Those who desire to effect engagements any where in the United States should make early application, as our routes will be arranged several weeks ahead.

41 JERMYN STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, Sept. 9, 1874.

Dear Weekly—"Tis a long time, so it seems to me, since I've addressed a communication to your columns, and I do so now to ease the minds of some well-intentioned but inquisitive people concerning the reason of my absence from the paper.

I did not "leave off writing for WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY" because I was disgusted with Victoria Woodhull and because I had found out she was not worthy of my adherence."

In the first place, I do not presume to think the lowest sinner unworthy of me. And in the next place, I will assert that, as far as my intercourse with Victoria Woodhull is concerned, and as far as all the tales and slanders and charges against her go, I've never for an instant changed my opinion, nor do I intend to, till I find something like proof existing, that she is not just what I have ever considered her, since my interest in her was first awakened, namely, a devoted woman to her highest truth, and a humanitarian of the broadest, the clearest and purest conceptions.

When all her friends have been on the point of swerving, for this, that and the other appearance, and when all her enemies have been moving heaven and earth to destruction, I wish to assure all interested in knowing, that I have never swerved from my allegiance to her and her cause. She has unfolded to me what I am pleased to faithfully believe the highest and purest truth I have yet reached, and, please the unseen power of the universe, I intend to stick to her and my truth, which she has revealed or made clear. And it will never matter to me what evidence be brought to bear against her life and character, for it will never effect her truth, since truth is truth forevermore, no matter how we progress from one truth to a higher. Yesterday's truth is stale to-day; and the vital truth of to-day, to-morrow may require another Christ to ascend another Calvary to advance.

To set all minds at rest that are so deeply interested as to my "conversion from the error of my views," and that have not failed to misrepresent my absence from the WEEKLY just as people misrepresent Victoria's absence from America, and just as all the world misrepresents whatever it knows nothing at all about, I herein declare that my highest hope for this world and for the next is in the progress of Victoria Woodhull's views and principles, and my faith in her motives and measures are unchanged, and likely to remain so till I find ampler evidence against her than that which the great cormorant, society, accepts for proof—namely, an appearance of evil.

I trust the inspiration to write for the truth that still guides me may soon return: for more and more do I become convinced, as I go about and witness the utter hollowness and falsity of our present social status, that revolution is imminent and must come! And my constant prayer is, not to be weighed in the balance and found wanting, when a time of fiery trial comes, as come it may to all who hold in earnest trust an eternal truth.

HELEN NASH.

## TILTON'S STATEMENT.

(Continued from page 7.)

ness with which he denounced her for betraying her pastor to her husband—all this tale still lingers in my mind like a remembered horror.

The above plain statement of facts, fortified by documentary evidence proving that my interview with Mr. Beecher occurred before and not after my "loss of place and salary," effectually puts an end to the following passage in the committee's verdict—a passage which constitutes one of the principal findings of that strange tribunal. The committee say:

It is clear that on the 29th of December, when the so-called memorandum of confession was procured from Mrs. Tilton, the chief inciting cause of that step on Tilton's part was his belief that Mr. Beecher had caused him his loss of place, business and repute.

The above conclusion, drawn by the committee from the false facts which I have exposed, must be delivered over to the limbo of those remarkable insurance policies touching which Mr. Beecher swore to be in profound and perfect health, while at the same time he was on the daily edge of death from a hypochondria, inherited from his grandfather, and from a remorse consequent upon giving bad advice.

VIII. About one-half of the committee's verdict is based on another equally remarkable falsehood, which I shall so completely expose that I believe the authors of it will receive the ridicule of a community whom they have attempted to deceive. The chief argument by the committee is that my real charge against Mr. Beecher was simply "improper proposals," not "adultery," that they never heard of my charging him with "adultery" until I trumped up this latter accusation as part of a conspiracy which Mr. Moulton and I were prosecuting against Mr. Beecher with slow patience and for greed of gain! Without this argument, which comprises one-half the committee's report, they would never have been able to make a report at all. But I shall rip this argument so completely out of the report that that document will at one stroke be torn in twain, and the half which is devoted to this fabrication will be cast aside as waste paper.

First, to do no injustice to the committee, let me give them the chance of stating their argument in their own words, as follows:

We believe (say they), and propose to show, from the evidence, that the original charge was improper advances, and that as time passed and the conspiracy deepened it was enlarged into adultery. The importance of this is apparent, because if the charge has been so changed then both Tilton and Moulton are conspirators and convicted of a vile fraud, which necessarily ends their influence in this controversy. What is the proof (they add) that the charge in the first instance was adultery?

I cannot understand, except on one ground, how Mr. Beecher's lawyers (since they are attendants at his church and acquainted with its proceedings) should have had the boldness to assume such a position as the above, since they must have known that I could disprove their fallacious statement by the official records of Plymouth Church itself. The one ground on which I presume they based their daring assertion was their supposition that I possessed no official copy of the papers in a certain famous proceeding in Plymouth Church, which Mr. Beecher, with a rare hypocrisy, describes as his "attempt to keep me from public trial by the church." Perhaps Mr. Beecher and his committee thought that in this case, too, "the papers had been burned." But I shall not allow him to escape "so as by fire."

Let me explain:

A few weeks after Mrs. Tilton's confession in July, 1870, and several months before Mr. Beecher's apology, I communicated the fact of their criminal intimacy to a grave and discreet friend of our family, Mrs. Martha B. Bradshaw, of Brooklyn, one of the best known and most honored members of Plymouth Church. The same information was subsequently given to Mrs. Bradshaw by Mrs. Tilton herself. On the basis of this information in the possession of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. William F. West, a member of Plymouth Church, relying on Mrs. Bradshaw to be a witness, indicted me before the church for circulating scandalous reports against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. West's charges and specifications, although a matter of notoriety at the time, have never yet been published. I herewith commit them to print for the purpose of showing that the verdict of Mr. Beecher's committee stands disproved in its chief and central allegation by the official records of Plymouth Church itself. Mr. Beecher's six committeemen, like Mr. Beecher himself, have "bad memories." Let me not attempt to portray the mortification of this committee and their attorneys at reading the following correct copy of official papers adopted by Plymouth Church, of which the originals are in my possession:

MR. TALLMADGE TO MR. TILTON.

BROOKLYN, October 7, 1873.

MR. THEODORE TILTON:

Dear Sir—At a meeting of the Examining Committee of Plymouth Church, held this evening, the clerk of the committee was instructed to forward to you a copy of the complaint and specifications made against you by Mr. William F. West, and was requested to notify you that any answer to the charges that you might desire to offer to the committee may be sent to the clerk on or before Thursday, October 23, 1873.

I closed I hand you a copy of the charges and specifications referred to. Yours very respectfully,  
393 Bridge street.

D. W. TALLMADGE.

COPY

Of the charges and specifications made by William F. West against Theodore Tilton.

I charge Theodore Tilton, a member of this church, with having circulated and promoted scandals derogatory to the Christian integrity of our pastor, and injurious to the reputation of this church.

Specifications:

First—In an interview between Theodore Tilton and the Rev. E. L. Taylor, D. D., at the office of the Brooklyn Union, in the spring of 1871, the said Theodore Tilton stated that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached to several (seven or eight) of his mistresses every Sunday evening. Upon being rebuked by Dr. Taylor, he reiterated the charge, and said that he would make it in Mr. Beecher's presence if desired.

Witness:

Rev. E. L. TAYLOR, D. D.

Second—In a conversation with Mr. Andrew Bradshaw, in the latter part of November, 1872, Theodore Tilton requested Mr. Bradshaw not to repeat certain statements which had previously been made to him by Mr. Tilton, adding that he retracted none of the accusations which he had formerly made against Mr. Beecher, but that he wished to hush

the scandal on Mr. Beecher's account; that Mr. Beecher was a bad man and not a safe person to be allowed to visit the families of his church; that if ever this scandal were cleared up he (Tilton) would be the only one of the three involved who would be unhurt by it, and that he was silently suffering for Mr. Beecher's sake.

Witness:

ANDREW BRADSHAW.

Third—At an interview with Mrs. Andrew Bradshaw, in Thompson's dining-rooms on Clinton street, on or about the 3d day of August, 1870, Theodore Tilton stated that he had discovered that a criminal intimacy existed between his wife and Mr. Beecher. Afterward, in November, 1872, referring to the above conversation, Mr. Tilton said to Mrs. Bradshaw that he retracted none of the accusations which we had formerly made against Mr. Beecher.

Witness:

MRS. ANDREW BRADSHAW.

It will be seen from the third specification in the above document that I was indicted by Plymouth Church, and that an attempt was made to bring me to trial because I had said on the 3d of August, 1870, that I had discovered a CRIMINAL INTIMACY between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton. The date mentioned in this specification, namely, the 3d of August, 1870, was only THIRTY DAYS after Mrs. Tilton's confession of July 3 of that year! What shall be thought of the report of a so-called investigating committee of Plymouth Church which, in order to maintain and uphold the pastor's false denial of my true charge against him, is compelled, in his defense, to falsify the records of his own church? The committee's question, "What is the proof that the charge in the first instance was adultery?" meets in the above official document by Plymouth Church so point-blank an answer that I am almost tempted to return to these six gentlemen the epithets they have put upon Mr. Moulton and me, and to say that for their own verdict, judged by their own church records, they stand "convicted of a vile fraud."

The above church record completely nullifies one-half—more than half—of the committee's report!

IX. In order that I may not need to refer again to Mr. West's charge and specifications, I may as well append in this place my proper comment on Mr. Beecher's extraordinary claim that I owe him gratitude for having kept me, as he says, from a "public trial by the church."

Why did Mr. Beecher keep me from a public trial by the church? It was to save, not me, but himself. It was not I, but he, who feared to be tried, and who put forth the labors of a Hercules to prevent a trial. And with good reason; for, unless Mr. Beecher's case in that perilous hour had been conducted by the present committee of six, on their novel plan of acquitting at all hazards, the trial would have proven him guilty. With wise sagacity, therefore, Mr. Beecher sought to keep me from that trial in order to save himself from that ruin. I well remember how, at that time, he spoke of his anxious and sleepless nights, full of fear and apprehension at the possible failure of his cunning attempt to prevent the coming on of a trial which, at the same time, he had to pretend to invite.

Furthermore, Mr. Beecher, evidently sharing the conviction of the committee that I possessed no official copy of Mr. West's charges and specifications, ventured to speak of Mr. West's fearful indictment as follows, namely, that it

Presented no square issues upon which his (Mr. Beecher's) guilt or innocence could be tried.

And yet what issues could be more pointed and direct? If a clergyman is openly accused of adultery, and the indictment gives specifications, names, dates and witnesses, does not the case present "a square issue?" I know whereof I affirm when I say that Mr. Beecher feared and dreaded the prospect of that trial, not because the "issues were not square," but, on the contrary, because the issues were so sharp and clear-cut that he dared not cast himself on their "rough and ragged edge."

Let me in this connection notice another point. The committee have a singular way of arguing that the original charge could not have been "adultery," because (as they say) Mrs. Tilton's written retraction indicated only "improper proposals." With an extraordinary inconsistency of reasoning, the verdict has the following remarks:

It is said, further, that Mr. Beecher confessed the act of adultery. Such alleged confession is not consistent with the retraction he received that evening from Mrs. Tilton. Is it likely, if the main offense had been charged, Mr. Beecher would have been satisfied with anything short of a retraction of that?

The logic of the above is most pitiable. A clergyman is charged with adultery. He goes to the guilty woman and demands that she shall give him a written retraction. He carries to her bedside paper, pen and ink, and compels her to phrase this retraction to suit him exactly. What does he make her say? Merely that there was no adultery? No, he makes her say still more than this—that there has been not even an attempt at such. Having appealed to her fears, having (as he admits) "used strong language to her," in other words, having intimidated her to do his bidding, he compels her to declare, not only that there was no "adultery," but that there was not even an "impure proposal." Is not this the most comprehensive retraction possible of the original charge? Suppose I—Mr. Beecher's accuser—had given to him a certificate that he had never made to my wife an "impure proposal?" Would he not plead such a certificate as abundantly—aye, superabundantly—acquitting him of the charge of "adultery?" The committee know well enough that the retraction of a charge of "impure proposals" covers—and more than covers—the charge of "adultery." The logic of the verdict is unworthy of the name of reasoning.

The same may be said of another paragraph in this sapient verdict—a statement of theirs which I am loath to charge upon these six gentlemen as a willful misrepresentation, and yet it seems as if they had here misrepresented me purposely and not by accident. The committee quote from their own garbled report of my examination a mention made by me of the fact that Mr. Beecher, on the day after sending me his apology through Mr. Moulton, visited me at Mr. Moulton's house. The committee quote from their report of my remarks the following words:

He (Beecher) burst out in an expression of great sorrow to me, and said he hoped the communication which he had sent to me by Mr. Moulton was satisfactory to me. He then and there told Mr. Moulton he had done wrong; not so much as some others had (referring to his



wife, who had made statements to Mr. Bowen that ought to be unmade), and he there volunteered to write a letter to Mr. Bowen concerning the facts which he had misstated.

Now notice the captious use which the committee make of the above quotation. They say:

If the wrong to which Mr. Beecher refers was adultery, how could these words be used in reference to it: "He had done wrong; not so much as some others"? The absurdity of such a claim is clear.

The above comment which the committee make on my words, as anybody will see by looking carefully at the words themselves, has no application whatever to my words. When Mr. Beecher said that "he had done me wrong, but not so much as some others had done," he was referring, as the report itself shows, not to his crime of adultery, but "to his wife, who had made statements to Mr. Bowen which ought to be unmade." The committee devote a laborious paragraph to show that if Mr. Beecher had done less wrong than others, this "wrong" could not have been "adultery." The committee themselves, if they had carefully read their own quotation from their own report of my examination, would have seen that Mr. Beecher, in the above-named interview with me, spoke first of the crime for which he had written me the apology of the night before, and that he then made a totally distinct and separate reference to an additional wrong which he had come that morning to undo—namely, the wrong of having given slanderous reports to Mr. Bowen concerning myself; a wrong which, Mr. Beecher said to me, he had not committed to so great an extent as his wife and Mrs. Morse had done. Promptly on the publication of the committee's report of my examination, I published a card saying that this report had been garbled and was incorrect at many points. Among the points which I designated to several members of the press who called upon me at the time, was the bungling manner in which the above interview between Mr. Beecher and myself was described.

The committee say further:

In the written statement of the offense shown to Dr. Storrs by Tilton and Carpenter, which was made in Mrs. Tilton's handwriting, under the demand of her husband, who says he dictated the precise words characterizing the offense, the charge was an improper proposal.

I will once again give the committee a direct negative to this statement, as I did during my examination. The letter above referred to, in Mrs. Tilton's handwriting, is as follows:

DECEMBER 16, 1872.

In July, 1870, prompted by my duty, I informed my husband that Rev. H. W. Beecher, my friend and pastor, had solicited me to be a wife to him, together with all that this implies.

The entire letter, of which the above is the first sentence, was composed by Mrs. Tilton, except only the above sentence, which was mine. I suggested the above form of expression to her, because she was at that time in a delicate mood of conscience and desired to confess the whole truth to Dr. Storrs, in hope thereby to end the troubles. She said she had grown tired of telling falsehoods, and if Dr. Storrs was to give wise counsel, he ought to know the whole case. It was no unusual thing for her to be in the state of mind which she exhibited on that occasion. There was always an undercurrent of conscience running through all her thoughts, and she frequently lamented to me her sad fate to be condemned to "live a lie." Accordingly, she sought in the above letter to Dr. Storrs to tell the whole truth—not a part of it. I was unwilling that she should make such a damaging confession. She insisted that she must cease her falsehood at some time, and that that was a proper time. It was to meet this demand of her conscience that I framed for her the sentence above quoted—a sentence not inconsistent with the exact truth, because the words "together with all that this implies" might be as readily taken to imply that she had yielded to Mr. Beecher's solicitation as that she had rejected it. Dr. Storrs, in reading the above letter, seemed to take for granted from its terms that Mrs. Tilton had not yielded to this solicitation, and I did not undeceive him. I repeat that the opening sentence of the letter was framed by me expressly to satisfy Mrs. Tilton's desire to confess the whole truth—a desire on her part which I contemplated with pain and apprehension, and from which I sought to shield her by the above form of words. The committee are guilty of little less than sharp practice in commenting on this phraseology as they have done in their verdict, for I was explicit to give them the exact explanation on which I have given here.

But nothing is so astounding to me in the committee's report as the following statement bearing on this same point:

The further fact [they say] that Tilton treated the matter during four years as an offense which could properly be apologized for and forgiven is wholly inconsistent with the charge in its present form.

The committee express the same idea in a still more specious phraseology, as follows:

If Moulton [say they] understood the charge to be adultery, then he is entitled to the credit of the invention or discovery that this crime can be the subject of an apology.

The above sentiment, thus put forth by the committee, may possibly represent the club-house code of morals and of honor, but it seems to me that a church committee is bound to hold that no crime or wrong-doing should be beyond the Christian forgiveness of those against whom it is committed, and, in particular, that the crime in the present case should have reminded a churchly tribunal of the immortal maxim of Him who said of the woman taken in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee."

X. Since, however, the Plymouth Church Committee abandons the Christian code of morality on this subject, and substitutes a more popular and cruel opinion—which I think should be tempered with greater lenity toward women who err—I will convict Mr. Beecher by the world's code of honor in such cases. It is a prime law of conduct among what are called "men of the world" that if a man has received a lady's extreme gift he is bound to protect her reputation and to shield her against any and every hazard of exposure. What, then, in view of this law, is the just measure of obloquy which "men of the world," according to their own etiquette of behavior, should visit upon Mr. Beecher, who after having subdued a lady to his sexual uses for a period of more than a year, at last, in a spirit of bravado and desperation, publicly appoints a committee of six men, with two attorneys, to inquire into the facts of her guilt, involving her

inevitable exposure and ruin? Even Mr. Beecher's worldly-minded champion, Mr. Kinsella, though accused of the same kind of seduction, has proved more forbearing to his victim.

XI. Mr. Beecher, after giving his lifetime (according to his sister, Mrs. Hooker) to the study of the free-love philosophy; after having surreptitiously practiced free-love in my own house, in the corruption of a Christian wife and mother; after having confessed to Mr. Moulton and me more adulterous alliances than that one; after all this, Mr. Beecher goes back in his fictitious defense to the closing years of my connection with the *Independent* and speaks of me in the following terms:

His (Mr. Tilton's) loose notions of marriage and divorce begin to be shadowed editorially.

To this I make two replies—one general, the other specific. In general, I say that I have never entertained loose notions of marriage. My notions of marriage are those which are common throughout Christendom. But I rejoice to say that my notions of divorce are at variance with the laws of my own State, and are expressed in the statutes of Wisconsin. I have strenuously urged the abrogation of the New York code of divorce (which is for one cause alone), and have asked for the substitution of the more liberal legislation of New England and the West.

Next, I reply in particular that the first article which I wrote in the *Independent* that elicited any criticism for what Mr. Beecher now calls my "loose notions of marriage and divorce," was a defense of Mrs. Richardson in the McFarland trial. But if I was wrong in my estimate of that case, Mr. Beecher was far more wrong than I, for he went to the Astor House, and at Richardson's dying bed performed a marriage ceremony between that bleeding sufferer and a lady who was then the divorced (or undivorced) wife of the assassin. Mr. Beecher cannot condemn me for anything that I said growing out of that case without still more severely condemning himself. In proof of this statement I cite the testimony of William O. Bartlett, now one of Mr. Beecher's lawyers, defending Mr. Beecher for a far more unpardonable seduction than that whereof Mr. Richardson was accused. Mr. Bartlett published in the New York *Sun* on the day after Mr. Beecher's performance of the Astor House marriage the following bitter characterization of Mr. Beecher's conduct on that occasion:

WHAT MR. BEECHER'S CHIEF ATTORNEY THINKS OF HIM.

The Astor House in this city was the scene on Tuesday afternoon of a ceremony which seems to us to set at defiance all those sentiments respecting the relation of marriage which regard it as anything intrinsically superior to prostitution. The high priest of this occasion was Henry Ward Beecher. \* \* \* As the great and eloquent John Whipple said: "He who enters the dwelling of a friend and, under the protection of friendship and hospitality, corrupts the integrity of his wife or daughter, by the common consent of mankind ought to be consigned to an immediate gallows." \* \* \* Consider, married men of New York! husbands and fathers! by what frail and bitter tenure your homes are yours. If you fail in business—and it is said that ninety-five out of one hundred business men fail—then your neighbor may charm away your wife, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher stands ready to marry her to the first libertine who will pay—not in affection, but in gold or greenbacks—the price of her frail charms. \* \* \* Yes, it is the pious, the popular, the admired, the revered Henry Ward Beecher, who comes boldly and even proudly forward, holding by the hand and leading Lust to her triumph over religion! Who can read the narrative and not wish that Plymouth Church were not sunk into the ground until the peak of its gable should be beneath the surface of the earth?

The above was the judgment of Mr. Beecher's present chief counsellor touching Mr. Beecher's action in the celebrated case concerning which, for some comments of mine in the *Independent*, Mr. Beecher has now the effrontery to accuse me of having, in 1869, "shadowed" in my editorials "loose notions of marriage and divorce."

XII. Mr. Beecher, with equal inconsistency, seeks to becloud me with the odium which attaches to Mrs. Woodhull's name. I am justly entitled to a severe—perhaps to an unsparing—criticism by the public, for having linked my name with that woman, and particularly for having lent my pen to the portrayal of her life in the exaggerated colors in which I once painted it in a biographical sketch. But among all my critics who have stamped this brochure with their just opprobrium, I have never yet found any one who has denounced me for it half so severely as I have condemned myself. Nobody shall have my consent to defend me for having written that sketch. I refuse to be defended.

But, having made this explicit statement against myself—which justice requires—I am entitled to tell the precise story of my relations with Mrs. Woodhull, and to compare these with Mr. Beecher's relations with the same woman, at the same time and to the same end.

About a year after Mrs. Tilton's confession to me, Victoria C. Woodhull published in the *World* and the *Times* the card quoted in my sworn statement, saying that "a distinguished clergyman in a neighboring city was living in concubinage with the wife of another public teacher in the same city."

On the publication of this card Mrs. Woodhull—to whom I was then a stranger—sent for me and informed me that this card referred to Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton. I was stunned by the intelligence, for I instantly felt that the guilty secret which Mr. Moulton was trying to suppress was in danger of coming to the surface. Taking advantage of my surprise on that occasion, Mrs. Woodhull poured forth in vehement speech the hundred or more particulars (most of which were untrue) that afterward constituted the scandalous tale of November 2, 1872.

Meanwhile the fact that she possessed such knowledge, and had the audacity to fling it into my very face, led me to seek Mr. Moulton at once for counsel. We felt that some influence must be brought to bear upon this strange woman to induce her to suppress this dangerous tale. We thought that kindness was the best influence that we could use. Mr. Beecher concurred with us in this view, and we all joined in the policy of rendering her such services as would naturally (so we supposed) put the person who received them under obligation to the doers.

In carrying out this policy Mr. Beecher joined with us and approved our course. He made Mrs. Woodhull's personal acquaintance, and strove by his kindly interest in her to

maintain and increase her good-will. He says that he saw her but three times, but his "memory of dates and details is bad," and I myself have been in her presence with him more times than that. He took uncommon pains to impress upon her his respectful consideration, and, though I never heard them discuss each other's views to any prolonged extent, I once heard him say to her that the time might come when the rules by which thoroughbred animals are brought to perfection would govern the relations of men and women.

I declare explicitly that Mr. Beecher fostered the acquaintance which Mr. Moulton and I made with Mrs. Woodhull. He urged us to maintain it, and begged us not to lose our hold upon her; he constantly inquired of us as to the ascendancy which we held over her, and always said that he looked as much to our influence with Mrs. Woodhull to keep back the scandal from publication as to any other positive means of future safety, both for my family and his.

When Mrs. Stowe made an elaborate attack on Mrs. Woodhull in the *Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher was in great distress until Mr. Moulton and I reported to him that we had seen Colonel Blood and had urged him to publish a kindly instead of a revengeful reply to Mrs. Stowe's attack. Mr. Beecher's gratification which he expressed at this was of no ordinary kind. Mr. Beecher said to me on that occasion that every service which I could render to her was a service to him.

Among the services which I thus rendered—for his sake, because for Mrs. Tilton's—was the writing of an elaborate pamphlet on woman suffrage, which cost me a week of hard labor. Another service was the biographical sketch to which I have already alluded, and which, so far as I was concerned, was the work of only a single day, for my task consisted only in the rewriting of a sketch already prepared by her husband, the original manuscript of which I still possess. The third and last public service which I rendered to her was to preside at Steinway Hall on an occasion when I had some expectation that Mr. Beecher himself would fill the chair.

My entire acquaintance with Mrs. Woodhull was comprised between the month of May, 1871, and the month of April, 1872—less than a year—and during a great part of that time I was absent from the city on a lecturing tour. During my whole acquaintance with her I never heard from her lips an unladylike word nor noted in her behavior an unchaste act. Whatever she may have since become (and I know not), she was then high in the esteem of Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker, and other persons whose judgment of what constitutes a good woman I took to be sound and final. The story of any ill-behavior between Mrs. Woodhull and me, she herself has done me the justice—unasked by me—to deny with the proper indignation which belongs to an outrage against the truth. I broke with her suddenly in the spring of 1872, because she threatened to attack several of the lady advocates of the woman suffrage cause, whom I knew and honored. In a frank conversation which I had with her at that time, full of vehemence on my part, I denounced her proposed course, washed my hands of all responsibility for it and her, and have never seen her since.

But in thus voluntarily breaking my acquaintance and co-operation with Mrs. Woodhull, I did not have the approval either of Mrs. Tilton or Mr. Beecher, both of whom felt that I had acted unwisely in parting from her so suddenly. Mr. Beecher, in particular, feared that the future would not be secure if Mrs. Woodhull were left unrestrained by Mr. Moulton or myself. Mrs. Tilton, though she grew to have a personal antipathy toward Mrs. Woodhull, nevertheless took several occasions to show friendliness toward her, and once sent her a gift-book inscribed with the words:

To my friend, Victoria C. Woodhull.

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

Moreover, Mrs. Tilton wrote to me from Schenectady, June 29, 1871, expressing her satisfaction with an article which I had written in the *Golden Age*, the object of which was to give to Mrs. Woodhull an honorable place in the woman suffrage movement. This article was entitled "A Legend of Good Women," and the women whom I named in it were Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Paulina Wright Davis, Victoria C. Woodhull, and Isabella Beecher Hooker. In this article I spoke of all those persons in such complimentary terms as I then thought their lives and labors deserved. The article was dated June 20, 1871. Mrs. Tilton's letter approving it contained the following words:

The "Legend" seems an ingenious stroke of policy to control and hold together the fractious elements of that noble band.

In view of such a letter, with such a date—namely, a year after Mrs. Tilton's confession and a half year after Mr. Beecher's apology—I need not comment on the pretence that one of the causes of the trouble which led to the scenes of December, 1870, ending with Mr. Beecher's apology, was my relations with Mrs. Woodhull—whom I never saw till half a year afterward, and whom Mrs. Tilton herself was complimenting at a still later period as one of "a noble band."

Mr. Beecher's extraordinary statement that he besought me to part from Mrs. Woodhull is not only wholly untrue, but even after I had parted from her, which I did in the spring of 1872, he wanted me to renew my good-will toward her.

It was not until after the publication of her malicious story, November 2, 1872, that Mr. Beecher besought me to print a card publicly disavowing Mrs. Woodhull; but his sole object in then wishing me to do so was that my disavowal would be a denial of Mrs. Woodhull's charge incriminating his character.

I will simply add that my relations with Mrs. Woodhull differed in no kind, almost in no degree, from Mr. Beecher's relations with her, except only that I saw her more frequently than he, and was less smooth-spoken to her face, and less insulting behind her back; nor can Mr. Beecher now throw over me the shadow of Mrs. Woodhull's darkened name, without also covering his own with the same cloud.

XIII. In my sworn statement I made oath to the fact that Mr. Beecher confessed to me his criminal intimacy with



Mrs. Tilton. I will state the substance of this confession, which was often renewed and repeated:

On the night of December 30, 1870, during my interview with him at Mr. Moulton's house, he received my accusation without denial, and confessed it by his assenting manner and grief.

In the apology written January 1, 1871, which he sent me through Mr. Moulton, his contrition was based on the fact that both Mr. Moulton and I had become acquainted with his guilt.

During the subsequent personal interview, which took place between Mr. Beecher and myself at Mr. Moulton's house a few mornings afterward, Mr. Beecher in set terms spoke to Mr. Moulton and myself of the agony and remorse which he had suffered within the past few days at having brought ruin and blight upon Elizabeth and her family. He buried his face in his hands and wept, saying that he ought to bear the whole blame, because from his ripe age and sacred office he was unpardonably culpable in leading her astray. He assured me that during the earlier years of his friendship for Elizabeth and she had no sexual commerce with each other, and that the latter feature of their intimacy had been maintained between them not much over a year and less than a year and a half.

He said to me that I must do with him what I would—he would not resist me—but that if I could possibly restore Elizabeth to my love and respect he would feel the keen edge of his remorse dulled a little into lesser pain. He asked me if I would permit the coming pew-renting to proceed, and said that if I insisted on his resignation he would write it forthwith. He reminded me that his wife was my bitter enemy, and would easily become his own, and begged that she might not be informed of his conduct. He said that he had meditated suicide, and could not live to face exposure. He implored me to give him my word that if circumstances should ever compel me to disclose his secret, I would give him notice in advance, so that he might take some measure, either by death or flight, to hide himself from the world's gaze. He said that he had wakened as from sleep, and likened himself to one sitting dizzy and distracted on the yawning edge of hell. He said that he would pray night and day for Elizabeth, and that her heart might not be utterly broken, and that God would inspire me to restore her to her lost place in my home and esteem.

Shortly afterward I sent for Mr. Beecher to come to my house to hold an interview with me on a subject which I shrink from mentioning here, yet which the truth compels me to state. In June, 1869, a child had been born to Elizabeth R. Tilton. In view of Mrs. Tilton's subsequent disclosures to me, made July 3, 1870,—namely, that sexual relations between Mr. Beecher and herself had begun October 10, 1868—I wished to question Mr. Beecher as to the authenticity of that date, in order to settle the doubtful paternity of the child. This interview he held with me in my study, and during a portion of it Mrs. Tilton was present. They both agreed on the date at which that sexual commerce had begun—namely, October 10, 1868, Mrs. Tilton herself being the authority, and referring again, as she had done before, to her diary.

Certain facts which Mr. Beecher gave me on that occasion concerning his criminal connection with Mrs. Tilton—the times, the places, the frequency—together with other particulars which I feel a repugnance to name—I must pass over; but I cannot forbear to mention again, as I have stated heretofore, that Mr. Beecher always took the blame to himself, never imputing it to Elizabeth; and never till he came before the Investigating Committee did he put forth the unmanly pretext that Mrs. Tilton had "thrust her affections on him unsought."

On numerous occasions, from the winter of 1871 to the spring of 1874, Mr. Beecher frequently made to me allusions, in Mr. Moulton's presence, to the abiding grief which, he said, God would never lift from his soul for having corrupted so pure-minded a woman as Elizabeth Tilton to her loss of honor, and also for having violated the chastity of friendship toward myself as his early and trusted friend.

Never have I seen such grief and contrition manifested on a human countenance as I have often seen it on Henry Ward Beecher in his self-reproaches for having accomplished Elizabeth's ruin. The fact that he suffered so greatly from constant fear of an exposure of his crime made me sometimes almost forget the wrong he had done me, and filled my breast with a fervid desire to see him restored again to peace with himself. At every effort which I made in conjunction with Mr. Moulton to suppress inquiry into scandal, Mr. Beecher used to thank me with a gratitude that was burdensome to receive. He always put himself before me in so dejected, humble and conscience-stricken a mood, that if I had been a tenfold harder man than I was I could not have had the heart to strike him. When I wrote the letter to the church declining to appear for trial on the ground that I had not been for four years a member, he met me the next day at Mr. Moulton's house, and, catching my right hand in both of his, said with great feeling "Theodore, God himself inspired you to write that letter."

When, at a later period, in the same house, he gave me the first intimation of the coming Council, he said: "Theodore, if you will not turn upon me, Dr. Storrs cannot harm me, and I shall owe my life once again to your kindness."

I could record many different expressions and acts of Mr. Beecher like those which I have above given, to show his perpetual and never relieved distress of mind through fear of the exposure of his adultery, accompanied by a constant and growing fear that I could not really forgive him, and must sooner or later bring him to punishment.

I close this section by declaring, with a solemn sense of the meaning of my words, that Mr. Beecher's recent denial under oath that he committed adultery with Mrs. Tilton is known to him, to her, to Mr. Moulton, to me, and to several other persons to be an act of perjury.

XIV. Perhaps there is no single touch of hypocrisy in Mr. Beecher's statement that exceeds his following allusion to his domestic happiness:

His (Mr. Tilton's) affairs at home (says Mr. Beecher) did not promise that sympathy and strength which makes one's house, as mine has been, in times of adversity, a refuge from the storm and a tower of defense.

In no ordinary controversy would I be justified in taking up such an allusion as this of Mr. Beecher to his own home in contrast with mine, as mine once was. But the truth constrains me to do so now. Mr. Beecher's purpose, thus adroitly expressed, is to set himself before the public in the light of a man who has so happy a home of his own that he does not need to covet his neighbor's wife.

But, on the contrary, as Mrs. Tilton has repeatedly assured me, and as she has assured confidential friends to whom her confessions have been made, Mr. Beecher had a house which was not a home—a wife who was not a mate; and hence he sought and found a more wifely companion. He often pictured to Mrs. Tilton the hungry needs of his heart, which he said Mrs. Beecher did not supply; and he made his poverty and barrenness at home the ground of his application to Mrs. Tilton to afford him the solace of a supplemental love.

In the days when I was confidential with Mr. Beecher, he used to pour in my ears unending complaints against his wife, spoken never with bitterness, but always with pain. He said to me one day, "O Theodore, God might strip all other gifts from me if He would only give me a wife like Elizabeth and a home like yours." One day he walked the streets with me saying, "I dread to go back to my own house; I wish the earth would open and swallow me up." He told me that when his daughter was married, Mrs. Beecher's behavior on that occasion was such as to wring his heart; and when he described her unwifely actions during that scene he burst into tears, and clenched his hands in an agony which I feared would take the form of revenge. He has told me repeatedly of acts of cruelty by Mrs. Beecher toward his late venerable father, saying to me once that she had virtually driven that aged man out of doors. A catalogue of the complaints which Henry Ward Beecher has made to me against his wife would be a chapter of miseries such as I will not depict upon this page.

Many of his relatives stand in fear of this woman, and some of them have not entered her house for years—as one of Mr. Beecher's brothers lately testified in a public print. I have seen from one of his sisters a private letter concerning the marital relations of Mr. and Mrs. Beecher which it would be scandalous to reproduce here.

I know that my allusion to Mr. Beecher's home-life is rough and harsh, but I know also that it is true; for as I pen it down there rises in my mind a vivid recollection of the many years of my daily association with Mr. Beecher, during which he taught me to sympathize with him for the very reason that his house instead of being what he now calls it, "a refuge from the storm," was more often the storm itself, from which he sought refuge in mine.

Mr. Beecher has charged me with blackmail. This charge wore a cold and keen point for a single morning, but soon melted away like an icicle in the sun. The angry indictment had so brief a vitality that the life was all gone from it before the committee wrote their verdict. In that verdict the committee did not repeat that charge, knowing that it could not be sustained. They made only the faintest possible allusion to the subject, by suggesting that "innocent men had sometimes been blackmailed," but they even neglected to mention that Mr. Beecher was one of these.

[Here follows an able and exhaustive criticism of the arguments of the Committee and assertions of Mr. Beecher, in regard to the charge of blackmail which we cannot find space for. We also omit the paragraph referring to Bessie Turner's relations to his family].

I must not forbear to mention that the suggestion that Mr. Beecher should contribute money to the *Golden Age* came, not from Mr. Moulton, but from Mr. Thomas Kinsella, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, who naturally felt, perhaps, that all men who have committed similar crimes have no alternative of safety except to purchase with money their exemption from exposure.

I have asked myself the question whether Mr. Beecher and Mr. Kinsella deliberately sought by such gifts to entangle me in their toils, and perhaps I would be rash if I were to acquit them of such a charge; for the appearances are against them in one particular, namely, both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Kinsella are to be simultaneously tried in court as seducers, and both have, meanwhile, simultaneously accused me of blackmail. The joint attack which these two gentlemen thus made upon me, constrains me to relate the following circumstances:

On the Saturday before my sworn statement was read to the committee, and while the public were expecting it with much anxiety, Mr. Kinsella called at my house, and in a long and earnest interview with me, in which he expressed in warm terms his appreciation of what he called my high intellectual and moral character, begged me to withhold from the committee my forthcoming statement. He said to me emphatically: "Mr. Tilton, I know the justice of your case; Mr. Beecher has himself admitted to me his guilt; he has wronged you most foully; I acknowledge it all. But remember that he is an old man; his career is nearly ended, and yours has only just begun. If you will withhold your forthcoming statement, and spare this old man the blow which you are about to strike him, I will see that you and your family shall never want for anything in the world."

I declined Mr. Kinsella's polite proposition.

A few weeks afterward, while the public were similarly expecting Mr. Moulton's statement, Mr. Kinsella's business partner, Mr. William C. Kingsley, sought and obtained an interview with me, in which he urged me to use my influence with Mr. Moulton to secure the suppression of his statement, as Mr. Kinsella had sought the suppression of mine. Mr. Kingsley freely admitted to me Mr. Beecher's guilt, not from personal knowledge, but only from assured belief, derived (as I understood) from Mr. Kinsella. Mr. Kingsley's argument with me was that if Mr. Moulton's statement were added to mine, Mr. Beecher would be "struck dead," "What, then," asked Mr. Kingsley, "will

happen to Mr. Moulton and yourself? Be assured," he said, "the world will never forgive either of you for your agency in destroying Henry Ward Beecher." At the close of this interview Mr. Kingsley benignantly said to me—and he repeated it in Mr. Moulton's presence—that "I needed only to give him (Mr. K.) twenty-four hours' notice and he would be happy to make me a friendly token of his appreciation in the shape of \$5,000."

Now, when it is remembered that Mr. Kinsella first suggested the idea that Mr. Beecher should contribute money to the *Golden Age*, and that Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Kinsella's co-proprietor of the *Eagle*, made to me a direct offer of money to purchase the suppression of the truth against Mr. Beecher, I think the public at large will put a new construction on the joint charge which Mr. Beecher and the *Eagle* have made against me of blackmail!

If it be thought strange that the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* should privately admit Mr. Beecher's adultery (as Mr. Kinsella has often done at club-houses and card-tables), and that he should at the same time publicly proclaim in his newspaper Mr. Beecher's innocence, let it be remembered that Mr. Kinsella is not the only editor in this neighborhood who, on this question, expresses one opinion in private and another in public: Mr. Kinsella shares this prerogative with the editor of the New York *Tribune*.

Nor can I understand how Mr. Henry M. Cleaveland, who has visited my office many times in company with Mr. Carpenter, and has always professed to be a warm friend to both Mr. Carpenter and myself, could consent to be referred to by Mr. Beecher as having received from Mr. Carpenter a proposition of blackmail. My associates in the *Golden Age* will testify that during the last year or more, whenever Mr. Cleaveland has called to see me (as he has frequently done) he has always expressed a cordial interest in my welfare, and evinced an esteem for me of a more than ordinary kind. He has repeatedly referred to the pleasure which he professed to take in my society at his country residence. Moreover, only a few months ago, being one of the proprietors of the *Christian Union*, and finding that that paper was in need of \$100,000 to carry it forward, he intimated to me his intention to quit Beecher as "a sinking ship." About the time of my publishing the Bacon letter Mr. Cleaveland called on me, and, taking from his pocket a letter from his wife, said that if he felt at liberty to read it to me, which he did not, I would be glad to hear that that good lady sympathized with my side of the controversy as thus far developed. During the session of the present committee Mrs. Tilton came home on the night of her first meeting with it, and quoted to me a remark which Mr. Cleaveland had made to her in the presence of the whole committee in these words: "Mrs. Tilton, you don't know how much I love your husband." And yet this is the gentleman who—having a pecuniary interest in Mr. Beecher as his business partner—undertakes, for the furtherance of a desperate defense, to accuse his intimate friend, Mr. Carpenter, of being a conspirator with me, another friend, in the heinous crime of blackmail! I no not wonder that neither Mr. Cleaveland nor any of his five associates in the committee had the courage, in making up their verdict, to perpetuate a charge of which they grew so quickly ashamed.

Let me adduce a few further particulars touching this charge of blackmail.

Mr. Beecher, after mortgaging his house, May 1, 1873, "mentioned that fact," he says, "to Oliver Johnson."

This statement leads me to refer to a striking evidence of the profound effect which this information—namely, my conspiring in a scheme of blackmail—must have produced on Mr. Johnson's mind. Among my souvenirs is a beautiful little book, containing a funeral tribute spoken by me at the bier of Mrs. Mary A. Johnson, wife of Oliver Johnson, on June 10, 1872. It was about a year afterward—May 1, 1873—that Mr. Beecher mortgaged his house, and "mentioned the matter to Oliver Johnson." On the ensuing June 4th of that year, when the mortgage must have been a fresh and recent topic of reflection by all who had been informed of it as a blackmailing operation, Mr. Johnson wrote me an affectionate letter, from which I make the following quotation:

*My Dear Theodore:* \* \* \* I have often thought that when I should be dead I should wish you to speak words of comfort to those who love me, and pay a tribute to my memory. Yours lovingly,

OLIVER JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson omitted a good opportunity in the above note to accuse me of blackmail, if he then believed me guilty of it. Moreover, a few months afterward, Mr. Beecher neglected a striking opportunity to expose me, when, on the 31st of October, 1873, just about six months after the mortgage, I ascended the platform in Plymouth Church and asked if the pastor had any charges to make against me, and he replied in a most conspicuous manner, as follows:

Mr. Tilton asks me if I have any charges to make. *I have none.*

If Mr. Beecher then knew me to be a blackmailer, who had extorted a mortgage from him of \$5,000, why did he not brand me for it on the spot, and have me mobbed at once, as the same congregation afterward mobbed Mr. Moulton?

It only remains for me to say further touching the charge of blackmail—a charge impossible to attach for a day to a man like Mr. Moulton, whose honor is above such infamy and whose wealth is above such temptation—that this charge is the false defense of a desperate man who, in thus basely pretending that his best friend blackmailed him, thereby unconsciously confesses the guilt which would have made blackmailing possible.

XV. Mr. Beecher says that I have "garbled his letters," I presented in my sworn statement brief extracts from his letters simply because I had not access to the letters complete. But the letters complete bear more severely against him than the fragments which I quoted. When in my Bacon letter I quoted a few lines of Mr. Beecher's apology, it was said that if I had added the remainder of that apology the second part would have explained away the first. But it was found afterward that the entire apology, when printed, was tenfold weightier than the few lines in my first extract. In like manner the brief phrases and paragraphs which I



gave in my sworn statement from his letters were not afterward softened, but intensified, by the publication of the letters in full. The brief extracts were the wind—the complete letters were the whirlwind. I no more garbled Mr. Beecher's letters by making from them the extracts which I did than I would garble the decalogue by quoting to him from it the single commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Nevertheless, it is true, as Mr. Beecher says, that his letters have been "garbled." He goes so far as to say that they have been "wickedly garbled;" and this, too, cannot be denied. But it is not I who have garbled Mr. Beecher's letters; it is Mr. Beecher himself. For I maintain that the pretended explanations which he has given of them—against their plain meaning—against what he knows to be the facts to which they refer—and against the common sense of an intelligent public; all this is garbling of a heinous kind. Mr. Beecher is the man who has garbled his letters. It is he who has tried to take out of them a manifest meaning, perverted their plain phrases into a doubtful interpretation.

Mr. Beecher saw at a glance that his letters, on being read in a straightforward manner by the public, convicted him of adultery. He knew that unless these letters could be explained into something which they did not mean he would stand self-condemned—put to death by the point of his own pen. It is the part of a brave man when he speaks to abide by his words. Mr. Beecher's behavior toward his own letters proves him to be that most pitiable of all cowards—a man who dares not face his own handwriting.

His defense is that these letters were written to express his remorse for having given to Mrs. Tilton bad advice. I have already proven that Mr. Beecher never gave any such advice to Elizabeth, but gave just the opposite. But even had he given such advice—namely, that Mrs. Tilton should separate from her husband—I hold that such advice, given on the theory that her husband had deprived her of food, fuel and personal liberty, would not have been bad, but good; and the giver of such advice would never need to have repented of giving it.

But I will go further and say that, granting such advice to have been given and to have been bad, yet since Mrs. Tilton did not accept this advice, but rejected it, it is a mockery of human reason to say that he spent four years of remorse in contemplating the giving of bad advice which was never taken and which produced no effect of harm or ill!

Mr. Beecher's adroit effort to persuade the public to accept a false interpretation of these letters is vain. They have a plain meaning which no counter-explanation can ever blot out. They are all based on one central fact, a criminal intimacy between himself and Mrs. Tilton, which had been confessed by both parties to her husband and to Mr. Moulton. This simple fact is the key which unlocks all the mysteries of these letters, if mysteries they contain. All the letters, notes and memoranda refer to the crime of adultery, to the fear of disclosure, and to the consequent "devices" for the safety of the participants.

When Mrs. Tilton made to me her confession of July 3, 1870, it was a confession of adultery. When in her note of December 30, following, she said: "I gave a letter implicating my friend, Henry Ward Beecher," it was an implication of adultery. When in her second note of the same evening she said that Mr. Beecher had visited her bedside and reproached her for having "struck him dead," it was because she had disclosed his adultery. When Mr. Beecher cast himself upon Mr. Moulton's strong and faithful protection, it was because the wretched man had been detected in his adultery. When, during the four years that followed the 1st of January, 1871, hardly a month or week passed which did not witness Mr. Beecher in some consultation with Mr. Moulton, either by letter or in person, it was to concoct measures for concealing this adultery. When Mr. Beecher, conscious of his guilt and fearing detection, fell often into hopeless gloom at the prospect of disclosure, it was because the crime to be disclosed was adultery. When, from the beginning to the end of Mr. Moulton's relationship with Mr. Beecher, those two men pursued a common plan—in which I, too, participated—this plan was to guard two families of children from the consequences of this adultery. When Mr. Beecher wrote to me his letter of contrition, it was because he sought to placate me into forgiveness of his adultery. When he asked me to remember "all the other hearts that would ache," it was because of the misery which two households and their wide connections would suffer by the discovery of his adultery. When he wrote to Mrs. Tilton that Mr. Moulton had "tied up the storm which was ready to burst upon their heads," it was because Mr. Moulton had skillfully held back Mr. Bowen's meditated proceedings against Mr. Beecher for adultery. When Mr. Beecher wrote that it would "kill him if Mr. Moulton were not a friend to Mrs. Tilton's honor," he meant that this lady's "honor," like every other "lady's honor," was her reputation for chastity, and he relied on Mr. Moulton to keep the world from knowing that this lady's pastor had soiled her "honor" by adultery. When Mr. Beecher requested Mrs. Morse to call him her "son," which she did, and when she begged him to come and see her, pledging herself not to allude to her "daughter's secret," it was because this mother knew that this "son" and daughter had committed adultery. When this mother gave this "son" the troublesome information that "twelve persons" had been put in possession of this secret, it was the guilty and perilous secret of adultery. When Mr. Beecher shuddered at the likelihood that Mr. Bowen had communicated to Mr. Claflin "the bottom facts," it was because the chief fact lying at the bottom of all was adultery. When Mr. Beecher said to Mr. Moulton: "Can't we hit upon some plan to break the force of my letter to Tilton?" it was because the letter whose force he wished to break was his letter of contrition for his adultery. When in his despair he wrote, "Would to God, Theodore, Elizabeth and I could be friends again—Theodore would have the hardest task in such a case," it was because this "hardest task" would consist of forgiving a wife and her paramour for their adultery. When Mrs. Tilton wrote imploringly both to Mr. Moulton and to Mr. Beecher that "the papers should be destroyed," it was because those

papers were records of adultery. When in brokenness of spirit Mrs. Tilton wrote to ask her seducer's forgiveness, it was because of her womanly distress at having betrayed him for his adultery. When in one of her clandestine notes to him she referred to her "nest-hiding," it was a means of more pleasantly reminding him of his own poetic expression for their adultery. When her destroyer wrote to Mr. Moulton, February 5, 1872, saying: "I would not believe that any one could have passed through my experience and be alive or sane," he confessed the agony of living on the verge of public punishment for adultery. When he said to Mr. Moulton, "You are literally all my stay and comfort," it was because this brave and tender friend was the barrier between the public and the knowledge of a clergyman's adultery. When Mr. Beecher, who was never tired of sending to this friend such love-letters as a man seldom writes to a man, said to him, "I would have fallen on the way but for the courage with which you inspired me," it was his ever grateful acknowledgment to one who was saving him from the fate which punishes clergymen for adultery. When he bewailed the "keen suspicions with which he was pressed," these were the dangerous suspicions of a congregation to whom public rumor had carried a horrible hint of their pastor's adultery. When he feared an "appeal to the church, and then a council," and prognosticated thereby a "conflagration," it was because he foresaw how the public mind would be influenced by the knowledge of his adultery. When he portrayed himself as standing in daily dread of those personal friends who were making a "ruinous defense" of him, it was because he feared that their clamorous statements of his innocence would blunderingly lead to the detection of his adultery. When he cried out that he was "suffering the torments of the damned," he was pouring out his heart's anguish to the only man to whom he had liberty to unburden his remorse for his adultery. When he said that he could not carry this burden to his wife and children, it was because he was ashamed to acknowledge to them his adultery. When he wrote to Moulton, saying: "Sacrifice me without hesitation if you can clearly see your way to his (Mr. Tilton's) safety and happiness thereby," he alluded to the sacrifice of his good name in expiation of his adultery. When he said of himself: "I should be destroyed, but he (Mr. Tilton) would not be saved," it was because all that was needed for his destruction was simply that the world should be told of his adultery. When he said "Elizabeth and her children would have their future clouded," he saw hanging over this ruined mother and her brood the black and awful cloud which hangs over every matron guilty of adultery. When he wrote "Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered," he referred to the moral impossibility of reconstructing a home once broken by adultery. When he compared himself to "Esau who sold his birthright and found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," it was because the unpardonable crime which this minister had committed was adultery. When he spoke in eulogy of Mr. Moulton's wife as reviving "his waning faith in womanhood," it was because his thoughts were then of another and weaker woman, whose moral nature he had overcome, and who afterward had betrayed him for his adultery. When the strong woman who had thus restored "his waning faith in womanhood" counselled him to make "a frank and manly confession of his sin, asking man's forgiveness for it, as he expected God's," and when he afterward wrote that "her clear truthfulness laid him flat"—all this shows how he quailed before a virtuous woman's rebuke for his adultery. When he said to me that I "would have been a better man than he in such circumstances," he meant that I would have disdained to stoop to the crime of seducing the wife of an intimate friend, or of using the power of a clergyman to corrupt a trusting parishioner into adultery. When he said of me that I had "condoned my wife's fault," pointing me to this condonation as constituting on my part a pledge of forgiveness toward him, he wrote in that word "condone" the plainest possible confession of his adultery. In like manner all Mr. Beecher's letters, when read in view of the one sad and guilty fact which is the key-note to their tragic meaning, constitute a four-years' history of a mind afflicted with "anxiety, remorse, fear and despair"—all in consequence of a discovered adultery.

If I have been thus explicit in reiterating Mr. Beecher's crime, it is not for the sake of proving it from his letters, for I have sufficiently proved it without help from these, but only to show that I did not garble these letters when I pointed to them as proofs of adultery; and I repeat that, if Beecher's letters have been (as he says) "wickedly garbled," it is he who has garbled them. It is I who have restored them to their true meaning.

XVI. I revert now to a letter of my own—the Bacon letter. Why did I write it? Let the facts speak.

I wish to be candidly judged by the following statement:

Ever since 1870, when I quitted Plymouth Church because of its pastor's crime against my family, I had been year after year persecuted by certain members and officers of that church—a persecution which its pastor might and ought to have prevented, and for which I always held him responsible; a persecution including the introduction of charges against me for slandering him, whereas the so-called slanders, instead of being false, were true; a persecution including the dropping of my name from the roll in a manner craftily designed to cast opprobrium upon me, under an appearance of official fairness by the church; a persecution involving a public insult to my family by Mr. T. G. Shearman, Clerk of the Church, for which he was compelled to apologize; a persecution including the presentation to the Brooklyn Council of a document in which Mr. Beecher and his church defended themselves before that tribunal on the ground that I had been dropped for "bringing dishonor on the Christian name," whereas I had been dropped because Mr. Beecher himself was the man who had "brought dishonor on the Christian name;" a persecution culminating at last in a public implication cast upon me by the moderator of that Council, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., who, after carefully studying the records of Plymouth Church in my case, decided

from these that I was proven a "knave and dog," and that Mr. Beecher's behavior toward me showed him to be "the most magnanimous of men."

This accumulation of wrongs I resolved no longer to bear. I announced this to Mr. Beecher, and told him that either he or I must correct Dr. Bacon's misrepresentations of my conduct, since these would ruin me before the world. I provided an easy way by which Mr. Beecher, without a confession of his guilt, and even without a humiliation to his feelings, could assure Dr. Bacon—and Dr. Bacon the public—that I had acted toward Mr. Beecher the part of a fair and honorable man.

I waited three months for Mr. Beecher to put this plan (or some other) into effect. But he did not choose to embrace the opportunity. He neglected, perhaps disdained it.

I then resolved—against Mr. Moulton's expostulations, but at the dictates of my self-respect—to rescue myself from the false position in which Plymouth Church and its pastor had placed me, and to make a struggle to regain my good name which I had done nothing to forfeit.

The best method of vindication which suggested itself to me was to write a public letter to Dr. Bacon giving the true reason of my retirement from Plymouth Church, which was that a wrong had been committed against me by the pastor, in evidence of which I quoted a few lines from his apology.

Now, in so doing, I not only had no wish to compromise my wife, but, on the contrary, I sought, while rectifying my position, to do the same by hers. To this end I introduced into the Bacon letter Mr. Shearman's apology to Mrs. Tilton, together with a eulogistic reference to her in my own words, as "a lady of devout religious faith and life."

Mr. Beecher saw by this tribute (and by others which I habitually paid to my wife) that, however willing I might be to cope with him, I was never willing to endanger her. He had seen, by long observation of my sympathy for her, that his safest protection against any possible resentment of mine was always in my unwillingness to compromise this tender and wounded woman.

Accordingly, on the appearance of the Bacon letter, Mr. Beecher, after contriving various methods of meeting it (which Moulton has described), finally adopted the bold and wicked expedient of appointing a committee to inquire into the acts of a lady whom he first led into adultery, and whom he then delivered up to a tribunal for examination into her crime! Never can I forget my sickening astonishment, on her account, on the day when, by public proclamation from Mr. Beecher's pen, and amid the published clamor of his partisans, he called all the world to witness that he had commissioned six committeemen to inquire into his offense—his offense being also hers, so that an inquiry into it involved equally the ruin of both—but especially (as in all such cases) the woman, albeit the lesser offender.

Mr. Beecher's design in this public inquiry into his "offense" and "apology" was to make a bold pretence that he had never committed any "offense" nor ever offered any "apology."

To make this pretence of innocence the more plausible to the public, his agents had previously arranged that on this same day Mrs. Tilton should take flight from her home to join Beecher in his attack on me; and she has never recrossed my threshold since that hour.

Distinctly should it be borne in mind that Mr. Beecher's publication of his "challenge," and Mrs. Tilton's desertion to him to sustain it, occurred on the same morning—namely, July 11, 1874. On that morning, at six o'clock, she quitted the house, not to return to it; and an hour afterward the daily papers were furnished to me, containing, under flaming head-lines, Mr. Beecher's commission to his Committee of Investigation!

These two acts—one by Mrs. Tilton the other by Mr. Beecher—were parts of one and the same event; a joint attack on me—the two assailants striking their opening blows at the same moment.

Mr. Beecher's assault was the more public of the two, for it reached me through all the newspapers on that first morning; but in order that Mrs. Tilton's act toward me might lose no force through lack of prompt publicity, Mr. Ovington hastened to publish a card in the Brooklyn Argus announcing that Mrs. Tilton, on the previous Saturday, had "parted from her husband forever."

That eventful Saturday morning, the 11th of July, found me in the strangest situation of my whole life—a situation which I had not foreseen, and which I could with difficulty realize—a situation consisting of the following elements: First, I had been publicly challenged by Mr. Beecher to divulge to a church committee the story of his criminality with Mrs. Tilton; and second, Mrs. Tilton herself, by her open desertion to her paramour, had publicly seconded him in this audacious demand.

What should I do? After two days of reflection—the most agonizing which I ever endured—I felt it my duty to accept this challenge; and in one week afterward I laid the facts before the committee in a document now known as my Sworn Statement.

Had Mrs. Tilton remained with me my Sworn Statement would never have been made; nor did the thought of making such a statement enter my mind until after her desertion; but at last, when Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton publicly turned upon me and demanded that I should expose them, I had no course open to me but to state the plain truth and to let all the parties abide by the consequences.

Mr. Moulton has shown how great was my desire, during the earlier sessions of the committee, to shield my wife; in other words, how little I demanded from the committee in my own behalf and how much in hers. My proposed form for their report (as quoted by Mr. Moulton) concluded as follows:

The committee cannot forbear to state that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Theodore Tilton, and Mrs. Tilton (and in an especial manner the latter) merit and should receive the sympathy and respect of Plymouth Church and congregation.

It was on the very next morning after I wrote the above proposed kindly and charitable report for the committee to



adopt, and showed it to my wife, who not only approved it, but expressed with tears her marvel that I should have demanded more for her good name than I had done for mine; it was, I say, on the very next morning after my writing the above report that Mrs. Tilton, in obedience to Mr. Beecher's advisers, deserted the house to which she has never since returned.

I ask the public, therefore, to weigh the one fact which I have thus set forth, namely, that the responsibility for the revelations which I have made rest, not on me, but on Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton. I wash my hands of it.

XVI. This rehearsal of events will now enable me to answer two points which have been made against me. One is this—I am asked frequently: "Mr. Tilton, how could you, after condoning your wife's fault four years ago, proclaim it at so late a day?" My answer has been just foreshadowed, and it is this: I made this exposure, not of my free will, but from compulsion; I made it because Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton compelled me to make it. I did not volunteer it. I would gladly have continued to shield both parties for the sake of one. But when Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton made a public league against me, and in the face of the whole community defied me to tell the facts, I was either forced to accept their joint challenge, or, by declining it, to deserve the contempt of mankind. That is my answer, and just and candid men and women will acknowledge it to be just.

Next, I have an equally plain answer to those critics who condemn me for having committed, as they say, a blunder in condoning my wife's fault at first.

And my answer is: I am perfectly willing to accept this condemnation from all who choose to offer it—whether from foes or friends. Before God I hold that I did right, and not wrong, in forgiving an erring woman who went astray through a powerful temptation. No regret beclouds my mind for this forgiveness of my wife—which, I am sure, I shall look back to from my dying bed with pleasure, not with pain. I forgave this gentle woman because I loved her; I forgave her for her children's sake; I forgave her because I despise the public sentiment which condones such faults in men, and then compels men to punish them in women; I forgave her because, even after her grievous error, she still remained a woman loving the right rather than wrong, and seeking good rather than evil; I forgave her because I tenderly remembered that Christ himself forgave a similar fault in a more wicked woman—and who was I to scorn the law of his great example? No criticism of my forgiveness of Mrs. Tilton can prick me with any pang. If all the acts of my life had been as righteous as this good deed of charity—albeit toward a woman who has since but poorly requited me for it—I would now be a better man than I am.

XVII. I have only to add that I know no words of measured moderation in which to characterize fitly Mr. Beecher's recent treatment of this broken-hearted lady, whom he has flung against the wall of Plymouth Church and dashed to pieces. First, he instituted a public committee to inquire into her adultery with him, whereas he ought to have protected her against this exposure; then he beckoned her away from her husband's house, making her very flight bear witness to her guilt; then he suborned her to give false testimony against her husband, with a view to destroy him before the world; then, with unparalleled baseness, he turned upon the companion of his crime and accused her of having been the tempter rather than the tempted, declaring that she had "thrust her affections upon him unsought;" then he variously indicted her for what he called "her needless treachery to her friend and pastor," expressing his doubts whether to call her (as he says) "a saint or the chief of sinners," arguing (as he says again) that she must be either "corrupted to deceit or so broken in mind as to be irresponsible;" debating with himself (as he says still further) whether he should not "pour out his indignation upon her and hold her up to contempt;" and then, after making all these contemptuous references to her in his published statement, he prompted his committee to render a verdict against her, in which they declare her conduct toward Mr. Beecher, even on their own theory of her innocence, to be "utterly indefensible;" and, last of all, he permitted his own journal, the *Christian Union*, to stigmatize her as a "poor, weak woman," whose testimony was of no value either for or against the man who had tempted her to utter her falsehoods in his own behalf!

All this base and brutal conduct by Mr. Beecher toward Mrs. Tilton prompts me to speak of him in fierce and burning words. But I forbear. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." I have become so used to sorrows in my own life that I cannot wish for their infliction upon another man, not even on my worst enemy. I will not ask the public to visit upon Mr. Beecher any greater condemnation for the desolation which he has brought upon those who loved, trusted and served him, than I have in past times seen him suffer from his own self-inflicted tortures in contemplation of the very crime for which he has now been exposed to the scorn and pity of the world. I know well enough how his own thoughts have bowed him in agony to the dust, and this is enough. Wherefore, in contemplating my empty house, my scattered children and my broken home, I thank heaven that my heart is spared the pang of this man's remorse for having wrought a ruin which not even Almighty God can repair.

BROOKLYN, September 16, 1874.

[From advanced sheets of the *Toledo Sun*.]  
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN OPENS UP AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

VICTORIA WOODHULL NEITHER A LIAR NOR A BLACK-MAILER—THE REVOLUTION ROLLING ON.

Mr. Train's letter, which we print here, welcoming Mrs. Woodhull back to America, is full of suggestions. It opens up a wide subject as to the doctrine of natural rights. This sexual question will be the coming agitation. The *Toledo Sun* has a historical record that will soon create a world-wide acknowledgment. We are glad to see Victoria back. Her movements have been rigidly watched and her motives for

going about maligned. She is wanted here about this time. We expect the next report will attempt to bribe her to assume the role of an Egyptian mummy, crouched into a glass case and commanded to "be still" the balance of her natural life. But here is the letter:

MILLER'S BATH HOTEL,  
41 WEST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET,  
NEW YORK, September 19, 1874.

V. C. W.—Welcome home! You are needed here to purify the moral atmosphere! The wind you have sown has produced a whirlwind. You seem to be the only party that has not lied! The Beecher Emaculate Conception discounts fable. Tilton swears Beecher is a liar. Beecher declares Moulton a liar! Mrs. Tilton admits that under nest-hiding magnetic influence she cannot help lying! Bowen swears Kinsella is a liar! Bessie Turner in writing admits that she is a liar! Mrs. Tilton testifies that Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony are both liars! Moulton says Beecher is the prince of liars! Tracy says Moulton is a liar! Samuel Wilkeson says that Tilton is a constitutional liar! Mrs. Morse calls her "dear son" a liar! The Investigating Committee pronounce the whole case a living lie! Anna Dickinson says, Eli Perkins is a liar! So hoist the flag and take the prize. The *Woodhull*, it seems, is the only witness that tells the truth.

#### BLACK-MAILING AS A VIRTUE.

Neither can it be proved that she ever black-mailed. Although we have the official figures that ninety-two New York city newspapers who have accused her of lying and black-mailing, received five millions of hush-money, as co-partners in the Tammany Ring in three years.

#### OBSCENITY AS A CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

Neither have you been obscene. Read *WOODHULL'S WEEKLY*, the *Train Ligue*, the *Toledo Sun*, and show if you can any "red trophy" obscenity like that in legal form published to-day in all the papers in Edna Dean Proctor's complaint against Frank Moulton. Evidently your time is near at hand. With the plague and panic in sight, the Nemesis cannot be far off.

#### AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

E. D. P. swears she is chaste. Suppose she is or is not; whose business is it anyway? Does the church own her? Does society? Is there any statute that compels chastity? Does not every individual own his own person? Is it not about time to discuss this question of Natural Rights? Must every maiden, wife and mother have her own character dragged through courts and newspapers to prove or disprove what is nobody's business but their own? Does a man own his own nose? Does a woman possess her own tongue? Have men and women absolute ownership of their own sexuality? If this cannot be disproved by some court or moral law, the time has arrived to say so. These libel cases are organized by fate to settle this question of ages as to an individual's right to blow his own nose without consulting the Church or State.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

#### THE STORY CONDENSED.

BY S. E. R.

I.	Elizabeth T.	Provided she,
	Says H. W. B.	Also he,
	Wronged her idolized "The."	Do agree
	Adulterily.	It so shall be.
II.	Henry Ward B.	Bessie T.
	(Respectfully)	Says that she
	Says Elizabeth T.	Saw Susan B.
	Tells a l-i-e.	On Theodore's knee.
III.	Theodore T.	They all did tell
	Says that he	Their story well.
	Saw H. W. B.	Elizabeth fell,
	Feel Elizabeth's knee.	And Plymouth bell
IV.	"Vicious V."	Sounds Moulton's knell;
	Says men are free	Says, "Go to hell."
	To touch or see	Oh, what a smell!
	Any woman's knee,	And now farewell.
IX.	If you, my worthy friends, would know	
	The daring author's name,	
	I'll only say that H. B. Stowe	
	Is not at all to blame.	

#### BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH'S engagements are as follows: Sept., January and March, Boston; October, New Bedford, Mass.; Dec., New Haven, Conn.; 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.

W. F. JAMIESON is engaged to return to Boston for the Sundays of Oct. 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 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.

SEWARD MITCHELL desires to inform his correspondents that he has removed from Cornville, Me., and his present address is 46 Beach street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Nellie L. Davis will speak in Bay City, Mich., in Sept.; in San Francisco, Cal., in December; in San Jose, during January. Permanent address, 235 Washington st., Salem, Mass.

#### ADDIE L. BALLOU

Having had quite an extended tour through California, where she has been greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences, has gone to Oregon for a term of some weeks, after which she will return to the States, about the 1st of November. Parties along the route wishing to make engagements with her to stop off for one or more lectures on her return will please make as early application as possible, to secure time; till middle of Oct., care Box 666, San Francisco; later and for winter engagements, to Terre Haute, Ind.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the distinguished magnetic physician, heals the sick with surprising success by his Magnetized Powder. Those who are suffering from Nervous and Chronic Diseases should not be without it. \$1 per box.—Address Vineland, N. J.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their Ninth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera House, No. 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., commencing on Friday, Oct. 2, 1874, at 10:30, A. M., and continue over Sunday, the 4th.

The platform will be free, and all subjects germane to humanity are debatable on our platform. Good speakers and mediums will be on hand to entertain the people. Come, Spiritualists of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan, to our Convention. See and hear for yourselves. The First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago will do all they can to make your stay pleasant during the Convention.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

E. M. Flagg, dentist, 79 West Eleventh street, New York city. Specialty, artificial dentures.

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.

ERNEST J. WITHEFORD, Cor. Sec.

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.

CHAS. H. FOSTER, the renowned Test Medium, can be found at No. 14 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City.

BENJAMIN & MARION TODD have removed from Ypsilanti to Port Huron, Mich. Their correspondents will please address them accordingly.

Religion superseded by the *Kingdom of Heaven*; official organ of the Spirit World. A monthly journal, established in 1864, to explain and to prove that Spiritualism has prepared the way for the second coming of Christ. Thomas Cook, publisher, No. 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

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

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The legal rate of postage on the *WEEKLY*, addressed to regular subscribers, is twenty cents per annum, or five cents per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local Postmaster. The postage on copies directed to subscribers in New York city has been prepaid by the publishers.

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.



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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.

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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.

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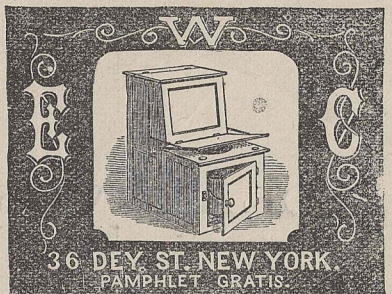
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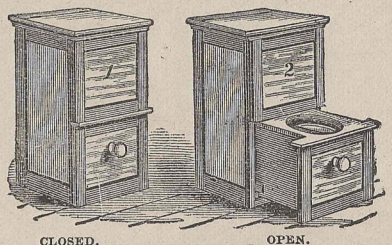
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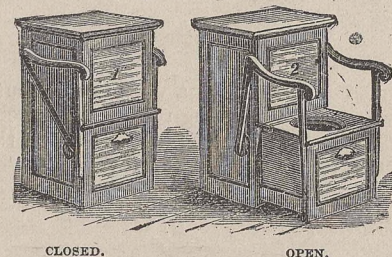
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