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KU-KLUX AND CUFFEE SENT PACKING.

Republican Party (to Ku-Klux)—"GET OUT, YOU SCARECROW! YOU WERE WORTH SOMETHING ONCE, BUT THE OUTRAGE DODGE PLAYED OUT IN NOVEMBER. GIT, NOW; LIVELY!"
Granny Radical (to Cuffee)—"POOR LITTLE CUFFEE, MY HEART BLEEDS, BUT YOU MUST GO; TALES OF YOUR SUFFERINGS DELUDE NO VOTERS NOW, SO, TROT RIGHT ALONG!"

TERMS OF THE GRAPHIC.

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THE DAILY GRAPHIC is the only illustrated daily newspaper in the world. Besides containing all the current news, it gives every day a variety of pictures, illustrating all important events, wherever they may occur. The contents of THE DAILY GRAPHIC are of an immense advantage over the "old-fashioned" papers in attracting readers. The annual subscriber gets a pictorial history of the year—a volume of twenty-four hundred pages, half reading matter and half pictures. As an advertising medium, therefore, THE DAILY GRAPHIC is unsurpassed.

THE GRAPHIC.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1874.

Art correspondence, with sketches of important occurrences and notable scenes, and also photographs of interesting subjects, are solicited from all parts of the world. If used they will be liberally paid for. The sender's name and address required on every communication, not for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A joke six columns long, describing the supposed escape of the animals in the Central Park, is rather saddening, especially as it brings to mind the possibility that some day the whole "intellectual department" of the *Herald* may escape and carry havoc and dismay through our streets.

From recent indications it seems that the Constitutional Amendments in this State have been carried by a small majority. The vote in this city and Brooklyn was very small, and the adverse majority against them will be easily overcome by the majorities in their favor in the interior of the State. A day or two will give us the exact returns.

Senator Carpenter has saved both his party and himself in Wisconsin. A man whose influence could thus stem the tide of Republican disaster and carry for his party a State that is not strongly Republican must have great personal strength. For it is conceded that but for Mr. Carpenter Wisconsin would probably have joined the Democratic ranks.

Two more Republicans and one more Bonapartist have been elected to the French Assembly. These two parties are practically the only parties in France, but it should be remembered that, while there is no doubt as to the intentions of the professed Bonapartists who are elected to the Assembly, it is probable that quite a number of the so-called Republicans are ready to vote for the Empire when the Septennate comes to an end.

The great organ at Trinity Church, which was always regarded as one of the best organs in the country, has just been enlarged and improved, until it rivals, if it does not outrank, the great Boston organ. The growth of organ building in this country is another evidence that we are a musical people, and New York can just now point with pride to an American *prima donna* at the Academy and an American organ at Trinity Church, and ask the effete monarchies of Europe to produce their superiors.

Should the war feeling between Japan and China, caused by the Formosa difficulty, culminate in a collision—despite the peaceful news this morning—the Celestials are likely to get thoroughly worsted. The former nation has recently purchased a French steamer and an additional number of transports. The Japs are not only far ahead of their neighbors in the arts of peace, but, in the event of a trial of strength between the two countries, would probably be found superior from the possession of many of the modern appointments of war.

In a criminal trial which is still pending, and which has attracted a great deal of attention, a large number of telegrams have been put in evidence. These were obtained from the records of the Western Union Telegraph Company. They were private telegrams, and were of course used against the will of the persons by whom they were originally sent and received. Now, one of the primary conditions of every satisfactory telegraphic service is that the telegraph company and its subsidiaries should hold absolutely sacred the messages confided to them. The law acknowledges the inviolability of secrets committed by patients to physicians and by clients to lawyers. There must be a like degree of inviolability on the private telegrams committed to telegraph companies. And yet we here have a great telegraph company peddling out copies of messages confided to it. The circumstances afford another reason why the Government should assume control of the wires. The public is outraged when a telegraph company makes a trade of revealing the secrets of its patients.

The prohibition plank in the Republican platform of Ohio doubtless cost that party several thousand votes, while the fact that Governor Talbot was committed to that measure cost that gentleman his re-election. These facts show the current of public feeling on this important subject. The prohibition theory has been before the country as a political measure some twenty-five years. It has been a disturbing element in our politics ever since. Neal Dow succeeded in securing the adoption of the famous Maine law. The plan has been thoroughly tried, but with only partial success. It does not follow that the failure to enforce a law of this kind proves that this law is either uncalled for or unwise. The laws against gambling are not enforced, but they set the seal of public disapproval on the practice, and stamp whoever engages it with a legal brand. A law fixes the ideal which the public are to be made to approximate as nearly as possible. It sets the high-water mark, but it is not to blame if the public cannot be brought to that level. The Ten Commandments have never been repealed, because men sometimes steal and murder and do the other bad thing. Prohibitory laws may not be the wisest way of dealing with intemperance, however, and the fact that after a quarter of a century of earnest trying so little has been gained, and

there is so strong a public sentiment against it, should lead the friends of temperance to seriously reconsider the whole question in the light of enlarged experience. There is no use in wasting efforts on the impracticable. Blowing against the wind don't change the wind, but is very apt to tire the hands that work the bellows.

A NEGLECTED PRIVILEGE.

The fifth section of Article II. of our present city charter says that "the Comptroller, Commissioner of Public Works, Corporation Counsel, and the President of each department shall be entitled to seats" in the Board of Aldermen, and "shall have the right to participate in the discussions," though without the right of voting. This is an important feature of the new charter. It is one of its wisest provisions. It is a measure calculated to give the Aldermen the benefit of all the special knowledge each of these important officers may possess, and to restrain them from acts that are unwise or injurious to any department of the municipal service.

But this important privilege has never been claimed by the officers entitled to it. The right is in the charter, but they have not seen fit to exercise it. Yet in view of the present composition of the Board of Aldermen and the importance of the measures that may come before it for consideration at any time, it is manifestly a duty that these officers owe to the city to claim their right to a seat in the Board and participate in the discussions as occasion may require. It is important that they should do this in order to fully inform the Board as to the exact condition and wants of the several departments. What our city government has long suffered for the want of is unity in its councils. It has been a many-headed affair. Its great want is concert of action, and this it can get in no quicker or better way than that provided by the charter. Then the presence of these officers in the Board will put a stop to many eccentricities of debate. It will put many a costly job in the bud. It will put a wholesome check on extravagance of all kinds. It will overshadow a mere party majority by the majority of municipal authority, and subordinate the interests of cliques to the welfare of the body politic. The sooner these officers claim and exercise their right in this respect the better for the city and all its departments of service.

PARTY CATCH-WORDS.

The result of the recent elections shows plainly enough that the old party catch-words have lost their magical powers and no longer serve to conjure with. The hard-money cry affected nobody. In the great States of the West even the Democrats who used to be addicted to that sort of thing dropped the phrase entirely and clamored for more currency. They felt that paper money was better than none at all, and the pressure of the hard times made money of any sort the one thing useful. The immediate exigencies of the pocket are of more account than general political principles. Free trade has been forgotten. Nobody remembered it during the fray. It did not influence a single vote. It is understood that some of the Democrats elected are anything but sound on that question. The efforts of some of our contemporaries to connect that old party rallying cry with the result of the campaign is as ridiculous as to attribute the victory of Chattanooga to the slogan of an old Scottish chief or the motto of Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor. The "home-rule" strain sounded well in midsummer, but nobody danced to the piping.

The same thing is strikingly evident on the other side. The negro wrongs did not pay one per cent. on the capital invested. All the Ku-Klux outrages were wasted on a hard-hearted and incredulous public. The bloody shirt failed to stir anybody, and "the glorious results of the war" were recalled in vain. "Tammany corruptions" were laughed at, and "the Confederate horseman clad in gray and riding roughshod through Constitutions and leaping all the Amendments at a bound" did not scare worth a cent. None of the old party catch-words seemed to have the least avail with the voters. The old dog Noble barked in vain. The new third-term issue attracted more attention in the later elections, and was talked more about than anything else; yet it is doubtful whether it seriously influenced many voters. Governor Dix, who went out of his way to denounce the proposition, got overwhelmingly defeated, and Pennsylvania went against the Republicans who had declared against that measure. These things make it plain that the old party catch-words are powerless. They have lost their potency. The issues they represent, the ideas they suggest, are effete. The time for new questions has come. And the new issues must create new mottoes for parties. The man who will invent a new political rallying cry will be hailed as something of a benefactor.

THE SEWING-MACHINE RAID.

Our Washington correspondent points out that among the raids which are to be made when the next Congress meets is that of the sewing-machine monopolists, who will endeavor to secure a further extension of their patents. This matter will be closely watched by the people. The sewing-machine companies have already reaped the benefit of a long extension of their monopoly. They have thus been enabled to sell their machines at a price at least a hundred per cent. above that at which the machines could be profitably manufactured and sold. This enormous profit has been drawn directly from the poorer classes of the community—the sewing women and the tailor's workmen. It is time that the public had the benefit of the sewing-machine, and the effort to obtain a special law of Congress to prolong a monopoly that has already lasted too long cannot succeed without creating the strongest suspicions of the honesty of Congressmen who may vote for it. We may be sure that investigations will be the order of the day in the new House of Representatives, and men who give their votes to the sewing-machine monopolists will be compelled to fully explain the motives which have influenced them.

Elsewhere we give Dr. Beard's statement of the results of investigations recently conducted by him at the Eddys' house in Chittenden, whither he went with malice prepense to draw his own conclusions from what he should see, uninfluenced by even the suspicion of belief in the intervention of the other world in the affairs of this. The Doctor believes that the secret of the success of the Vermont mediums is the baldest trickery, and holds himself ready to reproduce every "manifestation" witnessed by him at the seances by the use of purely mechanical means.

It may be remarked that the power of simulating mediumship is no proof of the non-existence of the genuine medium and sleight-of-hand no disproof of genuine miracles, even where the results claimed for each are precisely similar phenomena; nevertheless the fact of their possible reproduction by confessedly mechanical contrivances most certainly casts discredit upon the supposition that the phenomena are caused in any case by extraordinary influence. Having given so much space to Colonel Olcott's reports of the Chittenden developments, we deem it only fair to give space to an account of the investigations of any able man who is as much out of sympathy with Spiritualism as Dr. Beard is, and who has taken the pains to make thorough and scientific examination of the alleged supernatural occurrences. Doubtless believers and disbelievers will still retain their own opinions on the subjects, but sceptics will find in this last report precisely the sort of material they have long sought for.

The woman-suffrage amendment in Michigan was defeated by a considerable majority notwithstanding the strenuous effort the women have put forth. The failure is the more serious from the fact that the circumstances were favorable to the women. It is easy to see why Massachusetts with some 30,000 more women than men should vote down a proposition to give women the ballot. The men of that State will think twice before they hand it over to the tender mercies of factory girls and domestics. In the old State, where women are in the majority, they will have to wait a long time before they can expect to vote themselves into a hopeless minority. But in the West, where women are in a minority and most of them are wives or daughters of intelligent citizens, the problem wears a different face. There women are more respected than in the East, where they are more numerous, and where thousands are ignorant, if not depraved, and thousands more are under priestly control. Western colleges were the first to bid women a welcome, and Wyoming and Utah were the first to give them the ballot. The defeat in Michigan is consequently the more marked, and perhaps it indicates the subsidence of interest in the political aspects of the woman movement. There is a growing impression that the emancipation of the sex is to come through other than political methods. The more culture women have the less they care for caucuses, and a woman's congress does not make laws, but discovers and announces them.

Does the tail fly the kite? The *Evening Post* seems to think so. It deplores the existence of these compact political organizations which are called "rings," though it does not necessarily follow that they are "rings of steel." The election of Mr. Tilden will increase the power of Tammany and other political organizations, and give men like Kelly and McLaughlin more influence than belongs to them; and the rings will control the Administration and lead to all sorts of corruption in spite of the good intentions of leaders. In other words, there is so much more belly than brain in our politics that the head will go into the stomach sooner or later whether or no. And so it would abolish the stomach and digestive apparatus altogether. The truth is that the great want of our politics is organization and leadership. A mob of irresponsibles furnish no proper backing for an administration. The best men in office need the support of an organized body of public sentiment, some tangible and responsible party to lean on and deal with. And the fact that a man like Mr. John Kelly, for instance, has the ability to organize men and direct affairs and prescribe tactics and discipline a vast voluntary body of voters so as to secure a great victory shows that he has the instinct of leadership to say the least, and is capable of giving the new Administration just the backing it needs.

PERSONALITIES.

Lillian Edgerton is going north, south, and west, on lecturing intent.

An appealing spectacle—Henry Ward Beecher insisting on a bill of particulars.

Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, will make a tour of Egypt and Palestine before his return to this country.

The Prince of Wales is said by an old huntsman to be sure to make a good king, because he "rides well and rides straight."

Gustave Doré is termed "the ravenous French painter" by a correspondent, whom his prodigious industry reminds of the prolific Rubens.

Since speech is silver and silence gold, it is very natural that Senator Nye, from his associations in Nevada, should prefer the former.

Mr. Louis Henry, who a few years ago retired from practice at the New York Bar on account of ill health, will soon resume his profession in Buffalo.

Miss Sullivan, who is married to Senator Jones, is said to have "a lovely, thoughtful face crowned with wavy masses of bright blonde hair."

Theodore Marten, the husband of Helen Faucit, the actress, has nearly completed the first volume of the long-expected biography of the Prince Consort.

Mr. Beecher confessed Friday night to fearing the Devil more than the Almighty. Possibly this may be the result of having already fallen into the former's hands.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is to write the inscription on the monument to be erected on the spot where the Americans fell at Concord. He will also deliver the address.

Miss Wittig, the young lady who eloped with the Rev. Father Gerdomann from Philadelphia, was a Protestant. She sang in the church choir, and her voice did the mischief.

J. N. Pattison, the pianist and composer, gives the first of his series of lectures, with pianoforte recitals, at De Garmo Hall to-morrow evening. His subject will be "Music as illustrated by the Great Masters."

Mrs. Jane Swissheim, the "dress reformer," is stated to have come of an old Scotch Covenanting family, and to possess all the vehemence for which they were noted. She is said to be remarkably brilliant in conversation.

The Rev. Mr. Murray occupies the old homestead on his three-hundred-acre farm at Guilford, Ct. He can look from the ancient roof-tree over his own private race-course, where forty colts and horses are put through their paces.

General T. Meredith Read, Jr., the United States Minister to Greece, has been given a banquet in Philadelphia by a number of gentlemen who shared his courtesy in Paris. The President conveyed his "sincere regret" that he could not be present.

And now Philadelphia has a clerical scandal, the Rev. John W. Gerdomann, a Catholic clergyman, having dishonored his name and cloth by absconding with the organist of his church and a large amount of funds entrusted to his care. Where is this thing going to end?

LITERARIANA.

A life of Camilla Urso, the violinist, entitled, "Camilla: A Tale of a Violin," has been published by Loring, of Boston.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have begun the publication of a new and cheap edition of the Waverley Novels, of which "Ivanhoe" is the initial volume.

"A Trunk's Secret," by May Agnes Fleming, is published by Carleton & Co. It is a novel of more than average interest, and is written in good English—which is more than can be said of the majority of recent American prints.

"A History of the Character and Achievements of the So-called Christopher Columbus" has been written by a Mr. Aaron Goodrich. The author appears to be actuated by a monomaniacal hatred of Columbus, which might be amusing if displayed at less length and tediousness. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., and is illustrated with a number of curious old woodcuts, which are really interesting.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have begun the issue of an entirely new volume of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's novels, of which the first volume, containing "Miriam, the Avenger," has just been published. Mrs. Southworth has more readers in this country than any other novelist living or dead. Even in Boston, which prides itself upon its culture, Mrs. Southworth's books are more in demand in the libraries than the novels of Thackeray or George Eliot. The publication of a new edition of so popular a novelist will, therefore, be warmly welcomed, and the large print and attractive appearance of the edition will win gratitude for its publisher.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

THEODORE THOMAS'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A more brilliant audience than the one which assembled at the first concert of Mr. Thomas's eighth season has rarely if ever been seen in this city. It included all the prominent musicians and musical critics, and a liberal sprinkling of distinguished followers of the other arts. Even the unparalleled attractions of Miss Cushman's farewell did not tempt Mr. Thomas's subscribers from their allegiance, as we noticed many present during the entire concert who afterwards took part in the ceremonies at Booth's. When the conductor appeared upon the platform there was not a vacant seat to be seen even in the galleries. To have drawn such an audience is a feat of which Mr. Thomas may be justly proud, as it is owing almost entirely to his own exertions that so large a portion of the public has been educated up to the appreciation of severe music.

Of the general character of the first piece in the programme—Berlioz's "Harold" symphony—we spoke when noticing the rehearsal, and we therefore pass at once to the consideration of the details. The first movement, designated by Berlioz "Harold in the mountains; scenes of melancholy, happiness, and joy," begins with a fugue-like motive for 'celli and double basses. This, after a few bars, is broken up by a kind of second subject for full stringed orchestra, to which the wind is soon added, and with a long crescendo a grand climax is reached. Then for the first time is heard the solo viola, which throughout the symphony represents the "Child." Upon its introduction the viola is accompanied by the harp, but the sounds of the latter instrument soon die away, and then the viola continues its plaintive phrases almost without accompaniment. The whole of the music allotted to the solo instrument is in the style of a recitative, except once or twice when it faintly echoes the orchestral themes. About the middle of the movement the listener begins to be wearied, as, while the novelty of the treatment suffices to hold the attention for a time, the want of clearly defined melody is soon felt. Some amendments are made by the finale, a very brilliantly scored coda, which severely taxes the executive ability of all the members of the orchestra. The first movement is certainly the weakest and least satisfactory, which may partly be accounted for from the fact that the subject the composer sought to illustrate therein is of a more vague character than those of the succeeding parts.

After a few notes of introduction from the wind the theme of the second movement—"a march and evening prayer of the pilgrims"—is first given out by the strings and is subsequently repeated in several different forms and by various combinations of instruments. At each eighth bar the rhythm of the march is interrupted by the voices of the pilgrims, singing the responses to the evening service. When the march ceases a hymn is heard, and during its progress the musings of *Harold* are expressed in agitated florid passages in *arpeggios*. After the prayer the violins, muted, again resume the march, and the movement closes with some very curious phrases, alternating between the wood and the double basses.

The third part is in the style of a *scherso*, but is supposed to represent "a serenade of a mountaineer to his beloved." The theme, written in the Tyrollese manner, is rather commonplace. At the termination of the serenade the strains of the viola are again audible, and in a somewhat more joyous mood than before. Once again the serenade is heard alone, and then the monody of the viola is cleverly interwoven therewith, and the movement terminates with a long *diminuendo*.

A startling chord announces the "orgies of the brigands," which, with reminiscences of the preceding scenes, constitutes the last portion of the symphony. It appears as though Berlioz had desired to show that *Harold's* tone of thought takes its color from each passing event, as the solo passages for the viola are always faintly characteristic of the themes previously given by the orchestra. Accordingly in this concluding movement the phrases of the viola alter in style as the reminiscences of the former parts are introduced, and when at the last the motive of the orgies is resumed in a very grand and richly scored *stretta*, the tones of the solo instrument are heard in unison.

While there are many fine passages in this work it cannot justly be considered a great one, although the consistency with which Berlioz has maintained his idea throughout compels admiration. The absence of melody, though often almost concealed by the cleverness of the instrumentation, cannot fail to cause a feeling of weariness. Berlioz's great experience as an orchestral conductor and the assiduity with which he studied all possible combinations of instruments enabled him to construct scores which for ingenuity and brilliancy have scarcely ever been surpassed, although in richness of coloring he did not quite equal Wagner. But notwithstanding the possession of this great power, Berlioz's music is nearly always uninteresting. Americans can appreciate its cleverness, but they, as well as average auditors, feel the lack of melody and the frequently commonplace and unoriginal nature of the bases on which he has erected such elaborate superstructures. The solo part was played by Mr. Bastens, whose performance, though mechanically correct, was cold and deficient in force.

The fame of the young Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg, had previously reached this country, though the concerto performed by Mr. Boscovitz on Saturday was then heard for the first time. It is written in close adherence to the classic models, without, however, falling into servile imitation. Its themes are clear, melodious, and original, and the solo part is evidently written by one familiar with all the possibilities of modern execution. The orchestra is also handled with skill, although at times it somewhat overshadows the piano. This was particularly noticeable in the grand *coda* of the last movement.

Mr. Boscovitz, who made his first appearance before a New York audience, is a clever executant, but his touch is hard and unsympathetic. This is greatly owing to his raising his hands to such a ridiculous height. Often they may be seen flourishing in the air, above his head, and he has as many absurdities of manner as used to be exhibited by Leopold de Meyer. It is, perhaps, not fair to arrive at a conclusive estimate of his ability from the way

in which he fought the piano through this unknown work, but it is certain that he is inferior to some of our resident pianists.

Of the Thomas orchestra's performance of the "Eroica" symphony we have repeatedly spoken, and it is therefore unnecessary to say more than that it was played as well as ever before. At the second concert, on November 28, Schumann's first symphony and a new pianoforte concerto by Raff will be given. Mr. S. B. Mills is engaged as soloist.

AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

INFIDELITY AND ENGLISH JOURNALISM—OTHER MATTERS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, October 22.—A very remarkable letter, published by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Tuesday, is worth notice as an evidence of the boldness and the skill with which disbelievers in God now advocate their views, and the favor with which the conductors of the English press admit such utterances to their pages. The letter in question is signed "F," but there is no doubt that its author is Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. Now when one complains that Mr. Bradlaugh is unfairly kept out of Parliament, the ready reply is, "Oh, he is such a horrible infidel!" But the infidelity of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is a hundred-fold more insidious and more dangerous than that of Mr. Bradlaugh; and no one objects to Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's political advancement on the ground of his infidelity. The *National Reformer*, we are told, is a paper that should not be admitted into any respectable Christian family; but the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "a paper written for gentlemen by gentlemen," and read by gentlemen's wives, continually publishes articles from men like Mr. Fitzjames Stephen which are more destructive to faith in God than anything which Mr. Bradlaugh wrote. The letter of which I am speaking takes for its text a recent letter which appeared in the *Times* from Monsignor Capel on "Faith and Reason," and while its object pretends to be to show that faith should be subservient to reason, instead of reason being subservient to faith, its real purpose is to prove that a reasonable being cannot have any faith in the ordinary theological acceptance of the word. The writer takes for his illustration the dogma of the resurrection of Christ, and he exhausts his brilliant talents in an attempt to show that every man who believes in that dogma must be an ass.

It seems to be almost impossible nowadays to obtain the simple truth of any story. A few days ago it was stated that Lady William Russell at her death became a member of the Church of Rome. The *Cologne Gazette* undertook to deny this story, but now a writer in the *Morning Post*, who signs himself as "A Friend of the late Lady William Russell," says that the story is a fact. "On her deathbed she received all the last sacraments, and the customary Catholic service took place after her death."

The engineers in the United States, as well as many of the other artisans in your country, will hear with regret of the death of Mr. William Allan, the founder and for twenty-three years the general secretary of the most powerful of our trades-unions. He was buried on Monday at the Norwood Cemetery. It was arranged that the funeral should be attended by representatives of various trades-unions. This becoming known, at two o'clock, the hour named for the departure of the funeral procession, there were between three and four thousand persons assembled in front of the late residence of the deceased, 90 Blackfriars road. The funeral procession was formed in Nelson square, from which it started a few minutes after two o'clock. A brass band, playing the "Dead March" from Saul, headed the cortege, and immediately following were Mr. F. Whiststone, the president, and the members of the Engineers' Council, together with a body of about 500 members of the society, marching four abreast, representing the different London branches of the Union. After these came the deputations from the working-class organizations and trades-unions, comprising about three hundred persons, mostly well-known and representative men. The funeral cavalcade arrived at the cemetery shortly before four o'clock, where, in the presence of nearly two thousand persons, the burial service was read and the body interred. Mr. Odger wished to deliver an oration at the grave, but the family objected, and he remained silent.

COUNT VON ARNIM.

[See Portrait on Page 5.]

This Prussian nobleman, who has recently been made to figure before the world as the purveyor of official documents from the archives of the German embassy in Paris, is fifty years of age, and a son of the late Heinrich von Arnim, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Being an astute and able diplomatist, he was sent to Rome to watch the proceedings of the Vatican Council, and after the Franco-Prussian war he became German ambassador in Paris. In both these positions he received secret communications from Bismarck, many of which are said to be of a very damaging character. The letter we entered upon the register of the Paris embassy, but when Prince Hohenlohe, his successor, entered upon his duties the documents themselves were missing. Hence Von Arnim's arrest and pending trial.

PICTURES OF THE DAY.

The expressive cartoon in to-day's *DAILY GRAPHIC* conveys a meaning which it is by no means easy to mistake. While it is an indisputable fact that in the South the feeling of the whites was bitterly inimical to the negroes, and that there were many outrages committed under the influence of this feeling, yet this disagreeable state of affairs was used overmuch for political purposes in the interest of the Republican party. Being used so extensively, it was but natural that at last a reaction should set in, and hence it happened that at the last election both Ku-Klux and Cuffee, his victim, failed to secure votes for the party. They are, therefore, seen to be useless benefactors, and are summarily dismissed by the Republicans, the Ku Klux with a kick and the Cuffee with a parting shot of maudlin regret. These faces will be seen no more in sensational politics.

We give to-day some pictures illustrative of the troubles in Central Asia, whose people, notwithstanding the Czar's Khivan successes, will long be a thorn in the side of Russia. The Kashgarees carry, besides ordinary weapons, immensely long guns, the method of mounting and firing which is seen in the engravings. They are capital shots.

A picture is given of Count Von Arnim, whose recent difficulties with Bismarck's Government have made his name more widely known than it would ever have been but for his prison experience. He was, however, previously somewhat noted as a diplomat.

Illustrations are also given of the Carlist troubles in Spain, now resulting so unfortunately for Don Carlos. Ambulances with the wounded are seen crossing the Bidassoa, a little river that forms part of the boundary between France and Spain. Other wounded Carlists are seen going by land from France to Spain, and Republican soldiers embarking mules at Portugalete, a river-port in the Province of Biscay.

The other side of the "materialization" question is illustrated in to-day's *DAILY GRAPHIC*, in an article by Dr. Beard, who shows very conclusively how the tricks of the Eddys are—or, at least, may be—produced.

The recent great typhoon which caused such overwhelming disaster in China and Japan was one of the most destructive meteorological outbreaks on record. We give illustrations of what it did in the harbor of Nagasaki. The Mikado is also seen reviewing the Japanese army at Kamouraka during a pelting rain-storm. The transit of Venus is exciting great anticipations of valuable results among scientific men: the triangulation of the Island of Rodriguez, in preparation for the great event, is illustrated. Rodriguez is an island in the Indian Ocean and a dependency of the Mauritius.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

SECOND EDITION.

WASHINGTON.

THE ELECTIONS—THE EAST PARK GRADING AND THE TAXES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.]
WASHINGTON, November 5.—We have heard of the elections, and there seems to be a general impression in the city that the Republicans have not been altogether successful. Not very much, however, has been said about the matter by the Republicans themselves. It is felt—especially since the last returns from Pennsylvania—that the subject is not one which ought to be discussed in public and before a mixed audience. The opinion of the office-holders is that if the people are wicked enough to voluntarily elect Democrats, true Christian patriotism requires that as little should be said about it as possible. There is no frivolity or indecent levity shown by the Republicans. I was in company with three prominent politicians of that party yesterday when the news of a first-class outrage on a negro in Mississippi was received, but they failed to display the slightest joy or satisfaction over the event.

You have heard, of course, no end of clamor about the enormous taxes imposed on Washington City on account of the costly improvements carried on under Governor Shepherd. The improvements are obvious enough. The city is now the most beautiful and imposing city in the country. The grading drive of the East Capitol Park, which was begun in accordance with the advice of Frederick Law Olmstead, is second in importance only to the building of the Capitol itself. When this great work is completed, the eastern front of the Capitol will not only be visible—which it has practically never been—but it will present a magnificent spectacle, while the streets adjacent to the park will constitute the most attractive part of the city for its residences.

Of course this sort of thing costs money, but when you come to look into the matter the clamor about excessive taxation is sure to be unfounded. This year it is loosely said that taxes will be five per cent. The exact truth is that the tax of 1873 was two per cent., and that of 1874 three per cent., and that Congress provided that the latter should be paid in advance. The five per cent. of which complaint is made—though it is not much more than you are taxed in New York—is really the rate for two years' taxes; and people who grumble about paying two per cent. one year and three per cent. another ought to remove to Brooklyn for a little while and see how they take taxation in a city where the terrible Shepherd has never had a share in piling up taxation.

You need give one room enough to write letters which discuss all the topics which one can think of, and there is no use in my attempting to do it. I could tell you several delightful scandalous stories about the President, and could destroy the characters of two or three ladies by retelling choice bits of gossip. You have a strange prejudice, however, against stories that are not true, and as I haven't the slightest reason to believe that any of the anecdotes to which I refer are true—inasmuch as I know the hungry Bohemian who invented all of them—I had perhaps better leave them untold. R. H. W.

THE RESULT IN NEVADA.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9.—The latest returns from Nevada insure the election of a majority of the Republican ticket.

BOSTON PRESS DINNER.

BOSTON, November 9.—The annual dinner of the Boston press took place at the Revere House on Saturday evening, and was largely attended. Speeches were made by General Kilpatrick, Charles Hale, and many others.

NEWS NOTES.

Tilden's majority is now stated at 49,703. Measures have been taken for the relief of Iran by General Loma.

The cutting of the telegraph wires at New Orleans is to be investigated.

Edward McGuire shot and killed his wife through jealousy at San Francisco yesterday.

The total Democratic majority for Lieutenant-Governor in Pennsylvania is stated at 1,473.

Several wrecks occurred and some lives were lost during a recent severe hurricane in Jamaica.

The laying of the corner-stone of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Syracuse took place yesterday.

A number of deposits of silver, quicksilver, and cinnabar have been discovered in Guerrero, Mexico.

Three cloth merchants of London, Ont., are said to have absconded, leaving liabilities amounting to \$70,000.

It is said to be generally conceded that the jury in the safe conspiracy case will not agree upon a verdict.

The Japanese troops are to be withdrawn from Formosa, China agreeing to pay an indemnity of 500,000 taels.

The new United States revenue cutter Gallatin has reached Buffalo, and has already steamed fifteen miles an hour.

Over 1,100 delegates were present at the half-yearly conference of the Mormons which began in London yesterday.

The Committee of Seventy at New Orleans have petitioned the President, asking for a withdrawal of the troops from the State.

Eleven of seventeen members known to have been elected for the Chamber of Deputies at Rome belong to various sections of the Right.

The boat-house of Brown University Club, at Providence, with six six-oared shells and a row-boat, was destroyed by an incendiary fire last night.

The New York Central Railroad began operating four tracks between Albany and Schenectady this morning. This is the only four-track railroad in the world.

The services in St. John's Church, Washington, were modified yesterday, owing to the adoption of the canon against Ritualism by the Episcopal Convention.

Several columns of sulphurous crystalline water which issued during a recent earthquake shock at a gold placer at Mazatlan, Mexico, are steadily increasing in volume.

The Rev. James Theodore Holly, Bishop-elect of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Haiti, was consecrated at Grace Church yesterday, Bishop Cox presiding.

A call will be issued to-day by the Centennial Committee of Boston urging the people of Massachusetts to do their part towards the preparations for the Centennial celebration.

Frank H. Wengel, of Marlboro, Mass., has escaped after an attempt to murder his aunt with an axe, being incensed against her because of her testimony having recently consigned him to jail for horse stealing.

While engaged in the pursuit of a prisoner along Sullivan street yesterday, Patrolman Thomas Evers, of the Eighth Precinct police, fell under a horse car and was instantly killed. Evers was a very faithful and efficient officer.

Colonization is encouraged in the State of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, by an order which has been issued giving to each colonist gratis a plot of ground suitable for cultivation and ground and material for the erection of a habitation.

The terrible time among the wild animals in Central Park portrayed by the intellectual department

of a morning paper was probably the result of the temerity of the writer of the sketch in fighting Morrissey's tiger.

The Princess Thyra, who has just escaped being married to the Crown Prince of Hanover, is described as a tall, graceful brunette, with a perfect figure and "splendid" eyes. She is said to have returned the affection of her former intended, but it was not to be.

Herman Schilling, a tanner of Cincinnati, was found brutally murdered and the body partially burned yesterday morning. The deed is thought to have been in revenge for the seduction of a young woman named Eger who died in the hospital recently, and her father, her brother, and a former employee of theirs named Ruffer have been arrested.

THE SPORTING SEASON.

THE TRUE SPORTSMAN AND THE POT-HUNTER—THE USE OF ARMS AND THE REQUISITES FOR HUNTING.

Once more the sportsman is abroad, and the pot-hunter ranges the country in all his glory. With the changing of the leaf and the coming of the cool, crisp breezes of mid-autumn, the timid denizens of wood and glade and open field are startled from their haunts by well-trained hound and yelping cur, and the early dawn is made noisy by the barking and cracking of firearms, to the disgust of the slug-gard.

To the true sportsman, suitably equipped, followed by fine dogs, and accompanied by some "congenial spirits," fowling is enjoyable and comparatively free from danger; but numerous difficulties surround that pitiful being the pot-hunter in the way of worthless weapons, inexperienced handling of the same, ominous notices of hidden man-traps, savage dogs, &c. Owing to the strict enactments of the British Parliament compelling English manufacturers to use proper materials for the making of firearms, the bursting of gun-barrels is of rare occurrence in England. That country as well as Germany complies with the requirements of the law in regard to arms for domestic trade, but furnishes an inferior article for the American market. In consequence of this reprehensible practice there are placed in the hands of our schoolboys and the loungers of the cities cheap and dangerous guns liable at any moment to explode and maim or destroy their owners. The blame should not, however, be altogether laid on foreign workmanship or material, as our own manufacturers are constantly turning out arms of grades to suit the purposes of all their customers.

This working up of poor material is attributable to many causes, chief of which is that predilection for show and that love of bargains which is a "ruling passion" in the American breast, added to that general ignorance of firearms which leads to the selection of an ornate article in preference to a plainer and more substantial one at the same price. It is erroneously supposed that any new, cheap gun will serve for boys to practise the first lessons of gunning with, and parents permit the purchase and use of such weapons. Hence a majority of the distressing accidents constantly occurring in and out of the shooting season. For the past few weeks all the country places adjacent to the two great cities and accessible at low fares have been afflicted by gradually increasing numbers of idlers "from the town," armed with every species of weapon, from the blunderbuss to the imported rifle. This pot-hunting fraternity, scouring the woods and fields, snare and slaughter indiscriminately everything in the shape of a bird that comes in their way. Before their insatiable greed, robins, thrushes, and the golden-winged woodpeckers fall in countless numbers, and even the barn-yard gentry disappear with celerity. Quantity, not quality, is the aim of this marauding brotherhood; "fill the bag and deuce take the means" being their motto. It does not follow, however, that every man possessed of an elegant shooting-suit, equipments of the best foreign make, and well-trained hounds, is a thoroughbred sportsman. He must first possess a correct eye; a cool, steady, deliberate aim, and knowledge of the appearance and habits of the game he seeks. He must be well versed in the etiquette of the field, which prevents many unpleasant occurrences; and lastly, he must understand the construction of the weapon he handles and its care at all seasons, for the best of guns is liable to get out of order occasionally, and more especially when one is out of reach of a gunsmith, or even the village smithy. It is exceedingly amusing to observe the airs of a dandy would-be sportsman. An "old shot" eyes with feelings little short of contempt one of these delicately kidded, tightly booted gentlemen, equipped with the latest style of hask and pouch and gun. He salutes forth for conquest bravely enough where game is abundant and easy to cover, but he shrinks from the rougher toils and pleasures of more difficult quests, knowing full well that the "mirror of fashion" will suffer more pain from aching hands and galled heels than ever bird will suffer from his fire. To be sure, a fine shooting-suit is not to be despised, nor will it detract from sportsmanlike qualities; but it is not absolutely a sine qua non. A plain fustian suit, with spacious pockets, is quite the best for autumn weather, and a woollen rig for fowling in winter. Nothing is more essential to the comfort of the sportsman than good stout boots of the very best quality of calfskin, made with square toes, broad but not too heavy soles, and wide, low heels. With these must be worn either regular-made fine woollen stockings or English hunting-hose, with heels, toes, and soles of fine wool, and the remaining portion of stout, soft cotton.

The partridge, quail, plover, pheasant, and woodcock are now furnishing legitimate sport to the lover of the field. Perhaps there is no bird in the country so little known to the people as the woodcock. This arises from his exceeding shyness, and from the circumstance of his feeding by moonlight, or before early dawn, as he is partial to dusky thickets and coverts, and when startled flies with rapid zigzag motions to the tops of trees. Before he can be covered he is generally out of sight.

The game at present exposed for sale in the markets consists of partridge, grouse, quail, snipe, duck, and woodcock. Killing is killing assuredly, but there is a vast difference between the indiscriminate slaughter of the useful birds that frequent the oaks and small groves and adjoining farms, and the scientific hunting of game birds in far-off fields and woods. The slayer of the robin, the thrush, the wren, and the woodpecker is generally a skulking, bungling fellow more frequently blowing his bird to atoms or mangle and leaving it to die a slow death than giving it a clean shot. The true sportsman kills at once, or, having wounded a bird, searches for it by means of his well-trained dogs and mercifully despatches it. One must abominate this army of fantastically accoutred beings that annually flood the country trespassing on one's grounds and barn-yards and making day hideous with their noises of cracking guns and yelping curs. It is unfortunate that there is no enforcement of laws against their depredations on the small, feathered tribes who cheer with their song and reward the farmer, moreover, for a few grains and fruits by their invaluable labors against the grain and fruit destroying insect and worm.

WALL STREET THIS MORNING.

WALL STREET, November 9.—The Stock Market opened as follows, compared with the closing quotations of Saturday:

Opening	Closing	Opening	Closing
N. Y. C. and Hud. 102 1/4	102 1/4	Pacific Mail 104 1/4	104 1/4
Harlem 131 1/2	131 1/2	Norfolk & W. 28 1/2	28 1/2
E. R. 28 1/2	28 1/2	Norfolk & W. 28 1/2	28 1/2
Am. Express 34 1/2	34 1/2	St. Paul 34 1/2	34 1/2
Western Union 39 1/2	39 1/2	St. Paul 34 1/2	34 1/2
N. J. Central 104 1/2	104 1/2	Rock Island 95 1/2	95 1/2
D. L. & W. 108 1/2	108 1/2	Atlan. & Pac. 104 1/2	104 1/2
Lake Shore 87 1/2	87 1/2	Union Pacific 36 1/2	36 1/2
Wabash 30 1/2	30 1/2	Ohio & Miss. 29 1/2	29 1/2
C. & O. 10 1/2	10 1/2	St. J. & N. Y. 35 1/2	35 1/2
C. & O. 10 1/2	10 1/2	Hann. & St. L. 31 1/2	31 1/2

The market for Governments opened as follows:

United States 1881, 118 1/2; 1882, 111 1/2; 1883, 111 1/2; 1884, 111 1/2; 1885, 111 1/2; 1886, 111 1/2; 1887, 111 1/2; 1888, 111 1/2; 1889, 111 1/2; 1890, 111 1/2; 1891, 111 1/2; 1892, 111 1/2; 1893, 111 1/2; 1894, 111 1/2; 1895, 111 1/2; 1896, 111 1/2; 1897, 111 1/2; 1898, 111 1/2; 1899, 111 1/2; 1900, 111 1/2; 1901, 111 1/2; 1902, 111 1/2; 1903, 111 1/2; 1904, 111 1/2; 1905, 111 1/2; 1906, 111 1/2; 1907, 111 1/2; 1908, 111 1/2; 1909, 111 1/2; 1910, 111 1/2; 1911, 111 1/2; 1912, 111 1/2; 1913, 111 1/2; 1914, 111 1/2; 1915, 111 1/2; 1916, 111 1/2; 1917, 111 1/2; 1918, 111 1/2; 1919, 111 1/2; 1920, 111 1/2; 1921, 111 1/2; 1922, 111 1/2; 1923, 111 1/2; 1924, 111 1/2; 1925, 111 1/2; 1926, 111 1/2; 1927, 111 1/2; 1928, 111 1/2; 1929, 111 1/2; 1930, 111 1/2; 1931, 111 1/2; 1932, 111 1/2; 1933, 111 1/2; 1934, 111 1/2; 1935, 111 1/2; 1936, 111 1/2; 1937, 111 1/2; 1938, 111 1/2; 1939, 111 1/2; 1940, 111 1/2; 1941, 111 1/2; 1942, 111 1/2; 1943, 111 1/2; 1944, 111 1/2; 1945, 111 1/2; 1946, 111 1/2; 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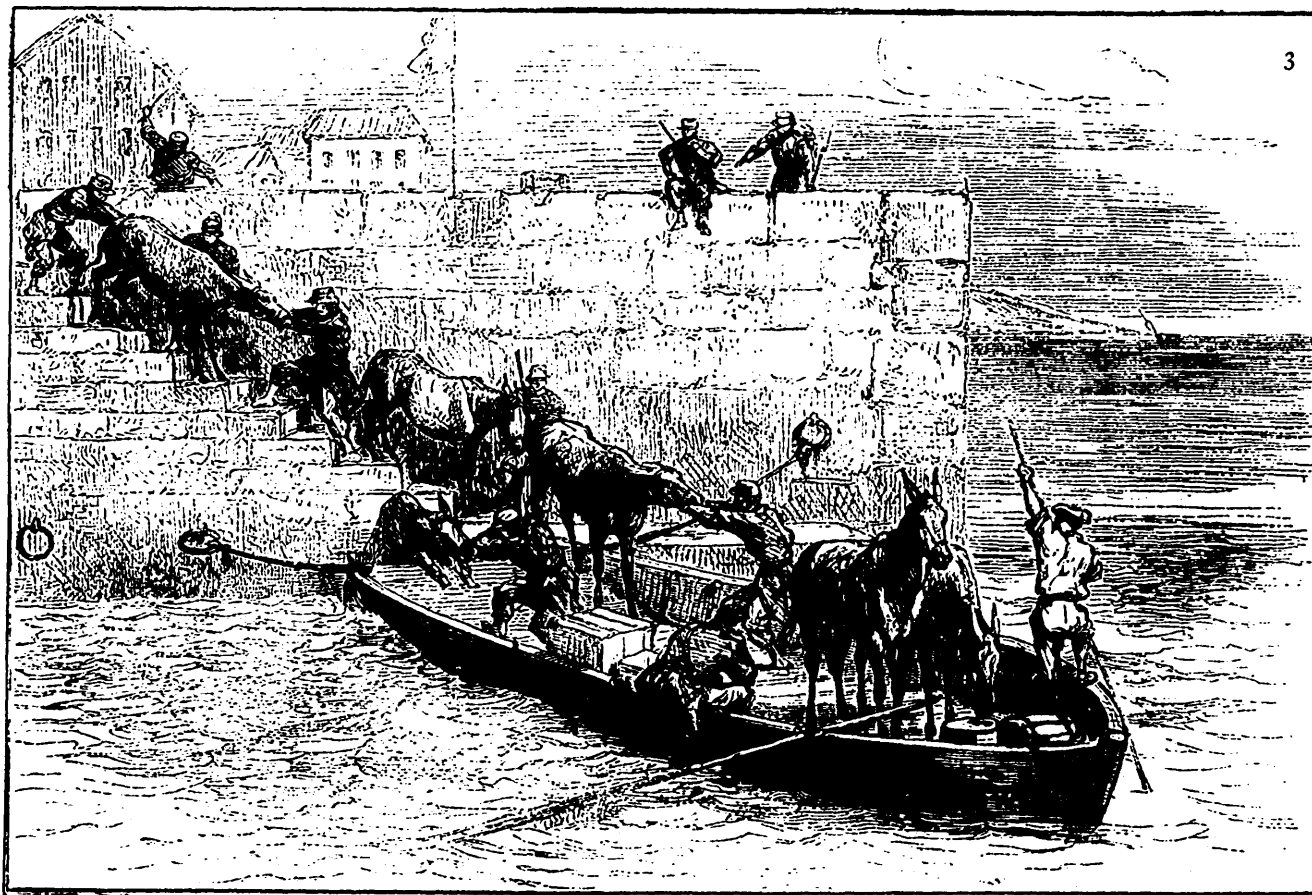
TAL-FOO-CHEES OF THE AMEER'S ARMY—INDEPENDENT FIRING.



"CEASE FIRING! SPONGE OUT!"
THE ARMY OF KASHGAR, CENTRAL ASIA.



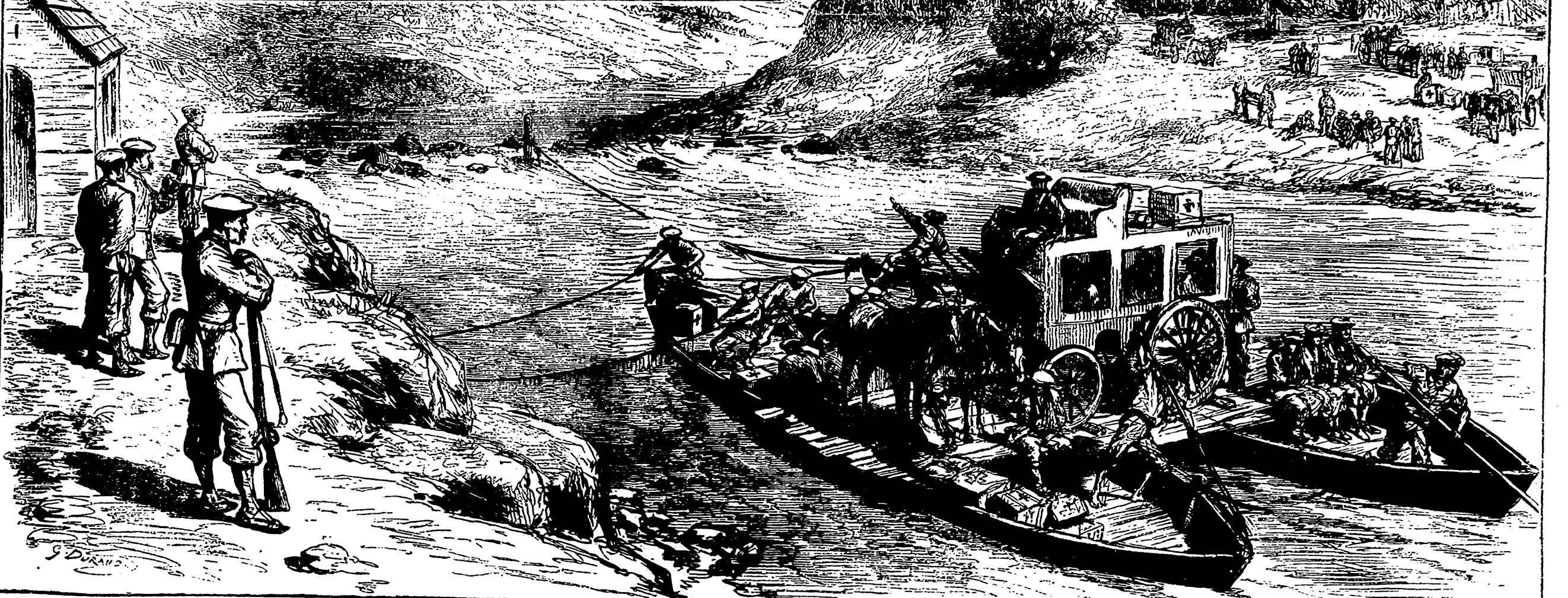
COUNT HARRY VON ARNIM, GERMAN DIPLOMATIST.



3



2



1—CARLIST AMBULANCES WITH WOUNDED CROSSING THE BIDASOA, NEAR ENDERLAAZ. 2—CARLIST WOUNDED PASSING FROM FRANCE INTO SPAIN THROUGH THE FORTIFIED REPUBLICAN POST ON THE SPANISH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE OF BEOMA.
3—REPUBLICAN SOLDIERS EMBARKING MULES AT PORTUGALETE.

THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.

THE EDDY MEDIUMS.

A Scientific Study of their So-called Materializations.

The Alleged Phenomena Minutely Analyzed.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.)

In accordance with your request, I improve my earliest leisure to give to the public the result of my scientific investigation of the so-called materializations or manifestations of the Eddy family, in Chittenden, Vermont.

The various and complex phenomena of clairvoyance, mind-reading, and of the so-called Spiritualism in its manifold developments, are so closely allied to the department of medicine, to which my life is devoted, that for several years I have been almost forced to give them serious and scientific attention.

Before proceeding further, I wish to say, first, that it is necessary for me to be more or less personal in this statement. The question is to a certain extent a personal question. It relates to persons, and it must be studied by studying persons, and can only be explained by giving the character of the persons that are studied. It will be necessary for me in the course of this exposition to speak with some severity of those of whose character in many respects I have great regard; of those who are as honest as myself and would not intentionally deceive. It will be necessary for me to show why these persons fail to see the truth and wherein they blundered. I shall do this with all the greater regret because some of these have treated me with kindness.

Secondly, I must explain on what grounds I practiced deception. As will be seen in the sequel of this account, deception was absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of my purpose. The principle on which I have studied fraudulent performances of this character is the same principle we carry into the Indian campaigns; those who should fight the wild men of the plains by the rules of civilized warfare would fail. A few Indians in ambush may be a match against a strong force trained to rules of warfare as practiced among enlightened nations. Looking upon all these persons as outlaws, I found it necessary to study them by deception. A clerical friend of mine who has had much experience in the investigations of matters of this kind tells me that he made the deception right to his conscience by this reasoning: If these persons possess the supernatural powers which they claim, then they can know that I am deceiving them; if they do not possess these supernatural powers, then I have a right to deceive them. Strong in that logic, he studied many clairvoyants, and found out, as I have found out, that they are fraudulent in every particular.

My attention was first called to the performances of the Eddy family by an illustration published in THE DAILY GRAPHIC some time last July. Very few details were given. I at once wrote the following letter:

NEW YORK CITY, 53 West Thirty-third street,
August 31, 1874.
DEAR SIR: I am informed that you have seen of "materializing" at your house. Would you have the kindness to inform me whether the seances are public, and if so, whether I could see them. In case I should come up for that purpose, what evenings are they held? Yours truly,
Geo. M. Beard.

To this letter was worded with moderate carelessness and in which I gave no clue to my profession, I received the following reply (I give the spelling and punctuation as accurately as I can copy it):

CHITTENDEN, Vt.
August 31, 1874.
DEAR SIR: We are requested by our Controls not to admit to our house any one who is not a public person. We do not hold seances for the public, but the Public has forced them upon us to the dissatisfaction of our Controls and we have accommodated them, as soon as the spirits get so they can do what they are intended to do then the Public can see, and the spirits will allow all to come hear who wish to.
Excuse me for answering on this sheet for it is all I have handy.
H. G. Eddy.

This letter was written on one side of the paper on which my own letter was written. I am thus favored with the original of my letter and Eddy's reply, both on one sheet.

On reading this letter I asked myself, as I had often done before in other attempts to get a chance to study clairvoyants or mediumistic performances, "Why are these things hidden from the wise and prudent, and only revealed unto babes?"

Again: My attention was called to the materializations of this extraordinary family by the letter of Colonel N. S. Olcott in the New York Sun a few weeks since. From that letter, which was written with greater candor and carelessness than the majority of communications on these subjects, I derived these impressions—as did all, or near y all, thoughtful person who read it—that: 1. Hundreds if not thousands of spiritual forms had appeared at the seances of the Eddy family during the past summer. 2. That these forms, or some of them, were splendidly and gorgeously arrayed in garments of many colors. 3. That a number of these spirits appeared each evening, and in full, clear view of the spectators, and that it was possible for the spectators to touch and speak to them. 4. That these unparalleled materializations took place, not in darkness, but in sufficient light to be distinctly seen by the spectators.

Statements of this kind, even if they had come from a weak-brained Spiritualist, would have aroused attention, but Colonel Olcott was not regarded as a man of feeble intellect, and had, so far as I know, no great notoriety as a Spiritualist. I had no acquaintance with Colonel Olcott, and I formed my impressions of his communications without any personal bias for or against him. I was persuaded that he was an honest and sincere worker and that he had taken many precautions against deception.

I resolved to look into this matter. I called at his office with a card of introduction from a friend, but did not find him, and in a few days I heard that he had returned to Chittenden and was engaged to write of materializations for THE DAILY GRAPHIC. His articles that have appeared in THE DAILY GRAPHIC further excited my attention, and I began to earnestly consider the question whether I ought not to go up to Chittenden and investigate the subject. The difficulties in the way were very great. I was already overwhelmed with professional labors and scientific researches in other directions. I had reason also to anticipate great difficulty in getting admission to the seances, for I knew that many were rejected. But I felt that these manifestations—the noise of which was going all over the world, changing or fixing the faiths, if not the lives, of thousands of beings—ought to be studied by some one prepared for such study by varied experience in dealing with the nervous system and by practice in investigations of allied phenomena. So far as I know no one thus qualified had attempted the solution of the Eddy mystery. I therefore yielded to my desire to get the truth in this matter, justified and strengthened as it was by the urging of several friends in the profession, and resolved to visit Chittenden.

First of all I wrote to Colonel Olcott, enclosing my card of introduction, on Saturday, 10th of October. Before there was time for reply I left New York for Chittenden. I took with me a card of introduction to Colonel Olcott from the managers of THE DAILY GRAPHIC, who urged me to make the attempt to investigate the matter; and they wrote a letter to Colonel Olcott informing him that I was coming.

On getting aboard of the train I bought a copy of THE DAILY GRAPHIC for that evening, and saw to my surprise the announcement on the editorial page that the Eddy house was full, that no more boarders could be accommodated, and that strangers who thought of visiting them might stay at home.

HOW I GAINED ADMISSION TO THE EDDY HOUSEHOLD.

I reached Rutland Sunday morning; saw a medical gentleman who knew of me; but I dared not reveal even to him the purpose of my presence, although the Eddy house is full six miles from Rutland. A private conveyance took me to the Eddy house, which I reached about eleven o'clock. The appearance of this house and the beauties of the surrounding country have been accurately and fully described by Colonel Olcott in his letters to the Sun and THE DAILY GRAPHIC. As far as I now recall them there was no important error in his descriptions of the house, of the country, or of the general appearance of the Eddy family.

I gave my card of introduction to Colonel Olcott, who received me kindly, but said that he had written to New York for me not to come; that two of his friends had already been refused admittance, and were obliged to return; and that the Eddys were especially down on New Yorkers. He advised me not to give a false name, as I had suggested, but to give a false residence if I gave any at all.

I disheveled my hair as much as possible, put on a look of special and pitiable simplicity, and asked Horatio Eddy, who was the business man of the house, if he would accommodate me for a few days. He said that he could not; that there would be no more seances; that they were all exhausted, and were going away.

I was prepared for this, and I put on a manner of still greater simplicity and stupidity, and also affected extreme indifference; told him that I was going fishing—that I was told there were many trout in the brooks, and that if I could only stay a day or two perhaps he might oblige me. I asked him furthermore, how the trouting was, whether I should have to walk far, &c., &c.

He then stepped into the kitchen, consulted with his brother William, and came out saying that if I was only going to stay a day or two I might do so, and that they had decided not to take any vacation next week.

This was an extraordinary change of base in less than three minutes; but in my researches into performances of this sort I have long been accustomed to just such ways. Horatio then went over to the lodging house, a few rods off, and told the old woman who kept it that "I was a nice man, and was only going to stay a day or two, and wanted to go fishing, and that she might give me a room."

I felt that I had gained a great victory. I had outwitted the enemy completely. During the next twenty-four hours I studied the character of the boarders and of the surroundings.

CHARACTER OF THE VISITORS.

Besides Colonel Olcott and the artist of THE DAILY GRAPHIC, there were a dozen or more men and women, young and old, from different parts of the country. In this circle there was but one or two persons of any intelligence. There was a phenologist—a professor of bumps, as he was called, who lived always under the inspiration of a spirit guide, who told him at each moment what he ought to do—almost convenient guide, since he saved the professor all thought and worry—the best specimen of an absolutely good-natured, perfectly harmless fool that I ever saw. He examined heads and told character by the aid of his spirit guide, without looking at the head or examining the bumps. He had only to put his finger to his own, shut his eyes, look for an inspired moment like a child on the point of going to sleep, and instantaneously was revealed to him the character of the persons in his presence.

Lying on the bed one afternoon I asked him to give me my character. His spirit guide must have been—if the thing were conceivable—a greater fool than the one he guided, for his blunders were of the most horrible character.

The theory of this very distinguished philosopher was that materialized spirits were "condensed atmosphere," and that our departed friends were all about us to guide and to guard us; that if his child at home, two hundred miles away, were to be taken sick, he would at once know of it, for his guide would tell him. The wicked thought occurred to me that if this guide blundered so badly in estimating my character I should hardly trust him about matters two hundred miles away.

I have said that next to imbecility the leading element of the character of the professor is harmlessness. I don't believe that he would ever injure any human being unless he felt on him, and even then I suspect his head would not as a balloon and buoy up the rest of his body, so that he would come down as light as a feather.

SILLY STORIES BELIEVED BY THE BOARDERS.

The silly stories in circulation about the Eddy household were infinite in number and variety. Many of these have already been given to the world through the letters of Col. Olcott, and those who are curious to learn the details of them may be referred to these letters for this information. It is enough for me to say here that they are given either on the authority of the Eddy family or of their friends, or of the credulous, weak-minded Spiritualists who attend their seances, none of whom are worth quoting on any matter of physiology, certainly not of neurophysiology, and their statements cannot be accepted as evidence in regard to anything that occurred at the Eddy household. My ready answer to all those who tell me stories of this sort is that I know nothing about them. "If you say that up in the mountains of the moon there dwell a race of pigmies no larger than my finger, I cannot deny that they do exist, but I do claim this, that the burden of proof lies with you, and until you bring overwhelming evidence in favor of your statement I shall decline to converse on the matter or to think of it." It is no use to say that these stories of the miracles performed by clairvoyants, mind-readers, and Spiritualistic performers are honest. Honesty can no more do the work of reason than honesty can take the place of the hand or the eye of the foot.

It is hard to find words to fully picture the credulity of those in this household. One man especially was remarkable in his capacity for his belief. All his brains run to belief. Sufficient belief might have been taken out of that man to have supplied the whole State of Vermont, and then he could have believed enough for all New England besides. "Take the credulity of the most credulous man you ever saw, in his most credulous moments, multiply that credulity by infinity, and then you would have a miracle of scepticism in comparison with the credulity of this man at those moments when his credulity was least."

If I had taken a common billiard-ball, and with sober countenance and sad eyes, handed it to this man, saying, "My friend, I was this morning carried by the spirits to the celestial regions; I have taken the planet Jupiter and condensed it into this ball: it is Jupiter; keep it in remembrance of me," he would have believed me. I tried this man by various tests, to see how much he would believe. He received every absurd statement, as a baby receives its papa; he opened his mouth before it reached him, and swallowed it with a gulp.

It is needless that I should thus portray the character of the visitors here, in order that those that read this may better understand why it is that the Eddy manifestations have not been sooner exposed.

Nearly all the boarders were good-natured, social, and genial; equally incapable of doing an unkindly deed or of thinking a sensible thought. There was one soft-hearted woman who thought she was a medium, and during her short stay had developed some mediumistic powers. In a circle in the evening, when the light was low and all hands were joined, she threw herself into hysterical convulsions, and saw a lame spirit limping towards me. I was seated directly opposite.

"Have you lost a friend who was lame?" asked she.

"Yes," said I, "I see him now coming towards me. I little thought I should ever see him again, but there he is."

"Do you see him?" asked several in the circle.

"Yes," said I, "perfectly plain; it was my dearest friend. How wonderful that he can be brought up in this way."

No one in the circle, except myself, doubted that I had really seen the spirit of a departed friend. This affair has been gravely reported by a correspondent of the New York Sun.

I must not my character of a simple-minded Spiritualist, ready and glad to believe everything except truth and sense; and so I kept my hair elaborately

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FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM HORATIO G. EDDY.

dishevelled, abstained from shaving, and suffered no blocking to touch my boots.

On Monday morning when I arose I asked whether any one else had heard raps of the spirits on going to bed.

"Yes," replied one; "we all heard them last night."

"I heard them," said I. "The spirits are everywhere; we are in a spiritual atmosphere; the very air is sacred;" and I folded my hands and rolled my eyes towards the smoky ceiling.

"Shall I see my mother to-night?"—and the tears came to my eyes as I spoke.

"You may," replied an old visitor. "But generally your friends do not come until you have been here a long time."

It is necessary to give these details in order that those who read this communication may understand fully the method by which researches of this kind are to be made successful, and the infinite credulity of these people who are filling the country with accounts of the Eddy family. The one thing needful for me was to get the confidence of the Eddy family and of the visitors at the house. On this everything depended. Failing in that I should fall in all. If I succeeded in that the rest would be easy.



HOW, DR. BEARD ALLEGES, ONE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE EDDY BROTHERS IS CONDUCTED.

of their autumnal splendor, and clothed the mountains with a glory of coloring, the memory of which will be to me a permanent possession. But in this land of marble and mountains the natives are drunk with excess of beauty, and live in a moral state somewhat analogous to chronic alcoholism.

TROUING EXPERIENCE.

In the afternoon I went trouting. In the brooks I found nothing, but out of a private pond I succeeded in getting enough for a taste. There was about the same sport in catching them as there would be in fishing in a wash-tub; but I must get into the confidence of the Eddy family and the household if I cost all the fish in Vermont. I took these home, and the Eddys cooked them for supper. I sat down to supper a little late and found very little of the fish left for myself; but I could not blame the guests, for it was the first really palatable article that they had had during my visit. That these trout helped me with the Eddys I have little question, for by catching them I showed that I was in earnest, that I came there to go a-fishing.

HOW I DISCOVERED THE FRAUD.

Let us pause now for one moment and observe the position of the contending forces on the eve of the great battle. On the one side was a family leagued together by every conceivable interest, who for years had been astonishing the country by performances of a most unparalleled character, and which by the great body of Spiritualists in this country and in Europe were regarded as the most decisive proof of their faith that the world had yet seen. It was claimed that these manifestations were the last and best development of mediumistic power. From all parts of the country pilgrims had been flocking to this sacred spot; all summer long the house had been full, and crowded, and overcrowded, and hundreds had been turned away. Every mail brought piles of letters from nearly every State and section. In none of these statements had Colonel Olcott at all exaggerated. At this very time there were ladies and gentlemen from Chicago, Michigan, Washington, and from various parts of New York and New England.

Some of those who had been there had doubted the reality of these materializations, but no one had publicly solved the problem, and by the vast majority they were accepted as genuine appearances in human form of the spirits of the departed. On the other side was one man trained to habits of rigid scientific research. I had been greatly aided by the kindness and co-operation of Colonel Olcott, whose labors and experience had induced me to make the investigation and had much shortened my own. Separately, independently, and together we had examined the house and the room and the cabinet, above, below, and beneath, and we both agreed in this: that it was impossible for these spiritual forms to get into the cabinet from the outside or any other part of the house.

As soon as it was fairly dark—I believe between seven and half-past seven—all who were in the house, numbering about fifteen or more, went up stairs into the dreary and unfurnished long room over the dining-room and kitchen that Colonel Olcott has described. At the further end of this room was a raised platform about one and a half feet high, with a railing. This platform extended across the room, and was about three feet in width. In one corner of the platform was a cupboard or cabinet, where the medium sat and out of which came the materialized spirits. This dark cabinet was quite small, and had one small window and one door opening towards the audience. A netting had been nailed over the window outside, and this had been sealed by Colonel Olcott at many places with his seal. Every morning after the seance he had for two weeks carefully examined this netting, and had found the seals unbroken and undisturbed. It was clear that no one could get in at that window. The floor below and the ceiling above and the sides of the cabinet I carefully studied. There was no trap, no platform, and no way of getting in or out except at the door facing the audience. This cupboard contained one dark and ragged shawl, one smoking cap of the Indian style, a horn, and a piece of paper in an envelope for the spirits if they wished to write, and a small arm chair for the medium to sit in.

Observe, now, that this preliminary study had enormously simplified the investigation. It had reduced the whole question to one of personation or materialization. All these spirits were personated by the medium, Mr. Eddy, or else there was no retreat from the doctrine of Spiritualism or psychic force, or some new force or manifestation of force unknown to science.

I accepted this issue, both in my own mind and in conversation with Colonel Olcott. Let those who may declare that I went there to prove a theory at all hazards note that my theories had already been disproved. I had supposed that if the Spiritualist or new force theory were counted out these personations of spirits were made by different persons, and probably by different members of the family, young and old. I had supposed that these members of the family were introduced through a window or trap-door, and that their costumes were somewhere hidden. This theory I had already destroyed; there was no possibility for any human being to get in and out of that cabinet except at the door facing the audience. Then again I had found out that there were no children in the house, unless they were concealed and the fact of their existence unknown to their neighbors. I was forced therefore to banish this theory, that I had held all along from the first moment that my attention had been given to the subject, entirely from my mind. It was either personation by the medium, or it was, as they claimed, the appearance in material form of the departed souls.

COLONEL OLCOTT AS AN OBSERVER.

Up to this point Colonel Olcott and I were agreed: no human being could enter that cabinet except by the door directly in front of us. The manner in which Colonel Olcott had eliminated the errors that might come from mechanical contrivances is admirable, and should receive the highest praise. No point had been overlooked; the construction of the cupboard or cabinet, of the whole room, of the kitchen underneath, of the platform and floor, and of the window, and the relation and connection of all these parts, had been studied by him with even greater thoroughness than was necessary. In his research in these directions he did a work of supererogation; he suggested doubts that were waived as soon as they were suggested. He had found by his observation, as I found independently by my observation, that it must be a question of personation by the medium, Mr. Eddy, or of some new force or manifestation of force by means of which the spirits of the dead appear to rise before us in human shape and dress and form.

Then, again, I can testify that Colonel Olcott is a man of absolute sincerity in his belief in Spiritualism, and in his belief that the Eddys were mediums and really had powers of raising the dead into temporary life. He believed that the spirits were all

about us; that they hear and would sometimes report publicly in the circles what was said in private. He was, I knew, as sincere in his belief as I was in the directly contrary belief. More than once he said to me, "You must be careful what you say here, for it may very likely be brought right out in the seance to your disgrace."

I thought of giving an assumed name when I went there, but Colonel Olcott strongly advised me not to do so, for the spirits would know, and very likely would publicly expose me.

One day as we were talking about the Eddys I rose and closed the door, so that our conversation might not be heard by any of the members of the family.

"It's of no use," says he. "The spirits will hear and report if they wish to."

He gave me a number of instances where the spirits had exposed the secret words of those who had visited there.

In spite of these amazing beliefs Colonel Olcott was an honest man in his study of the Eddy manifestations, and I know that in his relations to this whole matter he was morally honest, just as well as I know that the Eddys are stupendous frauds.

In word and in deed Colonel Olcott has shown me that he is desirous to get the truth, even at the risk of his belief. One day he asked me why I had come there to investigate the matter.

"You were the cause of my coming," I replied.

"That is just what I wanted," he said. "My object is to interest scientific men who are better trained than I to investigate this matter."

His candor and kindness did not exhaust themselves in mere talk; he had been the most desperate sceptic in the world he could not have aided me more heartily in my researches. In every way, at every moment, without solicitation oftentimes, he co-operated with me and gave assistance.

So rigid had been his examination that the Eddys were already fearing him, and I knew wished to have him clear out of the house. Gratitude for what he had written about them in the Sun and THE DAILY GRAPHIC never entered their souls. They felt rather that he was under obligations to them. I expected when I went there that his influence with the Eddys would be of service in getting for me admission, but I found at once that he could be no friend in that court. I did not even mention that I knew him, and whatever favor or chances for investigation they gave me were obtained by my own diplomacy, aided by the secret suggestions of Colonel Olcott.

At this point my praise of Colonel Olcott as an observer must cease. I must criticize him with severity; but I shall say nothing worse than I have already said to him in private, and I shall say nothing that is not essential to a clear understanding of this most extraordinary case.

It is well known to all medical men, and especially to all who deal with the nervous system, that a man may be a great orator, poet, statesman, scholar, clergyman, lawyer, and even scientist in certain departments, and be a child in physiology or medicine.

Careful, thorough, even scientific in his study of the mechanical part of the question, Colonel Olcott in the presence of these physiological problems raised in the seances became as credulous as a baby—he had lived so long in this atmosphere of harmless, ness and humbug that it had become physically impossible for him to tell the truth in regard to the seances. The scales, instead of falling from his eyes, had grown thicker and thicker. The truth of these criticisms will appear from the details of the seances on Monday night, which I now give.

We were seated, about fifteen or twenty of us, in two rows. The front row was about ten or twelve feet from the platform on which the spirits were to appear. No one was allowed to go nearer, except a Mr. — and a Mrs. —, who were seated at either end of the platform. Mr. — is near-sighted, simple-hearted, and infinitely credulous, as Colonel Olcott well knows. His opinion of anything he saw would be worth nothing in daylight; for with him a gridiron would have answered for the ghost of his mother. Mrs. — was as ignorant and about as simple-minded as Mr. —, and was dependent on the Eddys for patronage. Whatever either of these parties could say on this subject must be ruled out as less than honest; but honesty can never take the place of eyesight or reason.

I was seated at the end of the front row, and a little in front, nearer to the platform than any one except Mr. Horatio Eddy, and a musician just in front of me, and Mr. — and Mrs. —. Colonel Olcott was seated behind me.

The front circle joined hands to get up the "mag-netism." The light, a small kerosene lamp, was now lowered by one of the confederates and was placed in the back part of the long hall and enclosed in an old band-box.

Mr. Eddy, the medium who was to materialize, now went into the cabinet. He was dressed in his usual manner. Just before he came up-stairs he had allowed me to examine his pulse, the beating of his heart, his clothing, and the muscles of his arms. Now the flute and violin struck up, and nearly all hands joined for perhaps fifteen minutes in some of the worst singing ever heard by mortal ear. The object of this singing and banging is to distract and divert the spectators, and prevent the noise made by the medium in getting up his personations in the cabinet from being heard. In the midst of this singing I studied the light, or rather the darkness in the room. My own eyesight is perfect; no one, so far as I know, can see better than I can by night or by day. But I could not distinguish the face of any one three feet from where I sat. I was familiar with the faces in the house; but as they sat there only their forms and the generalities of their dress were clear to me. My own father might have been seated in the midst of the circle or on the platform where Mr. — was, and I should not have known him. My own wife and child, whom I had seen two days before might have come out from the cabinet, and I should not have recognized them. This dimness of light was owing to the fact that the room was a long one; that there was but one light in it; that the light was in the back part of the hall and enclosed in a coverless band-box; and, finally, that a confederate sat directly between the cabinet and the light so as to intercept the direct rays that might come from the spirits when they should appear. The shawl in front of the cabinet was now thrust aside, and there appeared—What? A nimble, lithe, and sprightly Indian girl, splendidly dressed, as Colonel Olcott has described in his letters? No! A burly, round-shouldered farmer of the size, shape, and height of Mr. Eddy, slightly stooping, and in his stockings, feet or slippers. He appeared to have on the Indian cap that I had seen in the cabinet. He had taken off his coat and his boots, rolled up his pants, wrapped about his body one or two dingy garments of a brownish-yellow color, and had come out stooping a little more than usual. His clothing could not be studied with any distinctness. I was not sure whether shawls or some thinner garment covered his body. His face could not be distinguished at all, except in very indefinite outline. I had carefully studied the height of the cabinet door in the afternoon, and I had found out that it was just easy for me to come out of it without stooping. I am an inch or so taller than Mr. Eddy.

Whether there was a mask on his face or not I could not tell, although I tried very hard to find out. I believe that there was none. It certainly must have been an unnecessary precaution. Mr. Eddy's face is dark and brown, and in that darkness would answer well enough for any Indian character.

I now know why the Indian spirits were favorites with them. I could not tell whether or not he wore a necklace, but something looking much like a braid of hair hung down his neck.

And this was "Honto," the materialized spirit of the Indian girl whose fame is now filling the world.

He then danced a little about the platform, and went up to Mrs. —, and, by a little sleight of hand, appeared to pull out from beneath her clothing a piece of thin dark cloth of very light texture. This trick, which they call materializing substances out of nothing, is a very old and familiar one with the Eddys, and with other "clerksters" and withal in

that darkness was perfectly easy for any one to do without preliminary practice.

I had taken a Faradic (induced current) battery of moderate strength with me, in order that I might test the electro-sensibility of the spirits; and to my surprise the Eddys allowed me to get Mr. —, who sat on the platform to apply a current to the hands of "Honto."

During the afternoon I had made all the arrangements, and had instructed Mr. — how to make the application. I used the metallic brush and a pretty strong current. I had also tried the battery on Mr. Eddy, and I had found that, although he jumped on the shock, he could bear very strong currents through the hands when the electrodes were pressed on it; as, indeed, is usually the case with those who work out of doors and have thick skins.

"Honto" jumped when the current first touched his fingers, but returned to the chair and took, so far as I could see, a steady current for a few seconds through his head, as he had done in the afternoon. But I attach little importance to this experiment. I had expected to make the applications with my own hand, but like the rest of the visitors I could not approach within eight or ten feet. The whole land could not produce a man more poorly fitted to make a scientific experiment than this poor Mr. —.

Whether he made the application properly or improperly will never be revealed. I am not accustomed to make experiments in electro-physiology in the dark at a distance of ten feet, or through the aid of a man who, however well meaning, could not properly assist me. For the same reason I attach no value to the weighing experiments of Colonel Olcott, the results of which have been given to the world. The experiments were made, through Mr. —, who in the daytime is so near-sighted that he could not tell whether an object weighed ten pounds or ten ounces.

The marks indicating the heights painted on the cabinet by Mr. Olcott could not be seen by me, and were therefore useless. I had supposed that the spirits talked with the spectators and took their hands, and so forth, but "Honto" only chattered a little; but Colonel Olcott, who sat two feet behind me, listened with eagerness and was delighted. Honto suddenly disappeared behind the curtain. The whole fraud was now revealed to me. False in one, false in all. "Honto" was Mr. Eddy dressed up, and very cheaply dressed.

I saw that it was possible to personate any number of forms in that way, and to deceive almost any audience who would be content to sit in darkness.

Now follows more bad music. In about five minutes a tall, large form came out and stood before the audience. By this time we had of course all become somewhat accustomed to the darkness, but yet I could see nothing of his face, except that it was a human face; and, for all I could see, it might be masked.

William Eddy had gone into the cabinet, put on his boots and cap, wrapped shawls about his body to make himself a little larger, and come out standing as erect as possible, but not turning his back to the audience. Standing erect and putting on the boots and cap had made himself two inches or so taller, than "Honto." It is a familiar fact that when a person stands on a raised platform before an audience he appears taller than he really is; he, so to speak, looms up. This second spirit did not dance or walk, and soon retired. Only one other spirit appeared in full view, but several faces appeared over, just behind, and at the edge of the curtain. Even if I had been on the platform, I could not have recognized any of my dearest friends, alive or dead. One spirit muttered a few words of German that made a German Spiritualist feel very badly. Mr. —, on the platform, howled to something that he called the spirit of a relative; but he would have howled just as quickly to a chunk of cheese. A falsetto voice, Mrs. Eaton, behind the curtain talked a little. No children appeared and no animals, and only one at a time. The materializing seance being over, Mr. Eddy came out of the cabinet, and I examined his pulse and found it unaffected, and there was about as much perspiration as might be expected, considering that he had been shut up so much of the evening in a small cupboard.

Although there were no children that night I was informed that they frequently appeared one or two at a time, but that children never came out in full view before the curtain, but kept back and just showed their little forms at the edge of the curtain. In that darkness any number of children of all ages could be manufactured out of a pair of boots, a shawl or so, and a pocket-handkerchief.

After the seance I inspected the cabinet (having previously expressed my deepest wonder and satisfaction until the manifestations), and found these shawls hung up below the window. One of these shawls was there in the afternoon; the others were not. They were brownish, grayish, coarse, tattered shawls, somewhat ragged, and in a dim light appeared of the same color as the clothing on Honto and the other spirit. Here observe that Honto is the only spirit that permits experiments to be made with it; that Honto is always the first to appear; and that in the latter part of the seance, when the eyes of the audience have become somewhat accustomed to the darkness and to the vague appearances of the dress, &c., she is absent. This is the shrewdest part of the performance.

Now came the light seance. This, I believe, was given for my especial benefit. Under the full light of the lamp, now brought up near, two shawls were fastened before a table on the platform. This table was covered with sticks, old bells, a guitar, a tambourine, and other trumpery capable when disturbed of making a great noise. There was no secrecy about these articles; they were kept there all the time that very afternoon, and I had seen them.

The hero of the light seance was Horatio Eddy, the brother of William who personated the spirits in the materializing seance. Three chairs were placed against the suspended shawls, facing the audience, who were allowed to come quite close. Horatio seated himself in one chair; I sat next to him, and at my right was a third party. My left arm was bare up to my shoulder, and Horatio placed his very cold hands firmly on my bare arm; my other hand held the hand of the person at my right. We were all facing the audience. Another shawl was now fastened over so that neither I nor the audience could see my arm nor Horatio's hands upon it.

With the trick that was now to be performed I was perfectly familiar. It consisted in Horatio's removing one of his hands from my arm, putting his own between the shawls and behind them; and then to shake off and disturb the musical instruments, show spirit-hands, and otherwise astonish the spectators. Although I knew the trick as well as he did, and much better, for it is a fact of physiology long known that cold benumbs the sensation, and when two cold hands are applied to a bare arm one of those hands can be removed and the subject may not be aware of it.

I knew this fact, and I know all about this special trick, for it is a very old one, and I thought I would try and see whether I could tell the exact instant when he took off one of his hands; but I did not succeed, although I concentrated my mind on the attempt to do it. I felt his arm once go out by my side, then he began pummeling my head over the shawls with a guitar, the object being to confuse me. I could not bear the pain, and jumped up, knocking down the curtain in front of our bodies. As I did so I saw and felt his hand suddenly draw back from behind the shawls and clasped on my own.

"You have broken the battery," he cried; "I must have somebody else." All the manifestations now ceased. The hand that had performed the trick was now occupied in holding on to my arm in the presence of the audience. I begged of him to give me one more chance, but he was obstinate, and called upon one of the most credulous women there—the same one who saw my lame friend limping towards me in the seance the night before—to take my place. Now he had it all his own way. Fortunately I also had it my own way, for although the spirits threw all sorts of things at me over the curtains in the hope of doing me injury, they were baffled by my affected simplicity and credulousness when I

stated that I had felt the spirits as never before in my life, and they suffered me to stand close by and look at the performances that were going on in a full light, and only two feet from my eyes. Through a hole in one of the shawls and through the space between them I saw Horatio move about in various directions, and do all sorts of perfectly easy things. (See illustration.)

Everything on the table was within easy reach; and so he threw things about, made all sorts of disturbance, showed a spirit hand over the shawls and between them—and, as he did so, I saw as well as though I had been behind the screen that it was Horatio's hand—played on the guitar and tambourine, wrote the name of "George Dix," one of their female spirits, on card, &c.

Accepting the previous part of my testimony, further details are useless.

All the rest of the audience appeared to be, and with one exception I believe were, really delighted with the evening's entertainment. I was informed that it was a good average. One person stated that since Colonel Olcott had been there the seances had not been quite as good as before, but that evening was a fair average.

I heard very little about William Eddy being bound in the cabinet, but I know that it is customary for him to be tied in a chair in the cabinet, but this was a matter in which I felt no interest. I came to Chittenden in order to investigate what was new and peculiar to the Eddys. The old trick of cutting loose from handcuffs and hard knots around the hands was to me entirely familiar. It is well enough known with those who have to deal with the insane, with prisoners, and with men in workshops that a certain proportion, possibly one in fifty or one in a hundred, cannot be confined by handcuffs or any sort of tying. Some persons are physiologically so limber that they can make the hand smaller than the wrist. When a man is so constituted it is no use to handcuff him or to tie him. The Eddy family belong to this class. All that they do in their dark seances can be thus explained.

There is in New York a clergyman who can bend his hands backwards until they lie flat on the arm. That man has mistaken his calling; he ought to have been a medium.

THE RING TEST.

The ring test, which is a very old one, was not used that night. Colonel Olcott had been very much impressed by it, and with his profound ignorance of the subject, and his strong faith in Spiritualism, especially in the Eddy family, I cannot wonder. To take an iron ring and put it on the hand of the subject operated on is a very old trick of the Davenport Brothers and other travelling showmen, and can readily enough be done by those who are sufficiently flexible in their organization and adroit and practiced in manipulation. It only requires darkness, or at least that the subject operated on should not see what was going on. In this test I felt no interest because I understood it and could explain it, and I wished while there to waste no time on tricks that had already been fully exposed by myself or others.

Those who wish to try the experiment of benumbing the arm and will follow these suggestions may soon learn to succeed. Let a friend bare his arm up as near as possible to the shoulder; make your hands cold by dipping them a little in cold water. (This, however, is not necessary, but cold assists in benumbing the sensation.) Now clasp both hands firmly on the bare arm of the person you are operating on; press with great vigor the hand that is on the upper arm by the combined effect of cold and pressure the nerves of sense are benumbed. If now, when the person on whom you are operating closes his eyes, or if a shawl be thrown over his arm so that he cannot see, you quickly and without agitation or without touching him remove the lower hand he will not know it. By a little practice any one can do this. If the person on whom you are operating sits at your right, as in the light seances of Horatio Eddy, you should cross your hands on his arm so that the arm which you free will be your right arm.

In regard to what has been said about the different nationalities that appear to be represented at the materializing seances and the various languages spoken, I can only say that a very low order of genius is required to obtain command of a few words in different languages and so to mutter them that credulous Spiritualists will be happy; and how very easy indeed is it, in the darkness of a room, to arrange the shawls or other cheap trumpery in such a way as to suit any visitor, whether he be from Circassia or Africa. Those who are so credulous as to think they see a lame friend of mine limping towards me in the dim light, and believe me when I tell them that I see him, find it very easy to see all sorts of costumes, hear all sorts of languages, and see every night the faces of dear, departed friends. The Eddys are very careful not to bring up the spirits of departed friends until they have found out that their friends on earth are credulous fools. Mr. — has boarded there all summer, and he sees his mother every night.

Some will reply to what I have said that hundreds and hundreds of people have visited the Eddys and been astonished and pleased, and have not suspected trickery.

My reply to this is, that a million ciphers are worth no more than one cipher; a million fools see no more than one fool; a million boys can send a stone a little farther than one boy alone, but one strong boy may hurl a stone farther than millions of weak ones.

The great majority of those who have visited the Eddys are so credulous, so simple-minded, so unscientific, and so thoroughly filled with Spiritualism that they cannot see nor understand, and do not wish to if they could; and if they should attempt to investigate it, in case they should suspect, they have not the proper physiological knowledge to enable them to detect fraud, and the possibility of detecting that portion of the trickery which depends on physiological peculiarities makes them believe not only that but all the rest. Thus it is that sceptics sometimes come away convinced. Scepticism could no more take the place of reason and physiological knowledge than can honesty or good intentions. A blind man will not see any more after looking at an object ten years than he did the first minute. The Spiritualists and some of the sceptics who visit the Eddys are intellectually blind.

Let the reader please note at this point these results of my investigation:

1. The accounts given by Colonel Olcott of the splendid apparel and expensive costume of the spirits were terribly and stupendously exaggerated. When I left on the following morning I gave Horatio three dollars for my board; that amount well invested will buy all the costume they need for all the spirits that they personated that evening. Twenty-five dollars well invested would afford musical instruments and buy costume enough to last them for all their seances, light and dark, for years.

2. The impression given by Colonel Olcott that the spirits came near to the audience and talked with them is also absurdly untrue. The spirits are ten feet from the front row of the spectators, and are on a platform behind a railing, and speak but very little, and most of them not at all. When Mr. Eddy personates the falsetto voice of a woman and becomes "Mrs. Eaton" he is in the cabinet. I expected when I went up there to bind the spirit with ropes, hold him, put on a strong light, and reveal him to the audience. This I found to be unnecessary, for I discovered the whole fraud in less than five minutes after Honto appeared. It was impracticable, because Mr. Eddy, who personated Honto, is a very powerful, muscular man, and could have felled me to the floor in an instant. Besides he was guarded by three other strong confederates who acted as sentries, and who would have fought desperately rather than have the thing exposed.

3. Colonel Olcott had given the impression that these materializations took place in good light. I have shown that they took place in comparative though not absolute darkness—a kind of twilight whereof forms and shapes, and not faces or features and colors, could be seen even by my perfect eyes. In a letter to THE DAILY GRAPHIC written since I saw them Colonel Olcott has turned right about face and described the darkness correctly.

4. I have shown that the Eddy family are as unscrupulous as they are ignorant, whereas Colonel Olcott has written many pages to prove them honest, sincere, and truth-loving, if not heavenly minded. Their seances are not only frauds, but frauds of the cheapest and most transparent kind. It is not even good trickery. Except the benumbing of the nerves of sensation of the bare arm, no nice physiological point was utilized by them. Brown, the so-called "mind-reader," is a genius in comparison with the Eddys. The Eddys in the seances that I saw bungled wretchedly. If they knew anything at all of chemistry or electricity, or even of trickery or sleight-of-hand, they could easily have bettered their performance several hundred per cent. If they would take a very short course of private lessons of me they would get off materializations and other phenomena that would far outvie anything I saw that night.

For the amusement of friends, I have since repeated all the leading features of their performances, excepting those that depend on peculiar flexibility. The explanation I have here given accounts for all the strange behavior of the Eddy family. We now see why they turn away all intelligent people from their doors unless they know or suspect them to be Spiritualists; why Horatio lied to me on first introduction; why they dislike to have their neighbors attend the seances; why, like all other evildoers, they prefer darkness to light; why they make no charge for admission to their seances, taking money only for board, thus saving themselves from the liability of prosecution for taking money under false pretence; why they refuse all the offers that are made to exhibit themselves in other parts of the country—refusing my earnest invitation to visit New York; why they keep aloof from their boards and are usually reserved and silent; why they refuse to have photographs taken of the spirits; why a strong guard of strong men is always stationed at the materializing seances to prevent any possible interruption; why they indulge so freely in the terms "electricity" and "magnetism," "positive" and "negative," "exhausted," and so on, accounting for all bad luck by unfavorable conditions; and lastly, why they are unwilling to have any but the absolutely credulous sit on the platform near the spirits.

Of the other performances of the Eddys—their dark seances, in which many strange things are done; their mind-reading and letter-reading and time-telling—of these things I saw nothing and I say nothing, for such things are done in and near New York and all over the country, and have been done for years. I learned the secrets of most of them long ago, and shall give the details in my published work. I went to Chittenden to investigate merely the "materializing seances," for, as all Spiritualists agree, these surpassed anything of the kind that the world has ever seen. From the description I have here given any one can learn to do all or nearly all that the Eddys do, save those tricks that depend on their peculiar flexibility.

The light seance of Horatio is also an old trick, and even not worth a visit to Chittenden. Of the vast number of stories relating to their early and later lives, the phantom carriages that they have seen, the portents, the forms, the faces, the impressions that have followed this remarkable family, I need only say that they are unworthy of a moment's thought from any human being. I have proved that their life is one long lie—the details need not further discussion.

After the evening performances were over I called Colonel Olcott into my own room and addressed him substantially in these words:

"Am I to be frank with you, and can I trust you?"

He replied that I could.

"Then," said I, "let me say to you that this whole thing is a fraud of the most stupendous character. After that specimen which I have seen to-night I can do and I can teach you to do it even better than they did it. This is trickery of the cheapest kind. My life is given to original scientific research, and I have had large experience in hunting down humbugs, but this is the most transparent that I have ever seen."

He appeared shocked. He was kindly attentive; I proceeded; "I have studied this whole problem scientifically, just as I would study any other physiological problem—just as I would bring out a series of experiments in animals. Emotion has had no influence with me except to inspire me to work; all along I have been open to the truth. We admit that the burden of proof in claims of this sort rests with those who make the claim; that there is such a thing as psychic force or Spiritualism; but I here refer the burden of proof on myself, and have shown as clearly as I ever showed any scientific matter, and I will show it to the world, that this is trickery, and trickery of a very poor sort. If it be the highest art to conceal art, then these Eddys are great artists; for, while you and others have been looking at the windows, at the construction of the cabinet and of the house—while you have been conjuring innumerable hypotheses to account for the phenomena, behold the whole secret is before your eyes." He admitted to me that his eyesight was defective (he wore glasses), but he wished more evidence.

I replied that if he would carry out my suggestions and use the eyes of the artist of THE DAILY GRAPHIC, who was with him, he would have the evidence; but for my own part I needed no more evidence, for I not only knew that no new force did these things, but I knew just how they were done—saw many of them, and could do them, and would show him.

The next morning the artist, Colonel Olcott, and myself went up into the seance room, and locked the door. I took Horatio's position in the light seance, and did, at the word of command from Colonel Olcott, many of the most remarkable things, and showed them how they could do them.

The only thing that I could not do was to bend down my little finger so as to make it look at a glance as though it were cut off and scared. To do this requires special flexibility of the joints, in which, as Horatio demonstrated to me, he excels. I saw the trick the night before, and was close enough to see that it was Horatio's hand, and that the finger was bent and not scarred. I also pulled on the scales that Colonel Olcott had used while my arm was bent at a very bad angle, and pulled them out at twenty-eight pounds; the spirit hand, the night before, had pulled them out forty pounds. Horatio is a strong farmer.

Colonel Olcott promised that he would carry out any crucial experiments to convince himself that I would suggest. Before my departure I left with him in writing the following plan of battle:

1. Stealthily put nitrate of silver on Horatio's hand when you are feeling his pulse. This will become black in a day or so, and then in the light seance you can see the spots, for they are hard to take off.

2. Put a very small mirror on the ceiling behind the shawls in the light seance. This will reveal to you that Horatio's arm and that of the medium are the same. Use not your own eyes, but those of the artist.

3. Get a huge bag, like a sailor's windsail or a woman's hoop-skirt. Suspend it over the platform, and when "Honto" comes out let it drop over him. Then go there and you will find Mr. Eddy.

4. Go to Rutland and hire a number of strongmen. Get them admitted to the seance; and when "Honto" is on the platform let them rush and seize and hold him, while you go into the cabinet, which you will find empty.

The next day I wrote him on the ears, advising him, whatever other mistake he made, not to trust to his senses; and further suggested that in the lighter seance, he should seize hold and keep hold of the spirit hand, and pull at it and Honto with it.

I told him that he would not be allowed to take photographs of the spirits, and that he had better wind these things up that week. I further promised to keep quiet for a few days and give him time to carry out his plan of battle.

THE EDDY MANIFESTATIONS AND BROWN'S "MIND-READING" COMPARED.

I have said that Brown was a genius in comparison with the Eddys. There was something novel and pleasurable in the successful manner that he had utilized the well-known fact of unconscious muscular action. No one can see his performances for the first time without being astonished, and to dis-

sect the true explanation of his success requires thought and study, and previous acquaintance with physiology. To demonstrate that unconscious muscular action is the true explanation of his success requires careful experiment and observation. The trickery of the Eddys, save their materialization, is mostly old. The benumbing of the nervous sensation of the arm by cold and pressure, so that one hand can be removed unbeknown to the person operated on, was nothing new. It was perfectly familiar to me when I went there. It has been used by tricksters for years; and also the trick of making the little finger look as though it were cut off, has been done for years and years, and can be done by any one who is by nature sufficiently flexible. For those who are not flexible it is useless to attempt it.

The difficulty in investigating the Eddys, as in investigating all performances of this kind, was to get the opportunity; when that was gained the exposure of the fraud was the work of a few moments. I take no credit to myself for having learned in so short a time the secret of their success. I should have taken great shame to myself if I could have stayed at that seance for one half hour and failed to unravel the mystery. I do not well see how any one skilled in neuro-physiology and practised in the art of studying fraud of this kind could stand for five minutes at one of their seances without at once detecting the true explanation. I can see how one who knows nothing of neuro-physiology, however skilful in other sciences, and who has had no experience in fighting crimes of this sort, might attend their seances for years and know less at the end than at the beginning.

Brown, like the Eddys, allows an investigation up to a certain point; and, like them also, when he finds that there is danger that he will be too closely investigated, he withdraws, as in New Haven when I accepted his challenge at Music Hall. Had he been successful at Music Hall, instead of making so many failures that a fairly chosen committee of some of the best citizens in the State were obliged to report that the claim of mind-reading had not been established, he might possibly have been willing to have kept his public pledges, and given me an opportunity for privately studying his claims in New York; but from what I then did, and from what I afterwards wrote to the newspapers, he saw that I understood the secret of his power, and he dared not experiment further, but preferred to publicly violate his promises. Similarly, the Eddys allowed Colonel Olcott and myself and others to study the house, the cabinet, the rooms, the apparel, and musical instruments, &c., but further than that we could not go. No one except the excessively credulous, whom they can trust with anything, are allowed to go nearer than eight or ten feet. Even Colonel Olcott, who has been there several weeks, is not allowed, in the materializing seances, to approach the spirit. The room is closely guarded by two or three strong members of the Eddy family, so that any interruption made on them would be unsuccessful unless aided by a large force. Brown is more gentlemanly in appearance, and would be more attractive to scholarly men than the Eddys. Both the Eddys and Brown have the highest of all arts which conceals art, hence those who see them for a little suppose them to be thoroughly sincere, honest, and true. It is only by close investigation that the true character of Brown or the Eddys becomes revealed. For some time I was in doubt whether Brown was self-deceived or was an intentional deceiver even after I had learned the secret of his success. My friend, Dr. Burge, claimed, as soon as I had informed him of the principle of unconscious muscular action, that Brown knew how he gained his results.

There comes now the question. What will be the effect of this exposure? The reply to me is sufficiently clear.

First—The great majority of Spiritualists will be confirmed in their belief. Coloridge never stated a greater truth than this—that "it is of no use to undertake to reason anybody out of anything that they have never been reasoned into." I see no reason why the Eddys may not continue to be as successful in their performances and in their audiences as before. It is one thing to overthrow folly by reason and another thing to convince fools that they are overthrown. While I believe firmly in the necessity and the duty of scientific physiologists to investigate and to expose these great delusions, yet my faith in the immediate result of such exposures on the mass of deluded mortals is very small. Giant follies and strongly entrenched superstitions are not thus overthrown. The progress of humanity from barbarism to civilization is not a creation, but an evolution.

Secondly—A limited number of intelligent Spiritualists who have confidence in me as an observer will have their faith somewhat shaken in the Eddy manifestations at least, and a still more limited number will possibly be thrust back into a disbelief of Spiritualism. The majority of the thoughtful and candid Spiritualists whom I know agree in this, that many if not most of the phenomena commonly known as spiritualistic are frauds in whole or in part. On my way from Chittenden I asked an intelligent believer what would be the effect of an exposure of the Eddy family, and he replied that on the great mass of thoughtless Spiritualists it would have no effect except to confirm them; that some of the thoughtful Spiritualists would be driven from their faith, and that all the better class would rejoice to have the fraud detected.

Thirdly—A pretty large and increasing number of inquirers in this department, especially young men whose opinions have not yet been formed either way, will find in this exposure some assistance in getting at the truth; and my hope and belief is that as a result of this investigation, and of others that will follow it, many young men who otherwise perchance might have swelled the Spiritualist army of the future will grow up to be intelligent and sensible men. I cannot believe that the bar has yet come for this country to go back to barbarism.

GEORGE M. BEARD, M.D.
New York, November 6.

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burg, Baltimore, Fort Wayne, Chicago and St. Louis. For Williamsport and Lock Haven (via Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, connecting at Philadelphia), 9:30 a. m., daily, except Sunday. For Erie, 9:30 a. m., connecting at Corry for Titusville, Centre and the Oil Regions. For Baltimore, Washington and the South, "Limited" Washington Express" of Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars, 9:30 a. m., daily, except Sunday, at 9:30 a. m., for Washington at 11:00 a. m., daily, except Sunday, with few Pullman Parlor Cars; 3:01 p. m., with new Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars, and 11:00 p. m., daily, with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars attached. For articles on Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, see article in column 1, page 1.

630 A. M., 950 A. M., and 935 P. M. daily. 630 P. M. daily (except Mondays). From Washington and Baltimore—630 A. M., 935 A. M., 950 A. M., and 1025 P. M. daily. 630 A. M. and 1025 P. M. Ticket offices, 526 and 944 Broadway: No. 1 Astor House, and foot of Desbrosses and Courtlandt streets, 4 Court street, Brooklyn, and No. 116 1/2 Hudson street, Hoboken. Emigrant Ticket Office, Battery place.
D. M. ROTH, General Manager.
FRANK THOMSON, General Manager.

1854—Passenger Station in New York, Grand Central Depot, entrance on Forty-second street.—Trains leave New York.—Trains for New Haven leave at 7:10 (Ac'cl), 8:35 (Ex.), 9:10 (Ac'cl), 10:10 (Ex.), 11:10 (Ac'cl), 12:10 (Ex.).
 (Ex.) 2:30 (Ac'cl), 4:58 and 5:15 (Local Ex.), 8:10 (Ex.), and 9:10 (Ex.) p.m. For South Norwalk, 7:10, 8:35, 9:05 A.M., 12:10, 1 p.m., 2:30, 3:15, 4:58, 5:15, 5:40, 6:35, 8:30, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:25 p.m. Boston Express via Springfield at 8:05 and 10 A.M., 3 and 8:10 p.m. via Shore line at 1 and 9:10 p.m.
 For New Rochelle, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:25 p.m. For Norwalk, and 8:05 and 10 A.M., 1, 3, 8:10, and 9:10 P.M.

at Bridgeport. The 8:35 A. M. and 3 P. M. connect with the Shore Line Division at Providence and the Connecticut Valley at Saybrook. The 8:05 A. M. and 3 P. M. connect with Shore Line Division for Norwalk and New Haven and Northampton R.R. at Bridgeport and at New Britain. The 8:15 P. M. for New Britain, 8:45 P. M. and 12 noon trains connect with Conn. River R.R. at Springfield and 3 P. M. for Montreal. The 8:45 A. M. and 3 P. M. connects with Saugateau R.R. at Bridgeport and at New Britain. The 8:45 A. M. at Bridgeport. The 8:45 and 8:15 and 12:35 P. M. with Danbury R.R. at Danbury. The 8:45 A. M. and 1:25 and 3:40 P. M. with New Canaan R.R. at Stamford. Sunday

HARLEM RIVER BRANCH, commencing Sept. 14, 1871. Trains leave Harlem River Station at 7 A. M. and 9:15 A. M., and 4:40, 5:15, and 6:35 P. M. Connects with boats of Morris Canal at Pier 11, East River, New York City. Market slip for Harlem River Station, North New York. For further information of particulars, see posters at hotels and depot.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY ALLTONTOWN LINE TO THE WEST. Passenger and freight station in New York, foot of Liberty Street. Connects at Somerville with South Branch RR. at Hampton Junction with Del., Lack., and West. RR. at Philadelphia with Lehigh Valley Railroad; also at Philadelphia, Valley Railroad. Direct line to Harrisburg, Pottsville and the West; also to Central Pennsylvania and New York State.

SUBURBAN ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing JUNE 15, 1884, at NEW YORK as follows:

5:15 A. M.—**NEWS TRAIN** for Faston, Bethlehem, Scranton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Tamaqua, Wilkesbarre, Danville.

6 A. M.—**Way Train** for Scrernville and Flemington.

7 A. M.—**Way Train** for Faston, Belvidere, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Mahanoy City, Mt. Carmel, Hazleton, Pottsville, Mauch Chunk, York, and Easton.

7:30 A. M.—**Way Train** for Easton, York, Mauch Chunk, Junction with Del. Lack., and West. R.R.

9 A. M.—**MORNING EXPRESS**, daily (except Sundays), for Faston, Allentown, Harrisburg, and the West. Connects at Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore. Mauch Chunk, Tamaqua, Towanda, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, &c., with through cars to Danville, Williamsport, &c.

12:10 P. M.—EXPRESS for Flemington, Easton, Bath
 Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Mahanoy City, Hazleton
 Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster
 and Pottsville, Harrisburg, etc.
 2:30 P. M.—Way Train for Easton, Catsauqua and Belvidere
 2:38 P. M.—Way Train for Plainfield, ON SATURDAYS
 ONLY to Somerville.
 3:40 P. M.—Way Train for Easton, Allentown and Mauch
 Chunk. Connects at Junction with Del., Lack. & West
 R.R.
 4:50 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville and Flemington.
 5:15 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville.

5:30 P. M.—Way Train for Plainfield.
5:50 P. M.—EXPOSURE EXPRESS daily for Easton, Belvidere, Albion, Cambria, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Washington, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Chicago, &c.
6 and 7 P. M.—Way Trains for Somerville.
12:20 P. M.—[Immigrant]—For Easton.
6:15 P. M.—Way Train for Somerville.
7:20 P. M.—For Plainfield.
For Elizabeth at 5:15, 6, 6:15, 7, 7:30, 8, 8:15, 9, 9:30, 10:30, 11:15 A. M.; 12 M.; 12:40, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30, 3, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12 M., 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11, 11

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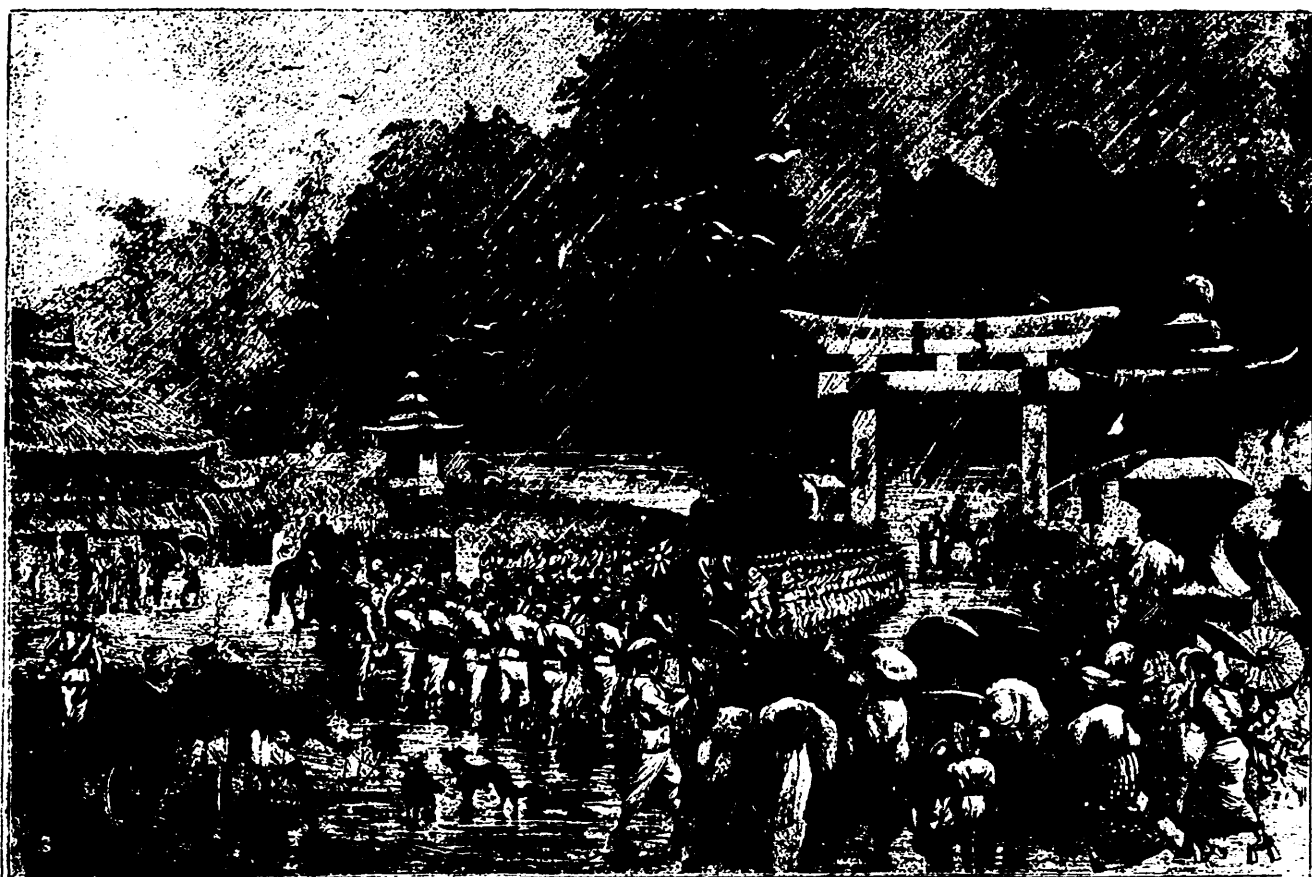
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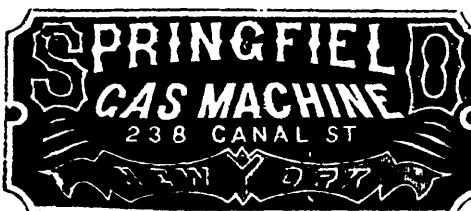
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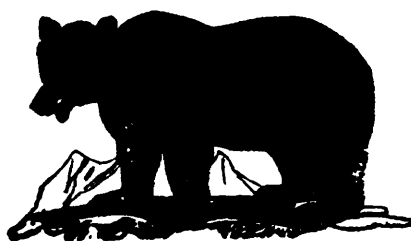
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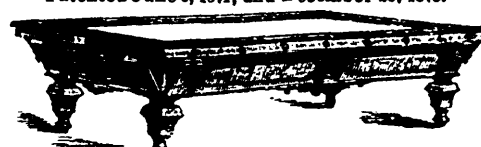
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