

istence of something more noble than the Almighty Dollar. What if they did relapse during the other six? The man under whose witching spell such natures became as clay in the hands of the potter, even for a brief interval on Sunday, was a potent magician, and his influence on the whole must have been to brighten and sanctify their lives.

MR. BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

HE has certainly left no one behind him who is capable of filling his shoes, and one tries in vain to conjecture as to who will be found venturesome enough to dare to put on his mantle. Several names have been mentioned, at least two of which belong to persons as to whom very little is known in this country. It seems extremely doubtful whether any one will be found capable of carrying on the work of Mr. Beecher, and of permanently keeping together a congregation made up of so many incongruous elements. Still, the attempt will be made, and it is tolerably certain that, at any rate for some time to come, Plymouth Church will continue to be a chief place of resort among New Yorkers and Brooklynites on the first day of the week. Viewed merely in the light of a financial speculation, the investment is too great to be abandoned without serious efforts to keep it afloat. The directorate numbers in its ranks shrewd and capable men of business who cannot afford to leave the pews untenanted. But in the matter of preachers it is not true that there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught, and the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit must be a man of exceptional power indeed to enable the treasurer to exhibit a satisfactory balance sheet in the years to come.

MRS. STOWE AND THE BYRON SCANDAL.

AT such a time the mind is insensibly drawn towards another distinguished and still surviving member of the Beecher family. By the death of her eminent younger brother, Mrs. Stowe has sustained a second mortal bereavement within the brief space of a few months. It seems only like the day before yesterday when her husband was taken from her. He had been her companion for more than half a century. He had marked her rise from obscurity to world-wide fame, and though he had been an invalid for many years before his death, the mere fact of his existence gave her an object in life, for she was a faithful and assiduous nurse. Since the withdrawal of that object, her future has had little in it of bright allurements. She has suffered much from the decline and infirmities inseparable from advanced life; and has been beset by the idea that there was no work left in the world for her to do. Effective literary work is hardly to be expected from an overtaken woman in her seventy-sixth year, more especially when the light of her life has gone out, and when her house has been left unto her desolate. She is two years the senior of her late brother, between whom and herself there has ever existed an attachment of the warmest and most tender kind. This second bereavement, following so closely upon the heels of the other, has doubtless been felt by her as an overwhelming calamity. To speak frankly, we have never been able to regard her with very fond affection since the publication of her outrageous and most unwomanly assault upon the memory of Lord Byron, eighteen years since. It

is well to be charitable, and we are willing to concede that she believed the monstrous story which she then gave to the world. The story itself was the mere figment of Lady Byron's morbid imagination, and in any case it was of such a nature that no woman—certainly no woman unconnected by ties of blood with Lady Byron—had any business to concern herself with its disclosure. By the publication of this hideous nightmare Mrs. Stowe dealt a serious blow at her own literary reputation. But she has ever since been compelled to bear the penalty of her indiscretion—to employ no harsher a term—and in her present melancholy circumstances it is surely gracious to extend to her a share of the sympathy of which she so urgently stands in need. The authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* long since established a claim upon the sympathies of all who can recognize the hand of genius when they see it, and who believe that slavery was one of the greatest curses that was ever permitted to afflict mankind. She stamped her genius upon that wonderful book, and upon the strength of having written it her name is destined to go down through the centuries. Let us remember her only as the creator of Uncle Tom and little Eva, and let her ill-starred excursion into the unsavoury realms of "Lady Byron's Life" be eternally forgotten. May she be strengthened to bear the burdens imposed upon her.

THEODORE TILTON AND THE FLESHLY SCHOOL.

THE subject of Mr. Beecher's death brings to the recollection still another figure which at one time occupied a conspicuous place in public interest, but which has of late years sunk into absolute and richly-merited oblivion. No reputation is more hopelessly dead and buried than is that of Theodore Tilton; yet the man himself is still alive, and in fact has scarcely passed the term of middle life. It may safely be alleged that few more unmitigated scamps than the "Dory" of the famous trial have ever figured in the ranks of literature. This is saying a good deal, for literature has at one time and another counted some exceedingly tough subjects among its votaries. But Theodore was a *mauvais sujet* from the beginning. He has written some remarkably clever things, but it is doubtful if he was ever fit to be the companion of decent men and women. He dealt a blow at Mr. Beecher's reputation from which it never entirely recovered, and it is quite within possibility that the terrible and prolonged strain to which the pastor was subjected may have shortened his days. But "be sure your sin will find you out." Theodore Tilton did much to mar Mr. Beecher's career; but he utterly blasted his own. Of all the wide constituency which was once his, probably not one member now remains to do him reverence. He has long been an exile from his native land, where nobody ever mentions his name. In the Students' Quarter of Paris in which he makes his abode he has doubtless found congenial spirits of the Fleshly School whereof he is—or was—so ardent a votary. The Bohemian life of the Cluseret and the Elysée de Montmartre is well suited to the worshipper at the shrine of Victoria Woodhull and Tennie Claffin. The last that was heard of him on this side of the Atlantic he was showing the sights of Paris to a much better man than himself—Frederick A. Douglass. As to which all that need be said is that Mr. Douglass cannot be congratulated upon the companions he chooses for himself when he takes his walks abroad. But surely Theodore must have been conscious of a pang near the region of what in him does duty for a heart when the news of his somewhat pastor's death was flashed across the sea.