GOING ON WITH THE TRIAL.

A DAY OF DISPUTE AMONG LAWYERS AND FUN FOR SPECTATORS.

Bessie Turner in the Court Room—A Brush between Mr. Evarts and the Judge—An Old Friend of the Tilton Family Letting Out Household Secrets—How Mrs. Morse Kept her Eye on Theodore—A Jolly Witness.

Miss Bessie Turner attended the trial of Mr. Beecher for the first time yesterday, in readiness to be called as a witness. She entered with Mrs. Dunckley, Mrs. Putnam and Mrs. Tubbs, the women who had grouped with Mrs. Tilton in doing her court room attendance, and was put by them into the chair which Mrs. Tilton had occupied. To the assembly, among whom the information of Miss Turner's identity soon spread, she was generally a stranger, and the study of her therefore was fully as obtrusive as that to which any of the scandal folks had been subjected upon a first appearance in court. She wore a drab veil, thus hiding her regular features and fresh color from all except those who sat very near. She is supposed to be about nineteen years old, although she does not know her exact age. She is small in stature, and girlish in looks. She wore black, mainly, with a blue silk scarf around her neck and a white lace bow at her throat. Her velvet hat was very high, and from under it two reddish curls hung down behind. Gold earrings and dark kid gloves were parts of a neat but not expensive outfit. She sat with schoolgirlish demureness between Mrs. Dunckley and Mrs. Tubbs, both of whom are matronly, and was doubtless in person and behavior unlike what many expected to find in the famous Bessie Turner.

There was a decided change in the aspect of the court room after the vacation of three days. In obedience to an order by Judge Nelson, the doorkeeping officers had only admitted as many spectators as could be comfortably seated. Consequently the area was thoroughly provided with standing room, which was vacant. Another measure in behalf of pure atmosphere was the insertion into each window of a revolving ventilator, that will adapt to the current of entering air like a pinwheel. The consequence of these reformatory measures was blissful breathing of air by a room that had heretofore been pestilential.

THE PLYMOUTH SECTION DEPLETED.

Another change was as noteworthy. The two rows of chairs ordinarily sat in by attending members of Plymouth Church were nearly empty. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in their customary places. Rector Halliday was at one end of the front row, Deacon Hoggard, Brother Sam'l Beach, and Alberto Salvini were in the back row. That was all. The rest of the usually thronged space was long one gaps. Nobody was was willing to tell knew why, and those who did know would not tell. The twenty-six clergymen not more occurred later in the day, with one of Mr. Beecher's elders, except his wife attended. It was surmised, but not substantiated, that fear of the Plymouth party in attendance being regarded by the jury as an arranged exhibition of sympathy had caused Mr. Beecher's friends to request the zealous adherents to stay away.

Mr. Tilton and all his lawyers were there. On Mr. Beecher's side there was, too, a full array of counsel. Mr. Jeffrey, the juror, whose illness had seemed to lead an adjournment on Thursday, was in his place, and appeared sufficiently recovered to serve. The new order as to the admission of spectators having been impartially and rigorously carried out, and those first in line having been first admitted, the usual row of celebrities backed Judge Nelson was missing.

The proceedings of the third day of the trial began with a continuation of Mr. Putnam's direct examination by Mr. Shearman. He testified that she was a member of the Rev. Dr. Storrs's Church before going West to live, but not of Plymouth Church; and has only a slight personal acquaintance with Mr. Beecher, having only met him several times at Mr. Tilton's house. On the first of these visits Mr. Beecher frolicked with the children, having litter-jointed them, and body else. On another they visit Mrs. Thurston, who was sick. All of the cases were true and devoid of any thing there sting. There was nothing in the demeanor of either Mr. Beecher or Mr. Tilton to attract attention. She has seen photographs of Mr. Beecher in Mr. Tilton's parlor, and one of Mr. Tilton, given to her by Mr. Tilton. She has seen Mr. Beecher's books in Mr. Tilton's library, with his autograph, and once Mr. Tilton obtained for her a book so inscribed. In Southern Ohio, while on a visit with his wife, Mr. Tilton was cool to her. Mrs. Tilton's explanation was that the couple had nothing moonlight times—it was "the poetry of getting," and similar to the freaks of many lovers in each.

ABOUT BESSIE TURNER.

Then came this bit of testimony, and while it was being given Bessie Turner drew her veil closer, and looked down with an air of demureness:

Q.—Did you have some conversation in regard to Bessie Turner? A.—Yes, sir; I said to Mr. Beecher on one occasion, I was coming home to New York in a second class car, and I was sitting by a young lady, and I thought of my friend Bessie Turner, and I said to Mr. Beecher, I wonder if she would like to be with such a lady, and that Mr. Beecher said he should like exceedingly, and I said I would write to Bessie Turner. I did so, and she came to Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher said I could write to Bessie Turner and say that Mr. Beecher said she should have a home with us, and she came to Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher said he was very fond of Bessie Turner, and he used to call her his little wife, and that he felt very kindly towards her. He said that he thought Elizabeth kept Bessie confined to the house, and he thought it was a pity that Bessie should be with her disposition sometimes, but he had never had any trouble; that he thought Bessie had rare qualities. He said he was perfectly amazed at her horsemanship; he never saw such a horse woman; that she was very modest and shy and worst of her sphere, and was unhappy because she was out of her sphere; that she was not in her sphere in her father's family.

Q.—In what manner did he treat Bessie Turner, as a servant or one of the family? A.—She always came to the table when he was there, and he always spoke to her and helped her to dishes, just as she did his wife when she arrived and when he left. He treated her just as he did his own children; I didn't see any difference. Bessie was in the habit of taking care of the children while the children were cared for.

Q.—Is Mr. Beecher in the habit of ever reading to her? A.—Yes, sir; I remember one time, since she came, he was reading to her from a book, which I afterward learned was a book of poems. This was the summer they were at Southport. He frequently walked with her, and seemed interested in her, and treated her as a daughter who was the same age. Always treated her in a perfectly proper and kindly way.

Next Mrs. Putnam testified that Mr. Tilton, in 1870, said to her that he was not Mr. Beecher as a preacher, but liked him as a man; that Mr. Beecher's magnanimity was his chief quality, and not his genius. She saw a plaster bust of Mr. Beecher at Mr. Tilton's house, with its face turned to the wall. Mrs. Tilton explaining, "Mr. Tilton's gone off in a sulky fit because I gave to the Republican party." This was after the writing of the Cleveland letter by Mr. Beecher, and its criticism in the *Independent* by Mr. Tilton. In a talk then Mr. Tilton said that Mr. Beecher was "a good man, but he has been ruined by others, and equally ready to forgive injuries to himself. The outpour for awhile Mrs. Putnam's testimony drifted dre rily through conversations in which Mr. Tilton had expressed his religious views, his opinion of theatres, and so forth.

MR. EVARTS'S BRUSH WITH JUDGE NELSON.

Mr. Shearman at length asked Mrs. Putnam whether she had ever seen a letter from Mr. Tilton to his wife, in which he referred to a possibility of being dismissed from the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union*. Mr. Fullerton objected.

"Where is the letter?" asked Judge Nelson, adding, probably intending the remark as a full and final proof of the contents had not been in question, thus: "The letter would be the best evidence."

Mr. Evarts did not put to accept a decision as fit, being unsure the answer he argues a point peculiarly in his favor, and has been, at times, a great, a very great, long lumber forefinger, in fingan, "the law is changed here."

"I did not know any argument," interrupted Judge Nelson, tartly.

"Will you allow me to state my proposition, sir?" asked Mr. Evarts, nodding up his finger.

"Not at this time," recalled the Judge, in a deep bass, and with strong emphasis.

The audience had been listless, but this unceremonious ask in the monotony aroused everybody to attention.

"If your Honor does not wish me to be heard," continued Mr. Evarts—his finger standing bolt upright, like an unusually astonished exclamation point—"I shall certainly not force myself upon your attention."

"Proceed, Mr. Evarts," said with each word Judge Nelson beat time energetically with the gavel, "is quite unnecessary. The Court is always glad to hear you when making offers as to which the Court is in doubt. We will hear you now if you have any other offer than that just ruled out."

Mr. Evarts explained that his offer had never had the letter, and therefore could not produce it upon the demand of the defence, and Judge Nelson said, rather peremptorily, "Go on, Mr. Shearman."

Mr. Shearman told Mrs. Putnam to describe Mr. Tilton's reception of the letter in Madison, Ohio, where she was then visiting. Mrs. Putnam replied, "I sent the letter up stairs to her, and about twenty minutes afterward I went up to see how she felt about it."

"Did you see Mr. Morris?"

"We want to know how she found Mrs. Tilton," said Mr. Shearman.

"And that is just what we object to," retorted Mr. Fullerton.

"She may state that she went up stairs and found Mrs. Tilton," decided the Judge, "but cannot go any further."

Mr. Shearman excepted to this ruling. His next question was, "Did you speak to Mrs. Tilton?"

MR. BEACH REBUKED.

"She was not"—began Mrs. Putnam, doubtless intending to describe Mrs. Tilton's condition, but to thus evade, unwittingly or otherwise, the ruling which had just been given.

"Wait one moment, madam," said Mr. Beach, in his most mandatory way; "please answer the question fully and don't try to smuggle in excluded evidence."

Mrs. Putnam was abashed and silent.

"Mr. Beach," said Mr. Shearman, "I consider it at least ungentlemanly."

Mr. Beach was sitting in his chair, and Mr. Shearman standing close bound, bring it his face relatively close to his opponent's left ear as he spoke.

"Gentlemanly, Mr. Shearman," commanded Judge Nelson, rapping sharply with his gavel, and cutting Mr. Shearman short in a further oral outbraight upon Mr. Beach; "we can take care of Mr. Beach. Your remark, Mr. Beach, was very wrong, sir."

"Of course I submit to your Honor's rebuke," said Mr. Beach; "but this lady is an intelligent lady, and she was simply asked whether she spoke to Mrs. Tilton. Under our objection and your Honor's ruling that she was not at liberty to state the conditions in which she found Mrs. Tilton, but to answer that simple question, she undertook to state the condition in which she found Mrs. Tilton, and I say it is smuggling in testimony."

The Judge told Mr. Shearman to go on with the examination, but he kept up the wrangle by saying angrily, "If your Honor please, I consider that an outrage, no matter who it comes from. The witness was not going to do anything of the kind. It is a mere assumption."

"You are not called upon to administer any rebuke to Mr. Beach," said the Judge, "after the remark of the Court."

THE REMARK REPEATED.

"I submit to your Honor's rebuke," said Mr. Beach, standing up for the first time in this lively episode, "but I insist the lady is intelligent and has clearly comprehended the objections just before made, which were against incompetence, and which was sustained, and that knowing this her answer showed a tendency to smuggle in evidence."

"The gentleman renews the offence," said Mr. Shearman, and Mr. Beach added, "Under your Honor's rebuke, I withdraw the expression."

"I do not withdraw my words," said Mr. Shearman, bristling.

"Oh, let your words stand," was Mr. Fullerton's comment, "we don't mind them."

Then Mr. Shearman, after the warmth of the controversy had somewhat subsided, said, "We propose to prove that the letter was found by Mrs. Putnam clutched in Mrs. Tilton's hand, and Mrs. Tilton in a dead swoon on the floor. We propose to prove that the letter was read to the witness, and that it contained a statement in Mr. Tilton's handwriting, 'I want you to understand that I will have as guests in my house whom I choose, sir—'"

Mr. Pryor interrupted this time, saying, "I object. The purpose now to give the contents of a letter which your Honor says is incompetent evidence, absolutely incompetent, and they propose to repeat in the hearing of the jury the contents of the letter, when they are well aware from your Honor's peremptory ruling that it is not evidence, and will not be admitted."

Messrs. Evarts, Beach, Fullerton, Shearman, and Morris joined in a contest, ending in the offer of proof of Mrs. Tilton's trance being excluded, Judge Nelson making a pun based on the word "transcription," but he did not make the point apparent enough for the audience to appreciate it.

About this time Juryman Jeffrey took a dose of medicine, and Juryman McMurn feeling faint, was taken out of the room for recuperation. When Mr. Evarts then got back Mr. Shearman announced the conclusion of the direct examination.

Judge Nelson suggested that the cross-examination should not be extended longer than was necessary, and Mr. Fullerton replied that he would hurry to conclude at times.

The kissing custom of the Tilton family was put into evidence as follows:

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Q.—You have spoken of Mr. Tilton's habits in receiving his friends; how frequently have you seen him salute his friends with a kiss? A.—It was a very customary thing in our house.

Q.—Did you ever see him kiss a gentleman? A.—I don't think I ever did. I saw him kiss ladies—wherever he met them, as they friends called; I couldn't tell how many occasions.

Q.—Did you have any dispute with Mr. Tilton about the propriety of it? A.—No, sir; I had a conversation with him about it, which I remember either at or the subject. I don't think there was any discussion.

Q.—You didn't think it was wrong? A.—No, sir.

Q.—When you speak of her lofty spiritual nature, you do not mean to be understood that she was without fault? A.—No, sir.

Q.—And her fault was untruthfulness? A.—Not generally untruthfulness, but particular untruthfulness?

A.—As far as her husband was concerned, sir, I said.

Q.—Was this the kind of house Bessie Turner, at the time of her visit, was in to live? A.—I should think it was a very happy family, sir. A.—Did you see Bessie Turner, sir, I have never known a case. I should think she would be a very good one to quarrel with against Mrs. Tilton's since her age was, if she was since and taught.

Q.—How long did Bessie Turner stay with you at Mr. Beecher's? A.—I don't remember, sir. I remember that she came and returned with Mrs. Tilton in November. I don't remember when she left, and during the time she was with us she was sick. She was sick for six weeks after that about six or eight weeks, and then returned home. A.—Was Bessie sick? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Where are you stating now? A.—At 15 Green avenue.

Q.—Have you seen Mrs. Morse since you arrived? A.—I have. I arrived here on Saturday morning, and I saw Mrs. Morse in the afternoon of the same day. I saw Mrs. Morse in Brooklyn. This case of my coming to Brooklyn, I think, is I have been there.

Q.—Did you see Bessie Turner since you came? A.—I have, sir, today. I have seen Bessie Turner and a dozen times for a few moments. I saw her when I called on Mrs. Morse at her boarding house in Brooklyn. I saw Bessie Turner. Mrs. Morse called Bessie Turner.

Q.—Did you have any conversation with Bessie? A.—Yes, sir. I did. The conversation with her.

Q.—Was any other person present during your conversations? A.—Mrs. Morse was being present and my sister on one or two occasions.

Q.—Did you ever converse with her alone upon the subject of your visit? A.—I don't remember whether I have or not. I have conversed with her upon the subject of this trial.

Q.—And as to the evidence that she should give? A.—No, sir. I have not conversed with her about any evidence she should give.

TALKS WITH MRS. BEECHER AND MRS. MORSE.

Q.—Did you tell her what you were going to swear to? A.—No, sir; I didn't tell her some questions.

Q.—Did you not tell her what you were to be asked in the trial? A.—I have; but not at any great length.

Q.—Was any one present when you conversed with Mrs. Morse? A.—Mrs. Morse was present.

Q.—How often have you seen Mrs. Tilton since you arrived in Brooklyn? A.—I have seen her frequently, sometimes every day, and sometimes not for a week.

Q.—Have you been with Mrs. Tilton since you were here, except here in court? A.—I have seen him in my picture room. A. I think he passed through the room once. I called on Mrs. Beecher, and he passed through the room. I called on Mrs. Beecher, and he passed through the room. I called on Mrs. Beecher once before, and after I came to town this time.

Q.—Did you see Mrs. Tilton at the house of Mrs. Beecher? A.—No, sir, not to make a formal call on her.

Q.—Have you spoken of a letter that you compared at Mrs. Tilton's when Mrs. Tilton wrote. Please look at the paper I show you and say whether that is the letter you compared? A.—I compared. Have witness the letter. A.—I compared it with you certainly whether that is the letter or not.

Q.—What is your best jud, ment about it? A.—I am as positive as I can be.

Q.—Please look at your best judgment? A.—I don't know that I have any better judgment about it; I recare nothing else. I have no doubt, I think it is, and one Mrs. Tilton's handwriting. I saw it at Marie's, in Mrs. Tilton's handwriting. She either read it to me or handed it to me. I don't remember.

Q.—When did you first hear of what may be termed the scandal? A.—I heard the first public rumor at the time of Victoria Woodhull's first appearance.

Q.—Prior to the publication of it before that? A.—I have heard rumors of it for years. I had heard rumors of it before the publication. I had heard rumors of it for years. I don't remember when Mrs. Tilton first spoke to me of it; I don't remember.

Q.—Did you not have a talk upon the subject? A.—I talked with a great many upon the subject. A.—I talked with a great many upon the subject.

DR. STORRS.

Q.—Dr. Storrs was your pastor when you were there? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Have you called upon him since you have been here this time? A.—I have not.

Q.—Did you ever find any fault with Dr. Storrs for not preaching on the subject? A.—No, sir, I never felt angry at Dr. Storrs.

Q.—Did you never express anger at the time this council was called? A.—No, sir; I had considerable feeling, I thought Dr. Storrs was mistaken and unwise; I never expressed anger at Dr. Storrs.

Q.—Did you not say that letter will refresh your recollection. Hand it to witness.

A.—I recollect here that I was angry at the two churches. I suppose it was an extravagant woman's expression.

Having got from Mrs. Putnam a reiteration of her denial of having ever expressed anger against the Rev. Dr. Storrs, Mr. Fullerton handed her a letter written by her to Mrs. Tilton, in April, 1871, in which was the following:

"I went to church at the papers, both secular and religious, on this council. I have been much excited, and my sympathies have been warmly enlisted for Mr. Beecher. I saw his great heart most cruel. I wish I knew what notice I could take of the ground he takes. Is he not very crazy? Does he feel that Mr. B. has got power sufficient in the accusations made against him? Oh, how I wish he knew these things could reach. It makes me sick, and I know he really angry with these two ministers, Dr. Storrs and Dr. Hall, for stirring it up. I go when Dorus Morse is not in the house on and say he thinks Mr. B. is but man, or else say he never said what he is accused of saying, or else not keep saying he never *slandered* Mr. B.

ANOTHER SPAT BETWEEN THE LAWYERS.

Mrs. Putnam admitted that the letter was in her handwriting, and Mr. Fullerton proposed to read it. Mr. Evarts objected, but, upon Mr. Fullerton saying that the object was to contradict the witness, Judge Nelson admitted it.

Mr. Evarts asked to see the letter, and Mr. Fullerton handed it to him. After the lawyers for the defence had hurriedly examined it, Mr. Fullerton held out his hand to take it back, but Mr. Evarts drew it away.

"I want to hand it back to the witness," said Mr. Fullerton.

"You can't hand it back until I have read it," said Mr. Evarts.

The spectators laughed at the exhibition of temper.

"Well," added Mr. Fullerton, testily, "you have the novelcal power to retain it, but it is a violation of etiquette and propriety, and I don't hesitate to say so."

The letter was, after some delay, marked as evidence. Then Judge Neilson asked Mrs. Putnam whether she had written the letter under the impression that the proceedings of Drs. Storrs's and Budington's churches were directed against Mr. Beecher, adding that he had not supposed that to be the truth. Mrs. Putnam replied, "Yes, sir; that was my feeling at that time. I had forgotten what expressions I had made in the warmth of the controversy; but I propose to say under oath that I never felt angry with Dr. Storrs in my life."

The recess ensued.

After Recess—Testimony of an Old Friend of the Tilton Family.

Mr. Moulton walked into the court room soon after the reassembling, and took a not conspicuous seat near the door. There was still an absence of a discomforting crowd, and the air had been purified by open windows. Mrs. Putnam went back to the witness chair after a conversation with Mr. Shearman, but Mr. Fullerton had no more questions to ask. She then left the stand, going back to the seat which, previous to being put on the stand, she had customarily occupied as a spectator.

The audience was disappointed when Miss Hannah Augusta Moore was called as the next witness. Expectation had fixed upon Bessie Turner. Miss Moore is an old friend of Mrs. Tilton, having boarded with the Tilton family about ten years ago, and subsequently maintained the intimacy. She testified, in response to questions by Mr. Tracy, that she had observed a lapse from orthodoxy in Mr. Tilton's religious belief; that she had known of his writing and playing billiards on Sundays while he was connected with the Plymouth Sunday school; that she had heard him express a belief in the doctrine of atonement, to the sorrow of his wife; that his treatment of his wife had been variable between pleasantness and gruffness; that Mrs. Tilton had once said, "Hannah, I wish you had married him—you might manage him," to which she had replied, "Why do you wish such a curse on me?"

Then came the following:

Q.—Did you at any time notice a change in the friends and associates of Mr. Tilton that he brought around him at his home? A.—Yes, sir. The first year I board ed there, in 1869 I think it was, he brought at then Pearl Andrews and women that he had with him there at the house. There were the only ones I remember that winter; afterward more of that kind came, in Oxford street and Livingston street.

Q.—Was anything said of their conversation when Stephen Pearl Andrews was there? A.—I could not understand a word they said; they were talking all the time; they talked to midnight; it was all about conjugal rights, and I heard the word free love talk; I don't remember what it was at all. [Laughter.]

AFFINITIES.

Q.—Was anything said about affinities—did you hear that? A.—Yes, about affinities; the woman that was with Mr. Andrews sat on a sofa beside Mr. Tilton, and she would turn around and pick up at him, and tell him what a lovely sphere he had; something of that sort. Great laughter.) I don't remember what she said, and she would turn around and pick up at him. (Great laughter.) They were sitting by the side of each other on the sofa.

Q.—How long did that continue? A.—From 7 or 8 o'clock.

Q.—Do you know who that woman was? A.—I do not. I don't even remember her name.

Q.—Was it Mrs. Morse? A.—No, sir. Mrs. Morse, Mr. Freeland, and Mrs. Tilton and myself; and I don't know but Deacon Freeland.

Q.—After that, did you hear more of similar conversation? A.—I did, sometimes; but nothing that attracted my attention or that I remembered or my mind as that did. I was afraid for him then, and I told his wife so.

Q.—Did you have a talk with Tilton about it afterward? A.—I talked with him a good many times afterwards, and told him he would go to ruin if he kept seen company, and I didn't know but he was ruined. I said he was ruined enough to believe what he said.

Q.—Did you not say that Andrews lectured at the house of Henry Ward Beecher at one time? A.—I never heard of it.

Q.—Don't you know that this woman was Stephen Pearl Andrews's wife? A.—I don't know anything about it.

Q.—Pray tell us how Deacon Freeland looked there all the time? A.—I couldn't see much of him. He looked pleasant, as he always does. (Laughter.)

Q.—He was a Deacon of Plymouth Church? A.—I don't know. I believe he is a deacon. I believe he is a member of Plymouth Church. It was offensive to the feeling this woman acts.

Q.—If it was offensive to you, why didn't you get up and go out? A.—Because I wanted to see it out. (Great laughter.)

Q.—Was such that the woman said? A.—What a boisterous pleasant sphere or atmosphere, or something of that sort. It was very pleasant, indeed.

Q.—Was the atmosphere pleasant that night? (Laughter.) A.—It didn't seem so to me. (Laughter.)

Q.—What was there wrong about the atmosphere; wasn't the room well ventilated? A.—It ought to have been; both the doors were open.

LISTENING FOR THEODORE TO COME IN.

One of Mr. Tilton's faults, according to Miss Moore's recollection, was inattention to his wife, she remembered well having seen him "shoot up her over on the platform at a late time trying to get to the other women." He had left her to go home unescorted, and was sometimes very late in getting home himself.

"How did you know it was late?" asked Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Moore, with Mrs. Morse, his mother-in-law," was the ready and laughter-provoking reply, "and we listened to hear him come in."

"But how did you know what time it was when he came in?" persisted the lawyer. "Did you get up to see?"

"No," answered Miss Moore, her eyes twinkling, "there was a clock in plain sight. Mrs. Morse"—and here she pitched her voice at a different key, as though imitating the querulousness of a mother-in-law—"she would say, 'Look there, Augusta. It's two o'clock, and Theodore not in yet. It's a shame.' I told Mrs. Tilton—"

"Never mind what you told Mrs. Tilton," said Mr. Fullerton.

"Won't you let me finish the sentence?" she asked.

"No."

"Please, won't you?"

Mr. Fullerton was obdurate at first. He shook his eye glasses at her, and she shook her fan at him. Finally he relented, and she went on as follows:

I told her that that was no way to help him or to get God to answer her prayers for him; that she ought to stand on what she knew was best and right. When he wanted her to let her children play on the Sabbath day, that she should be firm about that, and not let them play. She wanted to let them know that the Sabbath was different from some other day, and he didn't wish them to. He told her that he used to get out their playthings, and he didn't want to have any difference made he ween days. He began that feeling and talk about the Sabbath the very second year I knew also, in 1869 or 1870.

THE CHILDREN.

Q.—What children had there then? A.—They had Florence.

Q.—How old was she? A.—Only a year old. He began right away, as soon as Florence knew anything, to try to teach her his way.

Q.—I want to know what children they had, and their respective ages when the conversations occurred about the playthings. A.—They had two—Florence and Alice. Alice was two or three years old. Old enough to begin to have some idea.

Q.—The controversy was, whether these two children should have their playthings out on the Sabbath day—one a child of two years, and one of two and a half or three years? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Are you a member of Plymouth Church? A.—Yes, sir, and have been about sixteen years.

Q.—You have taken a strong interest in this controversy? A.—Yes, sir; I don't been tormented to death in my own affairs. I have taken an interest in it as strong as I could.

Q.—You did your best, didn't you? A.—Yes.

It lacked only ten minutes of four o'clock when Miss Moore left the stand, but Judge Neilson, anxious to lose no time, told Mr. Shearman to call another witness.

"We call Mrs. Oakley," said Mr. Shearman; and he started to escort her to the platform.

An adjournment was compelled before she was sworn, however, by the renewed illness of Mr. Jeffrey, the bilious juror.

It is announced that the testimony of Mrs. Oakley will, like that of Mrs. Putnam and Miss Moore, relate to the domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton.

How Mr. Fullerton Twisted Mr. Ovington.

New York Dispatch to the Toronto Globe.

Mr. Fullerton then examined Mr. Ovington at great length respecting the visit paid to Mrs. Tilton at his house by Tracy—how long Tracy was in the house before Ovington saw him, if he saw everybody who rang the front door bell and came into the house, and a number of questions for the purpose of confusing Mr. Ovington and impairing his credibility, and so far succeeded that he compelled Ovington to make four or five corrections, and drove the unfortunate witness into a state of despair. He laughed, however, at his own embarrassment, and looked apparently upon his examination by Fullerton as a matter more gray than grave.

Mr. Beecher, who was reading "Dodd's New History of the Brooklyn Scandal," took the book from before his eyes, and could not help laughing over Ovington's unfortunate position and desperate muddle. Every time that Mr. Fullerton stated "Well, so you are mistaken again, Mr. Ovington," or "Well, you will have another chance," the audience laughed. The unhappy man was cut on the rack again and made some answers of an irrelevant nature. Fullerton would say, "Are you sure this time, really sure?" and kept on torturing his victim to his great confusion, and to the great amusement of the gallery and court room. After loading him to fury, and when Ovington commenced to show his teeth somewhat at Fullerton's taunting manner, then the counsellor would elevate his voice and "bluster" the witness into like because of anything, and would venture to speak a little positively again, then the pitiless inquisitor would recommence. Do you understand my question? Do you think you can speak slowly this time? Have you any doubts as to your ability to answer this matter? I don't want to know that; please answer the question. Now, I am willing to give you another chance. As an intelligent man, Mr. Ovington, I want you to tell me, &c., &c. The following question was answered in the way indicated half a dozen times. Q.—Did you not state a moment ago that such and such was the case? A.—I was mistaken. The courtroom proceed upon the audience was not a favorable one, judging from the smiles of incredulity on their countenances whenever witness was caught in a trap laid for him by Mr. Fullerton, involving a direct contradiction of previous statements calmly and deliberately made. Nobody was merrier in the court over Ovington's discomfiture than Frank Moulton, who watched the witness with a close recess equal to that of Hamlet at the play.

Mr. Richards and His Testimony.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Richards was strongly condemned by many newspapers at the time he gave his testimony, and subsequently. Mr. Tracy, in his opening speech for the defendant, Mr. Richards has let very keenly the abuse heaped upon him, and has prepared a statement. Indeed, he has written out two statements, setting forth his reasons for testifying, and what he had heard and seen. The first, which was in substance Mr. Beecher, and advising Mr. Tilton to forgive Mr. Beecher's visits to his wife. Neither of these statements Mr. Richards has published, and his friends yesterday stated that he had finally decided not to publish anything. Nor would unalloyed again, if he is to be recalled, for an opportunity to explain. His friends added, however—without divulging or confirming the rumors that Mrs. Tilton had confessed adultery to her brother and his wife—that it might transpire that Mr. Richards did not allude to anything he had heard from either Mr. or Mrs. Tilton.

Some years ago he had been employed in the office of the *Independent*, then, as now, conducted by Mr. Beecher's brother. Mr. Richards heard it repeatedly asserted that Mr. Beecher was in the habit of making improper visits to several houses in Brooklyn. These assertions were so frequent and positive that Mr. Richards became convinced there was a foundation for them, and when he found Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton under the circumstances he described in court, he was quick to suspect wrong. He did not tell Mr. Tilton what he had seen, but did tell him what he had heard about Mr. Beecher, and urged him to put a stop to Mr. Beecher's visits, which he was convinced were not clerical merely. He spoke to his wife the same night about the occurrence.

When asked if Mr. Richards would not have further testified, if allowed, that his wife had thereupon told Mrs. Tilton and received her confession in response, Mr. Richards's friend declined to say at this time. Mr. Richards expects to be called to rebut what Mr. Beecher is expected to testify regarding the scene, and it will then be described more fully.

How Some Newspapers Stand.

From the Troy Times.

Beecher knows, and also his friends know, that nothing can be kept back. The whole truth must be revealed. The case is one of life or death with him, and his appearance before the Judge and jury will recall the manner in which the gladiators saluted the throne: *Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutamus*. Hail, Cæsar, we who are about to die salute you. All feel that this trial imperils destinies hardly inferior to those of national importance.

The *Graphic* is openly hostile to Beecher, and, by its amazing skill in caricature, has dealt him some powerful blows. The *Times* is also Tilton's paper, and therefore leads us to imagine that the *Tribune* must be Beecherian in its proclivity, for these papers must always be true to their avowed antagonism. The *Herald* would do violence to its nature if it did not take alternate sides, while the *World*, though a Democratic journal, is a friend of the clerical defendant.

Why Bowen Doesn't Testify.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

I have got into the inside of the mystery about the calling of Bowen as a witness in the Beecher case. It is this: Neither side wishes to call Bowen, for the reason that both sides are anxious to have the privilege of cross-examining him. It is for this reason there is so much playing around him. It is on this account that the opposing counsel are working sharply against each other in regard to him. Brother Bowen is sure to be a bad witness for the side that calls him, will shever side it be, having scrutinizing to say against both Tilton and Beecher. But the party which has him under cross-examination will have the advantage of him, get decoest into him, and be best able to analyze his testimony. This explanation of the Bowen matter is not a fancy or a guess, but we told me by an individual who knows all about it.

Why Mrs. Tilton Should be Heard.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The Legislature of the State has already, for the sake of the Beecher case, passed a law allowing the Court to extend its term indefinitely. Another bill referring to the case was introduced, providing for the testimony of Mrs. Tilton. The introducer of it says there should be a removal of all the bars against husband and wife testifying where either party is under indictment, examination, or trial. He adds that after patiently reading all the testimony taken in the Henry Ward Beecher suit, he is satisfied the whole truth can't be known until Mrs. Tilton is allowed to testify. Another member of the Legislature is preparing a bill somewhat different, to accomplish the same purpose.

One Who Escaped.

From the Burlingtonian Democrat.

There is probably but one woman connected with Plymouth Church or the scandal whom Beecher hasn't kissed—that's Mrs. Beecher.

It was a narrow escape, for she, too, might have fallen and she yielded to one of those paroxysmal kisses.

Don't Hack, Hack, Cough, Cough.

Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs manifest themselves. But when it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and larynx by taking cold, from an attack of bronchitis, from incipient consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily or cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack, or a lingering cough, the Discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one-fourth the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a proper medicine for the relief of a cough, for unless this course is pursued, serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result. Golden Medical Discovery is sold by all dealers in medicine.—*Adv.*

Leaky Roofs

Made water tight *or no charge*. Send postal card to N. Y. Slate Roofing Co., 6 Cedar st., N. Y.—*Adv.*

RELIGION GONE STARK MAD

A REVIVAL EXCITEMENT AMONG LITTLE CHILDREN.

Protracted Meeting to Convert Sinners of Four and Five Years Old—Revivalist Hammond's Operations in San Francisco.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Feb. 27.

The children's revival meeting in Calvary Church was not very extensively attended yesterday morning. The seats in the body of the church were not even filled. Many recent examples of conversion to grace were related by Mr. Hammond and other clergymen. One story was about two young ladies—one a Methodist, the other an Episcopalian—who ten years ago prayed for a young man from Holland. This young man was converted, though he knew nothing of their efforts in his behalf.

A gentleman testified that he had spoken to a large number of youthful persons, not one of whom gave answers to his simple questions, but only cried.

Seventy requests for prayers were sent up. Mr. Hammond read the list. Prayers were asked for the only son of a widow—for an infidel whose wife is a praying woman—a Catholic lady whose eyes are opened, who has left idols to seek the Saviour—our four boys—a professor of religion who has not the joy of God in her heart—an only brother—a number of Christians who stand aloof from this work—one who does not believe that the Bible is the work of God—a young man who says he cannot pray for himself—a business man, a leading banker in this city—a young boy who made light of these meetings when asked to attend them—the Mission Sunday School, that all its members may be converted—a little girl out of Christ—a little boy eight years old out of Christ, but whose conversion is looked for every minute.

The Howard street Methodist Episcopal Church was crowded yesterday afternoon. The audience was composed mainly of adults, with a heavy battalion of children in the front seats. The platform was occupied by prominent ecclesiastical lights of the city.

HALF AN HOUR OF SONG.

The services opened at 3:15 with the song, "When I can read my title clear, to mansions in the skies," accompanied by the organ. For nearly half an hour the time was taken up with the recitation of popular missionary melodies, the principal burden of the refrain being the love of Jesus. During the musical exercises a fresh assortment of covenant cards were brought in and laid upon the platform, and the children greeted their arrival with sparkling eyes. As the singing continued the revivalists warmed to their work. Mr. Hammond strode up and down the platform, emphasizing the staccato portions of the music with a vigorous clapping of the hands and an occasional stamp of the foot *à la* G. F. Bristow.

At the close of the song, "I am weak and weary and houseless and defiled," Mr. Hammond advanced and remarked that the Bible taught that we were all sinners, but a love for Jesus would wipe out the stain. As he continued to talk the interest in the audience, born of inquiry into which the human race had fallen, the faces of the innocents upon the front seat, who ranged from 5 years to 12, became flushed with recollections of their past depravity, and at times they shrank back at the picture presented to their mind.

The Rev. Dr. Burroughs offered up a prayer, and after another song Dr. Stone took the platform and severely condemned the action of some of the public school teachers who had attempted to induce their pupils to join against the great work of revival, calling it all nonsense, and that it interfered with their studies. If a teacher did this in an official capacity he should repent before his God in sackcloth and ashes. Dr. Stone concluded by urging upon the children to obtain written permits from their parents to attend the revivals.

The Rev. Dr. Dunn rose and stated that not all of the teachers were to blame in this matter, and he hoped that the Board of Education would not expel the teachers who were disposed to help the revival.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A SINNER OF SIX.

Mr. Hammond then took the platform and opened an interesting conversation with the children on the quiz theme which was noticeable throughout the church. Yesterday, said he, a gentleman came on the platform and went up to a little boy of six, whom he took in his arms and said:

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Six, sir."

"Have you loved Jesus?"

"No, sir."

"Do you love him, dear?"

"I don't do first loving now."

"Were you a great sinner, pet?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you felt very sorry for your sins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, what sins did you commit?"

"I forget, sir."

You see, dear children, the little boy could not remember all of his sins, but by his intelligent answer we felt he fully understood the great plan of salvation. The children say that they all pray harder now than before the revival. [Laughter.] Why, the same man asked a little shaver of six a number of questions, and if I had put the questions he was to answer them I could not have done better.

STORY OF THE LITTLE PUCK.

And there was a little wee bit of a duck, only two days old, and its mother was a hen. As soon as the little duck saw some water it began to toddle along to it just like this. [Here the reverend speaker imitated the waddling of a duck across the stage, and long laughter.] Now, children, the little duck had never heard what was good for him. And now, my dear children, you should take to Jesus like ducks to water.

THE EFFICACY OF CONVERSION.

Some had said that a conversion did not last long; but the fact that ninety-five out of every hundred of the people that he had converted were leading Christian lives to-day ought to be enough to stop the mouths of carpers.

A man spoke to Dr. Stone, but when he came home to dinner he was three-quarters of an hour behind time, and instead of a nice boiled codfish found nothing but bones on the table, and he found his watch would not go because one of the wheels was bad. Now all a watch did was a new wheel, and all you want is a new heart to make you go right and not be behind time in working for the Lord.

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