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THE CASE OF THE
REV. E. B. FAIRFIELD, D.D., LL.D.

BEING AN

EXAMINATION OF HIS "REVIEW OF THE CASE
OF HENRY WARD BEECHER,"

TOGETHER WITH

HIS "REPLY" AND A REJOINDER.

BY

ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

ALSO AN APPENDIX CONTAINING LETTERS, ETC., BY ROSSITER W. RAYMOND,
AND "HORÆ TILTONIANÆ" FROM THE 'WINSTED HERALD.'

NEW YORK:

1874.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

On the 10th of September there appeared in the *Mansfield Herald*, of Mansfield, O., an article, twelve columns long, entitled, "WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES, a Review of Henry Ward Beecher's Case, by Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D." This article appeared to me to be characterized by a spirit so malign, and a literary and logical method so unscrupulous, that, without regarding myself as competent to set forth and expound the case of Mr. Beecher, I *did* feel called to show this reckless assailant in his true colors to the world.

This I have aimed to do in the following papers, originally published in the *Mansfield Herald*.

R. R. R.

(From the *Mansfield Herald*, Oct. 1, 1874.)

MALICE IN HIGH PLACES.

AN OPEN LETTER TO REV. EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, D.D., LL.D.

SIR: Your sermon, comprising a "Review of Henry Ward Beecher's Case," has just been placed in my hand. I call it a sermon, although it appears as a contributed article in the *Mansfield Herald*, because it bears internal evidence of having been designed for oral delivery, is defended by you as a fit and proper production for the pulpit, and was only prevented from appearing there—as I am informed and believe—by the indomitable repugnance of your people to such a desecration of that sacred place.

There is no mistaking the purpose of this performance. It is simply a deadly blow at the good name and future usefulness of Mr. Beecher. It does not even pretend to be an *inquiry* into the complicated evidence which has caused perplexity to so many able minds on both sides of the question. This presents no difficulties to you; nor do the tremendous interests involved—the happiness of families, a ministerial reputation of forty years' standing, the honor of the Christian cause, and the faith and love of millions of bleeding hearts—avail even to give you a moment's pause. The evidence of which the Investigating Committee is possessed has not yet

been published. Many, too, are waiting in hopes of a more thorough sifting of the complex testimony in the courts. But for you the case is closed. "It is now before the public for decision," you say; and so, *you* hasten to decide it. The most you claim is a "judicial" attitude and spirit; but certainly neither the sources of your judicial responsibility nor your fitness or preparation for the exercise of judicial functions appear in this "Review."

Indeed, the partisan malignity of the article is so palpable in every paragraph, and almost every line, of the whole twelve columns—without one redeeming consideration, one suggestion of possible hope or doubt, one word of kindness or regret, to relieve the dreary waste of hateful misrepresentation—that it might well be allowed to drift unnoticed on its way down to the execrations of posterity, in company with the Tilton and Moulton statements, the spirit of which it emulates, and the fate of which it will undoubtedly share. Nevertheless, because I recognize in it a certain representative character, as the first open utterance of a hostile power which has long been at work under the surface—I mean the power of Clerical Jealousy, finding its source and field of operations mainly in the West—I propose to give your paper some attention.

I write on my own responsibility, and without conference with any beyond the limits of my own family; and my purpose is, not so much to follow your mis-called analysis through all its countless perversions and sophistries, as to show by some of its salient features that, however important it may be that "Henry Ward Beecher's case" should undergo a thorough and impartial review, the author of that article, by reason of his evident animosity and prejudice, his careless inaccuracy of statement, his gross perversion of the facts in evi-

dence, and his illogical treatment of all the testimony, is utterly unfit to conduct it.

And first, as to the *spirit* with which you approach your ungracious labor. You write yourself the pastor of a Congregational church. If you are indeed a Congregationalist, you know there is nothing more fundamental and vital to our polity than the equality of the brotherhood. That "profession" or guild—separate, self-perpetuating, and jealous of its peculiar rights—whose interests you seem to assert in distinction from those of what you call the "laity," is unknown to the true gospel church. You are not recognized in this discussion as the Reverend Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D.,—rabbi-ed all over to the garment's hem with vain alphabetical distinctions, designed to lift you upon a higher plane of privilege than that occupied by your humble brethren. This question lies between *Brother* Fairfield and *Brother* Beecher. And in this view, what has been your course in the premises? The good old Congregational rule without which there can be no proper ecclesiastical action against an offending brother—"go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone"—how do you stand with reference to this generous, fraternal provision against all slander and all cold-hearted judgment? Have you ever put yourself in personal communication with this man, of whom you "have been, for many years, a warm admirer and devoted friend," but whom you have so promptly expelled from your esteem? Have you ever looked into his clear and truthful eye, saying: "These things sorely perplex me, my brother; give me your own explanation of them"? No; I'll venture you have not. It is one of the burning shames connected with this scandal, that though there has been abundant clerical caucusing about it, and endless gossiping, from Illinois to Connecticut and back again, we have yet to hear of the

first minister who has adopted this simple expedient of Christian fellowship to reach the facts and, at the same time, discharge that fraternal office to the accused, which, whether he were innocent or erring, would be alike his due. On the contrary, some whose volunteered participation had been both active and conspicuous, when urged to go and "hear these things from his own lips," were suddenly possessed with a dispensation of tearful tenderness and "could not bear to look him in the face in the hour of his humiliation." It is instructive to reflect how many cruel misconceptions as to Mr. Beecher's attitude toward this scandal might have been precluded by a little Christian manliness on the part of his clerical brethren at this and other periods of its history. But then it is so much less trying to the sensibilities to fulminate from the editorial tripods of Chicago or to issue decrees from the "judicial" pulpits of Ohio!

It might at least have been expected that one who was drawn to this duty with so much "agony of soul" as you profess would, before reaching the unwelcome conclusion, have visited the scene of the event, and conversed with those who, knowing all the minor circumstances, could throw that light upon the entire transaction which may best be elicited in private conference. If you had done this, your paper, in its present form, would never have been written; or at least you would have had the satisfaction of feeling that, having used every available means of arriving at the truth, you had not played the assassin rather than the judge, and "made that murder which should be a sacrifice."

But this you did not do. You were more congenially employed in colloquing with those who could supply you with rumors magnified by distance, and statements distorted by the various ugly motives which dominate poor human nature at such times. The whole tone of

your article, the ill-concealed bitterness it betrays, and the curious perversity with which it misstates the facts of evidence and wrests all the testimony to a foregone conclusion, can only be accounted for on the theory of some outside influence, some presumed knowledge of facts, unknown to your readers, on which your mind was made up before you began to examine the published evidence. Traces of this, indeed, crop out here and there; as when you say of Mrs. Tilton's confession, "she made it to at least one other person *whose name I withhold. It will come to the public by-and-by, I think.*" Again, of Mr. Beecher's advice about the separation: "*When we come to know all the facts in the case, we shall find out that he himself never gave that advice at all.*" That Mr. Tilton in his recent statement supplies this hitherto missing link is a striking coincidence, and indicates the general direction of that subterranean conduit through which you receive exclusive information of the "facts in the case." How convenient it must be for a "judicial" person, when the testimony falls short, to have a reservoir in his pocket from which he can draw for the emergency!

This prejudice of the case accounts for your eagerness to get before the public while part of the evidence still remains unpublished, and to contribute an early missile to the stoning of the accused. In your usual manner, in which confident assertion is made to supply the lack of more solid foundation, you affirm that "the whole charge of improper treatment of her (Mrs. Tilton), by her husband previous to four years ago, is not only unsupported by any evidence, but contradicted by the most irrefutable proofs." The "irrefutable proofs" of the Tiltonian domestic harmony consist, I suppose, of the assurances of the Tiltonian *confrères*, Carpenter and Moulton, and the absurd array of connubial correspondence which Mr. Tilton, having full possession of his

wife's letters, could cull and arrange with that masterly knack at compilation in which he has no rival. But as to proof of a contrary state of things, besides the circumstantial and evidently truthful testimony of Mrs. Tilton, corroborated by Bessie Turner, there *is* further evidence, yet to be published, at which even you will find it impossible to cavil. But you cannot wait for this evidence; such is your hurry to convict.

Another indication of the spirit with which you approach this discussion is seen in your absurd comment on the constitution of the Investigating Committee, and the action of Plymouth Church upon its report. You say "the very manner of raising the committee" was a "confession of conscious guilt;" you find fault with Mr. Beecher for not calling a council instead; you talk of it as a "jury," and demand why "the accuser" was not allowed some part in making it up; you say the accused, on the contrary, "picked his men, selecting only his sworn friends," and so it was a "packed" jury of the worst kind, appointed expressly to "defend, vindicate, and acquit." Upon the heel of this, you are of course disgusted that the proceedings of the committee were not conducted after the manner of other "courts;" that lawyers were not allowed upon both sides instead of only one; and ("unheard of and unprecedented thing"!) that Mr. Beecher was allowed to be heard at all, and to tell his own story "as an offset to the testimony against him." This you stigmatize as "a burlesque upon civil and ecclesiastical courts." Not half so much as a man who does not know the difference between a formal ecclesiastical trial and a preliminary inquiry by a church committee as to *whether there shall be any trial*, is a burlesque upon a Doctor of Laws.

The history of this whole transaction is a simple one, and the "animadversions" upon Mr. Beecher's choosing

his own committee are equally preposterous whether received at the hands of an "impartial press" or those of a single "judicial" doctor. This body was first chosen at the suggestion of some friends, to meet Mr. Beecher's wish and then cherished hope of preventing a wide-spread scandal and general revelation of names. He decided, under advice, upon these six as the best men, because of their widely known character for intelligence and for unimpeachable integrity, to receive an unreserved revelation of all the facts and, withholding the detailed evidence, to give the result of their inquiries to the world. That they were "friends" of Mr. Beecher is true; he would have been compelled to go very far beyond the bounds of Plymouth church and congregation to compose a committee of any other than friends.

A few days revealed the fact that the mischief had outrun all possible expedients for averting the publicity which has since proved so widely disastrous. On all sides arose the importunate cry, "Why does not Plymouth Church investigate?" and the church herself, though she had looked on with quiet scorn when the disreputable Woodhull was clamoring in the streets, bestirred herself on finding that irresponsible rumors had taken the form of accusations from a quasi-respectable source.

Mr. Beecher now informed the Examining Committee (a permanent body on which the duty devolves of preliminary inquiry in all cases of discipline) what steps he had taken, and suggested the adoption on their part of the same committee, since it had already commenced its labors and made some important progress. As these were just the sort of men the Examining Committee would have itself selected, they were readily accepted, and became a sub-committee to that body, and thus enforced with all the sanction and authority of the church

itself—as much so as if they had been originally chosen in a regular church-meeting. In all this the church was actuated by a spirit of earnest, thorough, uncompromising investigation, and its committee reflected the same spirit in all their honest, intelligent, and laborious proceedings. It was never pretended to put Mr. Beecher on his trial before this body. He was subjected to a paternal and affectionate scrutiny in the house of his friends; nobody ever claimed anything else, or proposed any other guaranty of impartiality than the personal integrity of the men engaged, their pledge of faithfulness, their abhorrence of the alleged offense and their zeal for the honor of the Christian name. Their lawyers were their own counsel (not Mr. Beecher's), whose office was to guide their inexperience in eliciting truth and protect them in their delicate task from collision at any point with the civil law. What had such an impertinence as a cross-examination by the accuser's counsel to do in a body like this, engaged in a family inquiry into the conduct of a beloved brother? Yet *you* would have admitted the accuser with his lawyer, and shut out the very brother into whose conduct they were appointed to inquire! Why, sir, you have not the remotest glimmering conception of the meaning and process of *discipline* in a Congregational church.

But, not satisfied with a contemptuous assault upon the integrity of the committee, you dare to assail the church itself with the most injurious imputations. Not content with hints and flings, that "nobody was surprised at their action"—implying at the same time that said action was grossly unworthy—you are so anxious to impair the force of Moulton's fatal admission in a letter to Mr. B., that the latter could "stand if the whole case were published," as to aver without shame that Plymouth Church would adhere to Mr. Beecher and retain him in

his pastorate, even though his adultery were confessed or proved upon him. It is difficult to deal with a man who calls himself a Christian minister, and yet allows himself to employ such language as this. What is there in the character or career of Plymouth Church which can justify so abominable an imputation? Her work and her spirit have been before all the churches for more than a quarter of a century; and is her history indeed such as to persuade her sister churches that she, more than they, would be content, and even happy, to have an adulterer and a perjurer for a pastor! Yet this is your best word for a Christian brotherhood, humble, prayerful, laborious in every good work, and bound together in an almost unparalleled unanimity—because, living close to the scene of this affair, and familiar with all the facts and all the parties, after as careful an examination as it knows how to make, and having its own very life at stake, it comes to a different conclusion from yours! What a source of satisfaction it must be to you that your ally, the “heathen” Moulton, has set down in his last statement a precisely similar estimate of the good sense and purity of the disciples of Jesus Christ!

But it is truly superfluous to cull from your article single indications of that bitter and uncharitable disposition which pervades its every line and all its expressions. Hardly have you commenced to lay out the plan of your discussion before, most indecently and quite gratuitously, you speak of Mrs. Tilton as Mr. Beecher’s “guilty accomplice”; while such terms as “paramour,” “pettifogging,” “double-dealing,” and the like, fall, on every possible occasion, with an evident relish from your pen. You pretend to have from Mrs. Tilton’s hand “a letter too vile to find its way into a decent newspaper,” by copying which you will not “defile” your “manuscript”—whereas no such letter ever existed, ex-

cept in the corrupt interpretations put upon language which to the pure mind is perfectly innocent. You insult Mrs. Beecher, one of the most dignified and high-spirited of women, by suggesting that, having discovered an anachronism in one of her husband's statements, she gave him a warning hint of which he subsequently availed himself. Mrs. Beecher helping her husband to a lying defense against a charge of criminal conversation with another woman!

But enough, and too much, about the *animus* of your "judicial" performance; let us glance at a few features of it, illustrating the accuracy with which you present the case. Upon this characteristic of your work, as constituting a claim to the confidence of the reader in your conclusions, you lay great stress.

You say, "I have felt called upon to examine it thoroughly. * * * Had my life depended upon it, I do not know that I could have been more thorough." Yet in the very outset you utter, without hesitation or sign of doubt, a positive falsehood. Speaking of the frequency with which Mr. Beecher visited the house of Mr. Tilton, you dare to add: "Professor Raymond acknowledges, *in a published article*, that he had heard this spoken about, complainingly, long before there was any charge of immorality." (The italics are mine.) Now, there never was any such article published, never any such word spoken, nor any such thought entertained, by any Professor Raymond that ever lived. A matter of small consequence, it is true; but what sort of a record is this for a man who boasts of thoroughness and careful accuracy?

Another beautiful specimen of that circumspection in the statement of facts which becomes a man who has "examined" them with the good name of a brother at stake:

“How did this exposure come about?” you ask, and then, with your usual air of oracular precision, you continue: “You remember a part of it, and I will tell you the rest. In the private sessions of the Brooklyn Council, Dr. Bacon said: ‘Mr. Beecher is one of the most magnanimous of men, and Mr. Tilton one of the most contemptible. Mr. Beecher is like Sir Lancelot, and Tilton like one of Sir Lancelot’s dogs. Brother Beecher’s mistake has been in not understanding that a puppy is an undeveloped dog!’ That speech reached Mr. Tilton’s ears: he went to Beecher and said to him, ‘You know the facts, you edit a paper; relieve me of that unjust odium, or I shall be compelled to do it myself.’ Mr. Beecher replied, ‘I can’t do it without criminating myself.’ He didn’t do it. Hence Tilton’s letter to Dr. Bacon, and hence this whole exposure.”

Heaven only knows where you picked up this farrago of nonsense. You must have “evolved it” from that “inner consciousness” which has, in so many other parts of your “Review,” supplemented the scarcity of evidence suited to your purpose. The real facts, patent to all the world, are these: Dr. Bacon, *not* “in the private sessions of the Brooklyn Council,” but after his return from that Council, in a lecture to his theological students, subsequently printed in the *N. Y. Tribune*, referring to what he considered Mr. Beecher’s misplaced magnanimity, in suffering himself in order to screen his assailants, made use of the following words (I quote now from Tilton’s own citation of the language in his letter of complaint to the Doctor): “So of Launce, who went into the stocks and the pillory to save his dog from execution for stealing puddings and geese. I think he would have done better to let the dog die. And I think Mr. Beecher would have done better to have let vengeance come on the heads of his slanderers.”

I have no desire to emphasize the ridiculous aspects of this performance—the production of a silly misquotation from a published address as a fresh revelation from the debates of a secret council, and the stupid blunder about “Sir Lancelot” and “Sir Lancelot’s dogs.” The sins of this paragraph are of a graver type. When the *Saturday Review*, dealing with the unscrupulous misquotations of a brilliant modern historian, said, “Mr. Froude does not seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas,” it was regarded as a terrible arraignment and none the less severe for the euphemistic moderation of its terms. It was virtually stigmatizing the offender as a literary liar. Does a Doctor of Divinity really need to be informed that to include between quotation-marks language invented for a purpose by himself, and thereby distinctly attribute that language to another, is dishonest? If, then, it is unpardonable for you, by a sort of verbal metempsychosis to make Dr. Bacon a donkey, is it not absolutely atrocious that by putting your own words into his mouth you should make Mr. Beecher a confessed criminal?

In another place you remark, “Every reader remembers that *after Tilton’s letter to Dr. Bacon*, Mr. Beecher had a long interview with his deacons and others—three hours’ talking, in which the prominent thing was the apology and its explanation. *The next day* he came out in half a column with a general denial and a specific explanation of the apology,” etc. (Italics mine.)

The only possible authority for this statement is a false and foolish account made up, in the dearth of news, by a reporter, and contradicted on the following day. That account described the meeting, named the persons present, and put a speech into the mouth of each. But neither those persons nor any others had held any such meeting or made any such speeches. The

whole thing was false. Nor did Mr. Beecher then, or at any time previous to the appearance of Mr. Tilton's full charges, come out in half a column, or any other fraction of a column, about the "Apology."

I content myself with one more instance of this peculiarity. With a great flourish of anticipated triumph, you announce the discovery of an "astounding fact," to which (remarkably enough!), you "have seen no allusion in any of the newspapers." Mr. Beecher had adduced the advice given by himself and his wife to Mrs. Tilton, in her domestic difficulties, as one of the elements which entered into the anguish and repentance expressed in the so-called "apology." What then must have been your exultation when, with an acumen that transcended the malice of Tilton, the subtlety of Moulton, and the skilled observation of all the lawyers and all the editors, you detected the monstrous discrepancy that the obnoxious advice "was not given until the very last part of July, 1871, nearly *seven months after that letter was written!*" (Italics yours.) It seems a pity to spoil the half column of sarcastic comment, sharpened and driven home by every known typographic expedient, which follows upon this announcement. I am nevertheless compelled to declare that there is not a word of truth in the statement upon which it is all founded. What imp of fatuity inspired you to this unnecessary exposure of your incompetence, or what remote source of knowledge or secret chamber of your own brain furnished you the amazing fact which proves so disastrous to its discoverer, I can scarcely conjecture. But whatever may have been the source of the error, it gives a good idea of the thoroughness with which you have examined the case. You say it has been as great as if your "own life were at the stake." This may furnish a very just standard of the value of your own life, but it falls rather short

of the estimate you should place upon the character of another.

As I write these words, I receive the *Herald* of the 17th inst., and notice that your attention has already been called to this blunder. But you do not make manly acknowledgment, admitting that there is absolutely nothing in the case to justify your absurd misplacement of an important event. No; you say it "seemed clearly proved" to you, but if any reader "prefers to accept the testimony of Mrs. Tilton" (by which you *ought* to mean the testimony of Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. Tilton, corroborated by the admissions of Mr. Tilton on cross-examination), "so far as this argument is concerned," you are "entirely willing to concede it." The truth is that you are trying to cover with an assumption of dignity a piece of incautious folly of which you should be heartily ashamed. But you proceed on the new basis to perpetrate what is worse, a deliberate suppression and distortion of the truth. I cannot follow you through the mazes of this new iniquity; but I call your readers to note that in pretending to give, "according to his (Mr. Beecher's) own statement," the "new light" which, coming between Mr. Tilton's accusation and Mr. Beecher's "apology," had caused the latter to change his opinion of Mr. Tilton and to repent the advice given to Mrs. Tilton, you *omit altogether* two vital facts: first, that Mrs. Tilton (his chief authority for believing Tilton to be a bad man) was represented to him as having recanted the retraction given to him, so that he was forced to consider her broken in mind; and second, that Moulton earnestly denied all the stories about Tilton, represented him as the victim of slander, and convinced Mr. Beecher that he had been lending himself to the defamation of his friend. Now, sir, was this "new light," or not? Is it in Mr. Beecher's statement, or not?

Have you omitted it or not? And will you now begin to realize that *you* are on trial, and that renewed assaults on Mr. Beecher will not save you?

I had marked many passages which show with what unscrupulous freedom you handle the evidence, to make it accomplish the end to which you have plainly addressed yourself. You seem to have thrown away the whole of Mrs. Tilton's testimony, except what serves your purpose, and the whole of Mr. Beecher's, because in your judgment he ought not to be allowed to testify at all, in a properly constituted court; while Tilton's and Moulton's you find available to the last extent—unless they are conspirators, which you do not believe! You represent the professed motive of Mrs. Tilton's confessions as "fear," pure and simple; whereas it was a much more subtle and complicated one. You give a malicious interpretation to her act of leaving her husband, contrary to the differing stories of both her husband and herself. Because Tilton says she "confessed" to her mother, you assume that fact as proved, though the mother's testimony distinctly denies it. You pass conveniently over the great significance of the retraction scene, as showing beyond question what was the charge against which Mr. Beecher was *then* striving to protect himself. In the pistol scene, where the retraction was given up, you suppress the fact that a subsequent "recantation" had rendered that paper comparatively useless; and you carefully omit to mention the offer of a far more promising method of dealing with the affair, subtly suggested by the tempter at that critical point of time. The influence of the pistol you exaggerate, and are contradicted therein both by Mr. Beecher and by Moulton.

You pervert also the facts in the matter of the "Apology." You say, "And now *he* (Mr. Beecher) *begins* his letter," when you know very well that it was in no sense

“his letter;” that he did not “begin it” at all; and that he did not sign it as a letter is signed. His own statement gives a natural and consistent explanation of the whole transaction. But that doesn’t matter; you have an *argument* by which you reach the conclusion that this paper was *virtually* a letter of which Mr. Beecher was the author; and that has all the force of a fundamental fact with reasoners like you.

These perversions and misstatements, occurring all through your discourse, are the sluice-ways through which you pour an everlasting flood of contempt in italics and objugation in “small caps.” You belong to a school of logicians who, on the inconsiderable condition of being allowed to manufacture the premises, engage to bring one to any given conclusion. I submit that having laid down, in your peculiar fashion, what is and what is *not* in evidence in this case, you might have spared your readers at least ten of your twelve mortal columns, written Q. E. D. at the end of a compact little demonstration, and rested upon your laurels.

A single additional important example of this convenient method of falsifying the evidence, to furnish ground for a world of momentous inference and indignant comment, must suffice.

A large proportion of your severest language is founded upon the insufficiency of the reasons alleged by Mr. Beecher for his four years’ suffering—as though to say: These are the causes he alleges; but they do not fully account for his fear, his remorse, his efforts at concealment; then, if these are not enough, there must have been something else; and if something else, *what?* WHAT? O WHAT?

Your argument, as briefly stated by yourself, stands thus:

“But what are the offenses over which he was thus

suffering? According to his own statement, these two only :

“1. He had a great while before* advised Mrs. Tilton to leave her husband.

“2. He had counseled Mr. Bowen to secure somebody else to edit the *Independent*.”

This is the text on which you so voluminously and sarcastically dilate. But this is a vital point to you, sir, as well as to Mr. Beecher. If you have misrepresented the facts *here* ; if you have left out an essential part of Mr. Beecher's explanation of his suffering ; if you have concealed a chief reason of his remorse and desire for secrecy, then your pharisaical rhetoric falls to the ground, and you stand revealed as a calumniator. Your life does not depend on this issue, but your reputation does ; and if you value that in yourself which you are so swift to destroy in another, I advise you to renew the “study” you boast of having devoted to Mr. Beecher's statement, and to turn your attention to the following passage, taken from his description of the interview at which Moulton wrote the so-called “apology” :

“The case, as it then appeared to my eyes, was strongly against me. My old fellow-worker had been dispossessed of his eminent place and influence, and I had counseled it. His family had well-nigh been broken up, and I had advised it: *his wife had become sick and broken in mind and body, and I, as I fully believed, had been the cause of all this wreck, by continuing with blind heedlessness a friendship which had beguiled her heart and roused her husband into a fury of jealousy, though not caused by any intentional act of mine.* And should I coldly de-

*This is not “according to his statement ;” but I cannot pause over such small perversions. Your little errors may be unintentional ; but they are all one way, which gives them a bad look,

fend myself? Should I pour indignation upon this lady? *Should I hold her up to contempt as having thrust her affection upon me unsought?* Should I tread upon the man and his household in their great adversity? I gave vent to my feelings without measure. I disclaimed with the greatest earnestness all intent to harm Theodore in his home or business; and with inexpressible sorrow I both blamed and defended Mrs. Tilton in one breath."

It is not my purpose here to argue the truthfulness or the adequacy of this portion of Mr. Beecher's explanation. What I mean to do with it is to place it by the side of your assertion that, "according to his own statement, these two *only*"—namely, the advice to Bowen and the advice to Mrs. Tilton—were the faults for which Mr. Beecher blamed himself. Do you not think that a minister ought to reproach himself if made to believe that he has heedlessly, though unintentionally, beguiled the heart of an innocent woman from her husband? And if he frankly declares that this belief caused him to feel remorse, what is your opinion of another minister who omits to mention this part of his brother's explanation—nay, gives another part as absolutely the whole? I will not ask what such a statement would be called in the pulpit; and I *need* not ask what name is given to it by English-speaking gentlemen.

But, while on this subject of significant omissions, let me call attention to an instance or two of your sagacity in comparing testimony which conflicts upon crucial points.

Is it not a little strange that a man examining the evidence in this case as you profess to have done, should have overlooked the flat contradiction between Mr. Beecher's accusers on the most important point? Your convenient manner of ignoring or setting aside as false

what Mr. Beecher says will not here avail you. It is in the statement of Tilton and Moulton, which you have examined with affectionate minuteness, that this fatal discrepancy stares you in the face. Mr. Tilton says:

“At this interview between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, permission was sought by Mr. Beecher to consult with Mrs. Tilton on that same evening. This permission being granted, Mr. Beecher departed from Mr. Moulton’s house, and in about half an hour returned thither, *expressing his remorse and shame, and declaring that his life seemed brought to a sudden end.*”

Mr. Moulton says of the same occasion:

“Tilton remained at my house while Beecher was absent at Tilton’s house, *and when he returned there was no conversation between them. * * * During this evening nothing was said by Beecher as to the truth or falsity of Mrs. Tilton’s confession. * * ** I returned to my house and had some conversation with Tilton, in which he told me that he had recited to Beecher the details of the confession of his wife’s adulteries, and the remark which Beecher made was, ‘This is all a dream, Theodore,’ *and that was all the answer Beecher made to him.*” (The italics in both extracts are my own.)

Bear in mind that this is the most important piece of collateral evidence in such a case—the behavior of the accused when the accusation is first made. And you, sir, examining the evidence as if your life depended upon it, never notice this vital discrepancy! If you had noticed it, your explanation would doubtless have been ready. You would have said, “this is one of those small points of difference which prove the truthfulness of the witnesses. They are too sagacious to have left such a contradiction in a concocted story!” Such, at least, is your handy method with other self-revealed lies in Tilton’s narrative. You think absurdities, contradic-

tions and incredibilities prove Tilton's sagacious sincerity, while the slightest fancied inconsistency in Mr. Beecher's statement, or in anything that anybody has said in the newspapers in his defense is damning evidence of his guilt! If your life, Reverend Sir, *did* depend on such an examination of any evidence against you, you would certainly be hanged.

Again, why did you overlook Mr. Tilton's declaration that "for about a year after Mrs. Tilton's confession her mind remained in the fixed opinion that her criminal relations with Mr. Beecher had not been morally wrong, so strongly had he impressed her to the contrary: but at length a change took place in her convictions on this subject, as noted in the following letter addressed by her to her husband"—to which introduction Mr. Tilton appended the well-known letter in which Mrs. Tilton declares that through the ministry of Catherine Gaunt, a character in a novel, her eyes have been opened to see her sin? Why do you omit to note Mr. Tilton's admission that when he published this letter *he had forgotten* that Catherine Gaunt in the story did *not* commit adultery, nor dream of it—nay more, that he had an impression that that was her offense? Why do you ignore the significant circumstance that the husband of Catherine Gaunt did commit that crime, and that this was the cause of his wife's estrangement from him, and of her "sin" in seeking sympathy (*not* criminal intercourse) elsewhere?

Why did it not occur to you, as it has occurred to others, that if a letter which Tilton published *under a mistake* turned out to be strong proof of his wife's innocence, a good many letters may have been suppressed or destroyed by him which would have confirmed this providential evidence? You choose not to remember that Mrs. Tilton, leaving her house, left all her letters in

it, not dreaming how their innocent words could be distorted by blackguards and misunderstood by clergymen; and that Tilton spent days in selecting and arranging these papers. You choose not to remember that some of Mr. Beecher's letters may have been similarly kept back or destroyed by Moulton. You prefer not to recognize the advantage which the confederates have in this case, in the possession of nearly all the documentary evidence, and the power to destroy, undetected, such of it as would expose their machinations.

But this letter must be brought to a close. Its object has not been to make out a case for Mr. Beecher before a Western public; and I have not pretended to go into his defense. Your people must judge of this matter for themselves. It could not, of course, be expected that they would come so promptly or so enthusiastically to a verdict of acquittal as have those before whom this beloved minister has gone in and out for twenty-seven years. His intercourse with our families has been patent to our eyes, through all that time, as peculiarly frank and guileless. We are intimately acquainted with the sources from which this onslaught comes, and have watched the working of the motives that produced it, long before the precise form in which they would openly reveal themselves could be divined. We have felt from day to day that spiritual power in the preaching and the conversation of this alleged criminal which, were the source indeed so polluted, would make it no longer preposterous to seek for grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. I repeat that people at a distance must judge this matter by a careful and independent examination of the evidence when it is *all* before them, and when they have obtained what light they need to guide them. Good men will at least not hasten to an adverse conclusion for fear of a "ruinous discount" on their credit for "sagaci-

ty;" but in that charity which "hopeth all things, believeth all things," will refuse to condemn while hope and belief are possible.

But however they may pursue their inquiries, and to whatever decision they may eventually be brought, if they decline henceforward to be guided by your dingy and malodorous lantern, the purpose of this paper will have been accomplished.

And now, sir, I take my leave of you and of this outrageous production of your pen. The indictment against you stands without a flaw in the Court of Justice, of Charity, of God. You have hurried to abet an infamous assault upon a minister of Jesus Christ, with weapons forged out of all envy, malice and uncharitableness. There is not a particle of "justice, truth and fair dealing" (which you profess to love)—to say nothing of Christian fraternity—from beginning to end of your shameful tirade. And yet you were a *friend* of Mr. Beecher. Of course; such heart-thrusts always come from "friends." Tilton was Mr. Beecher's "friend." You say, "Mr. Beecher was his *idol*." Moulton was Mr. Beecher's "friend," and deploras the infatuation that exchanged his benignant protection for the injudicious championship of Plymouth church. But, thank heaven, a winnowing time has come, and Mr. Beecher has lived to learn who are his true friends. Of "how a heathen can serve" him, he has had ample and satisfactory experience. With the full meaning of the phrase, "perils among false brethren," as well as "perils among the heathen," I think he is now likely to be made acquainted. Be it the task of his own people at last to show him the unalterable devotion with which the family of Christ defend and comfort an innocent brother in distress.

What action you and the clerical gentlemen who sympathize in your style of doing things may take upon

the "case of Henry Ward Beecher," though it may concern us later, is not at present of absorbing interest. The influence of our action upon the outside world has not been studied so much as our duty to our Master and our brother; but we are not without cheering proofs of the support of good men everywhere. Conscious of the sincerity and well-grounded reason of our course, we will try to bear up under your dogmatic assumption of its absurdity and wickedness. The unprincipled accusers may pile statement upon statement and letter upon letter, but the unimpeached and truthful story of Mr. Beecher, taken in connection with what we know of the history of the case, furnishes a clue to them all; and the slanders are destined, with their contrivers and abettors, to a common grave of infamy. If Mr. Beecher is innocent, you say, "his accusers are worthy of the direst condemnation and the most withering scorn." To such retribution I believe, before God, they will surely come, and with them all those kindred spirits who have sought by perversion and sophistry to second their unholy purpose. Let me, then, suggest that in your next recurrence to this theme you devote your energies not so much to Henry Ward Beecher as to the Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D., who needs your best offices of apology and defense.

ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

BROOKLYN, *Sept.* 19, 1874.

[In the same number of the *Herald* in which the foregoing appeared, Dr. Fairfield indulged in two replies, one on the outside, and the other on the inside, of the paper. They are here given in the order of their appearance.]

From the Mansfield Herald [outside], Oct. 1, 1874.

A CARD FROM DR. FAIRFIELD.

To the Editors of the Herald:

Having, by your favor, been permitted to read the proof-sheets of the article of Prof. Raymond in your this week's issue, I find that it is so entirely made up of personal flings and gross misrepresentations of fact, which your intelligent readers will be able to detect for themselves, that I think the advice of Solomon, in Proverbs xxvi. 4, applies in full force to me in reference to it. It would be easy to point out the fallacies of the article, and to answer every point which the writer has made. But it would not be worth while for me to do it. I have something else to do than to give myself to this thing. I have said what I believe to be true, and in obedience to an overwhelming conviction of duty have uttered my voice against a great wrong. The first moment that I come to entertain a single doubt of Mr. Beecher's guilt I will hasten to say so, from both pulpit and press. But I think the time is not far off when there will be no difference of opinion among all honest men in reference to this matter. The future will reveal itself; and having done my duty as I see it, I shall submit to all the obloquy and all the scurrilous assaults that may come.

E. B. FAIRFIELD.

(From the *Mansfield Herald* [inside], Oct. 1, 1874.)

DR. FAIRFIELD'S REPLY TO PROF. RAYMOND.

PREFACE.

The reader will see from my card on the previous page how I felt on Saturday last. It was not till the close of the Sabbath's labors that it occurred to me that many might be misled by the very audacity and self-assumption of Prof. Raymond's article, and be ready to conclude that my card was simply a cowardly retreat, and a confession of the things charged; and that very likely Prof. R. himself would so claim. So, upon "sober second thought," I concluded that it was Proverbs xxvi. 5, that applied to this case. And here is my answer:

To Professor Robert R. Raymond :

DEAR SIR:—Your letter to me is just received and I hasten to reply. You will pardon me for my ignorance in not knowing of what you are Professor, or in what college or university you hold such Professorship. But as my reference to "*Prof. Raymond*" was understood by you to refer either to yourself or your son, I assume without questioning that you have a legitimate right to such title, and will not sneer at your assumption of it. No one knows better than I do the worthlessness of mere titles, professional, honorary, or otherwise. But you understand very well the custom of college catalogues, and having been for more than twenty years connected with a college in Michigan, and my name appearing in two or three hundred thousand catalogues, and three times as many official circulars, and my titles—worthless as all

titles are—having been conferred from twelve to seventeen years ago, may account for the careless attachment of them to the Review which has arrested your attention. You will not offend me at all, nor either of the three honored universities in New York, Ohio, and Indiana, from which they came, if you leave them off entirely in any correspondence, public or private, which you may choose to have with me. But when you suggest that this is a case between “Brother” Fairfield and “Brother” Beecher, I must be allowed to say that, with my present knowledge of the facts, I will excuse him entirely from addressing me in any such fraternal way, and beg to be excused from so addressing him, until he shall have heeded the call of John the Baptist and brought forth works meet for repentance.

Your reference to the Jewish title of “Rabbi” in this connection is singularly infelicitous for one answering so readily to the title of “Professor.” For a Professor ought certainly to know that there is no other title in our language that corresponds so perfectly to the one of which the Pharisees were so proud, as that which I judge you so constantly hear. “I venture to say” that you are “Rabbi-ed” ten times as much as I. This, it is true, is a very unimportant matter, but illustrates the old proverb about living in glass houses and throwing stones.

You are correct in conjecturing that my article in *The Herald* was intended for public delivery in my own pulpit; not upon the Sabbath, however, but upon a weekday evening. I am of those who believe that whatever it is fit that a minister should say at all, it is fit that he should say from the pulpit of a Christian church, in form of lecture, if not for sermon. My article was not intended for a “sermon,” but for a public address.

If you “have been informed and believe” that I was “prevented” from delivering it by any such cause as you

speak of, your information and your belief are both erroneous. I voluntarily abandoned the original intention, after the first part of my article was in type, for four reasons: (1.) The very kindly *suggestion* of two excellent brethren who thought that it perhaps would not be best, because it would be understood as committing the church as a whole to the view which I took of the matter. There was no dictation; no attempted dictation by anybody. At the close of the very friendly talk I said, "It seems to me that it will be best to deliver it; but I will think it over and decide." No farther word was uttered, by tongue or pen, but in deference to the judgment of these brethren I was inclined to forego the delivery of the address, and let the types, simply, speak for me. Indeed, this had been my first thought in preparing the article; the subsequent conclusion to deliver it was the result of the desire expressed by several to hear it. Finding that anybody objected, I fell back readily to my original purpose, and should have done so unhesitatingly, but for the form of words which had already been printed upon the first page of the *Herald*, to which you refer as the "internal evidence of its having been designed for oral delivery."

My boyhood was spent in a printing office. Full seven years of my life had been thus occupied. I wrote nearly the whole of my article with no other thought than to send it to the press. The change of words to adapt it to "oral delivery" were interlineations, which required the type-setter some labor to decipher. In abandoning, at friendly and very kindly suggestion, the public delivery, I only carried out my original purpose. You will be pleased to understand that my church are not in the habit of dictating to their minister.

(2.) I the more readily gave up the delivery, because I found the article long enough to occupy two full hours,

which I deemed an unreasonable length for a short evening.

(3.) I found that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to have it in readiness for the evening which had been fixed upon, while for getting it ready for publication I should have two days' more time.

(4.) Lastly, it would save me the unnecessary labor of delivery, as it had been already determined to print, and the printing was half completed.

Pardon me for taking so much of the time of a stranger away off in Brooklyn to listen to these explanations; but you seem to have an inquiring mind in reference to our strictly local matters, and by some means to have fallen into a mistake in reference to them, so these few rays of true daylight may assist you in your wanderings.

And then you begin by impugning my motives in this review, and charge me with "malice" and "malignity," with "personal animosity" and "jealousy," and I know not what else. This is not unexpected. It has been characteristic of much of the defense which you and others have made of the pastor of Plymouth church. No man escapes from these imputations and calumnies who has the honesty and manliness to dissent from those who insist upon vindicating this man at all hazards.

"*Jealous*" of Mr. Beecher? What proof have you of that? And do you understand that it is the teaching of your Christianity to utter such a charge at random? Do you know that for all these years that Mr. Beecher has been pastor of Plymouth church I have been known as "a Beecher-man" by all who have known me at all? That I have rejoiced in his success?—in his triumphs at home and abroad?

Is this the way of "jealousy"? I have rejoiced in this man's prosperity; I have boasted of his genius;

everywhere and always I have spoken the best words that I knew in his praise. All my congregation and personal acquaintances know that until the evidence of his crime became so overwhelming to my mind that I felt that I must stultify myself utterly, and debauch my own conscience and reason, if I stood up for him any more—until that crisis was reached I was recognized as foremost in his defense.

At present there are two classes of those who defend this man: (1) Those who are sincere, and believe him guiltless. (2) Those who act the part of the attorney, whose business it is to make the best defense he can for his client, although he knows him to be guilty. I belong to neither of these classes. If I should say I believe him innocent, I should speak falsely. If I should say I had the slightest doubt of his guilt, I should speak falsely. Do you ask me to be guilty of such falsehood as that? And believing him guilty and that those who are *most* conversant with the case are deliberately and knowingly playing the part of attorneys, to the great disgrace of religion and the Christian ministry, I cannot hold my peace without conscious dishonor, and complicity with a great wrong. In that case I should do the very thing for which Mr. Beecher's friends are now so fiercely denouncing Frank Moulton: that, believing him an atrocious offender, he has held his peace, and has covered up the wrong these three years past.

You charge me with "prejudice." You are mistaken. My intensest prejudices were all on the other side. But the overwhelming evidence has entirely conquered them. A man's prejudices, if he is honest, must yield to truth. I stood by this man till the last lingering doubt vanished. And now, in common with others, I must be assailed with all sorts of calumnies, and charged

with "malice," "malignity," "personal animosity," and "clerical jealousy."

And in connection with this last charge, you speak of "clerical jealousy, finding its source and field of operations mainly in the West." This is rather an unfortunate mistake for a "Professor" to make. For jealousy, as any English dictionary will show, implies competition and rivalry. There might be some plausibility in charging some of Mr. Beecher's neighbors in Brooklyn with jealousy, were it not that the noble company of ministers resident there are men of too large soul and heart to be justly obnoxious to such a charge. And yet I know very well that this charge has been a thousand times reiterated against the grandest men on this continent—resident in your own city. But to charge clerical jealousy upon ministers from 600 to 1,600 miles away, is a blunder as well as a crime.

And then, I am blamed because I did not first go to Brooklyn and tell Mr. Beecher his fault in the Gospel way—"between thee and him alone." Is that written in sincerity, or is it mere cant? Have you been to Mansfield to see me, and tell me my fault, and to say, "These things which you have written sorely perplex me, my brother. Give me your explanation of them"? No! I'll venture you have not! You read my article, and without one word of correspondence to ask me to explain, you have made your violent assault, not only charging me with misstating facts, but charging me with the *basest motives* for saying one word against this man. And not only that; but sneeringly you say—or your son for you—"I want no private correspondence with Mr. Fairfield!" Would it not be better for you to practice somewhat upon your own teachings, before you preach any more?

But you mistake again; for I did the very thing

which you blame me for not doing. I waited before I wrote one word for Mr. Beecher to make his own explanations. I had read the charges and the evidence. They were terrific against him. I could see no way of escape. But I waited—waited patiently. The whole world waited till he had given his own explanations. They filled twenty columns. I read them—re-read them. I never gave up my last hope till then. But when I found his own explanations full of falsehood, full of contradictions and most palpable absurdities—then I was compelled to say: Whatever else he may not be guilty of, he has most certainly stated a score of things which he must have known to be false. For he had every possible means of knowing. There could be no liability to *mistake*; it was a plain and palpable case of intentional misrepresentation. It is not necessary to look into a man's face to know whether he speaks the truth or not. If he can assume an honest look while he speaks palpable falsehood, so much the worse for him; this but shows the hardening process of years of hypocrisy. That Mr. Beecher could deliberately make a statement so crowded with absurdity is proof, I fear, of that adeptness that comes only of long practice.

And now as you so recklessly impugn my motives for condemning this man, let me ask you, What motive can you conjecture that should thus explain my conduct?

Is it friendship for Mr. Tilton, who has made this charge? I have never had any friendship for this man. I have never even seen him. My prejudices have always been against him. And my friendship, all of it, on the other side. Mr. Beecher's father was well-nigh my own father's ideal. My attachments to the whole family have been warm and strong from boyhood up. But I need not dwell on this. You cannot suggest any possible motive that I should have for a malicious assault on this

man. My denominational pride was against it ; my personal pride was against it ; my national pride was against it Everything was against it.

But how about *your defense* of him? Now, sir, if you do not know how the outside world look at the matter, you ought to. Everybody outside of Plymouth church and its immediate friends sees that *you have every earthly motive* for defending this man to the very last.

(1.) Your friendship for Mr. Beecher. I know the strength of that motive myself. It is hard to resist it and see the truth when it militates against those whom we have loved, admired, and believed in. I have heard more than one man say, "If this man is guilty, I don't want to know it!" It has been publicly stated that at least one of the Committee of Six said that very thing. It is natural. All this power of personal friendship presses upon Plymouth church to make them shut their eyes to facts. And "none are so blind as those who will not see."

(2.) Your prejudice against Mr. Tilton. It has been very strong in Plymouth church for years. He is known to have denounced Mr. Beecher, and many of your church have been for a long time fostering their prejudices against this man, as Mr. Beecher's chief accuser. This is a very strong motive to explain the wrong action of your Committee and of the church.

(3.) All *your church pride* has been against a fair trial of your pastor. And such pride is hard to conquer. You have been the most noted church in America. It is very hard to overcome such pride and see the truth in spite of it.

(4.) You have been financially a very successful church. Your income has been without a parallel.

And thus everybody sees that in defending Mr.

Beecher at all hazards and determined to make him out innocent, *friendship, prejudice, pride and self-interest* conspire to blind your judgment. The strongest of all earthly motives press upon you to lead you to a wrong decision, in upholding and vindicating him in spite of the clearest proof of guilt.

You know full well that in a court of law any one of these four considerations would exclude a man from serving on a common jury. A blood relative of the accused—even though there be no proof of friendship—is excluded, because his family pride would stand in the way of a fair verdict. Your family pride in your pastor, and your natural vanity and ambition as the most popular church on the continent, is a motive quite as strong as either of the other three. And everybody knows that special friendship for the defendant, special prejudice against the plaintiff, and pecuniary interest in the result, are everywhere in courts of law deemed valid reasons for excluding any one from a jury. ~

Not one of all these motives, or any other of which I can think, can operate upon me, and upon the many thousands who agree with me, to induce an unfair verdict against this man. All, except the matter of pecuniary interest, operate upon us to acquit him and not to condemn him. Isn't it about time this outcry of selfish motives on the part of those who bring in a verdict of "guilty" should cease, when it is so entirely palpable that all such selfish motives are on the other side?

You think a "Doctor of Laws" ought to know the difference between a jury to try a man and a body of persons whose business it is to make a preliminary investigation. I agree with you. And I think the most ordinary "Professor" ought to know that a Grand Jury, whose business it is to make such preliminary investigation, is in the habit of receiving all testimony against

the accused with the largest generosity. So that instead of rejecting testimony which a petit jury would be required to receive, they give *the fullest weight* to the evidence of the accuser. So that if even there be a *prima facie* case against the accused, he should be indicted and put on trial.

But what did your committee do in their "preliminary investigation"? You know what they did. You or your son read their report. And you know that they threw out the testimony of Mr. Moulton and of Mr. Tilton entirely, although it was full and explicit.

And on what grounds? That these men were conspirators against Mr. Beecher. And how do they make that out? Simply thus: The charge which they first made was only "improper advances;" afterward "criminal intimacy," they say. And this change of indictment proves these men conspirators! In my previous paper I showed with sufficient clearness the absurdity of this.

But what now will your Committee of Six say for themselves, in view of the startling evidence of the last few days? You know what I refer to: the publication of a portion of your own church record, *directly contradictory* of this statement of the committee!

They declare that until very recently there was no charge of anything more than "improper advances," by either Tilton or Moulton; while upon their own church books stands the following:

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

And then follow the specifications—three in number. You will excuse me from copying from the first two, as

they are not absolutely essential to the argument, though all of them bear very hard on the committee. But the third specification is sufficient. It reads thus:

“Third—At an interview with Mrs. Anna Bradshaw, in Thompson’s Dining Rooms, in Clinton street, on or about the third day of August, 1870, Theodore Tilton stated that he had discovered that *a criminal intimacy* existed between his wife and Mr. Beecher. Afterward, in November, 1872, referring to the above conversation, Mr. Tilton said to Mrs. Bradshaw, that he retracted none of the accusations which he had formerly made against Mr. Beecher.

“Witness: Mrs. ANNA BRADSHAW.”

What will your committee be able to say for themselves? In their report, which you or your son read, they ask: “What is the proof that the charge in the first instance was adultery?” The papers report that this sentence, with several others like it, were pronounced with very effective elocution!

Here is the answer in your own church record, made last October, in which Mr. Tilton is charged with having said *three years and two months before*, and repeated nearly a year before, that adultery had been committed; and yet your committee declare to the world in August, 1874, that Mr. Tilton’s testimony is not to be received, because he had never until recently made any accusation of that sort! And the church clerk, Mr. Shearman, acting as Mr. Beecher’s counsel, and in constant intercourse with the committee! Was there ever a more astounding blunder committed by any six men? You know very well that they made their whole case to rest on this arch, excluding utterly Mr. Moulton’s and Mr. Tilton’s testimony on this ground alone! And yet, under this blow, not only is the key-stone of their arch gone, but the whole arch is ground to powder! Would it not be well

for some of the various professors or lawyers in your church to run over a little your church records, before another such suicidal blunder is committed by "a committee of investigation"?

Was my criticism upon your committee too harsh? Is it not doubly evident that they were appointed to vindicate, not to investigate? They could break the force of the absolutely overwhelming evidence of the two main witnesses only by charging them with a conspiracy. They could think of no other way to indicate that but by this suggestion of their having made a stronger charge *latterly than formerly*. And this, as I proved in my former review, even were it true, could easily be explained. But now it comes out that a charge had been previously presented to your Examining Committee, and by them sent to Mr. Tilton, through their clerk, setting forth that Tilton had charged the full crime of criminal intimacy upon Mr. Beecher, only thirty days after his wife's confession! And five months before he had confronted Mr. Beecher himself with it!

And so that other point, which Mr. Beecher and his defenders have so persistently made against Mr. Tilton, that it is impossible he should have kept this thing to himself for six months—that, too, is blown to the winds; your own church record proving that he did not keep it to himself.

I would not speak harshly of your committee. The only difficulty is that they had a most arduous task before them. They did as well as they could in defending Mr. Beecher. But even they could not perform impossibilities.

You charge me by very direct implication with being in confidential communication with Mr. Moulton, Mr. Tilton, and their "confreres." To this it is sufficient to say that I have never seen either Tilton, Moulton or

Carpenter; nor have I ever received a word from them nor written a line to them, or to any of their clique; nor have I ever had any correspondence, to the best of my knowledge, with any person in their confidence. Is this denial sufficiently explicit and comprehensive? How I became informed of the "name which I withhold" is of no consequence to you, or to the public. Both you and they will find out in due time that I was not mistaken. The other remark which you quote—"that when all the facts are known it will be found that Mr. Beecher never, at any time, advised Mrs. Tilton to separate from her husband"—I made, not because of any private information, but from what then seemed, and what still seems to me, the necessary logical inference from all the testimony before the public.

I will now proceed to review that point in my former paper; and I wish to begin by correcting one mistake which I then made, and that was in reference to the *clear proof* of the time at which *Mrs.* Beecher's advice to *Mrs.* Tilton is said to have been given. Not *Mr.* Beecher's. I made no mistake in regard to that, as I will show pretty soon. You will see that the point is one of no material bearing upon the main issue; for the question is as to the statement of *Mr.* Beecher respecting advice which *he* gave, not his wife. But inasmuch as, incidentally, I made the point, I wish to explain clearly how I was misled; and it was simply by what I have discovered was a misprint, though I did not have the slightest suspicion of it at the time. The testimony bearing upon the matter I read in the *Detroit Tribune*, a paper ordinarily very well printed; and not till after the publication of my review was my attention called to the point by a friend who sent me his copy of the testimony in the *Chicago Times*; and I found that the whole seventeen columns were the same in both, except in a single para-

graph, and that paragraph corresponded perfectly in the two papers, except in the dates, and these, with the names of the months printed in full, were *seven months apart*. Since then I have obtained the New York *Graphic*, and found that the time in that corresponded with the one given in the Chicago *Times*. I have no doubt of its correctness; and on this point I was thus led astray.

I am glad always to be corrected in any mistake which I have made. And the above is the explanation of it. If I am to be blamed for not reading over all this testimony in several different papers, I must submit! With those who know me personally I have no need, I trust, of witnesses to attest my truthfulness. Our common friend, M. Day, Jr., from whom I differ entirely on this subject, bears voluntary testimony to my honesty, I notice, and you will probably accept his testimony as final. But as others, as well as you, who are strangers to me, may read these columns, for your perfect satisfaction, as well as theirs, I have requested the editor of the *Herald*, who has examined the two papers, to add a note at the bottom.*

I am particular about this; for your charge involves both my veracity and my care in examining the testimony. I plead "not guilty" to both charges. As the testimony stood, plainly printed, I was justified in all that I alleged. As it is, it still remains entirely clear that Mr. Beecher certainly gave no such advice prior to January 1, 1871. And that he never gave it at any time

* Having examined the two papers to which Dr. Fairfield refers, I find the thing to be as he states it; that the two paragraphs perfectly correspond, except that the dates given are seven months apart; and that the paragraph is one referring to the time at which Mrs. Beecher gave her advice to Mrs. Tilton to separate from her husband.—ED. HERALD.

is almost equally certain. The main points of the proof are as follows:

[1.] Mrs. Tilton's own letter of January 4, 1871. In it she says: "I indignantly deny *that I ever sought separation* from my husband—as I have declared it a hundred times before. The story that I wanted a separation was a deliberate falsehood, carried by my poor mother to my husband's enemy, Mrs. H. W. Beecher. I feel outraged by the whole proceeding."

You will not deny the authenticity of this letter. You may find it lithographed in the *Graphic* of August 22. And the whole style of the letter is so earnest and indignant that it carries the conviction of its honesty and truthfulness. This letter, written *then*, is better proof than any statement she can make now on the other side. This letter was not enforced. It bears date only three days after the apology. And it is point blank against the theory that Mr. Beecher now sets up.

[2.] Still more conclusive than this, even, is Mrs. Morse's letter of Jan. 27, 1871. You remember that Mr. B. claims to have given this advice in an interview held with both these women jointly. So that if it were thus given, Mrs. Morse would have known of it. And yet this letter to Mr. Beecher, so far from implying that, plainly implies the exact opposite. The following are her own words: "You or any one else *who advises her to live with him*, when he is doing all he can to kill her by slow torture, *is anything but a friend.*"

These words of reproach were received by Mr. Beecher, according to his own acknowledgment, Jan. 27, less than four weeks after his apology. If only six weeks before he had, in the presence of Mrs. Morse, advised separation, as he now pretends, would Mrs. Morse be thus reproaching him for *advising her to live with him*? And the authenticity of this letter you will not dispute,

for you will find it lithographed on the same date mentioned above.

[3.] After the most diligent search that I have been able to make, I have not been able to find that Mrs. Tilton in her testimony before the committee made any statement of that kind, in reference to *Mr. Beecher*. I do not think I could have overlooked it; but if you will send me any of your city papers, containing her full statement, in which that is found, I will promptly acknowledge it in *The Herald*. Until then I shall rest in the conviction that I am correct. But I want nothing but the truth. This point I know is of very little consequence, for her letter *at the time* is conclusive. But if, even now, her testimony agrees with that, it adds to the force of it.

[4.] Mr. Moulton's testimony agrees with this. "Mr. Beecher," he says, "remarked to me on the first of January that *he had been told* by his wife and others that Mrs. Tilton desired a separation," &c. And then he explicitly and unqualifiedly affirms that no suggestion was made by Mr. Beecher of any such reason for writing the letter of apology, but solely and entirely his confessed crime.

[5.] With this agrees Mr. Tilton's statement, that he never heard of this till the last few weeks. But if you throw this out, as the statement of one party against another, there still remains a four-fold cord which is not easily broken.

Now, when upon the strength of all this combined testimony, especially of the two women to whom the advice is now said to have been given—testimony given at the time—given when no motive existed to falsify—testimony given most emphatically, in writing—providing that no such advice had been given by Mr. Beecher previous to January 27, 1871, when upon these premises I find such firm footing—for you to say, "I am compelled

to declare that there is not one word of truth in the statement," and then to add, in such exultant way, "What imp of fatuity inspired you to this unnecessary exposure of your incompetence?"—in view of these facts I may safely leave to our intelligent readers to "judge between me and thee" on the question of "incompetence!" If I aspired to your sort of rhetoric, I might retort upon you in the language I have quoted above. How you could have overlooked all this array of evidence, "I can scarcely conjecture. But whatever may have been the source of the error, it gives a good idea of the thoroughness with which you have examined the case!" Your triumph over my "blunder" will be of short duration, if you are candid enough to feel the force of an argument. And now, if Mr. Beecher gave no such advice previous to Jan. 1, 1871, as is clearly manifest, did he ever? No other time has been even hinted at, by anybody. My logical inference therefore stands unchallenged.

You reiterate Mr. Beecher's repudiation of his letter of apology. You tell me that I "knew very well that it was in no sense his letter." And so it is that you stand by Mr. Beecher in this false and absurd statement, and charge me with dishonesty in not standing with you. Please to turn to Mr. Beecher's statement, in which you will find his remark—"If it be set forth as in any proper sense my letter, then *I disown it* and denounce it." And on the very same page, in his letter to Mr. Moulton of June 1, 1873, the following, referring to this identical paper:—"The agreement was made after MY LETTER THROUGH YOU was written." Mr. Beecher had evidently forgotten that acknowledgement when he made his statement. Had you also forgotten it? He had always recognized this apology as his own—and here it is publicly acknowledged in a letter contained in his own statement, the paternity of which he confesses! Are you satisfied?

You make yourself merry over a typographical blunder in a quotation setting forth Dr. Bacon's remarks about Beecher and Tilton. It doesn't require a very extensive acquaintance with literature to make one familiar with the famous character in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." It is true, the quotation from Dr. Bacon was a little mixed. But for the time being I took it as I found it, because it represented nearly enough what the Doctor had said, partly at the Brooklyn Council and partly at New Haven. If you want to know just the form of his speech at Brooklyn I can give it to you! But it strikes me that if you felt yourself entirely equal to the task of dealing with the argument of my review, you would have scarcely thought it worth while to spend half a column in a matter so insignificant as "*Lancelot*" appearing in a quotation instead of "*Launce*." If you don't find equal blunders when you come to read your critique upon me, you will be a very fortunate author!

You charge me with dishonesty because I did not quote a paragraph from Mr. Beecher which you have quoted above. I should have been willing to. And if I wanted now to deal out upon Mr. Beecher the heaviest blow I could, I would take that very passage, and place it beside the facts. But I forbear. You accuse me of heartless sarcasm where I have done similar things in my former review. I deny the charge entirely. It was not heartless. The truth demanded it. But nothing farther is required of me in that line at present, and I decline to do anything of the sort unless imperatively necessary.

You think the letter of Mrs. Tilton's which I denounce as unfit for print, altogether a proper letter, rightly understood. Why do you not quote it, then? Do you not know perfectly well that the quoting of it would be its condemnation, and the condemnation of your whole article as defiled and polluted by it? Not one of Mr.

Beecher's defenders professing common decency will ever be found copying for print that letter of Mrs. Tilton, *with her own underscoring*, or even without it.

In a foot-note, you accuse me in a sly way of falsifying the record. Now you will find by examining Mr. Beecher's statement that the letter from which I quoted was dated Feb. 5, 1872, while he pretends to have given the advice in December, 1870. One would think that such an interval would abundantly justify the expression—"a great while before." Why didn't you state just what the facts were, instead of insinuating so palpably intentional falsification? If you think that a rational man would be justified in feeling the "tortures of the damned" over either of these pieces of advice—in the circumstances in which Mr. Beecher now claims them to have been given, for fourteen full months—please to say so, and then your readers will judge between you and me, as to the proper expression to be applied to that length of time.

And what is all that talk of yours about Catherine Gaunt? Simply this: that Mrs. Tilton's confessing that she had now come to see her sin in *ever even loving another* than her husband, proves that she never could have gone farther than that!

Marvelous! May not one who has *stolen* a purse come afterward to confess even the sin of *coveting* it? She had long before confessed the overt act but apologized for it, as the expression of love felt. Now she came to see even the sin of that love which led to it. You have evidently learned a lesson from your Committee of Six. They, you remember, claimed that because in the paper which Mr. Beecher obtained from Mrs. Tilton, she acquitted him even of improper advances, therefore there never could have been anything worse charged! Does n't the more comprehensive include the

less comprehensive? If I claim that you owe me a hundred dollars, and you deny that you owe me even a hundred mills, it would be understood, I think, as denying my claim pretty strongly! Is it necessary that a "Professor" should be taught the first elements of logic? Mr. Beecher knew well that the retraction which he obtained covered the whole ground far more thoroughly than for her to have simply disclaimed "criminal intimacy." The Catherine Gaunt letter is of the same sort exactly; and to all seeming you have stumbled over this rock, because the Committee of Six had done so before you. When Mrs. Tilton came to see the sin of even *loving* a man not her husband, her vision was clear enough certainly to include the crime which she had previously confessed.

One word about "Prof. Raymond." Does John H. Raymond deny the authorship of the *Tribune* article I referred to? If so, I am glad of it, for his own sake. But if he acknowledges the article, then I will give the column and the paragraph in which the statement I quote is found. I apprehend that the boldness of your denial is, after all, simply a quibble in the matter of a title. Is that your equivocation? Is it that the proper prefix to this gentleman's name is "*Pres.*," and not "*Prof.*"? My object in quoting him, according to the current statement of the papers, was to find out, if possible, whether he was the responsible author of the *Tribune's* statements, or not. I should like to know that. Can you give the positive information, by authority?

You charge me with exaggerating "the pistol scene." I beg your pardon. It is Henry Ward Beecher who exaggerates that scene, not I. The whole drift of what I wrote was to show the absurdity of that part of his statement. The public have all said: "If Mr. Moulton did

not introduce the pistol threateningly, why does Mr. Beecher speak of it at all? and if Mr. Moulton did thus introduce it, why was Mr. Beecher so cowardly as to do the very thing thus demanded of him?" The writer of the fiction known as Mr. Beecher's statement intended to make considerable capital out of that pistol; but it has proved to be a poor investment. If Mr. Beecher had brought in the pistol, and then shown that he refused to deliver up the paper as demanded, Moulton would have appeared as a desperado, and Beecher as a hero. But as it is, cowardice and not heroism is everywhere accredited to him.

And it is your committee who also exaggerate this "pistol scene." You remember how they put it: "It is a great pity that Mr. Moulton was not at once handed over to the police!" The reporters speak of the special elocution with which "Prof. Raymond" read that sentence, and of the stormy applause which followed. Now, what else, please tell me, had Moulton done at that time for which he deserved to be delivered to the police? Your committee suggest nothing else. They evidently intended to make the impression of such a use of the pistol as would have authorized his arrest by law.

I do not wonder that you and they and Mr. Beecher are all alike ashamed of this silly story. Mr. Moulton has himself given the only rational account of the matter, and one which is well-nigh universally accepted in these parts—namely, that when Mr. Beecher asked him what he would do with that paper, if he should deliver it up, Mr. Moulton replied: "I will protect it, as I would the other, *with my life!*" at this moment taking out his revolver, to illustrate how he was always prepared at night to protect his life. And out of that entirely friendly demonstration Mr. Beecher attempted to make out that he was overawed by this "desperate man!"

You and your committee everywhere speak of the chief witnesses against Mr. Beecher as "conspirators" and "confederates." Now, sir, the public are everywhere asking: "Why, then, are not these men prosecuted to the full extent of the law?" By your laws, this conspiracy which you charge is a high crime. And both the religious and secular press are urging the demand that these men should be put on trial for this offense. What are laws good for, if not for the punishment of such villainy?

Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton are at hand. They have not fled. They defy arrest. Day by day they are adding to their libels, if libels they are. Why are they not brought to justice? Allow me frankly to tell you that the impression is well-nigh universal that the only reason is, that *you dare not do it*. You are a very strong church; but you cannot defy public sentiment, both in the church and out of it, very long. Every day that you defer the legal prosecution of these men is intensifying the conviction that you are utterly insincere in your charges against them, and that your neglect is a confession of judgment against you.

You speak of the "cheering proof which you have of the support of good men everywhere." Do not be deluded by the numerous letters which come to you from different parts of the world. They represent but a small portion of the whole. Within the last two months or more I have had personal conversation with more than half a hundred ministers, of all denominations, just as I have chanced to meet them, and not one of them all expressed a belief of Mr. Beecher's innocence. Forty-five of every fifty express belief of his guilt; three or four do not quite know what to believe.

You venture upon some prophecy of the future, with confident tone. I am not a prophet, and I will venture

upon no prediction; but I have no doubt that old men are now living who will yet live to see the day when no man will confess that he was present and voted for that report of your Committee of Six without blushing. The winnowing-time is coming, and we must all await it. But who shall abide the day of its coming? Our horoscope of the future—both yours and mine—are now of record; let the future declare who was the true prophet and who was the false.

I have not hastened to declare my conclusion. I did "refuse to condemn, so long as either belief or hope of this man's innocency seemed possible." I fought against the conviction of his guilt to the last. Fain would I have stepped back with averted eyes, and thrown a mantle over this long honored man, could I have thus blotted out the facts.

You mistake me, and you mistake others who agree with me, if you charge us with bitterness, or malice, or envy, or jealousy, or uncharitableness even. Could you have looked upon us bowed in prayer, our voices choked with tears, as we asked for deliverance from this great blow, you could not have so dealt out your unsparing epithets. They are not deserved. I know there are some who have wanted him proved guilty; such are worse than the accused himself, if possible. But let me tell you that these same men wanted him acquitted, and are now exulting over the action of your church. I met one such a few days ago—a large-brained, skeptical, sneering lawyer—not a citizen of Mansfield, but a man whom I met on the cars, on my way to Michigan "That is the way of the church!—acquitt a man who is palpably as guilty a man as ever I have been called to try in thirty years' practice!" And so in tones and words he expressed his exultation over a guilty man's acquittal, as proof of the insincerity of Christian men. That, let me assure you, is the attitude of all these

wicked scoffers, who "rejoice in iniquity," but rejoice still more in the covering it up by the church. These men, with one voice, shout over the fall of your church more than over the fall of your pastor.

I believe I am now through with all the points you make. Every reader of my article, who, after reading yours, will look it over again, will discover that you have not touched nine-tenths of it, even with the point of your pen. And not one break have you made in its line of argument.

As to your style of rhetoric, I have little to say. My general impression is that where a man is consciously weak in argument, he ordinarily undertakes to make it up by ponderous epithets. If the use of such expressions as "malicious," "malignant," "envious," "unscrupulous," "farrago of nonsense," "outrageous production," "shameful tirade," and many other like expressions in your article are to your taste, you are, of course, at liberty to use them. This is not a style of argument or of language which I would recommend to a student of mine. If your "Professorship" is in the Department of Rhetoric, a little re-reading of *Whately*, *Campbell*, or even *Blair*, will tend, I think, to the cultivation of an improved style. Fewer epithets and more arguments would make a better impression upon your intelligent readers; and such, be assured, are the people of this city and vicinity. The attention which I have thus given to your letter I have not given to it because of anything intrinsic in its merits, but solely because it comes from a prominent member of the Plymouth church. You say, however, that you have written entirely upon your own responsibility, and I can readily believe it. If you have some wise friend, "outside of your own family," might it not be well to advise with him before writing again?

Yours, very truly,

E. B. FAIRFIELD.

[The rejoinder which ensues appeared in the *Mansfield Herald* of Oct. 29, 1874, under a different heading, prefixed by the editor; my own having been, through haste, accidentally omitted.]

CASE OF REV. E. B. FAIRFIELD, D.D., LL.D.

To the Editor of the Mansfield Herald:

In the few words of rejoinder which I shall offer to the "Reply" of the Rev. Dr. Fairfield to my "Open Letter," permit me to address myself to you and your readers. And in doing so, I will endeavor, by omitting whatever is irrelevant to the matter in hand, to show my appreciation of your courtesy in giving so large a portion of your columns to a discussion which must by this time have become somewhat wearisome.

Whatever is strictly personal to my opponent and myself need be no further discussed. It already sufficiently appears that he never before heard of me and that I never before heard of him; from which it may be fairly inferred that neither of us is likely to overweight the scale of argument by the gravity of his personal reputation, and on this the honest reader is to be congratulated.

If the article which first elicited this discussion had been really—as it was professedly—written by a *friend* of Mr. Beecher who had, reluctantly but under a sense of duty, felt called to contribute to the work of arriving at the *truth*, in an inquiry in which all Christendom is rightfully interested, there would have been present such tender regretfulness over what appeared to make against the accused, such deference to the opinions and feelings of others, and such readiness—nay, anxiety—for

any new considerations which might relieve the case, that it would have been answered, if at all, with that respectful sympathy which is due to every honest inquirer after the truth. If, on the contrary, it had been severe and antagonistic in tone, yet fair and truthful in statement, it would have been met with a manly effort to grapple with the argument, though of an avowed enemy. But that article was so strikingly deficient in every element of "fair play," and so pervaded with malignity, that there seemed but one thing to do—to lay bare the absolute dishonesty and incapacity of the author, and at least to prevent his reader from taking his statements without personal examination. This is all I have undertaken.

I expressly disclaimed the idea of arguing the case for Mr. Beecher. Had I the capacity, I have not the time, to assume so important a task; and moreover, I am mindful of the fact which seems to have no force with Dr. Fairfield and the scheming cabal that have set him on, that the time is rapidly approaching when all the evidence will be sifted in the legal tribunals and argued on both sides by the best minds in the country. It is very true, as the Reviewer says, that a large proportion of his twelve columns I did not touch at all. A very cursory glance at his method will show the reason why. A single false statement or some gross perversion of the testimony generally serves him as text for a column of comment; is it necessary, in such a case, to do more than to impair the truth of his premises and knock out the linchpin of his lumbering chariot? To employ an old simile,—if the first few mouthfuls show the meat to be tainted, must one eat the whole joint, to be justified in ordering it from the table?

I regarded it as quite within the province I had chosen, refraining from the vindication of Mr. Beecher,

the church, or the committee, to demonstrate the special unworthiness of the man who had come forward to attack them all. If it was decorous and proper for a clergyman to use his pulpit to denounce Henry Ward Beecher as an adulterer and a perjurer, I suppose it was equally allowable for a layman to use his pen to prove the Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D., a culpable blunderer and a cowardly calumniator. This I set out to do; *and this I did.*

I charged this man with disqualification for the ungracious task he had undertaken, on three accounts: his improper spirit; his lack of integrity; and his lack of capacity. He does not like such language, and takes upon him to lecture me on the amenities of "style." He prefers his own vocabulary and the infamous epithets he has heaped upon my beloved friend and honored pastor, who is worth to-day, before God and all good men, a thousand such as he, with Joab and Judas thrown in. The odiousness of my terminology does not inhere in the terms themselves so much as in the acts and qualities to which they apply. A man once complained to his friend that somebody had called him a thief: "O never mind," was the comforting reply, "hard words never hurt anybody." "Ah! but that was n't the worst of it," persisted the injured man, "he *proved* it." This, I take it, is my only offense; if I have failed to prove my charges then indeed the honest English in which they are couched may return "to plague the inventor."

The argument against the *spirit* of the original "Review" was one mainly intended for Christian men, and among these primarily those of the Congregational faith. If the Reviewer had been a member of any of those denominations which have an established judicature, he would have been instantly frowned into silence as transgressing the prescribed order of procedure. But Con-

gregationalism is an attempt to substitute for a legal a fraternal discipline; for the formal process of the court something of the spirit of the family. It is, tried by all merely human rules, the loosest and most inefficient of systems, and worse than useless, unless informed with brotherly love and the merciful mind of Jesus. But this Congregational minister, a thousand miles away from the scene of action, and with imperfect access to the facts of the case, ascends the judgment seat *alone*, and pronounces a brother minister guilty of two great crimes which contradict the whole tenor of his life. Nay more, he scornfully repudiates the title of *brother* as applied to the accused, and why? Because he has been convicted of crime? Not so; he has only been charged with it; he has been *acquitted* by the only tribunal before which he has yet stood; but because he, Fairfield, has condemned him!

Now, the only answer on the part of the Doctor that we have to this arraignment is, first, a plentiful supply of assertion that he is the best of men; an argument to prove that his motives could not be otherwise than pure; and, finally, an appeal to the emotions, which is at once beautifully characteristic of the man and of the work in which he is engaged. "Could you have looked upon us bowed in prayer," he says, "our voices choked with tears, as we asked for deliverance from this great blow, you could not have so dealt out your unsparing epithets." And why not, pray? What have prayers and tears to do with this question? It is not how much men pray and weep, but *what they do* when they get up from their knees and wipe their eyes, that characterizes them. If dramatic displays of emotion would sanctify rascality, the pious frauds and misdemeanors that stain the pages of Church History would not be so painful to the honest student as they are.

But who is this "we" that suddenly makes its appearance in a story hitherto conducted in the first person singular? I will tell you. This sanctimonious "we" is the caucus of Western ministers who, after they had finished "choking" and "asking deliverance from the great blow" they were themselves about to strike, arose and patted our author on the back, saying (or words to that effect), "Go in, Fairfield; you are the man to crush him,"—thus furnishing to the Doctor, in addition to the petty impulses that were common to the crowd, that additional motive of *personal vanity* which he is so anxious I should interpret to him. And if there could be a feature added to this whole transaction calculated to sink it from the level of contempt to that of profound disgust it is the spectacle, thus unwittingly laid bare, of a junto of clerical conspirators engaged in an act of perfunctory devotion, for the better veiling of their true motives from themselves and from each other; and all preparatory to the hounding down of an innocent man, in company with other conspirators,—prayerless, and of the "heathen" persuasion,—who are more courageous but scarcely more base.

And this illustrates what I mean by "clerical jealousy," which the Doctor thinks it so absurd to impute to ministers "from six hundred to sixteen hundred miles away." If I had charged Doctor Fairfield or any of his Western confederates with any possible "competition and rivalry" with Henry Ward Beecher, I should indeed have been guilty of a "blunder." But there is another meaning of "jealousy," nearly synonymous with envy. There is a class of small souls in the world who, however insignificant their own chances of honorable distinction, are never happy in contemplating the just fame of another. They are chronically tired of hearing Aristides called the Just; and they ask no better reason for

plotting the ruin of the most eminent citizen than that they are weary of listening to his praises. The constant and almost universal reading of Beecher's sermons, the frequent and fervent acknowledgment of indebtedness to Beecher for aid in attaining a higher life, and the growing habit of trying all things ministerial by a Beecher standard—facts gratefully accepted by the true pastor, who welcomes whatever auxiliary in his arduous effort to edify his flock—are gall and wormwood to such as value no prosperity which does not also reflect credit upon themselves. A prominent clergyman and editor once told me, to justify the alienation of a portion of the clerical "profession" from Mr. B., that he was too independent, that he stood too much aloof, and did not mingle enough with them. This may be true, and it may be a fault, too, but it certainly is not a violation of the seventh commandment, and does not call for the destruction of the offender by means of conspiracy and falsehood. This is what I mean by "clerical jealousy:" if it does not agree with Dr. Fairfield's "English dictionary," let him call it something else—the ugly *fact* remains the same. That he himself and his secret abettors are actuated by such unworthy motives, the publication of his utterly uncalled-for attack, and all its several parts, furnishes abundant evidence.

For, it may well be asked, what made it specially incumbent on Dr. F. to take up this matter at all? He gives his own view of his duty by saying that "believing him [Mr. B.] guilty," and that those who defended him were "deliberately and knowingly playing the part of attorneys, to the great disgrace of religion and the Christian ministry," he could not "hold his peace without conscious dishonor, and complicity with a great wrong." And yet here are some thousands of Congregational ministers in the United States—to say nothing of the many more of

other denominations, all equally interested in the credit of religion and the Christian ministry—who have held their peace, and are continuing to hold it; what have they done with *their* consciences and *their* sense of honor? Of all this mighty host, one only besides our free-lance of Ohio has felt the pressure of this terrible responsibility; and he a clergyman of Chicago, who, having been tried and condemned for something or other by his church, felt impelled, “as the purest man in the ministry,” to denounce the guilty Beecher. Perhaps it is on a similar principle that Dr. Fairfield feels called to the same duty, as the most truthful and profound. But whatever the ground of his procedure, none can deny the solitary grandeur of his position. When he solemnly declares to us, “*The first moment that I come to entertain a single doubt of Mr. Beecher’s guilt, I will hasten to say so, from both pulpit and press,*” our feeling of satisfaction at such an example of moral goodness really struggles with our sense of the intellectually sublime. Imagine, for a moment, the spectacle of the Rev. Dr. Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D., “hastening” up his pulpit stairs to inform the attentive universe that he has “come to entertain a single doubt,” etc., and then trotting down again to make the same announcement through the press; and up again, the next day, to proclaim that he has “come to entertain” *another* little “doubt,” or that the little doubt of the previous day has disappeared, and all is dark again! Can the ministry of this great continent, or of the world, fail to feel that their professional dignity and the honor of Christianity is safe under the watchful eye of such a custodian?

I know not, for my own part, how a minister, especially a Congregational minister, can look upon the assumption of this man in putting himself forward as the special trier and condemner of Mr. Beecher as anything

but a reflection upon all the rest of the clergy for their silence and supineness. Neither can I understand how a Christian—especially of the Congregational order—can help revolting from the air of infallibility with which he pronounces a verdict of condemnation where many see only innocence, and many others, ample ground for doubt; to the manifest prejudice of the accused in any trial, civil or ecclesiastical, to which he may hereafter be subjected.

But it is not merely in the court of Christian rectitude and Christian charity that I have arraigned Dr. Fairfield. I have shown him to be an unreliable guide to any honest inquirer after truth in this matter; and I have challenged his claims to the respect of any lover of integrity and directness. Let me reiterate the charges and reaffirm the proof of them.

1. The first indication of his unscrupulous readiness to manipulate facts for a purpose was given in his allusion to a "Prof. Raymond," who had "acknowledged in a published article" certain things which promised to be useful to the Reviewer. He well knew that, as there were two gentlemen of that name and title who had been somewhat prominent in the recent transactions of Plymouth Church, his assertion would be taken as meaning that certain *admissions* had been made by Mr. Beecher's friends. Indeed, why else "*acknowledged*" by Prof. R.? On being confronted with a prompt contradiction, he first tried the contemptuous dodge. With nose very high in air (though not too high for a man who informs the universe from his pulpit of the slightest fluctuations of his opinion on important subjects), he wanted to know *who were* these professors that nobody had heretofore heard of. Having become informed more particularly upon this point, he declared that he *meant* John H. Raymond, of Vassar College—a man who hasn't worn the

title of Professor for twenty years! But why quote *President* Raymond who lives in Po'keepsie, as having "acknowledged" something about Mr. Beecher's church, in Brooklyn? and what was the force of the quotation, had it been genuine? Well, he had seen it in some Western paper (where it appeared as an "interview," I believe, and not, in any proper sense, a "published article"), and it had been attributed by somebody to the "President of a New York College!" Again confronted with the unqualified denial of President Raymond himself, he first affects to believe that there is some dirty little quibble over the words "Pres." and "Prof." (thus merely laying bare the habitual expedients of his own style of controversy); and finally falls back on the following masterly parry: "My object in quoting him," he says, . . . "was to find out, if possible, *whether he was the responsible author of the Tribune's statements or not!*" There you have the Rev. Dr. Edmund B. Fairfield to the life, praying and weeping, and all! Happy thought! if this is only a newly-patented method of investigation on the part of the conscientious Reviewer, perhaps when he proclaims Mr. Beecher guilty of horrible crimes, it is only to "find out, if possible, *whether he is so or not!*"

2. Then came the quotation from Dr. Bacon, more than half of which was in his own words (and very foolish words they were), and this he acknowledges was a "little mixed." "For the time being," he says, he "took it as he found it." Where? On this particular point, apart from its revelation of literary ignorance, I dwelt only as a specimen of the man's unpardonable way of pretending to *quote* what had no existence except in his own brain, and for the purpose of invalidating that character for accuracy of which he had made a special boast. All this he disposes of with ludicrous inadequacy as a "typographical error." But what of the latter part

of the same paragraph, which pretends to give a quotation from Mr. Beecher himself, amounting to a confession of guilt? I repeat the infamous statement:

"That speech [Dr. Bacon's] reached Mr. Tilton's ears: he went to Beecher and said to him, 'You know the facts, you edit a paper; relieve me of that unjust odium, or I shall be compelled to do it myself.' Mr. Beecher replied: '*I can't do it without criminating myself.*'"

Now, what were the facts? Tilton *wrote* this demand to Mr. Beecher, and complains to Dr. Bacon that *he got no reply whatever*. And where, then, do you suppose that self-criminating and damaging clause came from? First out of the heart, and then out of the head, of Dr. Edmund B. Fairfield, conscience-burdened minister of Mansfield town, and special guardian of the "honor of Christianity." What is your *soft* term for such things out West? "Typographical error?" I say, "calumny," and "perversion," and "manufacturing evidence:" but your minister thinks my "style" does not make a good "impression," on account of its harshness. I shall be sorry indeed if, as he says, I make it weaker thereby—for if ever a violator of all the faith and decency of life needed *strong* things said to him, that minister is the man.

3. The next performance of this accurate and careful reviewer was to reproduce the irresponsible trifling of a Brooklyn reporter, who had given entirely "out of whole cloth," a pretended report (speeches and all) of a meeting which *never took place!* It would be amusing, if it were not for indignation at the wicked use to which he puts it, to see this solemn noodle transferring from the reporter's column of a daily newspaper a bogus account and ranging it along with the rest of his summary of evidence, without making any difference—as, indeed, there is very little to be made! Hear him:

"*Every reader remembers* ["Every reader remem-

bers"! What an air of uncontradictability is here!] that after Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon, Mr. Beecher had a long interview with his deacons and others—three hours' talking—in which the prominent thing was the apology and its explanation. The next day he came out in half a column with a general denial," etc., etc.

This is not only false as to the time specified, but as to every other time. No such meeting ever took place, under any circumstances whatever. Fairfield either got it from a loose report, or he invented it; and surely he has proved himself equal to either alternative. This charge was as distinctly made in my first letter as now; but he says not a word in reply. Probably he regards it as a mere "typographical error."

4. And now we come to the grand *discovery* over which he was so jubilant in his "Review." He there announced as an "astounding fact" to which he had "seen no allusion in the newspapers," that the advice to Mrs. Tilton to leave her husband, about which Mr. B. *pretended* to have felt so bad, was not given till *some months after the apologetic letter*; and, of course, the pretense of Mr. B. to have been moved by that fact to remorse, &c., was demonstrably false. It now turns out that this wonderful bit of evidence, which it was reserved for Fairfield to spring upon an astonished world, had its origin in a "typographical error" in a Detroit newspaper. Natural and probable enough. The simple statement of most men to that effect would have been sufficient, without any bolstering from outside certificates. Indeed, I had divined this explanation from the first; for even Fairfield would have scarcely dared to follow it with such antics of triumphant exultation and trenchant sarcasm, had he not supposed it true. The error, with its half column of wasted comment, were cited to show *how* this great Reviewer, with his "judicial" mind, examined evi-

dence "as if his life depended on it." Might it not be supposed that a man of average sanity, having lighted on so important a piece of evidence, as yet unnoticed by any other person or paper, would have been careful to verify it, before rejoicing over it as an important discovery, and making it the basis of extended comment, as mean as it was cruel? In beating a retreat, Fairfield feebly protests against being "blamed for not reading over *all this testimony* in *several* papers;" but the friend who "called his attention to it" had only to point out *one* thing in *one* paper, to set him right.

But what did he do when his attention *was* called to it? Did he say, as he does now, "I am always glad to be corrected in any mistake I have made," etc., etc.? No; he sat down to write to the *Herald* that this thing "seems clearly proved," but if anybody "prefers to accept the testimony of Mrs. Tilton," why, "so far as this argument is concerned," he is "entirely willing to concede it"! No sign *yet* of any concession of possible mistake, but only concession for the purposes of "this great argument."

But the pressure is too strong, and now, at last, the explanation comes. It was a typographical blunder all the while; and, surely, any man might be misled by a typographical blunder—but, as surely, none but *such* a man would fall into such an error, while examining "as for his life," and then make that error the basis of half a column of the bitterest abuse that ever came from a source professedly respectable.

But it is part of Dr. Fairfield's tactics never to explain or apologize for one unhandsome thing without immediately following it with another. He now makes a bold stand on the assertion that whatever advice of separation *Mrs.* Beecher may have given, "it is entirely clear that Mr. Beecher *certainly* gave no such advice prior to

Jan. 1, 1871. And that he never gave it at any time is almost equally certain." (Another of the Doctor's luminous flashes: nobody ever claimed that the advice was given other than "prior to Jan. 1, 1871;" and if he did not give it then, it is not "almost equally" but absolutely "certain that he never gave it at any time.") In proof, he cites (1) a letter of Mrs. Tilton's, denying that she ever sought a separation; (2) Mrs. Morse's letter to Mr. Beecher, complaining of a contrary state of facts—namely, that he wanted Mrs. Tilton to continue living with her husband; (3) the absence of any statement in Mrs. Tilton's testimony that Mr. Beecher had given such advice; (4) Mr. Moulton's assertion that Mr. Beecher gave no such reason to him for writing the letter of apology; (5) Mr. Tilton's statement that he never heard of such a thing till lately.

Now, supposing every word of this evidence to be true, does it go to prove that "Mr. Beecher never gave the advice" he claims to have given? The most that it can possibly show is that *these persons never knew* that he had done so. But *he* knew it, for Mrs. Beecher would never have given the advice without his approbation; and he took to himself, in his own heart, all the blame for acts which Moulton afterwards persuaded him were in the highest degree unjust.

But, says the reply, "you remember that Mr. Beecher claims to have given the advice in an interview *held with both these women jointly.*" I remember no such thing; neither does the man who asserts it. These words are only the Fairfieldian dialect for something entirely different. Mr. Beecher, in his statement, says that at Mrs. Tilton's request he visited her *at her mother's house*, whither she had fled from 'the ill-treatment of her husband. The story of her domestic wrongs having been told, the question arose "whether she should go

back or separate forever from her husband." Mr. Beecher asked permission to bring his wife into the discussion. At the second visit, Mrs. Beecher indignantly pronounced for separation. Mr. Beecher continues, "I felt as strongly as she did, but *hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of separation.* It was agreed that my wife should give her final advice at another visit. The next day, when ready to go, she wished a final word; but there was company and the children were present, and so I wrote on a scrap of paper, 'I incline to think that your view is right, and that a separation and settlement of support will be wisest, and that in his present desperate state her presence near him is far more likely to produce hatred than her absence.'" This scrap of paper was preserved and produced to the Committee by Mrs. Beecher. Tilton, to be sure, has the impudence to question the authenticity of this writing, implying thereby some complicity in a fraud between Mr. and Mrs. Beecher; and it takes a clergyman of Ohio, while swallowing whole the monstrosities of this man and his confederate, to impute to Henry Ward Beecher, in whom frankness has always been a conspicuous virtue, "a score of falsehoods," induced by a "hardening process of years of hypocrisy," in which, at last, he enjoys the active cooperation of his own wife!

(1) That Mrs. Tilton *did* seek a separation is well known to many, and now confessed by her; although, at various times, influenced by her husband, and after some special reconciliation, she would deny that, or anything else, to please him—not because she "feared" him, but because she *loved* him to infatuation. (2) That Mrs. Morse, in the latter part of January, 1871, should reproach Mr. Beecher for advising Mrs. Tilton to stay with her husband, is natural enough; for it was in December, 1870, that Mr. Beecher favored the separa-

tion, because in December he thought Mr. Tilton was a bad man, while in January, 1871, under the representation of Moulton, he had changed his ground, having come to think Mrs. Tilton broken in mind, and Mr. Tilton a good man unjustly accused. (3) That Mrs. Tilton never knew Mr. Beecher's participation in the counsel given by his wife is very likely; but, as I have already remarked, this proves nothing one way or the other about the reflex action of that counsel (which *he* well knew he had given) on his own mind. (4, 5) As to what Tilton and Moulton say, it matters little. The most credulous man in the world, *next* to the Mansfield reviewer, has no idea that either of them would say anything that militated against the case he desired to make. And even if their witness is true, it is entirely negative, and proves nothing.

So it appears that, after all, Mr. Beecher's story is a natural and consistent one. It has taken a great many words to show it, but not on account of any inherent difficulty in the case. It is all because Dr. Edmund Fairfield could not be persuaded, or doesn't know how, to tell the simple truth, in reporting testimony, but must color or twist it, or manufacture it outright, to make it serve his ends.

5. But one of the boldest and most inexcusable frauds of Dr. Fairfield is his pretended statement of Mr. Beecher's side of the question, in the matter of the sorrow and remorse. A large proportion of Fairfield's argument upon this point consists of inference from the inadequacy of the reasons Mr. Beecher alleges for the intensity of his suffering. There could not be a case in which simple justice more imperatively demands that the *whole story* of the respondent should be considered, in forming a judgment. To pronounce that judgment on a *part* of the defendant's showing is unfair. To do

so, neglecting to allude to the omitted portion, on the ground that, in the private opinion of the writer, it is irrelevant or worthless, is disingenuous. But to lay down as a premise *a part* of the defense, distinctly affirming it to be *the whole*, is merely infamous. (If this is what the Doctor means by "scurrility," let him make the most of it.)

This offense against common decency, I say again, he has committed. The language in which it was couched was distinctly commended to his attention in my "Open Letter." I will repeat it. He is preparing for a tremendous onslaught upon Mr. Beecher's false defenses. He is going to show the miserable futility of the man's attempts to escape his Nemesis! His conclusion from the whole matter is to be the exclamation: "So transparent almost always are the disguises for covering up sin!" And in preparing for this momentous inference, he says:

"What are the offenses over which he was thus suffering? *According to his own statement* [mark it!], *these two ONLY*: 1. He had a great while before advised Mrs. Tilton to leave her husband. 2. He had counseled Mr. Bowen to secure somebody else to edit the *Independent*."

This misrepresentation I pointed out, and gave from Mr. Beecher's statement a passage full of pathos, describing those psychological causes of his trouble, which a minister should be the last to ignore or to sneer down. But the wisdom or the foolishness of the passage, the adequacy or the inadequacy of the cause assigned, had nothing to do with my complaint. Here was the heart of Mr. Beecher's defense, and it had been not only omitted, but absolutely *stated out of existence*, by one who assumed to review him with a "judicial" mind. The matter was not unimportant. It was not only vital to Mr. Beecher's vindication, but it was vital, also, to Dr.

Fairfield's reputation for truth and integrity. Do I claim too much? How, then, does the latter gentleman meet the square issue which I thus made?

His answer is so characteristic both of the manliness and of the genial sweetness of his nature, I must give it entire:

"You charge me with dishonesty because I did not quote a paragraph from Mr. Beecher which you have quoted above. *I should have been willing to.* And if I wanted now to deal out upon Mr. Beecher the heaviest blow I could, I would take that very passage and place it beside the facts. *But I forbear.* You accuse me of heartless sarcasm where I have done similar things in my former review. I deny the charge entirely. It was not heartless. The truth demanded it. But nothing farther is demanded of me in that line at present, and I *decline to do anything of the sort unless imperatively necessary.*" (The italics are my own.)

The reader may judge for himself if such a defense against a square charge of dishonesty is pertinent and sufficient. To me, I must confess, it seems very much as though a judge should say, "Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with robbing a hen-roost; are you guilty or not guilty?" and be answered with a recitation of that touching poem, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man." As for characterizing the entire performance as it deserves, I am constrained to acknowledge that the vocabulary of abuse in which the Doctor is so kind as to consider me proficient, entirely fails me at last, and language is unequal to the subject.

These are some of the most prominent instances in which I have charged upon this Reviewer either point-blank dishonesty or the grossest blundering. He can only avail himself of the latter and less damaging theory by correcting his errors when they are pointed out to

him; but this he has failed to do. Many similar examples he passes in silence, though in all alike his intelligence or his integrity is arraigned; while in the few which he attempts to explain, he entirely misses the nature of the charge involved.

For instance, I accused him of having omitted all mention of two cardinal features in the testimony, of which he assumes to give a thorough "analysis;" a lapse so palpable as to do great discredit to his capacity as well as his candor. Those features were, first, the discrepancy between the witnesses Tilton and Moulton, at the critical point, What was the demeanor of the accused when first confronted with the accusation? and, secondly, What was the purport and bearing of the Catharine Gaunt letter, adduced by Tilton as a crucial test of the nature of his wife's transgression? To the first he makes no reply; to the other he seeks to respond by now first commencing to argue the case, as though it were a new point, just raised. I do not purpose to follow him into all his maundering disquisitions on these subjects. The soundness or unsoundness of his *present* argument on the Catharine Gaunt letter does not affect the truthfulness of my original demonstration of a fundamental defect in his boasted "analysis," any more than it atones for the other important omission, of which he takes no notice at all.

But I cannot continue this enumeration. It is endless. There is an entire paragraph of similar arraignments containing some eight or ten, of which only two or three are honored with any notice. All I ask of the reader in respect to these disputed questions of *fact* is that he will *go for himself* to the original sources, and not trust the simple say-so of Dr. Edmund Fairfield. If I have persuaded him to this, I shall be content.

Let him read the retraction scene in Mr. Beecher's own

statement, and I will risk his receiving the impression that Mr. Beecher, in getting an exoneration from the charges of improper advances, was really fortifying himself against a charge of adultery. Let him read *for himself* the history of the "apology" and decide if it is decently honest to say, "And now Mr. Beecher *begins his letter*," notwithstanding his own indignant disclaimer of the document the moment he discovered what its contents and its real purpose were, and lost confidence in the man who reported it. Let him see whether there is anything strange in his simple report of the pistol scene, which was introduced by him only because it had been referred to by Woodhull, and talked about by everybody ever since her publication; and which may very easily show the animus of Moulton, while by no means forming any part of the motive of Mr. Beecher. Let him say whether there is anything inconsistent with the perfect innocence of Mr. Beecher in his prompt surrender of the retraction—without personal fear, of which all here know him to be incapable—when informed that a re-retraction had rendered it comparatively useless, and when a new and better way of solving the difficult problem was suggested by Moulton. I am abundantly willing, I repeat, that the reader should judge all these questions for himself—as, indeed, I have no choice; all I ask is, that he should go to the *original sources* for his facts, and leave the untrustworthy representations of the Mansfield reviewer to the solitary office of edifying their inventor.

As I have said, the end and aim of this letter has been purely personal to Dr. Fairfield, and I have not sought to argue the main issue except so far as to do so coincided with my purpose to discredit him. There is however a single feature of new matter borrowed from Tilton's last statement and introduced by Dr. Fairfield

into his reply, which, as it has perplexed some honest people, I will notice ere I close.

Having adopted the convenient method of believing everything that Tilton says, the Reviewer thinks himself safe in parroting that gentleman's argument against the Committee, and quoting a part of Mr. West's specification, to show that the Committee's statement that the charge first preferred against Mr. Beecher was not adultery, but "improper advances," is disproved by the records of Plymouth Church. The "judicial mind" is invited to ponder the following truths:

1. The charge that in 1870 Mr. Tilton told Mrs. Andrew Bradshaw that he had discovered a criminal intimacy between Mr. Beecher and his wife was, denied by Mr. Tilton, who even at the present time does not admit its truth, but merely pleads the document as a contradiction of the Committee.

2. Mrs. Bradshaw has never testified to any such conversation between Mr. Tilton and herself, and at present declines so to do.

3. Mr. Tilton distinctly testified before the Committee as follows, speaking of his interview with Bowen:

"I, in a solitary phrase, said that there was a personal domestic reason why I could not go there, consistently with my self-respect—that Mr. Beecher had been unhandsome in his approaches to my wife. *That is the sum and substance of all I have ever said on this subject to the very few people to whom I have spoken of it.*" [Italics mine.]

Now, this is one of Tilton's falsehoods, as the Committee knew very well. The published evidence of Mrs. Tilton and Miss Turner (besides other evidence not published) shows that Tilton *had* charged his wife with guilty relations towards Mr. Beecher, and several other gentlemen. Ordinary intelligence must perceive that the Com-

mittee could not mean to assert, in the face of evidence in its own possession, that Tilton had never privately dribbled accusations of adultery against his wife. Tilton's assertion to that effect could not deceive them, nor did they need West's assurance that Mrs. Bradshaw knew something to the contrary—they had direct evidence to the contrary. What they clearly meant was that the charge *presented and brought to bear on Mr. Beecher* was "improper advances," and no more. Tilton, for the sake of a rhetorical point, assumes this statement of the Committee to mean something else, and then meets it, not, as he might, with the direct, affirmative evidence of his wife and Bessie Turner, but with a quotation from West's charges, which he carefully avoids endorsing as true, which he has himself denied, which his recent testimony contradicts, which nobody has ever testified to, and which, if true, would have nothing to do with the argument of the Committee. And Fairfield, hot in the chase, overlooking the evident meaning of the Committee's report when taken with the testimony, overlooking the flimsiness of the evidence Tilton cites, overlooking the flat contradiction Tilton gives himself, clears everything at a bound, and lands in the mud, alongside of the leader he so closely follows!

One more reference, made necessary by a change of circumstances since the last paper in this case. In his Reply, Dr. Fairfield furnishes one of the finest specimens of the free and easy style in which he flings about his assertions and challenges the motives of people who, to all external appearance at least, are as good as himself. He demands why Tilton and Moulton are not indicted for libel; and adds, with all the force of italics, "Allow me frankly to tell you that the impression is well-nigh universal [the Doctor seldom allows himself to speak for anything less than the *universe!*] that *you dare*

not do it." But hardly was the ink dry on the sheet upon which this tremendous arraignment was printed, before Mr. Beecher, coming down from his mountain-home, goes quietly before the first Grand Jury since the offense which could properly take cognizance of it, and has both these men indicted for libel! How does the universe of which our immense friend is the center feel on the subject of daring and not daring, now? And if the "neglect" of "prosecution" was a "confession of judgment against" us, may we hope that the "prosecution" itself will argue a *little* something in our favor? And have we not at last arrived at that infinitesimal suspicion of a *doubt* which is to send our great Arbiter to his pulpit, with his promised pronouncement to a breathless world?

I now take my leave of the subject, without pretending to have exhausted it. My only object, I still repeat, has been to discredit Dr. Fairfield with his Western readers and hearers, as a safe guide, a sound reasoner, an unprejudiced judge or truthful reporter of facts. If I have said enough for this, I have no need to multiply words. If, on the contrary, after all this showing, your people are enamored of this style of criticism and retain their confidence in this style of clergyman, *I*, certainly, shall not question their right, or complain of its exercise.

As to the terms in which I have expressed my convictions, they are, so far as I know, good, honest English words, appropriately applied. I think they will compare favorably, even on the score of politeness, with those which Dr. Fairfield flings at Mr. Beecher; but whether this be so or not, they are not merely the accurate reflex of my opinions (for clerical investiture does not sanctify dishonesty with me), but the only ones proper to be used, if my demonstrations are correct.

I would remind our special champion of the sacredness of the cloth that it is not merely from sins against chastity that the pulpit needs to be purified, before it may deserve the confidence and veneration of the people. There are other commandments besides the seventh. *Thou shalt not bear false witness* lies as near, I think, to the essential character of the soul. *Thou shalt not kill*: and what is the murder of the body compared with that infernal stab which is aimed at all that is lovely, or hopeful, or desirable in life? *Thou shalt not steal*: but who does not know that the theft of one's "purse" is nothing to that robbery of the "reputation," which leaves its victim "poor indeed"? Let the "profession" be purged of adulterers and perjurers, by all means; but expel from it also those soulless, bloodless things, in whose esteem all ministerial graces grow pale before clerical dignity; to whom the blood and dust of the sufferer on the way to Jericho are interesting mainly as imperiling the purity of the Levitical linen; and who are always as ready to justify unhallowed means by sanctimonious ends, for sect or set, as any Romish jesuit that ever lived. Rid the ministry of these; and the impassable gulf that now notoriously exists between the average clergyman and the people's heart, we may hope to see abridged.

As to the results of the near future, Dr. Fairfield is mistaken in supposing I pretend to bandy "prophecies" with him. My hope is simply in the immortality of truth and the supremacy of the Lord God; but the ways of the great Vindicator are often mysterious and his coming sometimes long delayed. The most definite "horoscope" I have essayed to draw, was the reference of Dr. Fairfield's reputation to posterity and his soul to the Judgment Day. His prognostications, on the contrary, have been definite and near. "The time is not far off," he thinks, "when there will be but one opinion among honest men,"

&c. And here, at least, his sincerity is beyond question. He believes in his heart that Mr. Beecher is hopelessly down; for otherwise he would not have jumped upon him with such emphasis. He must have thought the old lion sick even unto death, or he would never have flung his heels so recklessly into the royal face.

But let him not indulge in the expectation that any possible disaster to Mr. Beecher will carry with it a vindication of his unwarrantable attack. The essential odiousness of this is quite independent of the character or the fortunes of its object; and the day is surely coming when he will bitterly repent that it was ever made.

ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

APPENDIX.

[A.]

(From the Mansfield Herald, Sept. 17, 1874)

123 HENRY ST.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1874. }

Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D., Mansfield, O. :

SIR:—In the *Mansfield Herald* bearing date to-day, an advance copy of which has been sent me, is an address called “Wickedness in High Places,” published with your name as responsible author, in which occurs the following statement :

“Professor Raymond acknowledges in a published article that he had heard this spoken of, complainingly, long before there was any charge of immorality.”

“This,” you declare to be the familiar intercourse of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher with Mr. Tilton’s family.

Your allusion is apparently to my father, Prof. Robert R. Raymond, or myself. We both bear the title you employ ; and we are both known as friends of Mr Beecher, members of Plymouth Church, and firmly convinced of the entire innocence of its pastor.

Neither of us is conscious of having made use of such language as you quote “in a published article,” or of having published any article whatever on the subject.

You will doubtless perceive the justice of our request that you either produce your authority for this statement, or immediately and publicly retract it.

Permit me to add, lest you should infer that the

above contradiction leaves a loop-hole of evasion, that neither my father nor myself can remember having said, or thought, or dreamed such a thing as you have ascribed to "Professor Raymond."

With your attack on Mr. Beecher, and your conviction that you understand the evidence in his case, a large part of which you have never seen, we have, at present, nothing to do. Before you can appear to us to be a careful and conscientious (however mistaken) seeker for the truth, you must clear yourself from the responsibility of what now seems to be a slander against one of us.

Yours respectfully,

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

[B.]

(*From the Mansfield Herald, Oct. 1, 1874.*)

TO DR. FAIRFIELD.

BROOKLYN, *Sept. 21, 1874.*

Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., LL.D., Mansfield, O. :

SIR:—In the *Mansfield Herald* of the 10th inst., you said:

"Prof. Raymond acknowledges in a published article that he had heard this [the intimacy of Mr. Beecher with Mr. Tilton's family] spoken of complainingly, long before there was any charge of immorality."

Being called to account for this, you explain in the *Herald* of the 17th that you meant President John H. Raymond, of Vassar College, who was, eighteen years ago, a Professor at Rochester, and has never held that position anywhere since. Your authority was an *anonymous* article, attributed to the President of a New York College, and the "understanding" of the "public press generally," together with "private information," confirm this newspaper opinion.

President Raymond, of Vassar College (who is my father's brother), authorizes me to say that so far as he is concerned your statement is utterly untrue.

You remark: "I might have said in referring to the *Tribune* article, 'A gentleman, whom the *Chicago Tribune* vouches for as President of one of the best-known New York colleges, acknowledges,' etc., but I had my own reasons for putting it in the briefer form."

What you call "the briefer form" differs from the other "form" in two particulars: it is not true; and it suits your purpose—obvious "reasons" and peculiarly your "own"!

But you proceed to say:

"The point made was of very little consequence; for the Committee of Six freely admit Mr. Beecher's great intimacy with Tilton's family—even having his own key for entering the house, as though he was a member of the household."

This is without warrant in a single word of the testimony before the Committee, or of the Committee's report. The only thing resembling it is the story of a key which Mr. Tilton had for entering the house of a lady whose name is suppressed in the evidence.

It is, indeed, henceforward "of very little consequence" to Mr. Beecher or his friends what "points" you "make" or do not "make," but the nature of this manufacture of points in which you have engaged may react unfavorably upon the manufacturer. If you can satisfy your own conscience, and the people who regard you as a moral guide, of the honesty of your purpose and the legitimacy of your process, you will not be further disturbed in your serene complacency by

Yours respectfully,

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

[C.]

"NEST-HIDING."

(A LETTER TO THE "BROOKLYN EAGLE.")

BROOKLYN, *September 17, 1874.**To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle :*

The challenge which Mr. Francis Moulton has given in his latest "statement," in calling upon Mr. Beecher to explain in a sermon the term *nesthiding*, is of a piece with the manner in which this word has been handled by him and his confederates from the beginning. As an illustration of several characteristics of the case, it is too significant to be neglected; and, with your permission, I shall put Mr. Moulton out of suspense on the point he mentions, besides calling attention to several other points which he does not mention.

In Mr. Tilton's "statement" this word was first brought forward, in the following phrase: "She stated, furthermore, that Mr. Beecher habitually characterized their intimacy by the term *nesthiding*." This was an impudent attempt to fasten the use of the word on Mr. Beecher, and to give it in advance an infamous meaning. The game was cleverly assisted by certain newspapers, which caught up and repeated the new term, making it a by-word and a jest among the evil-minded. The public was to be put on the *qui vive* about it. Everybody must be prepared by previous insinuations to read it, when it should be finally produced in a document, in the light of preconceived notions about it.

Mr. Tilton's expedient was reinforced by Moulton, through his convenient ally "Gath," as may be seen in the following extract from an "interview" published by the latter in the *Chicago Tribune* :

"Now," said Moulton, "put these letters by date in conjunction with this one from Mrs. Tilton, where she

says, ' We must soon meet, get consolation and have *nest-hiding*.' "

The fact that the principal letter of Mr. Beecher thus to be compared *had no date* (if we may trust the *fac simile* since published) troubled neither "Gath" nor Moulton. Neither were they troubled by the fact that there was no such letter of Mrs. Tilton's to be compared. "Gath," equal to the emergency, made the comparison with ease; and his foul conclusions were given to the public. By this time the word *nesthiding* had got a meaning, and could be relied upon to explain its context, instead of being explained by it.

This was at the time when Moulton was pretending to be restrained by honor from making his statement, and prating to reporters about "not compromise, my dear sir, but the removal of misunderstandings and the intelligent realization of self-interest."

Having thus carefully prepared the ground, he proceeded, in his first statement, to print the *nest hiding* letter. Here it is:

MRS. TILTON TO MR. BEECHER.

"BROOKLYN, *May 3, 1871.*

"MR. BEECHER: My future, either for life or death, would be happier could I but feel that you *forgave* while you forget me. In all the sad complications of the past year my endeavor was to entirely keep from *you* all suffering; to bear myself alone, leaving you forever ignorant of it. My weapons have been love, a large untiring generosity, and *nesthiding*! That I failed utterly we both know. But now I ask forgiveness."

Many thoughtless people, on the lookout already for this word, doubtless considered it a great confirmation of their suspicions that the term actually occurred in a letter—forgetting the statements of Moulton to "Gath" as to the context. And Moulton sanctimoniously re-

marks about the letter, that its contents "are so remarkable" as to make him query whether he ought not to show it to Tilton; but as he was assured that Beecher had not answered it, he thought best "to retain it in his own possession." He does not say that he did not show it to Tilton; and the phrase "retain in his own possession," is probably what Tilton calls "a strange technical use of language," meaning to let Tilton have a chance to take stenographic or other copies.

The meaning of the letter is clear; but before I point it out, I will note that what ever *nesthiding* is, it is evidently a means used by Mrs. Tilton *at home*, and one by which she sought *to bear suffering alone, and to keep Mr. Beecher forever ignorant of it*. The other means were "love" and "a large, untiring generosity"—toward whom pray, but T. T.?

Now, what is *nesthiding*? It is *hiding the nest*, or in more prosaic, though not a whit more appropriate language, *keeping home troubles secret*.

Three years ago I headed a party of exploration to the Yellowstone Lake, and I remember that one evening, just before going into camp, some of the party fired several shots at an eagle sitting upon her nest in a tall, dead cottonwood. Only her head could be seen; but that never flinched nor moved, though the marksmen felt sure they must have hit the bird. At last they gave up in chagrin and came to supper. In the morning, as we saddled for the day's march, we saw the eagle still unmoved upon her nest; and two of us, resolved to unravel the mystery, remained behind, climbed the tree, and finally succeeded in overturning the nest, when down fluttered the full-fledged eaglets alive, and the mother-bird riddled with balls. She had taken her death-wounds in silence, and covered her young to the last.

That was *nesthiding*, and that was what Mrs. Tilton

tried to do, using love, forgiveness, and secrecy concerning the wounds which were daily inflicted upon her by the man whose "sworn statement" that he would cherish and protect her had been a mockery, if not altogether buried from his recollection by the multitude of statements, sworn and unsworn, which he had piled upon it.

Mr. Moulton wants this expounded in a sermon. If he will turn to a sermon preached by Mr. Beecher, Sunday morning, November 10, 1872 (immediately after the publication of Woodhull's edition of Tilton), he will find the thing pretty plainly stated, and with apparent reference to this very case. The sermon is called "The Use of Ideals," and is No. 10, vol. ix., of "Plymouth Pulpit." In it is the following passage, during the delivery of which the whole house was still as death and profoundly impressed :

"There is many a woman who is heroic because she can hold her tongue. Ah! do not laugh. You tie a man to a stake, and let Indians dance about him, and stick slivers into him, and with torches light them; and if he bears his suffering patiently, do you not say that he is heroic? And let a woman stand where every inch of her nature, which is exquisitely sensitive, is subjected to the extremest torture, and let her, in spite of it all, manifest a disposition which is inexpressibly lovely, and stand patiently, 'and having done all, stand'—is not she heroic? There is many and many a hero by reason of the virtue of silence."

This is *nesthiding*, Frank Moulton; and, shame on the blackguard who can fish up from the obscene abyss of his own consciousness a criminal significance for such a word and such a thing.

Over against this practice of hiding the nest, I put the practice of *nest-fouling*. Mr. Theodore Tilton, with his various "True Statements," long and short, verbal and

written, mild and strong, retailed over dinner tables, carried about on lecture tours, slyly shown to eager people, pressed upon reluctant people, tinkered, re-vamped, whispered, suggested, oratorically pronounced, shouted, yelled, placarded, printed in interviews, printed in extracts, printed in full, lithographed—this Tom Tit, fancying himself an eagle, is the “ill bird” I mean, who has been fouling his nest until he can call with pride upon the public to note how filthy he has made it.

Of course, everything that Tilton has done to publish his domestic woes has been done with a bleeding heart. It is always some sinful friend who betrays his sacred confidence, and makes known what he had communicated in deepest secrecy. It was a false friend who printed in the *Eagle* a copy, accidentally preserved, of the slanderous article set up in the *Golden Age* office as an attack on Mr. Bowen; it was that wicked Woodhull who blabbed on the street what had been whispered on the housetop; it was that awful Clarke, Chairman of a lecture committee in Troy, who spoiled the market value of the “True Statement” by writing it out from memory and printing it in the *Thunderbolt*—a mean, money-making trick; it was Storrs and Bacon and the Congregational Council who dragged out of that bleeding heart the secret it had taken so many friends so many months to guard; it was Mrs. Tilton who, by leaving the nest she had tried so hard, and so weakly, to cover and hide, forced him with anguish, but with firmness, to put away the statement in which she was pronounced pure, and get up another that should make her vile; it was naughty Maverick, who printed the “Sworn Statement,” in spite of the Sorrowful Swearer, who remonstrated all the while he was correcting the proofs; in short, it is always somebody else that pinches Mr. Tilton and makes him cry out. And how severely he reproved Maverick!

“Mamma, mamma! Johnny has thrown the baby out of the window!”

“Oh, Johnny, how could you?”

That bleeding heart of Tilton's is worthy of a poem. Everything about him reminds one of great men gone, and his heart is like the heart of Robert Bruce, which Douglas carried to Spain in a casket; and when once the fight was sore with the Moorish infidels, and the day seemed going against the Christians, Douglas threw the casket forward among his foes, and shouting (according to the poet), “On, heart of Bruce! I'll follow thee”—or words to that effect—went in and thrashed the enemy. Can't somebody do Tilton in verse, pausing before every new scrimmage of his own making to tear from his bosom that old bleeding heart, hurling it first into the fray, and then following it to victory or death? Or Moulton might be his Douglas, and play the heart for him. Douglas was “tender and true”—that's one difficulty, to be sure; but Moulton has tender spots about him, and Tilton knows where to find them; and that will keep him “true”—to Tilton—while it lasts.

On the whole, it seems to me Moulton deserves some pity. Nobody knows what he suffers in being the only man alive who cannot shake Tilton off. He has managed a good many difficult games, but this time he has met his match. “Heathen” as he is, the heathen Chineese is too much for him, and has beat him at his own weapons. Poor Mrs. Tilton's nesthiding was all in vain, while her mate filled the heavens with his wheeling and screaming. If Moulton has any secrets exposed to the same keen-eyed and loud-voiced bird, he might as well build a new nest somewhere else; this one isn't safe.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

[D.]

[The following article has been appended here, without any consultation with the writer, on account of its intrinsic clearness and force.]

HORÆ TILTONIANÆ.

From the Winsted [Conn.] Herald of Oct. 9, 1874.

Dr. Leonard Bacon, in his admirable Preliminary Dissertation to Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of Saint Paul*, narrates a story for the purpose of an illustration which may be seen in the following extract:

"The knife and the flake of steel were passed to the jury; and as each juror looked through the magnifying glass, the change in his countenance was a verdict of 'guilty.' Such is the nature, and such may be the conclusiveness, of an argument from coincidence."

Conversely, we suppose, if the flake of steel had not fitted the gap in the blade, the fact would have been—so far as that knife was concerned—an illustration of the conclusiveness of an argument from DISCREPANCY. The following paragraphs do by no means include all, or a tithe, of the discrepancies that have been discovered in the deliverances of Messrs. Tilton and Moulton, but only as many as our limited space will accommodate.

I. In Mr. Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon, speaking of his withdrawal of attendance at Plymouth church immediately after July 3, 1870, he says:

"Some of the members hinted that I had lapsed into a lamentable change of religious views; whereas my views CONTINUED TO BE THE SAME as they had been for many years previous."

(From Tilton's last statement.)

"Mr. Bowen and I (mid-autumn, 1870), in a friendly conversation, reviewed our differences growing out of my INCREASING HETERODOXY of religious belief."

Will Mr. Tilton please to rise and explain?

II. (From Tilton's sworn statement.)

"About a year after Mrs. Tilton's confession her mind remained in the FIXED OPINION that her criminal relations had not been morally wrong; but at length a change took place in her convictions, as noted in the following letter: 'SCHOHARIE, New York, June 29, 1871. My Dear Theodore: To-day, through the mystery of Catherine Gaunt, my eyes have been opened for the first time in my experience, so that I clearly see my sin.' AFTER WHICH Mrs. Tilton FOLLOWED the above letter with these:

(No date.)

"I would mourn greatly if my life were to be made known to father. His head would be bowed to the grave."

(No date.)

"Do you think my ill-health is on account of my sin and its discovery? My sins and my life-record I have carried to my Saviour. No; my prostration is owing to the suffering I have caused you."

In Mr. Tilton's last statement, he gives a letter which he says was written by Mrs. Tilton from Marietta, O., in November, 1870, which contains the two extracts without date quoted above. Will Mr. Tilton please to rise and explain how his wife could FOLLOW a letter dated June 29, 1871, with a letter dated November, 1870? Also will he tell us why he inserted those two extracts in his *sworn statement* WITHOUT DATE?

III. (Moulton to Beecher, Aug. 4, 1874.)

"My Dear Mr. Beecher: I received your note asking me to send you the letters and papers in my hands, that

you may use them in your controversy with Mr. Tilton. I cannot IN HONOR give any of them. I will SACREDLY hold them until both parties shall request me to make them public."

(From Beecher's Statement.)

"I was not allowed to know that the document (the 'apology') was in existence until a distinguished editor in New York, within a few weeks past, assured me that *Mr. Moulton had shown him the original*, and that he had examined my signature to be sure of its genuineness."

And yet, Judge Lord, of Salem, in his examination of the case—which is "unequaled for clearness and impartiality," (if we are to take the *Springfield Republican's* word for it)—asks, "Upon what ground is Moulton to be charged with anything other than the very strongest desire that publicity should not be given to the charge against Beecher?"

IV. (From Tilton's cross-examination.)

"Beecher (on the evening of Dec. 30, 1870) after confessing to me *and Mr. Moulton* his criminal relations with Mrs. Tilton, and then asking to see her a few minutes, came back in half an hour expressing his absolute heart-brokenness, whereas he had this retraction from her in his pocket. I say it was damnable and nefarious."

(From Moulton's statement.)

"Beecher's *first confession* was made on the night I went for the retraction of Mrs. Tilton, Dec. 31, 1871."

Liars need good memories.

V. From a letter from Tilton to Bowen, written—or at least dated—Jan. 1, 1871.

"*Shortly after* its presentation [the presentation of Tilton's letter to Beecher demanding that he should quit Plymouth Church and Brooklyn—which letter was handed to Beecher by Bowen on the 27th of December,

1870], you threatened that if I ever should inform Mr. Beecher of the statements which you had made concerning his adultery, you would *immediately deprive me of my engagement* to write for the *Independent* and to edit the *Brooklyn Union*. I told you that *I should inform Mr. Beecher*, according to the dictates of my best judgment."

(Tilton's explanation of the reason why Elizabeth [Dec. 29, 1870] wrote the "confession" with which he confronted Mr. Beecher, Dec. 30, 1870.)

"Mrs. Tilton thought that *my retirement from the papers* was due to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher; and she thought *as I was very indignant against Mr. Bowen*, unless there was some reconciliation between Mr. Beecher and myself, the family secret would be exposed."

(From Mr. Tilton's *last statement*.)

"When Moulton brought Beecher to me that night—Dec. 30, 1870—I had no thought—*not the remotest*—of financial difficulties, or business troubles, or loss of place; for I had not yet come to those disasters—*neither did I foresee them*."

Truly, Mr. Tilton has badly snarled himself up here. In order to furnish simple souls with the knock-down argument that "where there's so much smoke there must be some fire," he has made more smoke than he can himself see through.

VI. (From Tilton's *last statement*.)

"The key-note of Mr. Beecher's attack on me is that my accusation against him originated in my business troubles with Mr. Bowen. That night (Dec. 30, 1870) my financial difficulties or *business troubles* had not yet come."

(From Mrs. Tilton's letter to Mr. Tilton, dated Marietta, November, 1870.)

"With this small addition of strength my first impulse

is to fly to you and comfort you in these new *distractions* which come to you through *your business and its threatening changes.*"

Did the white-souled little woman want to fly and comfort her husband in business troubles that he "had not had the remotest thought of"?

VII. (From Moulton's statement.)

"On the night I went for the retraction (Dec. 31, 1870), I told him, 'Mr. Beecher, you have had criminal intercourse with Mrs. Tilton, *and you have done great injury to Tilton otherwise.*'"

But Mr. Tilton affirms that neither he nor Moulton had any knowledge of any kind of injury done by Beecher to Tilton except the one injury alleged, until the day after Beecher's apology, Jan. 2, 1871. "Their witness agreed not together."—Mark xiv. 56.

VIII. (From Tilton's cross-examination.)

"I said (to Bowen, Dec. 26, 1870) that Beecher had been unhandsome in his approaches to my wife. This is the sum and substance of *all I have ever said* to the very few people to whom I have spoken of it."

In Mr. Tilton's last statement he cites evidence to show that on the 3d of August, 1870, he told Mrs. Bradshaw, a member of Plymouth Church, that he had discovered *a criminal intimacy* between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton.

IX. (From Tilton's cross-examination.)

Q. "Was not Mrs. Tilton sick on the 29th of December, and in bed? A. I do not know whether she was sick or not."

In Mr. Tilton's last statement he says he used this language as Beecher was about leaving Moulton's house to visit Mrs. Tilton on the night of Dec. 30, 1870:

"Remember what I say; if you reproach *that sick*

woman for her confession, I will visit you with vengeance."

The physician who attended testifies that Mrs. Tilton suffered a miscarriage on the 24th of December, and that he was in daily attendance upon her until after Dec. 30. What an affectionate husband—not to know whether his wife was sick, and the doctor visiting her every day!

X. (From Tilton's cross-examination.)

"Mrs. Tilton always made me believe that Mr. Beecher knew this secret, until in December, (1870). I took it for granted, *all summer long*, that she had told him what she had told me."

All summer long! Until in December! Then thou must have thought that she told him in July, or August, or September, or October, or November. And wast thou not curious enough, O most truthful Tilton, to inquire of thy wife what *effect* this dreadful news had on Mr. Beecher? Did the guilty man turn pale, or fly for Europe, or retire from Plymouth Church and quit Brooklyn, for reasons which he explicitly knew? Didst thou not think that Beecher carried himself with most provoking unconcern, in the pulpit and out, *all summer long*, seeing he had ruined your house, and seeing you believed that he knew that you knew it, *all summer long*? We would be happy to have Judge Lord of Salem bring his profound and judicial mind to bear on this remarkable circumstance.

XI. (Letter handed by Bowen to Beecher on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, 1870.)

"BROOKLYN, Dec. 26, 1870.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER:

"*Sir*—I demand that, for reasons which you explicitly understand, you immediately cease from the ministry of Plymouth Church, and that you quit the City of Brooklyn as a residence. (Signed) THEODORE TILTON."

Imagine that horrible Tuesday evening. It is *certain*, at last, that the guilty Beecher *knows* that the outraged husband knows it all. Darkness and devils! A guilty Dr. Storrs would have explicitly shot himself before midnight. A guilty Dr. Edmund B. Fairfield would have omitted family prayers on Wednesday morning, and after slyly seeing Tilton safely aboard the ferry-boat, would have hied him to Mrs. Tilton and shrieked, "Have you betrayed me?"—and then gone to bed and turned his own face to the wall, as he has served Beecher's picture. A guilty Judge Lord would have taken poison—though it would not have hurt him unless it had been more powerful than his logic. But a guilty Beecher neither absconds, shoots, poisons, nor seeks Mrs. Tilton for explanation nor Mr. Tilton for mercy, nor obeys the injured husband's command to get out of Brooklyn,—but behaves just as innocent and unalarmed people do, all through Tuesday night, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—and then is switched off the road to *prayer-meeting* by a man named Moulton, who informs him that the man who four days ago had ordered him out of Brooklyn wants to see him.

XII. (From Tilton's last statement.)

"Mrs. Tilton's confession of July 3, 1870, was made voluntarily, for I had never accused her, nor suspected her."

Yet Mr. Tilton says he had previously caught Beecher in his bedroom with flushed face and unbuttoned vest; had previously caught him "slyly touching ankles and lower limbs;" had in the spring of 1870 had an estrangement from his wife by reason of her absorption in Beecher; and had previously and *frequently* been assured by his own employer (Bowen) that Beecher had *confessed* numerous adulteries to him (Bowen). Either he had *abundant reason* for suspicion, or else he is a liar.

XIII. (From Tilton's last statement.)

"The confession of Mrs. Tilton was written on the 29th of December, 1870. I carried it in my pocket until the next evening, and then went to Mr. Moulton (Dec. 30, 1870) and put it into his hands, which conveyed to him *his first knowledge of her adultery.*"

(From Tilton's cross-examination, speaking of the letter ordering Beecher to abdicate.)

"I signed it (Dec. 26, 1870), and Bowen carried it: *in a few hours* Mr. Moulton came in and I told him what I had done, and he said, 'You are a damned fool; Mr. Bowen should have signed that letter as well as yourself!'"

One little question, if you please, Mr. Tilton. Why was Moulton helping a damned fool to drive Beecher out of church and home on *Monday*, when he did not know of your wife's or Beecher's crime until the following *Friday*?

XIV. (From Tilton's cross-examination.)

"Q: You say, Mr. Tilton, that for a year after what you state as Mrs. Tilton's confession, she *insisted* to you that she had not violated her marriage vow? Ans: Yes. Elizabeth never does that which does not have the stamp of her conscience at the time upon it. She was always saying, 'Theodore, I do not now see that I have wronged you.'"

(From Mrs. Tilton's statement.)

"The category of his heartlessness, selfishness, and falsehood has its climax in this endeavor to convince the world that I am, or ever have been, unable to distinguish between an innocent and a guilty love. I affirm myself before God to be innocent of the crimes laid upon me. Never have I been guilty of adultery with Henry Ward Beecher, in thought or deed; nor has he ever offered to me an indecorous or improper proposal."

Mr. Tilton in his two statements and cross examination has managed to reiterate, not less than one hundred times, the assertion of his belief that his wife is a *pure minded adulteress!* This pretended belief is a necessary part of his plot—for her very letters, out of which he has cunningly cited passages to prove her guilt, are letters that never could have been written by any other than a devout, conscientious, most pure and most Christian woman. And so, to carry his point, this unequaled villain must hold his wife up to the world as a virtuous harlot!

XV. (From Moulton's statement.)

"Mr. Beecher told me that he had in his own study a poison which he would take if the story of his crime with Elizabeth should ever become public."

Well, why don't he take his poison? If anything further were needed to show this man Beecher's treachery to his simple-hearted and confiding friend Moulton, it is this diabolical refusal to take his poison. Has not Moulton set forth "the story of his crime" to the best of his and Ben Butler's ability? Has not Tilton proved it "as by mathematics"—the mathematics consisting of a letter written by Tilton to Bowen almost any time you please, and *dated* January 1, 1871? Has not the Rev. Dr. Fairfield declared that Beecher's guilt is clear as the noon-day to *him*, and taken Beecher's portrait down from the wall? Has not a Salem Unitarian and Massachusetts Democrat by the name of Judge Lord illustrated the ancient and well-known love of his tribe for Beecher by writing such a sapient article against him that we are told it made "a profound impression in Boston"? Has not the *Springfield Republican* given its readers a panoramic view of public opinion on the subject by quoting newspaper extracts *pro* and *con*, in the proportion of about 96

per cent. *con* to 4 per cent. *pro*, besides daily administering a very spiteful editorial kick to the distinguished accused? And yet he won't take his poison! What unparalleled perverseness!

XVI. In Mr. Tilton's last statement he says that on the 3d of July, 1870, Mrs. Tilton voluntarily, and *without sense of guilt*, narrated the history of her criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher.

Elsewhere in the same statement, speaking of this same narration, he says, "it was made by Mrs. Tilton under an accumulating *pressure of conscience no longer to be resisted.*"

From which it appears either that Mrs. Tilton is an impossible kind of woman, or else that Mr. Tilton has undertaken too large a contract in the lie-harmonizing business.

XVII. Plymouth Church welcomes a seducer to its pulpit and its families. Evidently Plymouth Church would not do so if it believed him a seducer. But he *is* a seducer, for Dr. Fairfield and Judge Lord have *demonstrated* that he cannot be otherwise. This seducer's ability so perfectly to deceive his whole church shows him to be the most crafty, cool, calculating and consummate seducer that ever sprang from the human race. Let us admit all this, out of respect to the judicial and impartial reasoning of Rev. Dr. Fairfield and Judge Lord. But having got us into the woods, in all fairness they ought to help us out, by answering a few simple questions. Will a crafty seducer confess, with his victim's written denial in his pocket? Are crafty and cautious seducers off their guard when their door bell rings? Do calculating seducers allow Moulton to corner them in a third-story room with a pistol? Do cunning seducers

give up written retractions obtained from their victims, and thus throw away their only defense? Do crafty seducers confess adultery to Bowen, to Moulton, to Mrs. Moulton, to Tilton, to Mrs. Woodhull, to Kinsella and to "several other persons," and then deny it with a solemn oath before Heaven and earth? Do cool and cunning seducers write apologies and scores of letters acknowledging their guilt, and put those letters within the reach of outraged husbands? If they *do* then Dr. Fairfield and Judge Lord cannot possibly overestimate their own wisdom.

XVIII. Judge Lord finds tremendous evidence of Beecher's guilt in a letter which Tilton pretends to have written to Moulton on the 7th of February, 1871. A judge who does not know that a rogue can date his letters to suit his own purposes may do for the Massachusetts Superior Court, but his eagerness to condemn Beecher would probably disqualify him from being judge of all the earth.

XIX. (From Tilton's cross-examination.)

"Q. That document (Beecher's Apology) is written on how many sheets—two or three? A. Yes; *large sheets.*"

(From Beecher's statement.)

"That document was written on three *separate* half sheets of large letter paper."

We never saw so much paper used for so few words. Mr. Moulton must write the largest hand of any man in New York, or else he must have written on that occasion with an abnormal sprawl, for some special purpose. Let us try to imagine to ourselves that famous Apology which

Moulton wrote to My Dear Friend Moulton on three separate half sheets of large letter paper :

SHEET FIRST.

"BROOKLYN, Jan. 1, '71.

[In trust with F. D. Moulton.]

"*My Dear Friend Moulton :*

"I ask, through you, Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing

SHEET SECOND.

except that he will remember all the other hearts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead. But others must live and suffer. I will die before anyone but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running toward the poor child

The first two sheets are every word in Moulton's handwriting. If he were a bad man he could have gone to his own house and re-written them on two new sheets of paper, making such alterations as he chose; but being, as he repeatedly told us, a man of HONOR, of course he did no such thing.

SHEET THIRD.

lying there and praying with folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God to put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me."

[Here endeth Moulton's writing.]

[Here beginneth Beecher's writing.]

"I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence."

"H. W. BEECHER."

These little, limping, bob-tailed sentences are not precisely in Beecher's *best* style; but the Rev. Dr. Fairfield says that Moulton could not have used such language, because he is not a professor of religion! But with all respect for Dr. Fairfield's judicial powers, we must regard that argument as inconclusive. There is another non-professor of religion who once piously quoted Scripture as follows; "It is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

Since the publication of the first edition of this pamphlet, a copy of the new issue of Dr. Fairfield's "Review of the Case of Henry Ward Beecher" has been received. In this, the author, availing himself of some of the criticisms in the first of the following papers (the Rejoinder is of later date), has corrected a few small errors of his former issue, and, by various other eliminations and condensations, somewhat improved his performance in a literary point of view. But the same disingenuous method and hateful spirit, with the same systematic perversion of all the facts, are still visible throughout; for to have reformed these would have been not only to make waste of his ammunition, but to deprive his work entirely of its *raison to be*.

He still refuses to consider Mr. Beecher's own account of the causes which produced his intense mental agony in the winter of 1870-71; but continues to patter his idle syllogisms: Mr. Beecher had "remorse," *therefore* he had committed adultery; Mr. Beecher had "something to conceal," and it could have been nothing *but* adultery. He still continues to quote as witnesses people who have not opened their mouths in the case, or only opened them to deny what he alleges. Whatever Tilton or Moulton attribute to any third party, he still directly attributes to that party, without an intervening

question. He dilates all the way through upon the beautiful and remarkable harmony between the statements of these two gentlemen and all the documents in the case; apparently forgetting that they themselves had control of all the documents,—suppressing what they chose and producing what they chose,—and could make the statements harmonious, at their leisure.* He persists in attributing to Mr. Beecher, with the serious attestation of quotation-marks, words of important bearing which Mr. Beecher never uttered, and which nobody but Fairfield pretends he ever uttered. He continues to assert in the face of incontrovertible disproof (to which he does not vouchsafe even passing notice) that Mr. Beecher never gave the advice of separation till after the so-called Apology; and now he intensifies the outrage by making the same assertion of *Mrs.* Beecher, and calling this “an astounding fact, *proved by uncontradicted testimony.*” He still finds it for his interest to make Mr. Beecher responsible for the entire “Apology” which Moulton professes to have taken down from his lips; insisting that those incoherent ejaculations constituted a signed “letter,” in the true and proper meaning of the word, and quoting some subsequent unstudied expressions of Mr. Beecher’s as positive demonstration.† He repeats his

* A ludicrous instance of Fairfield’s obtusity appears in his Reply to my first letter, where he challenges me to print without blushing some unspecified indecent letter of Mrs. Tilton’s, “*with her own underscoring* ;” as though these letters had not passed through the delicate hands of Mr. Frank Moulton, and as though anybody could not underscore anybody-else’s letter just as he might choose !

† The damning words occur in a letter to Moulton, written two or three years after, and at a time when no doubt had arisen in the writer’s mind as to the exact contents of the paper alluded to, or of the nefarious uses to which it was to be put. Here they are, given with Fairfield’s own formidable capitals: “The agreement was made after MY LETTER, THROUGH YOU, was written.” This may

insinuation about the pecuniary interest of Plymouth Church in defending its pastor, having reference to its "income;" in amusing ignorance of the fact that the *income* of the Plymouth congregation consists of what it *pays out*, to provide the ordinances of worship and the means of mission-work, for the benefit, in a large degree, of strangers.

These are a few of the ugly features of what Dr. Fairfield calls his "*revised* edition;" features which forbid me to modify or retract one word of the indignant comment which I have visited upon him and his work in the preceding pages. I now leave him to pursue the congenial work to which, both by pen and in person, he seems to be devoted—traveling to and fro in the land with a bi-fold purpose; first, to embitter the Congregational mind and heart against Henry Ward Beecher, and then to institute what he calls a "trial" by the tribunal he shall have thus prepared.

R. R. R.

be called a *literal* argument, and it has given huge delight to Dr. Fairfield, as absolutely unanswerable. As the Doctor affects a great love for rigid logical demonstration, let us treat him to a "short method" here: This document either was or was not a letter. If it was a letter, it was addressed to somebody. To whom was it addressed? To Tilton? But it begins, *My Dear Moulton*. To Moulton, then? But it says, "My letter, *through* you." Letters are not usually written *through* those to whom they are addressed. (The Doctor may think he has had personal experience of such a one, but I don't think he'll insist on the exception.) So the alleged "letter" was written neither to Tilton nor to Moulton. But as nobody else is in question, it was written to nobody; and hence was, in no proper sense, a letter. It was, as it plainly purports to be, rough notes, jotted down during a protracted and exciting conversation, and selected and arranged to suit the annotator. That this was all, and the worst, that could be made out of such a conversation, is one of the strongest indications in favor of the man for whom the snare was laid. Strong web, keen spider; but, then, a very big fly!

