THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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BEECHER'S STATEMENT

A Complete Review of All the Acts and Incidents of the Dirty Drama of Brooklyn Hights.

The Great Preacher in his Own Defense—What he has to say about Tilton and his Charges.

A Straight-out Denial. Unsupported by Other Testimony—Beecher's History of the Internal Troubles.

Those Letters and Other Documentary Evidence in Possession of Moulton—Severe on the "Mutual Friend."

The Woodhull Story—The Scarlet Woman Exposed—A Scathing and Excoriating Document, Etc.

NEW YORK, August 13.—GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—In a statement addressed to the public, on the twenty-second of July last, I gave an explicit, comprehensive and solemn denial to the charges made by Theodore Tilton against me. That denial I now repeat and reaffirm. I also stated in that communication that I should appear before your committee with a more detailed statement and explanation of the facts in the case. Four years ago Tilton fell from one of the proudest editorial chairs in America, when he represented the cause of religion, humanity and prosperity, and in a few months thereafter became the associate and representative of Victoria Woodhull, and a friend of her strange cause. By his folly he was bankrupted in reputation, in occupation and in resources, the interior history of which I am now about to give a brief outline. It is a history of his attempt to so employ me as to reinstate him in business, restore his reputation, and place him again upon the eminence from which he had fallen. It is a sad history, to the full meaning of which I have but recently awakened. Entangled in a wilderness of complications, I followed, until lately, a false theory and a delusive hope, believing that the friend who assured me of his determination and ability to control the passionate vagaries of Mr. Tilton, to restore his household, to rebuild his fortune, and to vindicate me, would be equal to that. His self-confessed failure has made clear to me what, for a long time, I did not suspect, the real motive of Mr. Tilton. My narration does not represent a single standpoint only as regards my opinion of Theo. Tilton. It begins at my cordial intimacy with him in his earlier career, and shows my lamentations and sorrowful but hopeful affection for him during the period of his initial wanderings from truth and virtue. It describes my repentance over evils befalling him, of which I was made to believe myself the cause; my persevering and friendly despairing efforts to save him and his family by any sacrifice of myself not absolutely dishonorable, and my growing conviction that his perpetual follies and blunders rendered his recovery impossible. I can now see that he is, and has been from the beginning of this difficulty,

A SELFISH AND RECKLESS SCHEMER,

pursuing a plan of mingled good and hatred, and weaving about me a network of suspicious misunderstandings, plots, and lies, to which my own innocent words and acts—nay, even my thoughts of kindness toward him—have been made to contribute. These successive views of him must be kept in sight to explain my course through the last four years. That I was blind so long as to the real motive of the intrigue going on around me, was due partly to my own love which lining public engagements, partly to my complete surrender of this affair and all papers and questions connected with it into the hands of Mr. Moulton, who was intensely confident that he could manage it successfully. I suffered much, but I inquired little. Mr. Moulton was chary to me of Mr. Tilton's confidences to him, reporting to me occasionally, in a general way, Mr. Tilton's words and outbreaks of passion only as elements of trouble which he was able to control, and as additional proofs of the wisdom of leaving it to him. His comments on the situation seemed to me at the time complete, innocent as I was in incessant cares and duties, and only too glad to be relieved from considering the details of it and the wretched complications, the origin and the fact of which remain, in spite of all friendly intervention, a perpetual burden to my soul. I would not read in the papers about it; I would not talk about it.

I made Moulton for a long period my confident, and my only channel of information. From time to time suspicions were aroused in me by indications that Mr. Tilton was acting the part of an enemy, but these suspicions were rapidly allayed by his own behavior toward me, and in other moods, and by assurances of Mr. Moulton, who ascribed the circumstances to a misunderstanding, or to malice on the part of others. It is plain to me now that it was not until Tilton had

FALLEN INTO DISGRACE

and lost his salary, that he thought it necessary to assail me with charges which he pretended to have had in mind for six months. The domestic offense which he alleged was very quickly and easily put aside, but yet in such a way as to keep my feelings stirred up in order that I might, through my friends, be used to extract from Mr. Bowen seven thousand dollars, the amount of a claim in dispute between the church for this amount in the hands of Mr. Tilton. I signed an agreement of peace and concord, not drawn by me, but accepted by me as sincere. The *Golden Age* had been started. He had the capital to carry it on for awhile. He was sure that he was to head a great social revolution. With returning prosperity he had, apparently, no griefs which could not be covered by his signature to the articles of peace, yet the changes in that covenant made by him before signing it, and represented to me as necessary merely to relieve him from the imputation of having originated it, and that his complete restoration to public standing and household happiness was a reparation justly required of me, and the only one which I could make, but, with a peculiar genius for blunders, he fell at almost every step into new complications and difficulties, and in every such instance it was his policy to bring coercion to bear upon my honor, my conscience, and my affections, for the purpose of procuring his exoneration at my expense. Theodore Tilton knew me well. He has said again and again to his friends, if they wished to gain any influence over me they must work upon the sympathetic side of my nature. To this he has addressed himself steadily for four years, using without scruple my attachment to my friends, to my family, to his own household, and even my old affection for himself; and circulated certain

OLD AND SHAMELESS SLANDERS

about me were really made, as now appears, to leave him free for future operations on me and against me. So long as he was, or thought he was on the road to a new success, his conduct toward me was as friendly as he knew how to make it. His assumption of superiority and magnanimity, and his patronizing manner were trifles at which I could afford to smile, and which I bore with the greatest humility, since I still retained the profound impression upon me as explained in the following narrative that had been a cause of overwhelming disaster to him. Not blind to his faults, but resolved to look on him as favorably and hopefully as possible, and ignorant of his deeper malice, I labored earnestly, even desperately for his salvation for four years. I have been trying to feed his insatiable egotism to make the man as great as he conceived himself to be; to restore prosperity and public confidence to one who, in the midst of my efforts in his behalf, patronized disreputable people and doctrines, and refused when I besought him to separate from them, and ascribed to my agency the increasing ruin he was persistently bringing on himself, and which I was doing my utmost to avert. It was hard to do anything for such a man. I might as well have tried to fill a sieve with water. In the latter stages of the history he actually incited and created difficulties, apparently for no other purpose than to drive me to fresh exertions. I refused to indorse his wild views and associates. The best I could do was to speak well of him, mention those good qualities and abilities which I still believe him to possess in his higher moods, and keeping silence concerning the evil things which I was assured and believed had been greatly exaggerated by public report. I could not think him so bad as my friends. I trusted to his genius of good, which I thought still lived in him, to Mr. Moulton's apparent power over him, and the power of my persistent self-sacrifice. Mr. Moulton came to me first as a schoolmate and friend of Mr. Tilton, determined to reinstate him. I always suspected, without regard to my interests; but on a farther acquaintance with me, undertook and promised to serve his friend without doing wrong to me. He said he saw clearly how this was to be done so as to

RESTORE PEACE AND HARMONY

to Mr. Tilton's home, and bring a happy end of all my misunderstandings. Many things which he counseled I absolutely refused, but I never doubted his professed friendship for me, after the friendship had grown up between us, and whatever he wished me to do I did, unless it seemed to me wrong. My confidence in him was the only element that seemed secure in this confusion of tormenting perplexities. To him I wrote freely in this troublous time, while I felt that secret machinations were going on around me, and echoes of the vilest slanders concerning me were heard in unexpected quarters, when some of my near relatives were set against me, and the title of a crowd of malicious women, hostile to us on other grounds, was borne to my ears, when I had lost the last remnant of faith in Theodore or hope for him, when I heard with unspeakable remorse that everything I had done to stay his destruction had made matters worse and worse, and that my attempt to keep him from a public trial, involving such a flow of scandal as has now been let loose, had been used by him to bring up new troubles, that his unhappy wife was under his dictation, signing papers and recantations, and I know not what, that in short, everything was breaking up, and the destruction from which I had sought to save the family was likely to be emptied on other families in the church and community, with infinite horrors of woe for me; that my own innocence was buried under heaps of rubbish, and nobody but my professed friend, if even he could save us. To his assurances that he could still do so, I gave at least so much faith as to maintain, under these terrible trials, the silence which he enjoined. Not till Mr. Tilton, having attempted through Frank Carpenter to raise money from my friends, openly assailed me in a letter to Dr. Bacon, did I break that silence, save by a simple denial of slanderous rumors against me the year before. When on the appearance of the first open attack from Mr. Tilton, I immediately, without consulting Mr. Moulton, called for a thorough investigation with a committee of my church. I am not responsible for the delay, the publicity or the details of that investigation. All the harm which I have so long dreaded, and have so earnestly striven to avoid, has come to pass. I could not further prevent it without a full

SURRENDER OF HONOR AND TRUTH.

The time has arrived when I can freely speak in vindication of myself. I labor under many disadvantages in making this statement. My memory of the status of my mind is clear and tenacious, better than my memory of dates and details, during four troubled years, in all of which I have been simultaneously burdened with public labor, having established and conducted the *Christian Union*, delivered courses of lectures, preached before the theological seminary of Yale college, written the *Life of Christ*, and delivered each winter lyceum lectures in all the north and west. All these duties, with the care of a great church and its outlying schools and chapels, and the miscellaneous business which falls upon a clergyman more than upon any other public man, I have kept in regard; and now, with the necessity of explaining actions and letters resulting from complex influences apparent at the time, I find myself in a position where I know my innocence without being able to prove it with detailed explanation. I am one upon whom trouble works inwardly, making me outwardly silent, but reverberating in the chambers of my soul, and when at length I do speak, it is as a pent up flood, and pours with measure or moderation. I inherit a tendency to sadness—the remains in me of positive hypochondria in my father, my grandfather, and in certain moods of reaction the world becomes black and I see very despairingly. If I were in such mood, to speak as I feel I should give

FALSE COLORS AND EXAGGERATED PROPORTIONS

to everything. This manifestation is in such contrast to the hopefulness and courage which I experience in ordinary times that none but those intimate with me would suspect me so full of the overflowing spirit and eager gladsomeness to have within him a care of gloom. Some of my letters to Mr. Moulton reflect this morbid feeling. He understood it, and, at times, earnestly reproved me for indulging it. With this preliminary review I proceed to my narrative:

Synopsis of Mr. Beecher's Narrative.

Mr. Tilton was first known here as a reporter of my sermons. He was then a youth just from school, and working on the New York *Observer*, and from this paper he passed to the *Independent*, and became a great favorite with Mr. Bowen. When, about 1861, Drs. Bacon, Storrs and Thompson resigned their places, I became the editor of the *Independent*, to which I had been, from its start, a contributor. One of the inducements held out to me was that Tilton should be my assistant, and relieve me wholly from the routine of the office work. In this relation I became very much attached to him. We used to stroll to the galleries and print-shops, and dine often together. His mind was opening freshly and with enthusiasm upon questions. I used to pour out my ideas of civil affairs, public policy, religion and philosophy. Of this he has often spoken with grateful appreciation, and mourned at a later day over its cessation. August was my vacation month, but my family repaired to my farm in June and July, and remained there during September and October, my labors confining me to the city. I took my meals in families of friends, and from year to year I became so familiar with their children and houses, that I went in and out daily almost as in my own house. Mr. Tilton often alluded to this habit, and urged me to do the same by his house. He would often speak in extravagant terms of

HIS WIFE'S AFFECTION AND ESTEEM FOR ME.

After I began to visit his house, he sought to make it attractive. He urged me to bring my papers down there, and use his study to do my writing in, as it was not pleasant to write at the office of the *Independent*. When I went to England in 1863, Mr. Tilton took temporary charge of the *Independent*. On my return, I paved the way for him to take sole charge of it, my name remaining for a year, and then, he becoming the responsible editor. Friendly relations continued until 1866, when the violent assaults upon me by Mr. Tilton, in the *Independent*, on account of my Cleveland letter, and the temporary discontinuation of the publication of my sermons in that paper, broke off my connection with it. Although Mr. Tilton and I remained on good terms personally, yet there was a coolness between us in all matters of politics. Our social relations were very kindly, and as late as 1868-9, at his request, I sat to Page some fifty times for a portrait. It was here that I first met and talked with Moulton, whose wife was a member of Plymouth church, though he was neither a member nor even a regular attendant. During the whole period I never received from Mr. Tilton, or any member of his family, the slightest hint that there was any dissatisfaction with my familiar relations to his household. As late, I think, as the winter of 1869, when going upon an extended lecturing tour, he said: "I wish you would look in often and

SEE THAT LIZBY IS NOT LONESOME

and does not want anything," or words to that effect. Never by sign or word did Mr. Tilton complain of my visits to his family until after he began to feel that the *Independent* would be taken from him; nor did he break out into violence until on the eve of his dispossession from both the papers, the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union* (owned by Mr Bowen). During these years of intimacy in Tilton's family, I was treated as a father, or elder brother. Children were born, children died; they learned to love me, and to frolic with me as if I was one of themselves. I love them, and I had for Mrs. Tilton a true and honest regard. She seemed to me an affectionate mother, a devoted wife, looking to her husband as one far above the common race of men, and turning to me with artless familiarity, with entire confidence. Childish in appearance, she was childlike in nature; and I would as soon have misconceived the confidence of the little girls as the unstudied affection which she showed me. Delicate in health, with self-cheerful air, she was boundless in her sympathy for those in trouble, and labored far beyond her strength for the poor. She had the charge, at one time, of the married women's class at the Bethel mission-school, and they perfectly worshiped her there. I gave Mrs. Tilton copies of my books when published. I sometimes sent down farm flowers, to be distributed among a dozen or more families, and she occasionally shared. The only present of value I ever gave her was on my return from Europe, in 1864, when I distributed *souvenirs* of my journey to some fifty or more persons, and to her

I GAVE A SIMPLE BROOCHE,

of little intrinsic value. So far from supposing that my presence and influence was alienating Mrs. Tilton from her family relations, I thought, on the contrary, it was giving her strength, and encouraging her to hold fast upon a man evidently budding into dangerous associations, and liable to be reversed by unexampled self-conceit. I regarded Tilton as in a very critical period of his life, and used to think it fortunate he had good home influences about him. During the late years of our friendship, Mrs. Tilton spoke very mournfully to me about the tendency of her husband to great laxity of doctrine in religion and morals. She gave me to understand that he denied the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the scriptures, and mostly the articles of orthodox faith, while his views as to the sanctity of the marriage relations were undergoing constant change in the direction of

FREE LOVE.

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

Mr. Beecher alludes to Mr. Tilton's management of the *Independent*, which brought down the whole of Plymouth church upon him (Beecher), he being supposed still the controlling spirit, and of Bowen's argument, in view of these remonstrances to remove Tilton, or suppress his peculiar views. But instead of that Theodore seemed firmer in the saddle than before, and his loose notions of marriage and divorce began to be shadowed editorially. This led to the starting of the *Advance* in Chicago to supercede the *Independent* in the northwest, and Mr. Bowen was made to feel that Tilton's management was seriously injuring the business, and Tilton may have felt that his position was being undermined by opponents of his views. Some years before any open trouble between Mr. Tilton and myself his doctrines as set forth in the leaders of the *Independent* aroused a storm of indignation among the representatives of the congregationalists in the west, and as the paper was still very largely supposed to be my organ, I was written to on the subject, and in reply I indignantly disclaimed all responsibility for the views expressed by Tilton. My brother Edward, then living in Illinois, was prominent in these remonstrances, with whom he subsequently pretended to believe was leagued vague intimations of his feeling hard toward me, I ascribed to this misconception. I had really taken no step to harm him.

After Mrs. Tilton's return from the west, in December, 1870, a young girl whom Mrs. Tilton had taken into her family and educated and treated like an own child (her testimony, I understand, is before the committee), was sent to me with an urgent request that I would visit Mrs. Tilton at her mother's. She said that

MRS. TILTON HAD LEFT HER HOME,

and gone to her mother's, in consequence of the ill-treatment of her husband. She then gave an account of what she had seen of the cruelty and abuse on the part of her husband that shocked me, and yet more, when, with a downcast look, she said that Mr. Tilton had visited her chamber in the night, and sought her consent to his wishes. I immediately visited Mrs. Tilton at her mother's, and received an account of her home-life, and of the despotism of her husband, and of the management of a woman he had made housekeeper, which seems like a nightmare dream. The question was whether she would go back, or separate forever from her husband. I asked permission to bring my wife to see them, whose judgment in all domestic relations I thought better than my own, and accordingly a second visit was made. The result of the interview was that my wife was extremely indignant toward Mr. Tilton, and declared that no consideration on earth would induce her to remain an hour with a man who had treated her with a hundredth part of such insult and cruelty. I felt as strongly as she did, but hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of a separation. It was agreed that my wife should give her final advice at another visit the next day. When ready to go she wished

A FINAL WORD,

but there was company, and the children were present, and I wrote on a scrap of paper: "I incline to think that your view is right, and that a separation and a settlement of support will be wisest, and that in his present desperate state her presence is far more likely to produce hatred than her absence." Mrs. Tilton did not tell me that my presence had anything to do with this trouble, nor did she let me know that in July previous Tilton had extorted from her a confession of excessive affection for me. On the evening of December 27, 1870, Mr. Bowen, on his way home, called at my house, and handed me a letter from Mr. Tilton. It was, as near as I can remember, in the following terms:

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

I read it over twice, and turned to Bowen and said: "This man is crazy." "This is sheer insanity," and other like words. Mr. Bowen professed to be ignorant of the contents, and I handed him the letter to read. He at once fell into a conversation about Mr. Tilton; he gave me some account of his reason why he had reduced him from the editorship of the *Independent* to the subordinate position of contributor, viz: That Mr. Tilton's religious and social views were ruining the paper. But he said that as soon as it was known that he had so far broken with Tilton, there came pouring in upon him so many stories of

MR. TILTON'S PRIVATE LIFE

and habits that he was overwhelmed and that he was now considering whether he consistently retain him on the Brooklyn *Union*, or as chief contributor to the *Independent*. He narrated the story of the affair at Winsted, Connecticut, some like stories from the northwest, and charges brought against Tilton in his own office. Without doubt he believed these allegations, and so with the other facts previously stated.

Mr. Beecher here speaks of Moulton's relations with Tilton, and the bad influences of the latter's connection with the two papers on account of his promiscuous immoralities, and says: I felt very unhappy at the contemplation of Mr. Tilton's impending disaster. I had loved him much, and at one time he seemed like a son to me. My influence had come just at the time of his first unfolding, and had much to do with his early development. I paid him, externally, to bring him before the public. We had been together in the great controversies of the day until, afterward, our social intercourse had been intimate. It is true that his nature always exaggerated his own excellencies. When he was but a boy, he looked up to me with affectionate admiration. After some years, he felt himself my equal, and was very companionable, and when he had outgrown me, and reached the position of the first man of the age he still was kind and patronizing. I had always smiled at these weaknesses of vanity, and had believed that a larger experience, with some knocks among strong men, and by sorrows that temper the soul, he would yet fulfill a useful and brilliant career, but now all looked dark. He was to be cast forth from his eminent position, and his affairs did not promise that sympathy and strength which makes one's home, as mine has been in times of adversity, a refuge from the storm and a tower of defense. Besides a generous suffering, I should have had a selfish reason for such, if I had dreamed that I was about to become an instrument, by which Mr. Tilton meant to fight his way back to the prosperity which he had forfeited. It now appears that on the twenty-ninth of December, 1870, Mr. Tilton, having learned that I replied to

HIS THREATENING LETTER

by expressing such an opinion of him as to set Mr. Bowen finally against him, and bring him face to face with immediate ruin, distracted from his wife, then suffering from severe illness, a document criminating me, and prepared an elaborate attack on me. On Tuesday evening, December, 1870, about seven o'clock, Francis D. Moulton called at my house, and, with intense earnestness, said: "I wish you to go with me to see Mr. Tilton." I replied that I could not then, as I was just going to my prayer-meeting. With a most positive manner, he said: "You must go; somebody else will take care of the meeting." I went with him, not knowing what trouble had agitated him, but vaguely thinking I might now learn the solution of his recent threatening letter. On the way I asked what was the reason of this visit, to which he replied that Mr. Tilton would inform me, or words to that effect. On entering the house Mr. Moulton locked the door, saying something about not being interrupted. He requested me to go into the front chamber over the parlor, as I was under the impression that Mr. Tilton was going to pour out on me his anger for colleaguing with Bowen, and for advice of separation given to his wife. I wished Mr. Moulton to be with me as a witness, but he insisted I should go by myself. Mr. Tilton received me coldly but calmly. After a word or two standing in front of me with a memorandum in his hand, he began an oration. He in an unfriendly spirit said that I had sought his downfall, had spread injurious rumors about him, was using my place and influence to undermine him, had advised Mr. Bowen to dismiss him, and much more that I can't remember. He then declared that I had injured him in his family relations, had joined with his mother-in-law in producing discord in the house, had advised a separation, had alienated his wife's affections from him, had lead her to love me more than any living being, had corrupted her moral nature, and taught her to be insincere, lying and hypocritical, and ended by charging that I had made

WICKED PROPOSALS

to her. Until he reached this, I had listened, with some contempt, under the impression that he was attempting to bully me; but, with the last charge, he produced a paper purporting to be a certified statement of a previous confession made to him by his wife of her love for me, and that I had made proposals to her of an improper nature. He said that this confession had been made to him in July, six months previous; that his sense of honor and affection would not permit any such document to remain in existence; that he had burned the original, and should now destroy the only copy; and he then tore the paper into small pieces. If I had been shocked at such a statement, I had been thunderstruck when he closed the interview by requesting me to repair at once to his house, where, he said, Elizabeth was waiting for me, and learn from her lips the truth of his stories, in so far as they concerned her. This fell like a thunderbolt on me. I believe Moulton went with me to the door of Tilton's house. The housekeeper (the same woman of whom Mrs. Tilton had complained) seemed to have been instructed by him, for she evidently expected me, and showed me at once up to Mrs. Tilton's room. Mrs. Tilton lay upon her bed white as marble, with closed eyes, as if in a trance, with her hands upon her bosom, palm to palm, like one in prayer. As I look back upon it, the picture is like some forms carved in marble that I have seen upon monuments in Europe. She made no motion, and gave no sign of recognition of my presence. I sat down near her and said: "Elizabeth, Theodore has been making very serious charges against me, and sends me to you for confirmation." She made no reply or sign, yet it was plain she was conscious and listening. I repeated some of his statement that I had brought discord to his family; had alienated her from him; had sought to break up his family, and usurped his influence; and then, as well as I could, I added that he said I made improper suggestions to her, and that she had admitted this fact to him last July. I said: "Elizabeth have you made such statements to him?" She made no answer. I repeated the question. Tears ran down her cheeks and she very slightly

BOWED HER HEAD IN ACQUIESCENCE.

I said: "You cannot mean that you have stated all he has charged." She opened her eyes and began in a slow and feeble way to explain how sick she had been, how wearied out with importunity; that he had confessed his own alien loves, and said that he could not bear to think that she was better than he; that she might win him to reformation if she would confess that she had loved me more than him; that they would repent and go on with future concord. I can't give her language, but only the tenor of her representations. I received them impatiently. I spoke to her in the strongest language of her course. I said to her: "Have I ever made any improper advances to you?" She said: "No." Then I asked, "Why did you say so to your husband?" She seemed deeply distressed. "My friend by that designation she always called me), I am sorry, but I could not help it; what can I do?" I told her she could state in writing what she had now told me. She beckoned for her writing materials, which I handed her from her secretary standing near, and she sat up in her bed and then wrote a brief counter-statement. In a sort of postscript she denied explicitly that I had ever offered any improper solicitation to her, that being the only charge made against me by Mr. Tilton, or sustained by the statement about a confession which he had read to me. I dreamed of no worse charge at that time. That was horrible enough. The mere thought that he could make it, and could have extorted any evidence on which to base it, was enough to take away my senses. Neither my consciousness of its utter falsity, nor

MRS. TILTON'S RETRACTION,

of her part in it, could remove the shock from my heart. Indeed, her admission to me that she had stated, under any circumstances, to her husband so wicked a falsehood, was the crowning blow of all. It seemed to me that if she was going to die, that if her mind was overthrown, and that I was in some dreadful way mixed up in it, I might be left by her death with this terrible accusation hanging over me. I returned like one in a dream to Mr. Moulton's house, where I said very little, and soon went home—it has been said in confessed guilt and expressed remorse; this is utterly false. Is it likely that with Mrs. Tilton's retraction in my pocket I should have thus stultified myself? On the next day, at evening, Mr. Moulton called at my house, and came up into my bedroom. He said that Mrs. Tilton, on her husband's coming to her after our interview, had informed him what she had done, and that I had her retraction. Moulton expostulated with me and said the retraction under the circumstances would not mend matters, but only awaken fresh discord between husband and wife, and do great injury to Mrs. Tilton without helping me. Mrs. Tilton, he said, had already recanted in writing the retraction made to me, and of course there might be no end to such controversies. Meanwhile Mr. Tilton had destroyed his wife's first letter acknowledging the confession, and Mr. Moulton claimed that I had taken a mean advantage and made dishonorable use of Theodore's request that I should visit her, in obtaining from her a written contradiction to a document not in existence. He said that all the difficulties could be settled without any such papers; that I ought to give it up; he was under great excitement. He made no verbal threats, but he opened his overcoat and with some emphatic remarks,

SHOWED A PISTOL,

which afterward he took out and laid on the bureau, near which he stood. I gave the paper to him, and, after a few moments talk, he left. Within a day or two after this, Mr. Moulton made me the third visit, and this time we repared to my study in the third story of my house. Before speaking of this interview, it is right that I should allude to the suffering through which I had gone during the previous day, the cause of which was the strange change in Mrs. Tilton.

Mr Beecher here goes into a long detail of his feelings of surprise and astonishment at Mrs. Tilton's course, in which he says: "If my own daughter had been in a similar case my grief at her calamity could scarcely have been greater." I thought that this charge although entirely untrue, might result in a great disaster, if not in absolute ruin of the great interest which a saintly woman communicating a very needless treachery to her friend and pastor. My distress was boundless. I did not for a moment feel, however, that she was to blameworthy, as would ordinarily be thought, but supposed that she had been overborne by weakness and shattered in mind until she scarcely knew what she did, and was no longer responsible for her acts. My soul went out to her in pity. I blamed myself for want of prudence and foresight, for I thought all this had been the result of her undue affection for me. I had a profound feeling that I would bear any blame and take any punishment if that poor child could only emerge from this cloud and be put back into happiness, work entirely dependent on me. The church which I had built up, the book which I was writing, my own immediate family, my brother's name, now engaged in the ministry; my sisters, the name which I had hoped might live after me, and be in some slight degree a source of strength and encouragement to those who should succeed me, and above all, the cause for which I had devoted all my life, seemed imperilled. It seemed to me that my life-work was to end abruptly, and in disaster. My earnest desire to avoid a public accusation and the evils which must necessarily flow from it, and which now have resulted from it, has been one of the leading motives that must explain my action during these four years with reference to this matter. It was in such a sore and distressing condition that Mr. Moulton found me. His manner was kind and conciliatory. He seemed, however, to be convinced that I had been seeking

TILTON'S DOWNFALL;

that I had leagued with Mr. Bowen against him, and that I had by my advice come near destroying his family. I gave Moulton leave to state to Theodore my feelings. He proposed that I should write a letter. I declined, but said that he could report our interview. He then prepared to make a memorandum of the talk, and sat down at my table, and took down, as I supposed, a condensed report of my talk, for I went on still pouring out my wounded feelings for that great desolation in Tilton's family. It was not a dictation of sentence after sentence, nor a mere amanuensis and I composing for him. Mr. Moulton was putting into his own shape parts of that which I was saying in my own manner, with profuse explanations. This paper of Moulton's was a mere memorandum of the points to be used by him in setting forth my feelings. That it contains matter and points derived from me, is without doubt, but they were put with sentences by him, and expressed as he understood them, not as my words, but as hints of my figures and letters to be used by him. In conversing with Tilton, he did not read the paper to me, nor did I read it, nor have I ever seen it, or heard it read, that I remember, until the publication of Tilton's recent documents; and now reading it, I see in it thoughts that point to the matter of my discourse; but it is not my paper, nor are those my sentences, nor is it a correct report of what I said.

It is a string of hints made by an unpracticed writer who keeps to his memory in representing Tilton how I felt toward his family. If more than this be claimed, if it be set forth as in any proper sense in my letter, I then disown it, and denounce it. Some of its sentences, and particularly that in which I am made to say that I had obtained Mrs. Tilton's forgiveness, I never could have said this even in substance. I had not obtained nor asked any forgiveness from her, and nobody pretended that I had done so. Neither could I ever have said that I humbled myself before Mr. Tilton as before God, except in the sense that both to God and to the man I thought I had deeply injured, I humbled myself, as I certainly did, but it is useless to analyze a paper prepared as this was.

Mr. Beecher gives considerable space to Moulton's treachery toward him, and then renews his story: Soon after this, I met Mr. Tilton at Mr. Moulton's house; either Moulton was sick, or was very late in rising, for he was in bed. The subject of my feelings and conduct toward Tilton was introduced. I made a statement of the motives under which I had acted in counselling Bowen, of my feeling in regard to Tilton's family, disclaiming, with horror, the thought of wrong, and expressing the desire to do whatever lay in human power to remedy any evil I had occasioned, and to reunite his family.

TILTON WAS SILENT AND SULLEN.

He played the part of an injured man, but Moulton said to him, with intense emphasis: "That is all that gentlemen can say, and you ought to accept it as an honorable basis of reconciliation." He repeated it two or three times, and Tilton's countenance cheered up under Moulton's strong talk, and we shook hands and parted in a friendly way. Not very long afterward Tilton asked me to his house, and said he should be glad to have the good old times renewed. I do not remember whether I took a meal after that under his roof, but I certainly was invited by him to renew my visits as formerly. I never resumed my intimacy with the family but once or twice. I went there soon after my reconciliation with Tilton, and at his request. I particularly remember a scene which took place at his house, when he talked about his wife and me in a very gracious mood. He began by mourning his sorrows. He was very desolate and the future seemed quite dark. After impressing us with his great patience he grew generous, praised me to his wife, saying that I had taken upon myself all the blame of past troubles, and had honorably exculpated her; and telling me that his wife likewise had behaved very magnanimously, had blamed herself, and declared that I was blameless, and closed his remarks with increasing hope and cheer, saying that deep as was his misery he did not know but that it would yet work out in future a more cheerful home than he had before. I restrained my smiles at the absurdity of the thing, well content to have it evaporate so, and even thinking he was generous in his way. This seemed to me the end of the troubles. With a sensitive and honorable man, who had no ulterior designs to accomplish, it would have been the burial of the difficulty. I supposed Tilton had given up the idea of intentional wrong on my part, and had for my unintentional wrong. Moulton lost no occasion of presenting to me the kindest view of Tilton's character and conduct. On the other hand, he complained that Mrs. Tilton did not trust her husband, or him, and did not assist him in his effort to help Theodore. I knew that

SHE DISTRUSTED MOULTON,

and felt bitterly hurt by the treatment of her husband. I was urged to use my influence with her to inspire confidence in Moulton, and to lead her to take a kinder view of Theodore. Accordingly three letters were written on the same day, February 17, 1871, on one common purpose, to be shown to Mrs. Tilton and to reconcile her to her husband, and my letter to her of that date was designed to effect a further or collateral purpose of giving her confidence in Mr. Moulton. This will be obvious from reading of the letter. [Here follow the full text of the letters which have already and repeatedly been published.] I have no recollection of seeing or hearing read a letter of Mr. Tilton's of the same date. In my letter to Mrs. Tilton, I alluded to the fact that I did not expect, when I saw her last, to be alive many days. That statement stands connected with a series of symptoms which I first experienced in 1856. I went through the Fremont campaign, speaking in the open air three hours at a time, three days in the week. On renewing my literary labors, I felt that I must have given way. I very seriously thought that I was going to have appoplexy, or paralysis, or something of the kind. On two or three occasions, while preaching, I should have fallen in the pulpit if I had not held on to the Bible. Very often I came near falling in the streets. During the last fifteen years I have gone into the pulpit I suppose a hundred times with a very strong impression that I should never come out of it alive. I have preached more sermons than any human would believe when I felt all the while that whatever I had to say to my people I must say it then, or I would never have another chance to say it. Had I consulted a physician, his advice would have been, "You must stop work." But I was in such a situation that I could not stop.

Mr. Beecher continues the story of the uncertainty of human life, especially in his case, at considerable length, and then takes up the story of the hopes he entertained at this stage of the game of smoothing matters over to the satisfaction of the public and Plymouth church, and reclaiming Mr. Tilton as a worker in the Lord's vineyard, and goes on to state

THE WOODHULL BUSINESS.

In May, 1871, Mrs. Woodhull advertised a forthcoming article shadowing an account of a disturbance in Mr. Tilton's family, but without using names. It was delayed, ostensibly through Mr. Tilton's influence with Mrs. Woodhull, until November, 1872. During this suspension of her publication she became the heroine of Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton. She was made welcome to both houses, with the toleration but not the cordial consent of their wives. I heard the most extravagant eulogies upon her. She was represented as a genius, born and reared among rude influences, but only needed to be surrounded by refined society to show a noble and commanding nature. I did not know much about her, and thought my impressions were very unfavorable. Her real character was not then really known to the world. I met her three times. At the first interview she was sagacious; at the second she was cold and haughty, but at the third, was angry and threatening, for I had peremptorily refused to preside at a lecture she was about to give at Steinway hall. The most strenuous efforts had been made by both Tilton and Moulton to induce me to preside at this lecture, and to identify myself publicly with Mrs. Woodhull. It was represented to me that I need not, in so doing, expressly give assent to her doctrines, especially with regard to the marriage relation, upon which point she was beginning to be more explicit, in opposition to the views of which I, in common with all christian men, entertained. It was plausibly urged that I could preside at the lecture, and introduce her upon the simple ground of advocating free speech and liberty of debate, but as I understood that she was about to show the doctrines which I abhor, I would not be induced by this plausible argument to give her public countenance, and after continuing to urge me up to the day of the meeting, without any distinct threats, but with the obvious intention that my personal safety would be better secured by taking this advice, Mr. Tilton himself went over to New York and presided at a meeting where Mrs. Woodhull gave, as I understand, for the first time in public, a full exposition of

HER FREE-LOVE DOCTRINES.

the very ones I thought I should not have been asked under any circumstances and upon any excuse. To preside or be present at such a meeting was inexpressibly galling to me. Whatever my astonishment might have been at the motive of Tilton and Moulton in asking such things as to which I had not at the time as clear a perception as I now have, the request was nevertheless a humiliating one.

ADDITIONAL MARKETS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

GALVESTON, August 14.—Cotton quiet and steady; good ordinary, 14½c; net receipts, 40 bales; stock, 3596; week's net receipts, 168 bales; exports coast, 158 bales; sales, 295 bales.

CHARLESTON, August 14.—Cotton quiet; middling, 15½c; net receipts, 55 bales; exports coast, 70 bales; sales, 25 bales; stock, 5095 bales; weekly net receipts, 599 bales; exports coast, 1321 bales; sales, 1309 bales.

SAVANNAH, August 14.—Cotton nominal and lower to sell; middling, 16½c; net receipts, 237 bales; gross receipts, 237 bales; sales, 87 bales; stock, 7252 bales; week's net receipts, 463 bales; gross, 463 bales; exports coast, 643 bales; sales, 140 bales.

MOBILE, August 14.—Cotton quiet and unchanged; middling, 16c; net receipts, 11 bales; exports coast, 260 bales; sales, 50 bales; stock, 4273 bales; week's net receipts, 117 bales; exports coast, 624 bales; sales, 400 bales.

NEW YORK, August 14.—Comparative cotton statement: Net receipts at all United States ports for the week, 4875 bales; last year, 11,325 bales; total to date, 3,748,718 bales; last year, 3,575,362 bales. Exports for the week, 66,130 bales; last year, 11,167 bales; total to date, 2,779,420 bales; last year, 2,656,081 bales. Stock at all United States ports, 141,614 bales; last year, 137,126 bales; stock at all interior towns, 20,790 bales; last year, 19,775 bales; stock at Liverpool, 887,000 bales; last year, 807,000 bales; stock of American afloat for Great Britain, 29,000 bales; last year, 45,000 bales.

ADDITIONAL RIVER NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW ORLEANS, August 14.—Weather clear and pleasant. Arrived: Thompson Dean, Cincinnati; City of Quincy, St. Louis.

PITTSBURG, August 14.—River 4 feet 2 inches and falling slowly.

LOUISVILLE, August 14.—River rising slowly with 5 feet 2 inches in the canal and 3 feet 2 inches in the Indiana chute. Weather clear and pleasant.

VICKSBURG, August 14.—Weather warm and clear. River rose 7 inches. Port list—Up: Choctaw.

CINCINNATI, August 14.—River 9 feet 3 inches and falling. Weather clear and warm.

EVANSVILLE, August 14.—River falling. Weather clear and hot. Mercury 71° to 90°.

ST. LOUIS, August 14.—River falling. Weather cloudy. Departed: Belle Memphis, Memphis.

CAIRO, August 14.—Noon.—Weather clear and warm. Arrived: Grand Tower, St. Louis, 9 p.m.; H. C. Yaeger, New Orleans; City of Helena, St. Louis, 11 p.m. Departed: Grand Tower, Memphis, midnight; City of Helena, Vicksburg, 10 p.m.; H. C. Yaeger, St. Louis, 2 a.m.——Night—Arrived: Painter, Memphis, 2 p.m.; B. D. Woods and Greyhound, Ohio river, 3 p.m. Departed