TILTON VS. BEECHER.

The Great Brooklyn Battle—Court Scenes and Trial Items.

The Way Mr Beecher is "Played Out."

[From the New York Star.]

The defendant is in excellent health, and performs, without ceasing, the tremendous round of duty imposed upon him by his several spheres of labor. Last week, for instance, he preached on Sunday, lectured once, attended and spoke at his Friday night meeting, officiated at four funerals, married five couples, edited the *Christian Union*, scanned three hundred and fifteen letters, wrote at least a score, met with his counsel, often at consultation, endured the dominion of a tremendous influenza, and prepared for the Sunday labor of the ensuing week. Obviously little Carpenter was right when he echoed, "Beecher is played out."

Tilton Hopelessly Ruined.

[From the Utica Observer.]

Whatsoever may be the outcome of this great trial, Tilton is a ruined man. No publisher would care to employ him as the editor of a political or religious journal. The atmosphere of the Brooklyn City Court will cling about him forever. His notoriety has swamped his fame, and the paths to honorable distinction are closed and barred against him. Even though the pastor of Plymouth Church steps down and out, and the world turns from him as from a guilty creature, there is no salvation for Theodore Tilton. His home-life is henceforth a dreary blank. His voice raised in behalf of any pending public question would be an empty sound falling on vexed, unwilling ears.

Tilton's Evidence.

The New York *Star* says Beecher will be the gainer by Tilton's evidence. Tilton has made scores of confidants and has made several statements, one of which he calls a "true story," and one is dignified as a "sworn statement." It will be difficult for him to stand by all. Besides, Mr. Beecher wanted him sworn. When he heard his counsel intended to oppose the reception of testimony, he said, "Nonsense; I want Tilton, Mrs. Tilton, Tom, Dick, and Harry, and everybody to be sworn, and to tell all they know, or think they know, and be done with it." The *Star* wants Mrs. Beecher sworn, too. Let her tell her version of Moulton, of Tilton, of Elizabeth, of Laura, of Victoria, of Sarah Jane and Miranda. If she were to swear that her husband's confidence had been hers from the first, and could prove by *facts* how much better she judged men than did or could her lord and master, we imagine the fur would fly with agility and emphasis beyond any flight we have seen.

Jesus and Marriage.

[Cor. Chicago Times].

Tilton's letter speculating about whether the Redeemer ought to have married, created a profound sensation, though it had been already published, and probably had been read by every one in the court except the jurors. As to the jury, they appeared bewildered, and some of them fixed their eyes on the witness for some minutes for some minutes. The letter was dated Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 14, 1867, and commences, "My dear orthodox wife." He wonders if she will be shocked at one of his meditations on the career of Jesus, namely: How He would appear in the character of a married man. If investigation proved that He was married, it would add new glory to his character. The probability is he never was, and even Renan affirms it. Yet it is by no means certain. He admits that if Jesus were married, the world would never receive Him as the only begotten Son of God. But then, he asks, would Mrs. Tilton love Him any less?

The Work of the Defense.

[From the Sun.]

Mr. Beecher's sons are working very hard in his behalf, and every day are with some of the younger counsel seeking out testimony and perfecting plans outside of the court room. Henry Beecher, Jr., is a smart young insurance agent in Court street, Brooklyn, and during his trial he intrusts his business to his brother Herbert, and joins with his brother William in helping the lawyers. Mr. J. L. Hill, Gen. Tracy, and Mr. P. Keady are busy all of every day, outside of the court, with different branches of the case, and it is asserted by one who is in Mr. Beecher's employ that six lawyers whose names have not been made public are at work for him—making thirteen in all. Gen. Tracy is committing his opening speech to memory, and is waiting patiently to be called into the court-room to deliver it. The defense have a long list of witnesses, and the working lawyers outside of the court-room are learning specifically what each can testify to. They pass the result of their work into Mr. Shearman's hands, who has his clerks trained to arrange the matters to a nicety, and the result will be that the facts for the defense will be woven strongly together, and made to tell to good advantage.

The Battle of Brooklyn in Verse.

[From the Graphic].

On Brooklyn's castellated heights,
High on the dizzy ledge,
The foes are met, the battle set,
Upon the ragged edge.

Hark! where lean Discord rears her head
And flames her haggard eye,
And Beecher's shield confronts the field,
A-Tilton! is the cry.

I hear the thunders of the Beach
That bars the roaring tide
Of mighty Evarts putting forth
Upon the other side.

There grimly stalks stout Fullerton,
With carnage in his breath;
Who stand in fight or skulk in flight,
Alike receive their death.

So Spartacus at bay stood forth
The victors to evict,
And slew that day in Roman fray
The lictors and the licked.

See Porter, keen of tongue and blade,
Ulysses of the band;
None ever laid the ambuscade
Or battle safer planned.

There ex-Judge Morris' culver'ns
Belch from a dozen forts;
Here brave ex-Austin Abbott stands
(Ex-Austin the reports).

Hot Pryor leads a fiery charge
Through Tracy's iron rain,
And Shearman steals across the field
On Pearsall's loaded train.

These be the chiefs. The ranks are filled;
Who wield or spear or brand
Stand not upon the summons now,
Though summoned on the stand.

'Tis Flanders' battles fought again,
And Heaven defend the right!
For he who dares is he who swears
The loudest in the fight.

Prize-Ring Training.

[From the Herald].

The gossip of the trial is found at the lunch-houses. There all the stray bits of history in the lives of the principals have a chance of being told. Many are true, many wear the semblance of truth, and a great many are purely apocryphal. Among many other things told at lunch about the chief actors in the trial was a story that, before the case began, Tilton, Beecher, and Moulton went into active physical training, and that the two former still continue the practice. Beecher gets up at five o'clock, takes a cold bath, and afterward exercises with dumb-bells for half an hour. Then he spends another half hour pummeling a sack filled with sand. Another half hour is spent with a pair of Indian clubs, after which he takes a smart walk to Prospect park and repeats a dozen times the ascent of the hill where the Prospect tower stands. He eats porterhouse steaks when he returns home, and washes them down with Dublin porter. In this way he has reached the strength and muscular vigor of a prize-fighter. Tilton has gone further and superadded to all this, prize-ring practice in a private parlor. Moulton tried a variety of ways to harden his physique and tone his nerves to the steadiness of a rope-walker's. The result is seen in the freshness that characterized Moulton after his ten days' ordeal as a witness, and the splendid health so palpable in the faces of plaintiff and defendant

Tilton's Damaging Admission.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The defense in the Beecher case on Tuesday last struck its first material blow at Mr. Tilton in securing from him the admission that he was the first to give currency to the scandal himself. This does not affect directly the question of Mr. Beecher's guilt, but it furnishes the defense a very important element in its theories, and will undoubtedly be used with great effect when the time comes. In this connection Mr. Tilton testified that all his interviews with Moulton were for the purpose of keeping secret the adulterous relations between Beecher and Mrs. Tilton; that Mr. Beecher did not communicate the facts to Mrs. Woodhull which she made public, but that Mrs. Woodhull obtained them "through the open gate of the lips of Mrs. Nathan B. Morse," his mother-in-law, and that this latter found out what had passed confidentially between himself, Beecher and Moulton, "because I told her, and she told the world." What are we to think of a man who, after pretending to shield the reputation of his wife for two or three years, and threatening to shoot Mr. Beecher if he divulges the terrible secret, deliberately goes and tells the whole whole dreadful, scandalous story to a woman, knowing the weakness of the sex when possessed of a scret, and that woman, too, a mother-in-law, who had all the infirmities of the conventional mother-in-law in a most unusual degree? Had Theodore Tilton desired to find the surest and speediest medium of disseminating the scandal he could not have made a more fortunate selection. Mrs. Morse, the mother-in-law, did the work in the most thorough manner by handing it over to the most inveterate scandal-mongers in the whole country, viz., the Woodhulls. Such a fact is, to say the least, very damaging to Mr. Tilton's sincerity and his assertions of anxiety to drown or strangle the secret.

Theodore's Estimate of the Great Preacher.

[Tilton's Cross-Examination.]

Q. He (Beecher) was in his maturity and strength of life then? A. I don't know what you consider maturity.

Q. What did you consider his age? A. About 63.

Q. Was he a man of mature years and settled position in his profession? A. I always regarded him as a big boy and not a man at all.

Q. In what sense was he a big boy? A. His manner was large, hearty and companionable.

Q. Guileless? A. No, sir.

Q. Doesn't that come within the description of a boy? A. No, sir. The craftiest people I know are boys.

Q. You use the phrase in the sense of generosity of demeanor? A. I meant to say there was a certain bouncing air in his manner, and he was fond of the things that boys are fond of. I thought him the most charming man I ever knew.

Q. You think you were right then? A. I had not had the experience I have had since. I loved him next to my father.

Q. Up to what period did you retain these feelings? A. As I mingled with the world my idol became dim. I met other men, his peers and superiors, as I grew older.

Q. These rivals of Mr. Beecher's came into as intimate companionship with you as he did? A. I don't know to what you refer. When I came to know Charles Sumner I ranked him higher intellectually, morally and socially than Beecher. I also ranked Horace Greeley higher intellectually and in every way. I must say I was never as intimate with those men as I was in my early life with Beecher.

Q. Give us the dates when your opinion began to change? A. In proportion as I enlarged my acquaintance, here and there one rose above Mr. Beecher. He was still a great man. There were great men before Agamemnon, and there will be great men after him. The change was imperceptible in its progress and beginning.

Scandal Titbits.

Yale College denies that she contributed $10,000 toward Evarts' retainer.

Mr. and Mrs. Beecher are much given to pleasant chats together in the court-room.

Frank Moulton, we learn from the Brooklyn *Argus*, is now principally addressed as Sir Philip, and blushes like a maiden about it.

Tilton's testimony as to the news-disseminating power of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Morse, will lead the public to think his suit should be *in re*-Morse.

One death has already resulted from the Beecher trial. Henry Ford, of Boston, contracted an ear-ache in the court, and taking an overdose of laudanum to quiet it, he died from the effects.

A newspaper correspondent having called Mrs. Tilton the Helen of the Brooklyn "Iliad," the Nashville *Union* says Theodore called her Helen Blazes when he first made the distressing discovery.

Theodore Tilton, in that poem read in court, remarks: "What did Adam say to Eve? *"Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre,"* but it's bosh to intimate that Adam used French at all; his language, if memory fails us not, was merely a sort of antediluvian patois.

Brooklyn *Argus*: "There are 750,000 white men in this country who can not read—750,000 immortal beings to whom the Brooklyn bonanza is the very arcanum of mysteries, and who can never know of "true inwardness," and "paroxysmal osculation" and "soul trustfulness," except by the bewildering avenue of hearsay."

During last Friday's proceedings of the trial, a hitherto unpublished letter from Beecher to Tilton, dated June 3, 1867, was produced, in which the writer says: "I find myself slowly but surely going from those views of human nature and of divine government which have underlaid for a thousand years the Evangelical churches." No wonder, says the Chicago *Journal*, this declaration, when read in court, produced a sensation. It was coupled with encomium upon Herbert Spencer. But, then, Henry Ward never was regarded as a second John Calvin in orthodoxy.

Tilton and His Mother-in-Law.

[From Tilton's Cross-examination.]

Q.—Now, these interviews had been during that interval before May, 1871, more or less of confidential conferences? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—They had been confidential communications? A.—Yes, sir; I can't answer whether Beecher had considered them confidential or Moulton had, but I had spoken to some of my friends. But, understand, that whatever I communicated, I never spoke to Mrs. Tilton's detraction; but I was never anxious to spare Mr. Beecher.

Q.—Although they all aided to disclosures about your wife? A.—No, sir; the only protection which I put over Beecher was just so far as it was necessary to protect Mrs. Tilton, and, if it had not been necessary to protect Mrs. Tilton I would have allowed Mr. Beecher to go to his destruction four years ago.

Q.—I understand you to say that, notwithstanding the whole motive of this interview of the 30th and what followed it was to protect your wife, and not love to Mr. Beecher, yet you did not scruple immediately afterward to disclose as much as you pleased of what was going on? A.—Yes, sir, I did. I was under no obligation to keep anything secret, except for the sake of my wife, and not for the sake of Beecher.

Q.—I have not asked you anything about that. I want to know whether you did it? A.—Yes, sir, I did, to those I had previously spoken to about the matter.

Q.—Now, as far as you know, was not it from your transactions that there ever came the first allegation of the transactions then purposed and carried on during that early season that finally reached Mrs. Woodhull? A.—No, sir, it was Mrs. Morse.

Q.—How did she find out what had passed confidentially between yourself, Beecher, and Moulton? A.—Because I told her, and she told all the world. [Laughter.]

Q.—You know that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And she was one of the persons you told? A.—Yes, sir. [Renewed laughter.]

Q.—And you knew her infirmity when you told her? A.—Yes, sir.

Every man in court who labored under a mother-in-law, and every man in court who contemplated that fearful possibility, opened his mouth and shouted with laughter. Mrs. Tilton herself smiled at her husband's tribute to her mother's garrulity, and even Beecher looked as if he would like to laugh, but dared not in presence of his wife. The Judge, however, threw cold water on the merriment with a threat to adjourn court, upon which Evarts resumed the cross-examination.

Mr. Beecher's Line of Defense.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial—Editorial.]

It is our purpose to invite the attention of our readers to certain circumstances showing what the theory of the defense must be, and that there is reason still to hope that the innocency of Mr. Beecher of the crime with which he is charged, can be established. We are not about to urge the plausibility of this theory, but will content ourselves with presenting it as a possibility.

Our readers have noticed the recurrence of the phrase "spiritual adultery," or as Mr. Tilton phrased it in an article of his read in his cross-examination, "adultery of the soul." This, Tilton said in his editorial, was the most criminal form of the crime. He is a man of poetic temperament and morbid moods, excitable, erratic, a seeker of originality, a cultivator of the imagination, and he has testified that his memory is a series of pictures—not a record of events.

Many have read the novel of "Griffith Gaunt," and recollect the devotion of the lady to the priest, mistaken by the husband for a criminal passion. Mrs. Tilton, it will be remembered, referred to this story, and admitted that, like Catherine Gaunt, she had given up too much of her heart to her pastor, and she felt remorse for it. Suppose the trouble began right here.

Mr. Tilton has expressed himself that "adultery of the soul" is the highest form of the crime. He accused his wife of that. She confessed it. He was jealous of Beecher's fame, and now came to look upon him as usurping his place in his wife's affections. Out of this grew morbidness, wretchedness, and acute exaggeration of petty things—the aggravation of all irritations—a state of monomania. Mrs. Tilton is a nervous person, worn with sickness, weary of contention, afraid of her husband, devoted to long prayers and vigils, a timid little woman, imaginative, troubled with fancies, craving sympathy and support, shrinking from contention, and often in a dreamy state of mind like an opium eater—a woman of illusions—one who has fallen into trances. She says her husband was everlastingly nagging at her about this crime of the soul, and endeavoring to give it a physical interpretation, and especially to accuse Mr. Beecher. She might, therefore, write or say almost anything, without seriously affecting the case.

* * * * * * * *

Instances are not unfrequent in which people go on misunderstanding each other vitally for years, when both believe all the while that they have perfect knowledge. They may converse, each in his own current of thought, and neither see the thoughts of the other. It is the lack of mutual understanding that makes quarrels. In these entanglements, what one utters as a protest becomes to the other a confession; a word of self-reproach for a trivial thing is sounded abroad as a cry of despair. The world is full of these misinterpretations. The drama—farce and tragedy—abounds with them. History bristles with them. "Trifles light as air" in other than the miserable scenes of stinging jealousy, become "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," of some preconceived notion. One may walk very near the truth, and yet in an abyss of falsehood.

We offer this theory of the defense merely as worthy the considerate attention of our readers, feeling that the vast majority of them would be happy to welcome any rational solution of the dark mystery of the case, consistent with the redemption of the illustrious name that is now in the valley of the shadow of death.

Fragile Belles.—At the german of Postmaster-General Jewell's, President Grant and Gen. Belknap staid until about 1 o'clock, and busied themselves in computing how many miles the dancers traveled, provided they stayed until 3 o'clock in the morning; and, as a result of the problem, they demonstrated in a most convincing manner that eleven and a half miles of pleasure were glided over by delicate girls, who would be fatigued or "half dead" were they obliged to walk two consecutive miles, dressed in street-suits, and out on a jaunt for health.—*Washington Letter.*

A Puzzle as is a Puzzle---Where Does the Day Begin?

[Communication in New York Post.]

Your correspondents have satisfactorily solved Paul Martindale's problem as to where a person traveling westward around the globe will find his Monday changed to Tuesday. The rule they have given of making the change at the longitude of 180 degrees from Greenwich, is adopted by common usage; but I wish to state two curious exceptions to it, which I find in Chambers' "Book of Days," volume 1, page 6:

Manilla, in the Philippine Islands, lags one day behind the rest of the East Indies in its expression of the days of the week; while Alaska, in the same matter, gallops one day ahead of its neighbor, British Columbia.

The reasons for these anomalies are as follows: The Philippine Islands were colonized by Spaniards, who first came there from the east across the Pacific; but the rest of the East Indies were colonized by Europeans, coming from the opposite direction. Each set of colonists, of course, brought its own day of the week, and consequently it happens, oddly enough, that Manilla is weekly keeping its Sunday while the neighboring islands are having their Monday. So in regard to Alaska. That country was first settled by Russians coming from the West, while the remainder of the eastern coast of the Pacific was settled from the East. Thus it happens when Alaska is keeping Sunday it is only Saturday on the rest of the coast. And what is more wonderful still, Alaska being ninety degrees east of Manilla, will have already enjoyed one-fourth of its Monday before the latter place enters upon its Sunday.

It is possible that, since the date on which Alaska changed its allegiance, it it has also changed its expression of the days of the week to conform with that of its new owner. Can any of your correspondents inform me whether such is the case? J. C. S.

Unprecedented Case of Cruelty.

We have had numerous instances of lasting revenge and persecution between man and man, but we have rarely seen that disposition exhibited for many years in the most cruel and persistent way on the part of a man toward a dumb beast. Such a case has transpired in Fulton county, Ill. A wealthy farmer (we give his name because such a man deserves to be made famous) named Coleman had a colt which kicked or bit or in some other way displeased him. He conceived a fierce dislike to the animal thereupon, and invented a fiendish system of revenge. He had a small covered pen built and placed the animal in it, never to come out alive. He fed and watered it bountifully and watched the result. For a year or more the horse showed no signs of suffering from his confinement, its hair began to grow thin and fall off, then it became misshapen, and legs crooked. Its front hoofs grew eighteen inches long and turned up so that they touched his shins. Such a spectacle did the horse become that a circus proprietor seeing it, offered $1,500 for it as a curiosity, but was refused. Vengeance against the animal was sweeter than the money. After ten years of confinement the horse died. Thus Coleman was suffered by his neighbors to do this thing uninterfered with, and it is said they thought him a pretty good sort of a man, but the Illinois Humane Society think differently and have arrested him. He makes no defense and will be brought to trial, so that he stands a fair show for punishment. It ought to be adequate. As a peculiar phase of human nature, this circumstance can hardly be excelled.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Favored Prisoner.

"She's sorry, sir," remarked Bijah as he handed out Katie Worden, a black-eyed girl with a scar on her nose.

"Yes I am," she added as she pushed a tear from under her eyelid.

"I suppose so," mused his Honor. "The officer says you were so intoxicated that you didn't know a wood-pile from a harness shop, and that you created a good deal of trouble."

"Try me—give me one more chance; she pleaded.

"Couldn't do it," he replied. "You've been here twenty times within a year, and it is time you understood that law can be clothed in the fleece of a lamb or the skin of a tiger. You've come here once too often, and I shall make it sixty days.

"Oh! Heav—— oh! I shall faint—oh!——!"

"Be placid, Miss Worden," he remarked. "If you should fall down in a faint Bijah would have to cut your corset-strings, throw water on you and fan you with the dust-pan, and your present neat and tidy appearance would be destroyed."

"But my heart beats so," she wailed.

"Yes. Well, you may sit down on the half-bushel measure in the corridor and smell of the carbolic-acid jug. It's a favor we don't grant to every one, but I want you to understand that it is a stern sense of justice and not personal malice which influences me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The troubles in the anthracite coal-mining country of Pennsylvania assume greater proportions daily. Men in every part of the northern coal fields are becoming as bitterly opposed to the operators' reduced basis of wages as their fellow-laborers elsewhere, and have signified an intention of combating the new proposition just offered of a 10 and 20 per cent. reduction of compensation.

Gen. Fitz John Porter has sent the President another nervously written and very strong appeal for a rehearing of his case by a board of army officers, on the grounds of public justice, because he has new evidence which, had it been presented at his trial, would have acquitted him.

The Chicago marine at the present time aggregates 424 vessels, with a capacity of 83,894 tons.

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Poisoned to Death.

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc.; but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor, in addition to their natural functions, and cannot long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthfully. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The *blood itself* being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, is so irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs spoken of, cannot escape becoming affected, sooner or later, and costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, female weakness, and many other forms of chronic disease, are among the necessary results. As a remedy for all these manifestations of disease, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with small daily doses of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets are positively unequaled. By them the liver and stomach are changed to an active and healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, the blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew. Sold by all first-class druggists and dealers in medicine.

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If Congress had employed as much scientific skill in the arrangement of its "Reconstruction policy" at the close as the War Department did in the beginning of the war, in arranging for the manufacture of what was called *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* for the use of the Cavalry horses, no doubt the Union would have been restored long ago.—*Exchange.*

We noticed in one of our exchanges this week the statement of Dea. John Hodgkins, of South Jefferson, Me., whose son was cured of incipient consumption by the use of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* We refer to this at this time as tending to corroborate the statement we made last week in relation to this Liniment as applied to consumption.

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