

What shall we say respecting the horrible mass of scandalous matter which has been poured upon the public through the papers in connection with Mr. Henry Ward Beecher? We observe that an attempt to dramatize the affair in Boston has been suppressed, on the ground that it was offensive to the public sentiment of the community. It is gratifying to think there is a public sentiment somewhere which is offended with such abominations. A stranger, judging American society by its newspapers, would judge it to be utterly corrupt. It is certain that such matter, on the whole, must be pleasing to large numbers of people, or it would not be printed and fished for by impudent interviewers. We trust the papers are worse than their readers. There is certainly a section of the public who would scorn to defile their conversation as the newspapers are at present defiling their columns.

Respecting the charges and counter-charges themselves, we have to say that one of the strangest circumstances about the business is the forgetfulness of the difference between the credibility of one man and another. One man's word is his bond; another would not be believed on his oath. Some men are careful, exact and circumstantial; others are loose, careless, and utterly untrustworthy. Some men can report a thing as it really is; others cannot possibly report anything except as colored by strong prepossessions or passions. Some men, to gain an object, will hesitate at nothing in the way of falsehood; other men would rather suffer the loss of all than keep it by lying and deceit. These principles appear to have been entirely ignored in dealing with the mass of conversations and letters emanating from the three men concerned. Who is Mr. Tilton? Who is Mr. Moulton? Who is Mr. Beecher? One would have thought until recently that there was a prodigious gap between the first two names and the third, and that one word from the third would outweigh a whole volume from the others.

But Mr. Beecher has done himself most grievous damage as a man of sense—a man of judgment—by the defence he has made. He utterly denies the charge, and he is bound, till overwhelmingly rebutting evi-

dence is produced, to be believed. But the defence lays him open to another charge—the charge of most astonishing folly; and from that he cannot defend himself. If he had been a young lad fresh from a boarding school, he could not have displayed more disgraceful silliness in his correspondence and dealings with a set of companions who are so enormously beneath him that the world must stand amazed at the sight of the intimacy of their relations. Who is Mr. Tilton that he should be the dear and bosom friend of a man like Mr. Beecher? Who is Mr. Moulton, of whom the world never heard before, that he should be the only man he could rely upon? Has Mr. Beecher had no more sense, no more regard for his position, no more reliance upon the best men of his own church, than to be fondling and dandling and fooling for years with creatures like these? If innocent, and we shall believe he is until there is convincing proof to the contrary, Mr. Beecher must wake up to the prodigious wrong he has been doing to himself as pastor of Plymouth Church—to the Church itself—to his own family—to the denomination he belongs to—and to the religious world at large, by the scandalous fraternization he has been indulging in with men whom he must have known to be utterly unfit companions for any minister of Christ. A man is known by the company he keeps. From the very revelation Mr. Beecher gives of his intimacy with Tilton and Moulton, the world will be ready to judge he was no better than either of them.

This scandal will merely lead ministers to beware of the associations they form and to be most particularly careful to avoid even the appearance of evil.

The irrepressibility of hope, while one of the chief sources of consolation and strength, affords at the same time the most striking illustration of the irrepressibility of human folly and weakness. It “springs eternal” indeed, but as vainly, as uselessly as the Canada thistle. The hopes of the more Protestant, as well as the more Latitudinarian, sections of the State Church of England, are just now buoyant with sanguine anticipations of a check being given to the Ritualistic agitators, whose doctrines offend the one party, and whose zeal angers the other, by the passage of the new Act to regulate Public Worship. We should be glad to share this pleasure, but prefer to cultivate delights which have more promise of life than this ephemeral excitement. If nothing remains to guard the English