

FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE EDDY FAMILY AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE—A FAMILY OF WITCHES—THE GREATEST MEDIUMS IN THE WORLD.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., September 21.—Seven miles north from Rutland, in a grassy valley shut in by the slopes of the Green Mountains, lying high above tide-water, is the little hamlet of Chittenden. There is nothing about it worthy of notice, and its sole claim to notoriety lies in the fact that it is the nearest post-town to the homestead farm of the Eddy family of spiritual mediums, whose fame has spread over the whole country. The people of the vicinage are, apparently without exception, plain, dull, and uninteresting, seeming to know nothing and to care less about the marvellous things that are happening under their very eyes, or even the history of their section. Inhabiting a rugged country which exacts much hard labor for small pecuniary returns, they go the round of their daily duty, and trouble themselves about nothing except to get the usual modicum of food and sleep. Their rare occasions of enjoyment are the days of the county fair, the elections, "raisings," huskings, and like country assemblages. Their religion is intolerant, their sect Methodist, within the pale of which all persons are good, without which all are bad. The liberalizing influences which in more thickly settled localities have, for the past ten or twenty years, been leavening the whole religious world, seem to be unfelt in this secluded region. Towards the heterodox they have no yearning bowels of compassion. Their weapons are both spiritual

and carnal; and I judge from the sad story of the Eddy children that these zealots, if suddenly driven out of their beloved church, would feel more at home under the wing of Mahomet than elsewhere, for when prayer has failed of conversion they have resorted to fire and the lash to bring the lamb within the fold. I recently visited this place in the interest of another New York journal, and spoke of the relations between the Eddys and their neighbors in the following terms:

"There is nothing about the Eddys or their surroundings to inspire confidence on first acquaintance. The brothers Horatio and William, who are the present mediums, are sensitive, distant, and curt to strangers, look more like hard-working, rough farmers than prophets or priests of a new dispensation, have dark complexions, black hair and eyes, stiff joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances, and make newcomers feel ill at ease and unwelcome. . . . They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. I am now satisfied, after a very careful sifting of the matter, that this hostility and the ugly stories told about them are the result of their repellent manners and the ill name that their ghost-room has among a simple-minded, prejudiced people, and not to any moral turpitude on their part. They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world. . . . Many points noted in my memorandum book as throwing suspicion upon the Eddys I omit, because, upon sifting them, I found there was an easy explanation. These conclusions were reached entirely from conversations with strangers. I weighed the evidence gleaned away from the parties most interested, and cheerfully undertook

their defence without having cross-questioned them at all. I was told, among other things, that William H. Eddy, the medium for materializations, had hired a hall in Chittenden and exposed the fraud of his own mediumship for money, but it proved a lie. I was told that a male relative by marriage had confessed that he had helped personate departed spirits, and that was a lie. I was told that one of the sisters had helped exhibit "spirit-hands"—another lie. That their phenomena had been thoroughly investigated by a Rutland reporter, and the humbug exposed, whereas, upon reading his article and talking with the reporter, I saw that he had not seen a tithe of what I had even then witnessed, and what he had seen he had not understood. And so I hunted down every report unfavorable to their pretensions with the unvarying result of their exculpation of any dishonesty. When I say that my reception by the family was most inhospitable; that during my visit of five days I never felt sure that at any moment I might not be requested to leave; that I was made to feel like an intruder whose place was preferable to his company; that I was struggling against all the prejudice that one naturally would feel against persons who claimed to be able to summon an army of spirits from the other world; that I sat silent when members of the family made ungracious and threatening speeches against persons who might misrepresent them, clearly meaning me; that for fear my mission might be cut short and my ability to do my duty to my employer destroyed, I breathed not a word of my purpose to write for the newspaper, and left the place without having had a single opportunity to draw out their side of the story from the Eddys, the public has reason to admit that in saying what I did in their favor I was at least actuated by no feeling of partiality. I am glad, now that my

hear them address their conversation to the inner self within her, utter warnings of portending calamities, and sometimes bring tidings of joy. Her mother before her possessed the same faculties in degree, and her great grandmother was actually tried and sentenced to death at Salem for alleged "witchcraft" in the dark days of 1694, but escaped to Scotland by the aid of friends who rescued her from jail. Zephaniah Eddy was a narrow-minded man, strong in his prejudices, a bigoted religionist, and very little educated. His new wife instinctively withheld from him all knowledge of her peculiar psychological gifts, and for a time after their marriage she seemed to have lost them. But they soon returned, stronger than ever, and from that time until the day of her death they were the source of much misery. Mr. Eddy at first made light of them, laughed at her prognostications, and forbade her giving way to what he declared was the work of the Evil One himself. He resorted to prayer to abate the nuisance, or, as he styled it, to "cast the devil out of his ungodly wife and children," and, that failing, to concise measures that proved equally inefficacious. The first child that was born had the father's temperament, but each succeeding one the mother's, and each, at a very tender age, developed her idiosyncrasies. Mysterious sounds were heard about their cradles, strange voices called through the rooms they were in, they would play by the hour with beautiful children, visible only to their eyes and the mother's, who brought them flowers and pet animals, and romped with them; and once in a while, after they were tucked away in bed, their little bodies would be lifted gently and floated through the air by some mysterious power. In vain the father stormed and threatened; the thing went on. He called his pious neighbors together—Harvey

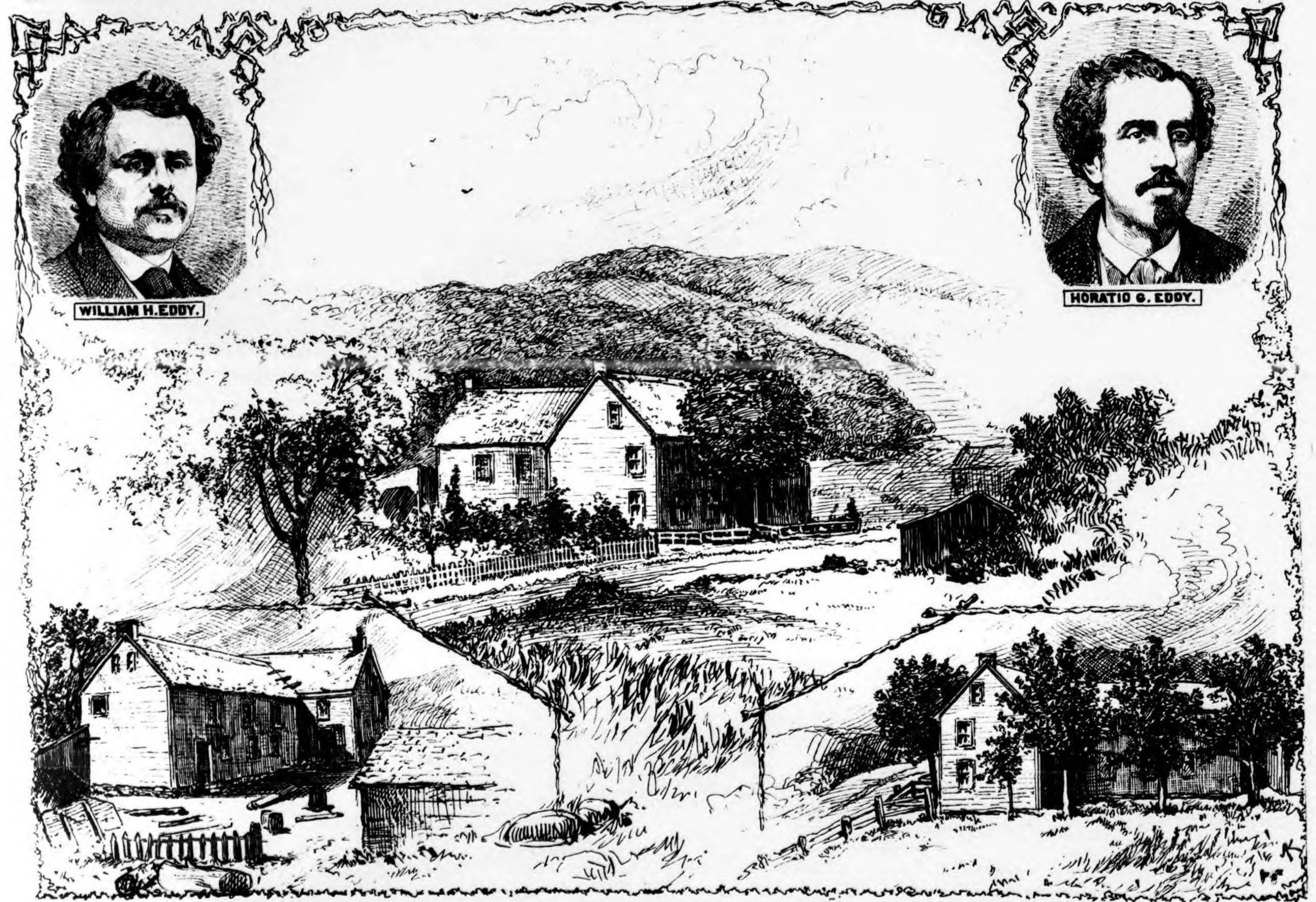
misfortunes did not cease with her husband's death in 1860, but followed her even into her grave, as she one day in prophetic vision told the children it would in the exact manner in which it happened. When her death occurred (January 1, 1873) it was intended that she should be buried by the Spiritualists, certain of whom had promised to be present, but it so happened that they were detained away, and two Methodist friends of the husband's acted as sole pall-bearers. As they were about to lower the coffin into the grave these two worthies fell into dispute about a lawsuit that they had just had, and one, in his eagerness to get at his antagonist, dropped his rope and the poor lady was dumped end over end into the pit, and the coffin turned bottom side up.

One surprising instance of the cruelty begotten by ignorance is afforded in the means resorted to once to bring William Eddy out of a trance. Pushing, pinching, and blows proving in vain, Anson Ladd, with the father's permission, poured scalding hot water down his back, and, as a last heroic operation, put a blazing ember from the hearth on his head. But the lad slept on, and the only effect of this cruelty was the great scar that he has shown me on his crest.

The father's scruples did not interfere with his willingness to turn a thrifty penny by an exhibition of the diabolical gifts of his progeny, for, after the Rochester knockings of 1847 had ushered in the new dispensation of Spiritualism, he hired three or four of them out to a showman, who took them to nearly all the principal cities of the United States, and to another who took them to London for a brief season. The children got all the kicks and he all the hapence in this transaction, and a sorry time it was for them. Passed through the merciless hands of scores of "committees of septs," bound with cords by "sailors of

broken finger, the third, on his right hand. Ah! these committees are often honorable gentlemen, as may be inferred from the fact that once when applying the "flour-test"—the placing of flour in the medium's hands after his wrists are tied to see if he disengages his hands and plays upon the instruments himself—aquafortis was mixed in the flour, and shockingly burnt Horatio's fingers; and once, when the musical instruments, horns, &c., were rubbed with rouge, so that the mediums might be betrayed by their discolored hands if they should touch them, one of the committee, pretending to make a last examination of the knots, rubbed the hands of both the boys with rouge. In this instance, however, the base trick availed nothing, for, aware of what had been done, the Eddys called for the audience to look at their hands before the cabinet doors were closed, and the culprit was exposed.

The reader will understand, from what I have said of their childhood experiences, that these poor creatures had little or no educational advantages, and their numerous correspondents will not be surprised at the illiteracy shown in their letters. They will be surprised, on the other hand, when I say that I have heard words in foreign tongues spoken, and conversation by rappings sustained by some of the phantoms whose appearance before me, during my present visit to the Eddy homestead, I shall describe in future chapters of this true story. THE DAILY GRAPHIC was pleased to say of my former letter from this place (in the New York Sun of September 5) that "the story is as marvellous as any to be found in history," an opinion that was reiterated by several of the most respected journals in other cities. I risk nothing in now saying that what I am about to report, in this series of letters, is far more extraordinary in every respect, and in writing them I expect to



THE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AT CHITTENDEN, VERMONT—SKETCHES OF THE EDDY HOMESTEAD, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE BROTHERS.

second visit has been so unexpectedly brought about, that things were just as they were at the beginning, for I have heard all the evil stories afloat and sifted them, and am now in a condition of mind to do justice to people who have had few real friends and fewer opportunities granted to lay their pathetic tale before the world. It is not because I have much, little, or any sympathy with their beliefs, nor that their welfare is a matter of greater personal concern than that of any other decent people, but because, in common with every one else, my good wishes go with the weak and oppressed, and this family have been worried and torn by the spirit of intolerance as a sheep by wolves. Manhood revolts at the persecutions, cruelties, and indignities they have been called to suffer in consequence of the direful inheritance of mediumship that was bequeathed them in their blood—an inheritance that made their childhood wretched, and until recently life itself a heavy burden. To explain my meaning I will give some particulars of the family history.

Zephaniah Eddy, a farmer living at Weston, Vt., married one Julia Ann Macombs, a girl of Scotch descent, who was born in the same town. She was first cousin to General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, who changed his name to its present form, and was related to a noble Scotch family. About the year 1846 he sold his farm and removed to the present homestead in the town of Chittenden. Mrs. Eddy inherited from her mother the gift of "foreseeing," as it is called among the Scotch, or more properly "clairvoyance," for she not only had previsions of future events, but also the faculty of seeing the denizens of the mysterious world about us, whom she claimed to receive visits from as commonly as though they were ordinary neighbors. Not only this, but she could also hold speech with them,

Pratt, Rufus Sprague, Sam Parker, Sam Simmons, Charles Powers, and Anson Ladd—and prayed and prayed that this curse might be removed from his house. But the devil was proof against entreaty and expostulation, and the harder they prayed the wickeder the pranks he played. Then he resorted to blows, and to get the evil spirit out of them, he beat these little girls and boys until he made scars on their backs that they will carry to their graves. It seemed as if the man would go crazy with rage.

By and by, things got so bad that the spirits would "materialize" themselves in the room, right in the father's view, and not being able to handle them after his usual fashion, his only refuge was to leave the room. The children could not go to school, for before long raps would be heard on the desks and benches, and they would be driven out by the teacher, followed by the hootings and revellings of the scholars. This, it will be remembered, was just what happened to the children of the unfortunate who were hung for witchcraft at Salem, the sins (?) of the parents being cruelly visited upon the children. One night, when Horatio was four years old, a little creature with white fur suddenly appeared in the room where he and three of the other children were sleeping, jumped upon their bed, sniffed at their faces, and then began growing larger and larger until it turned into a great luminous cloud, that gradually shaped itself into a human form. The children screamed, and the mother running in hastily with a candle, the shape disappeared. So year after year things went on, full of trouble and sorrow for all in the unhappy house. No wonder that I found them "curt," "repellent," and "sensitive," suspicious and calculated to arouse suspicion. I think I would be likewise under like circumstances. Poor Mrs. Eddy's

seven years' experience," and riggers "accustomed to the knots where human life was at risk," of carpenter's with a fancy for other knots than those in their boards, of inventors who knew all sorts of "ropes" in addition to their particular steam-engines or threshing-machines, and such-like illuminati, their soft young metacarpal bones were squeezed out of shape, and their arms covered with the scars of melted wax, used to make the assurance of the bonds doubly and trebly sure. These wrists and arms are a sight to see. Every girl and boy of them has a marked groove between the ends of the ulna and radius and the articulation of the bones of the hand, and every one of them is scarred by hot sealing-wax. Two of the girls showed me scars where pieces of flesh had been pinched out by handcuffs used by "committees"—fools who seem to have been unable to discover suspected fraud without resort to brutal violence on the persons of children.

And then the mobbings they have passed through! At Lynn, Mass.; South Danvers; West Cleveland, O., where William was ridden on a rail and barely escaped a coat of tar and feathers; at Moravia, N. Y.; at Waltham, Mass., where they had to fly for their lives; at Dunville, Canada—in all which places their "cabinet" (a simple, portable closet in which they sit for the manifestations) was smashed. They make no account in this catalogue of suffering of the places where they were stoned, hooted at, and followed to their hotels by angry crowds. At South Danvers they were fired upon by hidden assassins, and William has the scar of a bullet in his ankle and Mary one in her arm to show for their picnic in that tolerant locality! Horatio carries his memento of that place in a stab wound in his leg, and Lynn supplied him with the tokens of a scar on his forehead where a brick hit him, and a

tax the public indulgence as to my veracity to the utmost. But I shall at least take good care to be within the limits of the truth, so that my story may be verified by any future investigator who is willing to scan closely, move cautiously to conclusions, and "nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice." I came here to discover the truth as to the "Eddy manifestations," so predisposed and so instructed. Every facility has been afforded me that any reasonable person could ask to ascertain the truth, and as I find it so I shall report it, caring nothing how much my own prejudices or those of any other person may be affected. My note-book is already full of matter for transcription, but I must reserve the narrative for another time.

The sketches sent herewith represent the Eddy homestead as it appears from front, rear, and sides. The house is the first frame building erected in Chittenden township, and for many years was a wayside inn. It comprises a main building and a rear extension, or L, of two stories, of which the lower is divided into a dining-room, kitchen, and small cupboard or pantry; and the upper, thrown into one room, is known as the "circle-room," or among the profane as the "ghost-shop." In the rear view the kitchen door is seen at the hither end of the L part, and the square window in the gable-end gives light into the "cabinet" or narrow closet in which William Eddy sits when the materializations occur. Of this window, which so perplexed your correspondent "Investigator" and others, I shall have much to say hereafter, and much that will surprise him and them. Mr. Alfred Kappes, the artist, has omitted one of the three trees that shade the front of the house in order to give a better view of its architecture, but otherwise the sketches are true to nature.

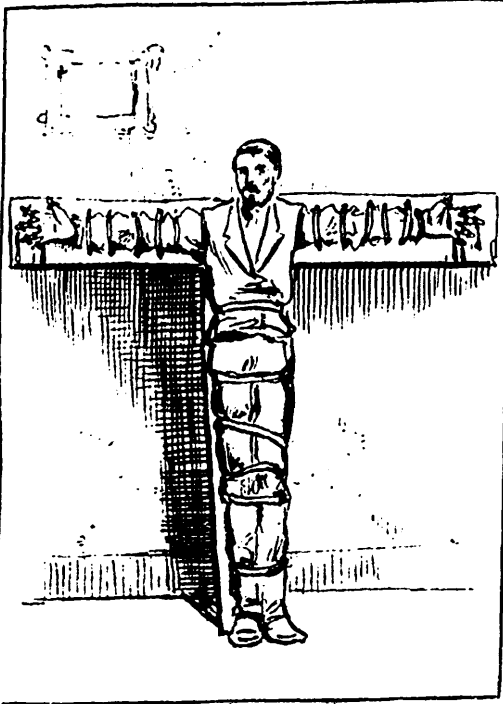
HENRY S. OLICOTT.

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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE EDDY MEDIUMS AT CHITTENDEN, VT.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., September, 1874.—Those who did me the honor to read my former letter from this place will recollect that I gave, however humbly, something of a sketch of the hardships and trials which the Eddys suffered, from childhood up, at the hands of not only mobs and committees of sceptics upon the subject of Spiritualism, but also their own father and his friends among the religious



SKETCH No. 1.

body to which he was attached. It did not occur to me to print the moral that these bitter experiences convey in their favor.

I regret the omission the less since it must have occurred to every intelligent reader that the charge of fraud can hardly lie against a family of girls and boys who inherited their peculiar temperaments from their ancestry, and whom the phenomena common to most genuine "mediums" of the present day attended in their very cradles. It will scarcely be said that children who, like Elisha, were caught up and conveyed from one place to another, and in whose presence weird forms were materialized as they lay in their trundle-



SKETCH No. 2.

bed, were playing pranks to tax the credulity of an observant public. It will not be seriously urged, I fancy, against youth, whose bodies were scored with the lash, cicatrized by burning wax, by pinching manacles, by the knife and the bullet, by boiling water; who were starved, driven to the woods to save their lives from parental violence; who were forced to travel year after year and exhibit their occult powers for others' gain; who were mobbed and stoned, shot at and reviled; who could not get even an ordinary country-school education like other children, nor enjoy the companionship of boys and girls of their own

We must turn back to Fox's "Book of Martyrs" if we would catch the diabolical spirit that has been exhibited towards these men during the fifteen years that they travelled the country to exhibit their wonderful gifts; for, while our times are not those of the Eighth Harry's cruel daughter, the feeling of intolerance in the Church towards these latter-day heretics is substantially the same as that which sent

editorial descriptions of the whole press, for the journals of nearly every section are represented in this modern Book of Martyrs. Such details of the handcuffs and ligatures, the blisterings and acid corrosions, the torture of constrained positions, of mouth-gags and halter-nooses, as the newspapers did not supply I have filled in after getting the necessary explanations from the mediums, and the draw-

ing and his wrists were so swollen in consequence that he was kept in pain several days thereafter.

Sketch No. 2 shows a common device of the wily committeemen of Moriah, N. Y., and numerous other places, and the drawing requires no word of comment.

Moriah, N. Y. (perhaps I do not get the name just right, but the Eddys cannot help

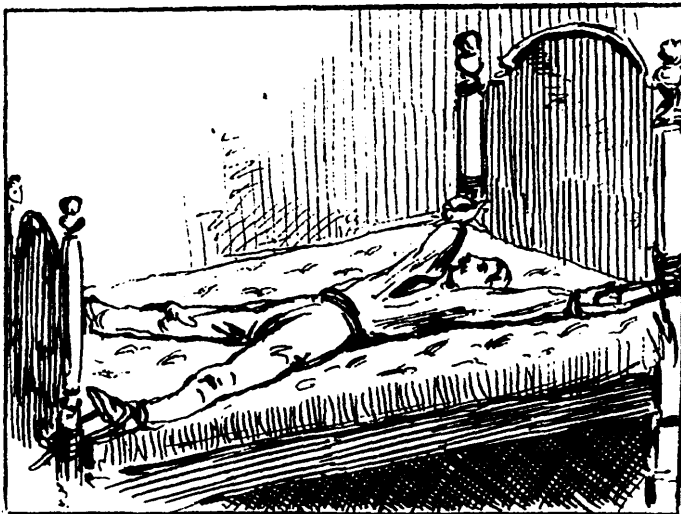


Ridley and Latimer, Bradford and Cranmer, to the stake. This is the first time within my knowledge that this side of the medium question has been discussed in a secular paper, and in the hope that the good example of THE DAILY GRAPHIC may be imitated, I will show some of the barbarities inflicted upon these Eddy boys by "committees." To understand the matter, persons who have never attended a public spiritist exhibition should be told what the performance is like. In a public hall, upon the platform, is set up a wardrobe, or "cabinet," made of half-inch walnut, seven feet high, six feet wide, two feet deep, and resting on trestles eighteen inches high, to permit a full view under the cabinet and satisfy the spectator that there is no communication through traps with the interior of the cabinet. The front is composed of three doors, the side ones swinging to right and left respectively, and the centre one to right. At each end inside is a narrow board seat, supported on cleats, and one of like width runs the width of the cabinet against the back wall. In the upper half of the centre door is a diamond shaped opening behind which hangs a black velvet curtain. The mediums enter, and seating themselves on the end-seats, are firmly bound hand and foot by a committee selected by the audience, the cords being passed through auger-holes in the bench. Various musical instruments are placed within, beyond reach of the bound mediums, and the doors being closed, a variety of curious phenomena occur. The instruments are vigorously played upon, loud percussive noises are heard, hands are thrust out of the opening, and other exhibitions occur that a strange force is at work. The cabinet-doors, self-unbolted, suddenly open and the two mediums are discovered sitting as before, with not a single knot disturbed.

The committees selected by vote of the audience usually embrace men who are supposed to be unusually acute, such as detectives, skillful knot-tiers, such as sailors and riggers, and of those whose education and intelligence are likely to make them competent-

ings following were all made from life by your special and clever artist.

I cannot refrain from making a single quotation from Horatio's diary, of the date of November, 1867, for it shows the patient, uncomplaining spirit that possessed the poor farmer-boy under his sufferings. It seems the most appropriate introduction I could make to these sketches. He says: "This day we suf-



SKETCH No. 4.

fered very much by severe tying and abuse from those who professed to be Spiritualists. But we, like martyrs, bore our pain with fortitude. We thanked the Divine Power for preserving us from the gross treatment of our enemies. No mortal knows what brutish tying we submitted ourselves to. It would have made mother's heart bleed if she had known what her children were passing through in Canastota."

How they were treated by the Canastota committee sketch No. 4 will show.

Horatio was kept with one hand tied to his neck and the other to his manacled feet for three-quarters of an hour, the cord around his neck being so tight as to half choke him.

The Little Falls, N. Y., investigators tried the pretty neck and ear device, as seen in sketch No. 1.

The medium is tied to a wooden T cross, by whip-cord passing through holes bored for the purpose. He was kept so for the space of an hour, until, owing to the tightness of the liga-

tures at the wrists, the blood trickled from under his finger-nails.

Sketch No. 3 will recall a scene of rope-tying to the minds of the good people of Albany, N. Y., who attended a seance at the house of John McClure, a certain Doctor Perkins being the operator:

Here the medium is tied down by his fingers to the floor, the tapes being secured to the latter by tacks, and another tape leading to the door-knob. The worthy Doctor kept this patient in this position some two hours, endeavor to explain away the phenomena as coming under this category. The knee-joint and knuckle worthies, as a class, die a natural death as soon as we get beyond the mere Rochester rappings of 1847, and I feel confident that if Professors Huxley and Tyndall would spend a fortnight here, they would see their protoplasmic and such like scientific soothing-syrups flying out of the window upon the entry of the first materialized ghost from William Eddy's closet.

It is scarcely exaggeration to say that this family of mediums is the most remarkable as to psychological endowments of which men-

tion is made in history. Perhaps among the Chinese and certain tribes of India (the Yogiswaras, for instance) parallel cases may be found, but such have not met my eye in the course of a somewhat extensive reading in this branch of literature. The Eddys represent about every phase of mediumship and seership:—rappings; the disturbance of material objects from a state of rest; painting in oil and water-colors under influence; prophecy; the speaking of strange tongues; the healing gift; the discernment of spirits; levitation; the floating of the body in free air; the phenomena of instrument playing and the show of hands; the writing of messages on paper upborn in mid-air, by pencils held by detached hands; psychometry, or the reading of character and view of distant persons upon



SKETCH No. 5.

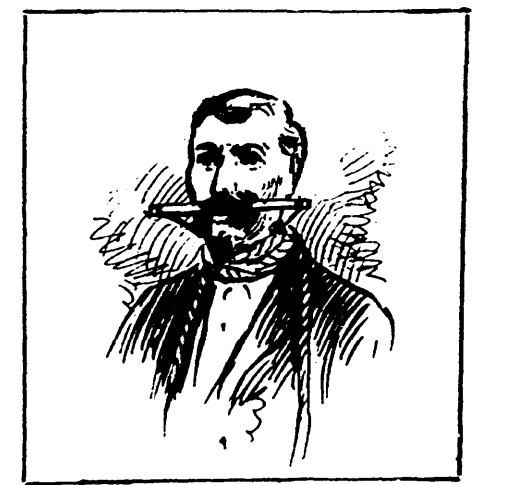
touching sealed letters; clairvoyance; clair-audience, or the hearing of spirit-voices; and, lastly, and most miraculous of all, the production of materialized phantom forms, that become visible, tangible, and often audible by all persons present. Much account has been made of the story told by Lord Dunraven and Lord Adair of Mr. Home's having been "floated" out of one third-story window at Ashley House and into another; but what will be thought of Horatio Eddy having been carried, one summer night, when he was but six years old, a distance of three miles to a mountain top, and left to find his way home next day as best he could; of his youngest brother Webster, when a grown man, being carried out of a window and over the top of a house from the presence of three witnesses (from two of whom I



SKETCH No. 6.

have the story), and landed in a ditch a quarter of a mile off; of William's being carried to a distant wood and kept there unconscious for three days, and then carried back again; of Horatio being "levitated" twenty-six evenings in succession, in Buffalo, in the Lyceum Hall, when fast bound in a chair, and hung by the back of the chair to a chandelier hook in the ceiling, and then safely lowered again to his former place on the floor?

Mr. Home is not the only one besides the Eddys who has been thus transported through mid-air, for, since 1847, authenticated reports will be found in the books of a like thing happening to Edward Irving, Margaret Rule, St. Philip of Neri, St. Catharine of Columbia, Loyola, Savonarola, Jennie Lord, Madame Haritte, and many others whose names I do not at present recall, and in the absence of a library cannot transcribe. Some people may think these are tough stories to believe, but



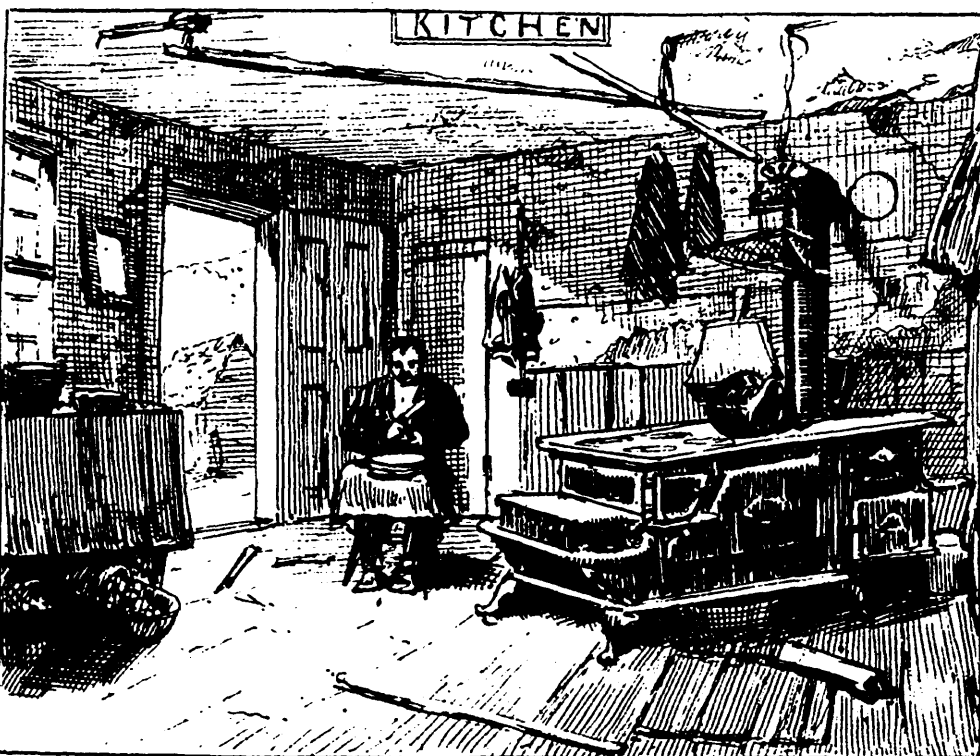
SKETCH No. 7.

before I exhaust my note-book I shall have to tell others even more astonishing.

Does any one care to ask me what I think? I answer, Nothing; I watch and wait and report, holding myself open to conviction in the spirit which the great Arago describes in an old article on Mesmerism: "The man who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word 'impossible,' is wanting in prudence."

I make no apology for having now devoted two preliminary chapters to personal details respecting the Eddy family history; for the intelligent reader, before he could give cre-

(Continued on page 696.)



SKETCH No. 10.

age;—it will not be urged against such as these that they were in conspiracy to deceive, when they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by abandoning the fraud and being like other folk. The idea is preposterous; and we must infer that, whatever may be the source of the phenomena, they are at least objective and not subjective—the result of some external force, independent of the medium's wishes and manifesting itself when the penalty of its manifestation was to subject the unfortunates to bodily torture and mental anguish.

to fathom the philosophical mystery. In looking over the scrap-books of the Eddys I find the newspapers, as a rule, reporting such choice of committeemen, and I also find there the evidences of the unnecessary cruelties practised in the interest of "science," "religion," "fair-play," and particularly of what these gentry are pleased to call "the truth." The reader will please observe that I have not relied upon the diaries or verbal statements of the Eddys themselves in making these strictures, but solely upon the testimony of the

tures at the wrists, the blood trickled from under his finger-nails.

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(Continued from page 696.)
dence to the miraculous events that I shall describe as occurring in their presence, would of necessity ask what sort of people they are—whether they were of suspicious antecedents, whether they had amassed a fortune by their exhibitions, whether they are making money by them now, or what motive impels them to continue in their present public relation? I stated above that they travelled for the profit of others; by which I meant to say that when William was sixteen, Horatio fourteen, and Mary twelve years of age, their beautiful father, having failed to cowhide their demons out of them, hired them out to a showman for four years, they receiving nothing but their bare expenses; and that at the expiration of that time they were hired by various other speculators, and during the ensuing eleven years received an average of under ten dollars a month apiece. I mean furthermore to say that their house and farm would not sell for \$2,500, all told; that they have barely decent clothes to their backs; that they do all their housework themselves; that half their visitors are poor and sponge on them for bread, and the other half paying eight dollars per week, the family have saved enough to put a few necessary repairs on the house; and finally that they unite in saying that the greatest good fortune that could befall them would be to have their mediumship cease, so that they might work like other farmers and enjoy life like them. They are the galley-slaves of the invisible powers back of the "manifestations," who not only obsess them at their caprice by day while about household duties, and in the evening during the regular circles, but pursue them in the silent watches of the night, playing the pranks of the old-time poltergeists, and making it uncertain whether or no they will wake in bed or in the crotch of some tree or the summit of an adjacent mountain.
The sketches which I send with this manuscript represent with fidelity the appearance of the dining-room, kitchen, and pantry, or butler's room, over which extends the one large room where the nightly circles are held. They are intended to show that no trap doors afford to coöperate the opportunity of communication from below. If the reader will turn to the rear view of the Eddy homestead, which accompanied my last letter, he will observe in the gable of the L extension, just over the square window of William's cabinet, two other windows. These light a cock-loft over the circle-room. I confess that it never occurred to me to go up there and see what sort of place it might be, as after careful inspection of the room itself I was satisfied that no communication existed between the two; but yesterday afternoon a lady visitor, subject to trance obsessions, and professing to be influenced by a spirit at the time, called my attention to the fact that, with all my wretchedness, I had overlooked this cockloft. Though I could not imagine how spirit or mortal could detect the omission in the pencilled notes in my pocket diary, I nevertheless went up a ladder in the adjoining vestibule, and creeping through ancient cobwebs, from rafters to rafters, I saw that there was nothing worth coming to see. My only consoling reflection was that in the act I had, at any rate, anticipated the strictures of some future donkey of a correspondent.
HENRY S. OLCOTT.

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Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY,
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STREET, CARRIAGE, and DINNER COSTUMES,
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all specially prepared for this exhibition,
of entirely new designs that have not before appeared in
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\$45, \$40, \$35, &c.
Handsome Lyons black silk suits, trimmed with black
silk velvet, passementerie, and jet fringe, \$75, \$65,
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Very elegant real black silk costumes, richly
and elaborately trimmed with silk beaded passementerie,
silk velvet and fringe, \$95, \$110, \$125, \$135, and \$140.
Our finest black bonnet black silk, imported, \$155, \$165,
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Very elaborate colored silk suits in navy-blue, browns,
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Very stylish dark brown silk, trimmed with brown vel-
vet, shirred silk vest, trimmed with velvet, entire apron
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Cady's hair overdress in browns, navy-blues, drabs, em-
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Black and colored Cashmere dresses, trimmed with silk,
silk ponceau trimmed with velvet, \$30, \$35, and \$38.

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Elegant embroidered and headed Cashmere and Cloth
TAKERS, Folders, Jackets, Overalls, and a splendid
and rich headed and embroidered Walking Jackets of the
very latest importation, comprising the most elaborately
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found in the city, at prices below all competitors.
We shall also exhibit at our opening Elegant and Stylish
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FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS,
from the most celebrated Paris houses, selected by our
own buyers for this particular occasion, and a splendid
display of novel and original styles of our own manufac-
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NEW DRESS GOODS IN EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE,
Novelties in Paris, London, and Berlin Fancy Goods and
Worsted Works.

Latest Styles in Beaded Dress Trimmings,
Fringes, Buttons, and Ornaments.
Handkerchiefs, Laces, Ruffings, and Beadings,
Ladies' Maces, and Children's fine Underwear.
The attention of our friends, customers, and the public
is respectfully requested, and a visit of examination so-
lited.

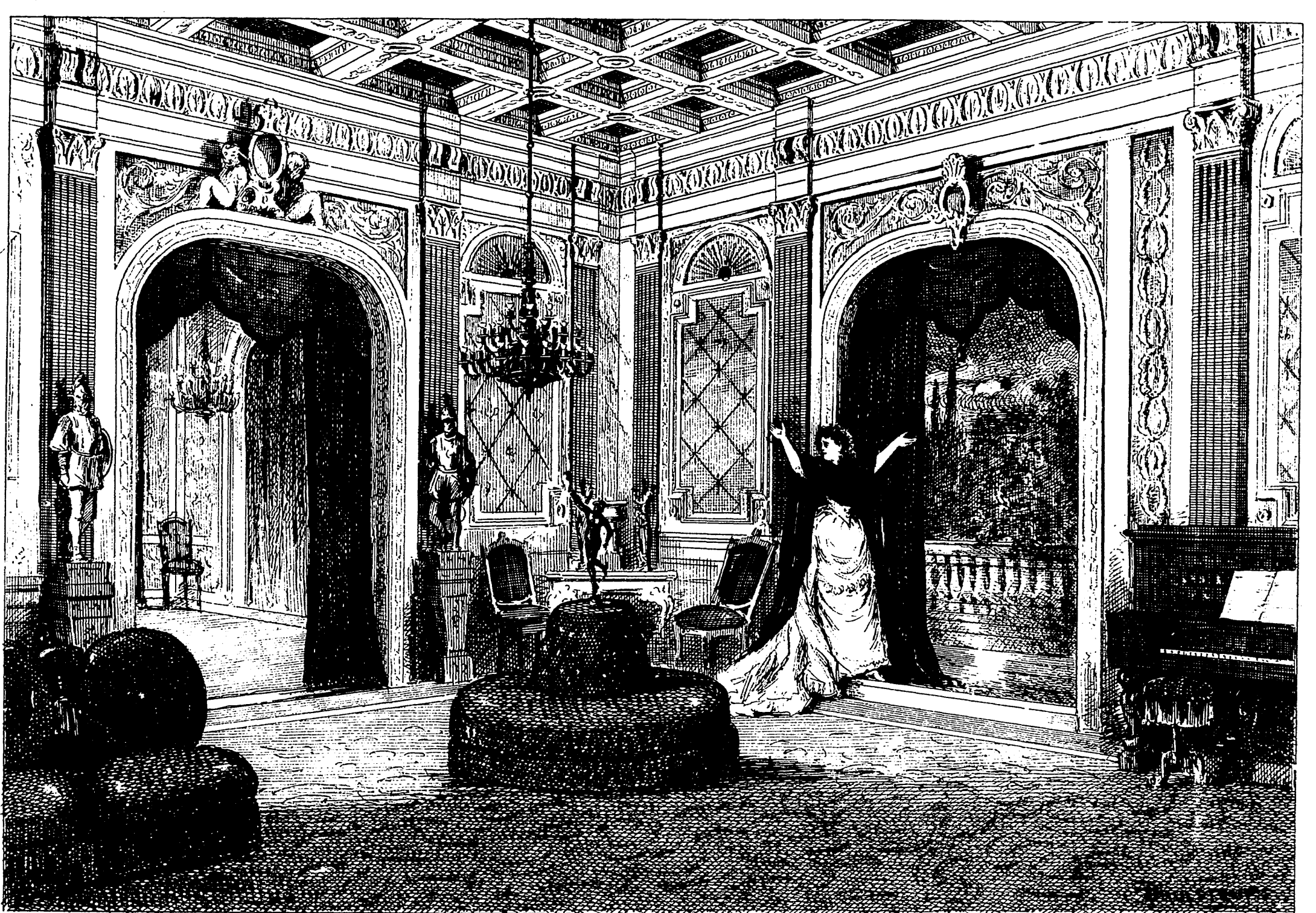
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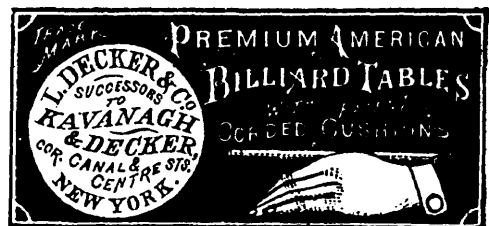
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One prize of \$100,000
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One prize of 5,000
Two prizes of \$5,000 each
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Eighty prizes of \$500 each
Six hundred and forty-six prizes of \$500 each
\$198,500
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GOOD SECOND-HAND AND MISFIT
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Rich Patterns, Fine Qualities, Very Cheap, at the Old Place, 112 Fulton
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HAVANA SEGARS

at prices which will defy
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These Segars are made of the finest Havana
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PRICE LIST	Per M
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La Espanola, Flor de Prensados.....	70
Aquilla de Oro, Conchas.....	65
Aquilla de Oro, Conchas.....	70
Aquilla de Oro, Londres Chicos.....	60
La Intimidad, Regalia Britanica.....	140
La Intimidad, Conchas.....	80
Henry Clay, No Blue Ultra.....	150
Henry Clay, Conchas.....	85
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Parties wishing to try my segars can purchase from one
box upward, and I agree to take back any that do not
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Fifth Monthly Single Number Scheme.
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\$300,000 to be distributed among the
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THE DRAWING TO TAKE PLACE IN MASONIC
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No Discount on Prizes—Every Prize paid in full.
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1 Prize of \$50,000.....	\$50,000
1 Prize of 20,000.....	20,000
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10 Prizes of 2,500.....	25,000
50 Prizes of 1,000.....	50,000
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Whole Tickets, \$10; Halves, \$5; Quarters, \$2.50.

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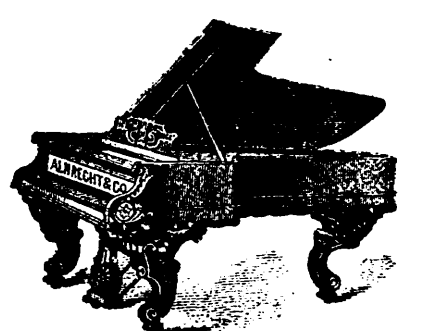


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Wholesale and Retail dealers in patent
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THE
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

PERFECTION IN THE ART OF
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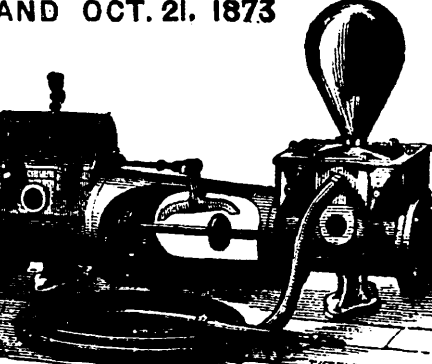
This household wonder makes Coffee by steam and boiling
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hot water, does its own dripping, and in the shortest time
on record distills coffee as clear as amber, extracts all its
strength, and retains all its aromatic and nutritious proper-
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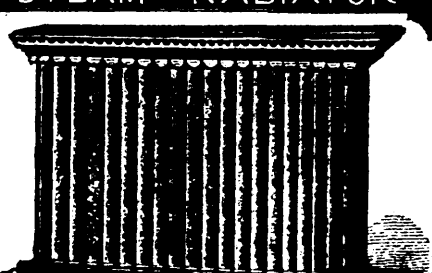
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THE ONLY UPRIGHT STEAM RADIATOR
WHICH HAS A POSITIVE CIRCULATION
ALSO
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MACY'S IN NO OTHER place can be found large and desirable
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MACY'S pair warranted not to rip or tear putting on.
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DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUES now ready, sent by
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PACKAGES BY MAIL can be sent for two cents for
four ounces, and one cent additional for each two ounces
or fraction thereof, under four pounds.

N. B.—GOODS SHIPPED and delivered free in the
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Particular attention to orders.

Goods packed and shipped for any part of the country

CHINA AND GLASSWARE.

Notwithstanding we exhibited at our opening the
largest and most complete assortment of China and
Glassware ever shown to the public, and at the most
popular prices, we shall, on Monday, Oct. 5, have on ex-
hibition an immense variety of new goods, which have
just arrived by steamer, which we shall offer at the
prices which has made our NEW DEPARTMENT such an
IMMENSE SUCCESS.

TO ENUMERATE:
FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS, for twelve persons,
decorated, any color, best quality, \$43.11.
FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS, 136 pieces, \$23.41.
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HARLEM RIVER HEIGHTS.

About one mile North of High Bridge.

WATER GRANTS.

More than 150 LOTS on these Heights have been sold
since the panic. The remainder, comprising some of the
choicest, is now offered in small plots, at private sale by
the owners, at very LOW PRICES and on very EASY
TERMS.
The High Bridge Boats stop at the foot of the property,
and the Hudson River Railroad trains at Morris' Dock—
Time from Forty-second street, 22 MINUTES.
These large sales (amounting to upwards of \$75,000)
made at a time of Real Estate depression like the present,
prove the attractions of this new locality and its REAL
CHEAPNESS as well as SPECULATIVE and PRESENT
value.
Parties to visit the ground will leave the office, 34 Pine
street, at 2 P. M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.
THE BEAUTY OF THE VIEWS will alone repay a
visit. Maps, &c., can be had at the office of G. A.
SACCHI, or E. G. BURLING, 34 PINE STREET, Rooms
11, 12, and 13.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. S. Olcott, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE EDDY HOMESTEAD AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE—HONTO'S CAVE—ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL STORIES EVER TOLD.

CHITTENDEN, VT., September 30.—I take it for granted that the conductors of two of the great New York dailies would not have successively engaged me to investigate and describe the phenomena at the Eddy homestead, if they had supposed me either of unsound mind, credulous, dishonest, or incompetent; and I, therefore, beg the numerous company of correspondents who have addressed me upon the subject, during the past month, to spare themselves the trouble and me the annoyance of their letters. "Proffered advice stinks," sayeth an old Arabian proverb more notable for strength than refinement. I know what I am about, and mean to tell just what I see and how I see it. To the impatient people, of many localities, whom I never saw, who ask me to have secret writings read, lucky lottery numbers disclosed, and to write theses upon Spiritualism to remove their scepticism, I have nothing to say except that their letters go into the nearest grate. I certainly do not care the value of a brass farthing what they believe or disbelieve. If I truthfully report the facts, each has the same chance as myself to make his theory to fit them.

Imagine an Indiana M. D. sending me a dirty package, stitched by a sewing-machine, and coolly asking me, a perfect stranger, to furnish him powder to blow up either himself or the Spiritualists, in the following terms:

I have read all the subtle arguments of the Spiritualistic professors, am pretty well posted in all their talk of "conditions, &c., &c., but I want a real material "sign"—a test that will be palpable and beyond dispute.

I hereby enclose to you a test that "will convince the Jews," if it can be unravelled. Here are several envelopes, each fastened by a different process and all of different shape, that cannot be opened without my knowing it. In the centre one are some words written in a peculiar manner.

Now I would like to have this same envelope returned to me, as it is, and with it also a description of the written words just as they are written. This will convince me that there is an intelligence beyond earthly intelligence in existence, and I shall find no difficulty in ascribing this intelligence to disembodied spirits. If the kind spirit will tell the number of envelopes and describe each—tell from what kind

The Eddys get such letters as these by the score. Since my *Sun* letter appeared they have received an average of about forty by every mail, the writers living in every portion of the United States. I have been greatly impressed by this evidence of the wide interest in the subject of Spiritualism; as I have also of the publicity that any novel or exciting story gains by republication in the newspapers. I recollect that Bayard Taylor told me once that at the foot of the Himalayas, in a garrison library, he encountered some of his own works, and described the deep impression then made upon his mind of the responsibility devolving upon a person who writes for the press. I trust I shall hear the lesson in mind in all that is written from here.

Rude and uninviting as is the Eddy house itself, its surrounding landscape is truly charming. Lying in a valley, it affords from every window the view of grassy slopes backed by mountain peaks that catch the drifting clouds on days of storm, and on those of sunshine take on rich tints of purple and blue. Just back of the house stretches a bottom pasture land whose sod is so bright a

headstone over poor Mrs. Eddy is so characteristic that I send you a sketch.

English visitors to this place would find abundant vexation in long walks or mountain climbing, but we Americans avail ourselves little of the privilege. In the depths of the woods the black bear still prowls; foxes abound; sables, mink, raccoons, hedgehogs, and occasionally panthers, await the pursuit of the hunter, and speckled trout throng the cold mountain streams to a sufficient extent to afford sport to the votaries of the rod and fly. But the minds of the people who come from far and near to this Vermont homestead are so bent upon the pursuit of the Marvellous that all day long they sit and talk of last night's circle and past wonderful personal experiences, until one fairly gets a surfeit of the subject.

They are a motley crowd, in sooth. Ladies and gentlemen; editors, lawyers, ex-divines; inventors, architects, farmers; pedlars of magnetic salves and mysterious rostrums; long-haired men and short-haired women; the "crowing hens" of Fowler, and the cackling cocks, their fitting mates; women with an idea, and plenty of men and women without

gold. More than any men I ever met, they live an interior life; and to be in relations, or supposed relations, with the people of the Silent Land, seems as natural to them as it ever was to the ecstasies of the early centuries or the recluses of Brahma.

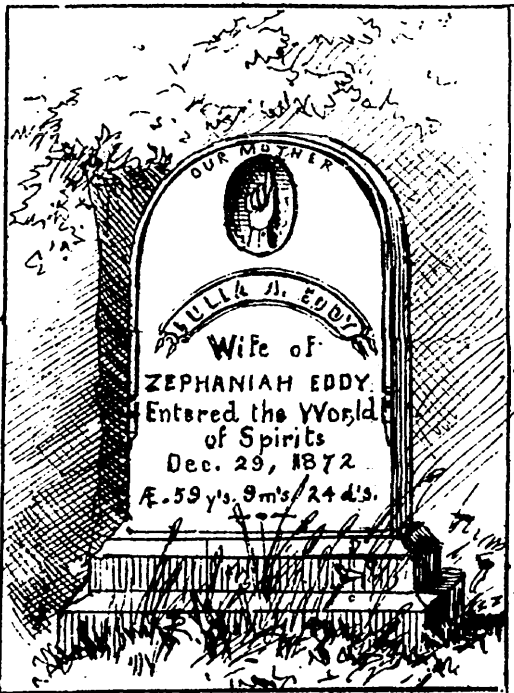
Among the few favorite localities of the neighborhood are "Honto's cave" and Santum's grave, of both of which the artist has supplied me with sketches to accompany this letter. The term cave is a misname in this instance, for the rude apartment by which the sprightly squaw's memory will be perpetuated is, like the "Cave" in Central Park, formed by the leaning of one great fragment of rock against another. It lies in dense shadow at the bottom of a ravine so shrouded in foliage that the cheerful sunlight scarcely penetrates the spot even at high noon. A clear mountain brook running through it ceaselessly awakens its tiny echoes, and the surface of its rocky walls is scarred by glacial action in so curious a manner as to convey the impression that the furrows are the half-effaced inscriptions of some prehistoric people. A path, scarcely practicable for a wider foot than that

green branches were piled in the farther end, so as to form a backing; and boards, loosely laid across the little brook, made a platform upon which the medium might sit on a camp-stool. In composing his sketch, the artist has been obliged to omit the curtain and most of the bough backing, so as to permit the light to shine through, and show the arrangement of the platform and framing.

The spectators at this weird gathering sat silent for awhile, and the stillness of the forest was broken only by the noise of the brook, the chirp of insects, and the rustle of the leaves as they stirred in the warm wind of spring. Suddenly the curtain was pushed aside, and the form of an Indian, fully accoutred, came out, stepped into the stream, and, stooping, made the motion of drinking some water from his hand. All eyes were riveted upon him, when some one suddenly exclaimed: "See!—up there—on the rock!" and high overhead appeared the giant spirit form of Santum, in bold relief against the moonlit sky. Presently an Indian squaw was seen upon the verge of the rocky ledge to the right, peering down upon the startled group. Thus, at one time, three ghostly visitors were in sight, and while the audience gazed all three disappeared.

Then successively appeared at the cave's mouth Honto, who knelt and made as if drinking from the brook, and several other red squaws and chiefs, each dressed after his or her own fashion, with plumes and beads, and the other braveries these simple aborigines love so well; William Eddy meanwhile talking within the cave so as to be heard by all.

A spirit voice presently called out that they had been there long enough, and if they would go to the old Indian camp-ground hard by more wonders would be shown them. The spot indicated is a level plateau not far from the Eddy house, and bears the traces of former councils in a circle of ancient hearths, where, beneath the sod, are to be found the vestiges of fires long since extinguished. Great maples, beeches, and here and there an oak stand about the camping ground; giant sentinels, beneath whose shade, within the memory of men now living, the relics of once powerful tribes were accustomed to gather from time to time to celebrate their feasts. At one side a flat boulder set on end marks the spot where



SKETCH NO. 1.—MRS. EDDY'S GRAVE.

of a slip the paper was cut upon which the words are written—it would of course make the matter more interesting.

Why do I write you? I will tell you. You appear to be like myself not yet convinced yet interested enough to take some trouble to test the matter further. * * *

I am now engaged upon an article on the subject of Spiritualism, in which I shall explain—or attempt to explain—the whole thing under three heads: First, Jugglery; second, Superstition; and third, Insanity.

I shall wait a reasonable time to hear from you before I continue it, as a solution of this test will spoil all my arguments, speculations, and sophisms.

And a St. Louis lunatic asking to be told what lottery-ticket to buy, thus:

* * * Believing, if the manifestations are genuine, that they have the power to foretell coming events, &c., and seeing no reason why I may not ask a question through you and this letter, I would especially beg to be informed of the number that will draw the capital prize in the Louisville lottery next November. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, sir, yours truly.

Here is an Illinois damsel who seems to have more affection for the neighbor who visited the gypsy camp than for Lindley Murray:

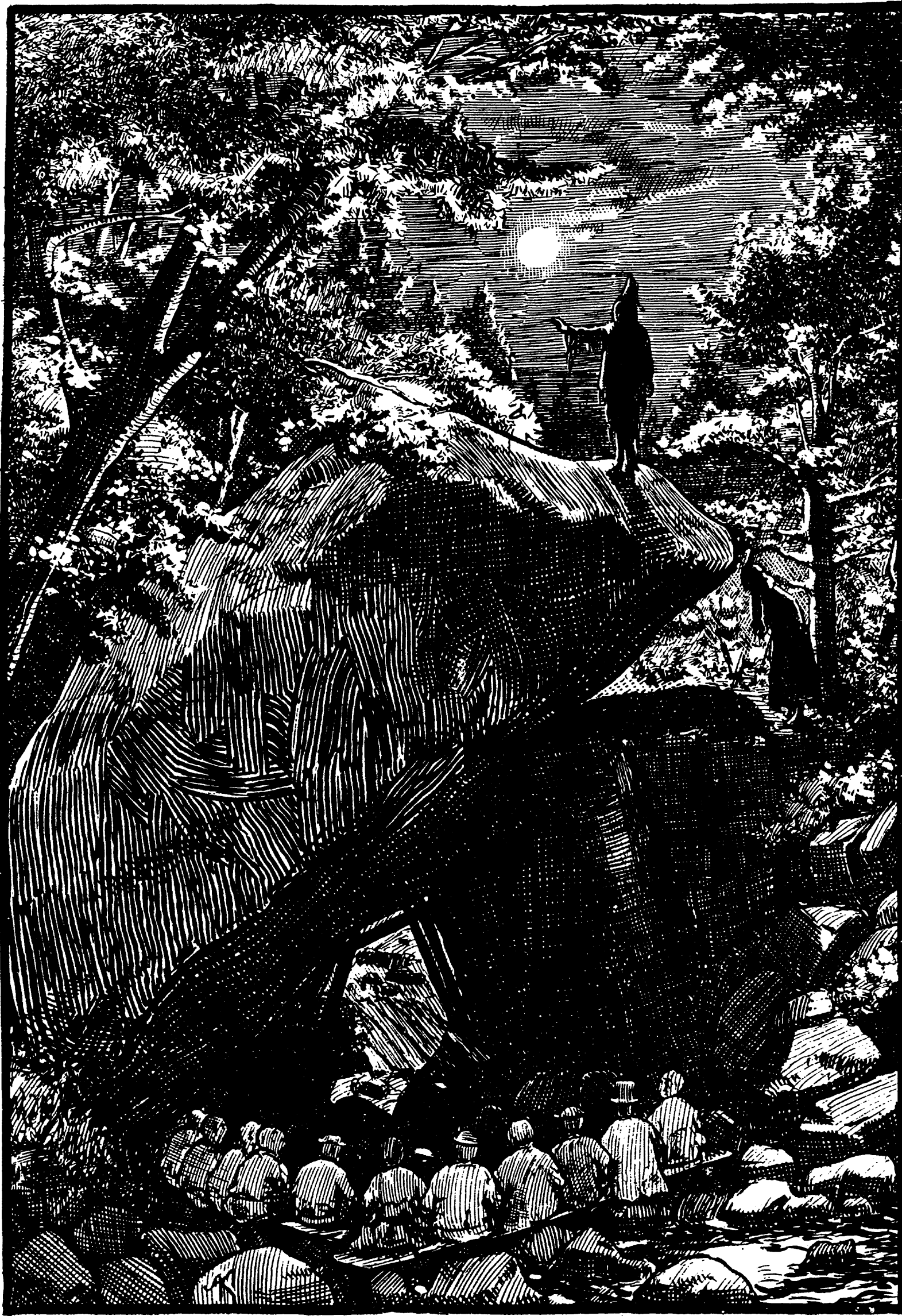
Being very anxious to know something of the future, thought I would write you and tell you what I wanted to know, and that if you charged me anything to tell me so in your answer and I would willingly pay you. Will you please tell me what year and day in the month myself and my sister next oldest to me will be married. Also give us a description of our future husbands and what their occupation will be in life.

And will you please tell me how long it will be before my mother will be married, she being a widow lady. Also have a half-brother who is owing a debt in another State; would like to know if he will ever pay that debt up.

Also there is a gentleman, near neighbor, visited camp of gypsies; would like to know if he had his fortune told while there; also please describe the lady he will marry.

One more example will suffice. This comes from Alabama:

I would like to learn the history or genealogy for my family. All I know is that one of my progenitors was a Stewart (steward?) in some lord's family in Europe, and ran off and married the said lord's daughter. I don't know the name of my progenitor (the given name) or the name of the lord or his daughter. Please try to learn what each of their names were, when married and where, and where the lord resided, the names of his children and grandchildren down to my father, what year and place he was and when he died, in fact all that can be gained in regard to the genealogy of my family. If you will do so I will be under lasting obligations to you, although a stranger.



SKETCH NO. 2—"HONTO'S CAVE."

green that I have wished a score of times that one of the Harts, or Smillie, or McEntee, or some other of our landscapists could transfer it with its grazing herd and noble background to canvas. The woods are just beginning to clothe themselves in their royal autumn hues; and from mountain foot to summit crimson and gold mix with the prevailing mass of green, like jewels embroidered on nature's robe of state. But there appears to be slight evidence that this scenery has exercised an ennobling effect upon the inhabitants. They are usually a prosaic set, and I have vainly watched for any responsive glow when I have called their attention to the natural beauties around us. The Eddys themselves form rather an exception to the rule. True, they waste no enthusiasm upon their familiar hills and valley, but the tenderness of their hearts is shown in the gathering of pet pigeons, dogs, parrots, ducks, and chickens about them, and their innate refinement by the hours snatched from mental toil to water and trim their plants and flowers. The neighboring graveyard is a neglected plot of woods, but their family enclosure is bordered by maples, and the graves are tended by loving hands. The

any to speak of; people of sense and people of nonsense; sickly dreamers who prate of "interiors" and "conditions" and "spheres" as intelligently as a learned pig or a chattering magpie; clairvoyants and "healers," real and bogus; mediums for tipping, rapping, and every imaginable form of modern spiritual phenomena; "apostles" with one and two arms; people from the most distant and widely separated localities; nice, clever people whom one is glad to meet and sorry to part from; and people who shed a magnetism about them as disagreeable as dirty water or the perfume of the *Fetis Americanus*. They come and go, singly and otherwise; some after a day's stay, convinced that they have been sold, but the vast majority astounded and perplexed beyond expression by what their eyes have seen and their ears heard. Through all the family jog on the even tenor of their unsystematic way, receiving new-comers with distrust and letting life slide after a happy-go-lucky fashion. Those who stay longest with them like them best, for they discover that their external misanthropy and curtness are the outcome of years of sorrow and injustice, while their hearts are warm and as true as

of the chamois or the mountain goat, runs along one of the steep banks, and the wood resounds with the bubble of the streamlet. [See Sketch No. 2.]

The unique sketch of the cave was drawn by Mr. Kappes from nature, the figures only being supplied from a published account of a spiritual seance held there on the 24th of last May and the descriptions of eye-witnesses. There were present on the occasion in question, among others, the following persons, who may be referred to in corroboration of my story: Mr. Andrew Beebe, Ludlow, Mass.; Charles Wakefield, Boston; James Little, Lake George, N. Y.; A. B. Swift and Mr. Sayle, Earlville, N. Y.; Mrs. Caroline Goss, Hudson, Wisconsin (West Conson, Horatio wrote it, and perhaps "Hudson" means Madison); Mary E. Jewett and Albert Frost, Rutland, Vt.; and the Eddy family. The night was warm, and a full moon rode high in the heavens. The company assembled at an early hour, and seated themselves on benches, formed by laying boards on convenient boulders. In the arched mouth of the cave, Messrs. Saley and Frost had constructed a rude framework of joists, to support a curtain of shawls;



SKETCH NO. 3.—SANTUM'S GRAVE.

Santum (or, perhaps, in view of his frequent appearance before my eyes in his spiritual form, I should say his body) was buried. The tumulus has almost disappeared under the wash of a thousand rains, and a large maple, whose trunk at four feet from the ground measures four feet seven inches in girth, has sent its roots into the chieftain's dust, and, for aught I know, may have incorporated it in the cells and fibres of its own heart. Upon the following sketch will be noticed a rude cross chiselled in the stone by one of the Eddy boys. [See Sketch No. 3.]

Our wonder-seekers having reached the place indicated by the spirit-voice, hastily improvised a "cabinet" by pinning some shawls around the trunks of these trees, and William entered it. After a brief interval the phantom shape of Achsa Sprague, a mediumistic speaker of some note among the Spiritualists emerged and in a natural voice addressed her hearers upon the one absorbing topic for about fifteen minutes; her form and the very play of her features being clearly revealed in the bright moonlight. She was followed by Mrs. Goss's brother, who walked some twenty feet from the "cabinet," and next by an Indian, who ventured a like distance away from his medium, and then swung himself up on the branch of a tree and vanished. The evening's wonders closed with the appearance of the spirit of the late William White, editor of the *Banner of Light*, the principal organ of the adherents to the new creed. Mr. White was dressed in black broadcloth, and had on a white shirt with studs in the bosom, whereas William wore his usual rough working suit and brown check shirt without collar or cuffs. In his hand the spirit held a copy of the journal he once edited, which he opened, and showed the characteristic heading that the publication of thirty-five successive volumes has made familiar to thousands of persons.

The next morning Messrs. Saley and Swift revisited the cave to search for foot-prints in the soft earth, at the places where any mortal climbing the rocks would, of necessity, have trodden, but there were none to be seen. The spectres had materialized themselves on the spots where they had respectively been seen.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Col. Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. S. Olcott, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

FOURTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, VT., October 3.—If a competent person were to collect and arrange in picturesque form all the psychological experiences of the Eddy family, the result would be a book of as romantic interest as the story of Zschokke's life. But I hardly think the mere gift of clairvoyance, to say nothing of absolute mediumship, can be esteemed a great personal blessing. I doubt if man's relations to his own world are not so exacting as to make it the reverse of beneficial, at least to himself, to be in constant and close sympathy with the other. The visions of the *lucides* are beatific, but do they not make him less satisfied to pursue his homely round of duty upon reawakening? If one goes from bright sunshine into a cellar his eye feels the darkness more dense than it really is. The place has not changed since he last left it, only his iris is contracted. This question forces itself upon the thoughtful observer here in a peculiar manner. Seeing and hearing so many marvels in connection with this family and its history, the *cui bono* query will intrude in spite of oneself. Granted that all these foretellings, portents, apparitions, levitations, obsessions, physical phenomena, and materializations have occurred, in what respect have they profited the seers and mediums? What good have they reaped from them? And if the answer is none, then why should they be made the victims of the visits of good angels or the pranks of evil spirits? These are questions easily asked: any fool might ask them, but who can answer them? Except—and perhaps this is the true solution—that if there is such a thing as a Spirit World; and that that world can get into relations with us; and that it is the complement and fruit, the outcome and essence, the last distillation of all things and forms and potencies that we know of; and that it is essential for man's progress that he should be assured of immortality—then, in such case, people constituted like these Eddys are necessary to the general welfare and must be content to suffer and even die in the interest of the race. It requires a rare elevation of character to cheerfully endure martyrdom; and if William and Horatio and Mary and Della and Webster have grown sensitive, fretful, and morose in the course of all these leaden-footed, sorrow-burdened years, I, for one, cannot blame them. I am just selfish enough to say, Heaven preserve me from the like experience!

Now if any of my valued friends among the men of science here and abroad should feel disposed to stop reading just at this point, because I seriously discuss these psychological phenomena as objective and not subjective, it will be a pity; for if they came to this homestead on a vacation visit, and set to work without fear or favor to observe, classify, analyze, and describe what they heard, saw, and felt, they, too, might find themselves flinging their preconceived notions behind the grate, and calling things by their right names. The reader must always bear in mind that I satisfied myself of the honesty and good faith of the Eddys before I signed my first published letter from here; and this opinion has been so thoroughly corroborated upon further acquaintance, that now, when something more startling than usual occurs, I waste no time in peeping through keyholes or down throats, but put it into the *olla-podrida* that is stewing away so merrily in the laboratory of my brain.

The case-hardened sceptic, driven, like me, from his first position of ascribing all these Eddy phenomena to trickery, and anxious to believe anything or everything rather than admit them to be spiritualistic, will ask me to try if they are not electrical, magnetic, mesmeric or odic in their character. Failing all these, he, who probably never before allowed the idea of a personal devil to be mentioned without rebuke, may, as a Rutland editor did the other day in a conversation we held together, say it is all the work of the Father of Lies himself. This is good sound Catholic doctrine, and an impregnable refuge. Does not Chrysostom say: *Quod est in terra in terra maneat, si non a diabolo excozum?* Having this in view, did not Bishop Viviers, in a pastoral letter published in the *Roman Catholic Guardian* in 1868, remark: "Doubtless there are relations between the intelligence of men and the supernatural world of spirits, * * * but they (i. e. the faithful) should not less certainly be convinced that these experiments are one of the thousand ruses of Satan to cause souls to perish!"

Now, as to the matter of electricity and

animal magnetism, that has long since been settled in the negative by Professor Hare, Mr. Varley, Professor Crookes, and others; while the Committee of the London Dialectical Society cover the whole ground by saying that: "No philosophical explanation of them has yet been arrived at." Its sub-committee No. 2 report that they "have not discovered any conditions identical with those ordinarily deemed necessary to the production of the so-called electro-biological or mesmeric phenomena—but often the reverse." And as to their being the product of odic anterior causes, the great discoverer of *Od* himself ought to be good authority. Baron von Reichenbach attended a circle in London, the striking incidents of which he has described; and he adds that he regards "the great influences of *Od* upon the human spirit as the mere physical side of the matter—the roots by which it adheres firmly to the ground," and he is thankful to see the day when all his former discoveries show themselves on the portal through which it is possible for him "to go forward into the spiritual department." (Epes Sargent's "Planchette," p. 241.)

Where will we land, then, but in the camp of the enemy—in the arms of the Spiritists? Well, if, like Saul of Tarsus, we are to be knocked off our high horses of prejudice and unbelief, and blinded by the great new light that is to pour upon us from the "gates ajar," let us at least console ourselves that we are only getting back to where our ancestors and the ancestors of the whole race stood from the remotest ages. The Hindoo Vedas, Puranas, Bhagavat-Gita, and Ramayanas, the Chinese, Confucian writings, the Koran, the discourses of the Roman and Grecian sages,

and enumerated in a stray volume (Peebles's "Seers of the Ages") loaned me from a neighboring house. They are: Genesis xix. 1; xviii. 1-2; xxxii. xvi. 7; Ex. iii. 1 Kings, xix. 5; Num. xxii. 31; 1 Sam. xxviii. 14; Job iv. 14-17; Dan. ix. 21; x. 9-10; x. 18;

most valued correspondent, Mr. Charles W. Upham, author of the noble work on Salem Witchcraft, who so complacently argues away all supernatural causes for the phenomena of 1692 (not 1694, as I erroneously wrote it in former letters from this place) by crediting Tituba, Ann Proctor, and the other "Afflicted Children" with a thaumaturgic deftness that would entitle them to rank with the greatest of Chinese jugglers—how amazed would he not be to sit beside me and see not only living materialized spirits, but even evanescent animals and flowers produced!

This is a bad place for materialists in general, and if Tyndall should come to this country again he had best avoid Chittenden. We have had three of the kind here within a week—a lawyer, an artist, and an inventor. When they first came they were as spry with their arguments as though fresh from the reading of Vogt, Moleschott, or Feuerbach; denying, as Epes Sargent expresses it, with the asperity of partisanship, all evidences of a psychical nature in man, and seeming to take it as a personal affront if credited with immortal souls. But when these intelligent men sat evening after evening and saw an average of a dozen ghosts a night stand in their presence and show delight at being recognized by their personal friends, and actually heard some of them speak in clear, natural voice, their discomfort was comical to behold. Tied to the anchorage of years of scepticism, unable to drift away into the open sea that suddenly lay before them—an Atlantic of thought with unknown countries beyond it—their little shallops fell to rocking and pitching then about, until they seemed in direful plight. One, the toughest customer of the three, the inventor, saw several of his family connection and was converted from unbelief; the second, the lawyer, and a man of fine intellectual powers, departed big with essays against all religions, and halting between two opinions; the artist is still thinking. My own belief has—but pshaw! no matter what it is or what has happened to it;

sensuous proofs of the future existence of man, what argument can be adduced but the fact that our friends actually revisit us after death and talk to us face to face? Is not the very spread of materialism the direct consequence of the exclusion of the facts which, if true, this modern Spiritism has reverberated from religious creeds and scientific consideration? In the early days of the Church the ministrations of spirits was unhesitatingly believed by the Fathers, and the Catholic body holds to it to this day. Protestantism apparently made its fatal mistake when it scouted it, and it might have been better for Calvin and Luther if they had honestly confessed that their own personal experiences in this direction were something else than the work of the devil. Their followers are now in the condition well defined by Beattie:

"So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
Has proved all other reasoners fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour
When injured Truth exerts her power
Some new phenomenon to raise,
Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound."

But let us leave polemics to the doctors and return to our story.

Writers upon the subject that we are now discussing offer various hypotheses to account for the production of visible spectral forms by the beings of the other world. Some contend that they are created out of the subtle particles existing in the atmosphere, and have a positive, if evanescent, material existence; while others attribute them to psychological control of our natural senses of sight, hearing, and touch; in like manner as the mesmerist obliges his patient to see, hear, taste, and feel whatsoever he may call up in his own mind. In my opinion, of course supposing that the tales are not bald fiction, the phenomena may be grouped into two classes—apparitions seen only by one or more sensitives or *lucides*; and those visible by all without regard to their lucidity. The experiences of the Eddys are of both kinds. Sometimes a phantom has been seen only by the sick or dying; sometimes by those in health as forerunners of disaster impending over themselves or others; and sometimes in the materialized condition, so that every body in the house, be

lievers as well as unbelievers, perceived them equally well. The occurrence illustrated in the sketch was of this character. On a cold winter night, just before bed-time, the family were gathered in the sitting-room, when they heard the noise of a carriage coming rapidly along the road from the northward. The circumstance was so strange, the ground being covered with snow which would prevent the noise of wheels being heard, that all went to the front windows to look. A full moon,

"... shining bright on the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;"

—and they saw an old-fashioned, open carriage, drawn by a pair of white horses with plumes on their heads turn rapidly into the yard and stop. Rushing to the back door and flinging it open, there stood the equipage before their astonished eyes. On the back seat was a lady, dressed in Scotch plaid and furs, with a feather in her bonnet. She looked kindly at them and bowed, but said nothing. On his high box sat the driver, a thistle cockade in his hat and a capacious coat with standing-collar muffling him to his chin. Every buckle and trapping of the harness was plainly revealed by the moonlight, and even the ornamental scroll-work on the coach-panels. The family, with characteristic rustic bashfulness, said nothing, waiting for the grand lady to manifest her pleasure. No one

doubted for an instant the reality of what they saw, and even the sceptical and hard-hearted father moved to the door so as to be ready to do what might be required for the belated traveller. But, as all eyes were fixed upon her, she and her equipage began to fade. The garden fence and other objects, previously concealed behind the opaque bodies of the carriage and horses, began to show through, and in a moment the whole thing vanished into the air, leaving the spectators lost in amazement. Old Mr. Eddy at once exclaimed that his wife and her mother had been up to some of their devilish witchcraft again; but they knew that it was a portent of somebody's death. The boys, then only ten or twelve years old, ran for the lantern and searched all over the road and yard for wheel-tracks, but their quest was fruitless. The phantoms had disappeared without leaving the slightest impression on the snow. Two months later the grandmother died.

Although I dislike to break the sequence of my narrative and quote ahead from my notebook; I will state that in a circle the other night I held a conversation about this apparition with a spirit voice (excuse my saying "spirit," but it was not ventriloquial, and I don't know what else to call it) which informed me that the phantom lady was a Scotch ancestress of Mrs. Eddy, who came to warn them of old Mrs. MacComb's death. (And since the last paragraph was written I have attended another circle at which Mrs. Eddy herself confirmed the fact.)

Portents have occurred before the death of each member of the family, but always entirely different in character from the predecessors, and happening unexpectedly. Mrs. Eddy, the gentle mother of these children, deceased in 1873 after a lingering illness. During the whole time she lay in bed manifestations of the presence of the departed were frequent. When the surviving children were wearied out with watching, Mrs. Eddy would send them to bed under the pretence that she needed quiet, and they, watching secretly, would see their dear sister Miranda's spirit in materialized form, doing the necessary offices for the invalid. They would hear her talking with their mother, and when it

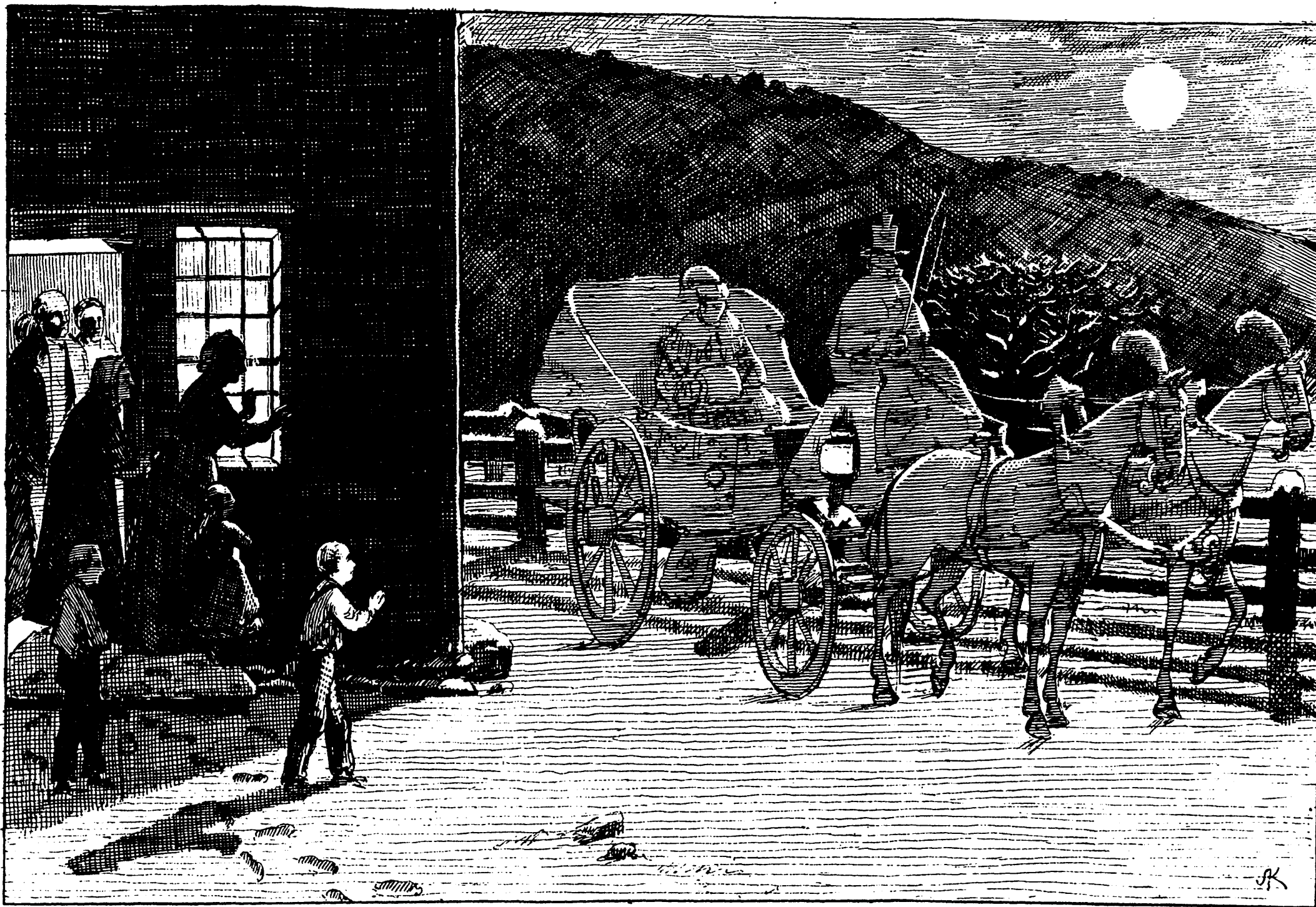
(Continued on page 774.)



MRS. EDDY.

viii. 15-16; Acts vii. 35; Ezekiel viii. 2; xi. 1. I have read over again with singular interest since I came here the passage in 1 Samuel, above cited, as it so well describes the process of "materialization" of which I have seen so many examples here. And the

the second, the lawyer, and a man of fine intellectual powers, departed big with essays against all religions, and halting between two opinions; the artist is still thinking. My own belief has—but pshaw! no matter what it is or what has happened to it;



"THE PHANTOM CARRIAGE."

the Egyptian records, the Persian Zend-Avesta, the Jewish Kabbala, and, lastly, the Christian Bible attest that a belief in the ministration of good and evil spirits prevailed among all peoples in all times. These Eddys hear spirit-voices calling to them in the night watches, and I myself have heard them in the circle-room singing, whispering, and delivering discourses upon their spirit-life. This is strange, no doubt, and hard to believe, but it is no new experience. Herodotus mentions an Egyptian



GRANDMOTHER'S SNUFF-BOX.

monarch who returned to earth some time after his physical death and talked to his people; the famous statue of Memnon at Thebes, which gave forth melodious sounds when first struck by the sun's morning rays, was so haunted by the invisibles that spirit-voices and spirit-music were heard issuing from it for ages. Strabo, Ælius Gallus, Demetrius, and others attest this fact. The mere quotation of Bible passages narrating the visits of talking and dumb spirits to men would make a chapter by itself; so, not to tax the reader, I will merely refer to a few that I

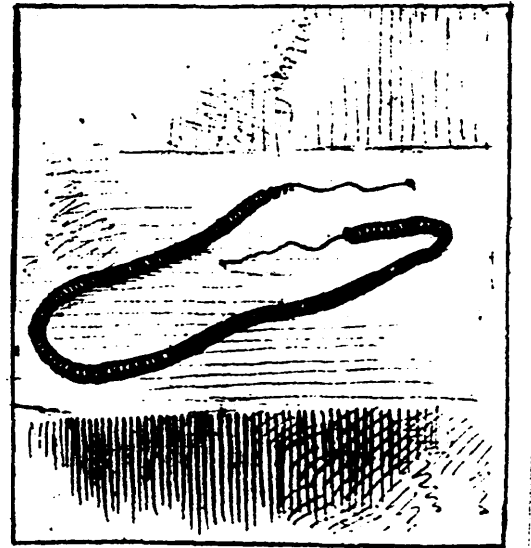
experiences of these wonderful Eddys duplicate those of ancient mediums to so minute a degree that even their dumb animals have been made to speak after the fashion of Balaam's ass. They killed, a while ago, by accident an old goose who used to get under the windows of a stormy night and say, in sepulchral tones, "God save my poor goslings!" and "Oh, dear! what shall I do?" and sometimes cry out, "Murder!" Horatio Eddy, in telling me this tough yarn, said that of course he did not believe that the bird's organs of speech were so changed that it could utter words like a Christian, but only that "George Dix" or some other jovial spirit "materialized" a voice close to the creature's mouth. William Eddy, whom I find the soul of honor, and several other witnesses assure me that the story is no lie, they having heard the voice not once but frequently.

My friend Proctor in one of his astronomical lectures told us that so far from the expanse of heaven being the abode of peace and quiet, it was the scene of terrific commotion and violence—thus destroying many pretty conceits of the poets. In like manner our notions of the future life are rudely disturbed by the Eddy phenomena and others of like character. It is no longer a Valley of Shadows and repose, but a busy scene of domestic occupation; while the singing and talking phantoms here call upon Longfellow to rewrite his "Song of the Silent Land," for it seems a land of speech and song, of music and poetry:

"O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beacons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed;
Into the Silent Land."

I have to laugh when I recall Proctor's owly wisdom (see his "Borderland of Science") in explaining away all ghosts by the discovery that the supposed shade of a certain dear one at his bedside resolved itself into a student gown and rowing-belt. He is a jolly, honorable fellow, and if he could stop here one week with me, I warrant he would not only take a more cheerful view of the other life, but write a new volume, perhaps, with the title: "Another World than Ours." And my

business is to record, not to air opinions. It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to see men able to put two grammatical sentences together, like the *Sun's* correspondent "Sceptic" and THE DAILY GRAPHIC's "Investigator," writing crude criticisms and propagating falsehoods about the Eddy manifestations miles away from this place. They must concede some shrewdness and common-sense to others, and conceive the possibility that it may be as hard to humbug me as themselves. I have already said that at first sight there are many things about the mediums and



GRANDMOTHER'S ANTIQUE NECKLACE.

their phenomena to arouse distrust. But let any fair man stay here a week or two, take his time to hear both sides of every story, and watch what occurs, and, my word for it, he will carry away food for reflection to last him the rest of his natural life.

It is difficult to understand the hostility of the Church, whose aggressive side is so well shown in the behavior of the Methodist neighbors of the Eddys, to Spiritism, for is it not its only weapon of offence and defence against the materialists? Against a class of profound thinkers, who exclude Faith and demand

(Continued from page 771.)

was necessary to turn her, the spirit, with the help of other spirits, would do it. One day, as they sat at dinner, soft strains of music came through the open door, and, going outside, they heard sweet airs played at the corner of the house by an invisible harp and flute, the sound gradually receding and dying away on the air. A week before she breathed her last, her own dead mother, to warn whom the phantom lady came in her unsubstantial coach, appeared in materialized form to them all, bearing a basket of white roses in her hand. She told them that Mrs. Eddy would soon come over the river to her and she was waiting to welcome her on the farther shore. The old lady wore the same dress as in life—a brown woollen frock, a round calico cape, a check apron, and a cap on her head; her scissors hung as usual at her side and no detail was lacking to make her identification complete. She left a message for Horatio that many years before when about starting on a journey she had hidden a string of gold beads in a snuff-box in the cellar wall; and directed him to find it and give the necklace to Alice to wear for her sake. Search was made off and on for several months, and finally the box and contents were discovered by Horatio behind a stone in the north side of the cellar wall. The artist has sketched them, and here they are:

Horatio, just before his mother's decease, was absent from home, and at her request was sent for. Delia (now Mrs. Edward Brown) went to the table and wrote the letter of recall, and leaving it open while searching for an envelope in another room, she found upon her return that a postscript had been added by the spirit of Miranda, and signed with her familiar autograph. The good lady finally closed her eyes upon the scene of so much misery and suffering, but she did not go far away, for before the funeral she materialized in Delia's presence, and directed her to remove the crape they had hung on the door, there being, she said, occasion for rejoicing rather than for mourning.

How she looked on this occasion I can perfectly understand, for I have seen her "materialized" on two occasions, and heard her speak, as I will more fully relate in a future letter if I can keep the attention of my readers.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.
[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Col. Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]



THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE CAMBODIAN RUINS—EMBARKATION OF SCULPTURES TO BE SENT TO FRANCE.

HAVANA LOTTERY,

OFFICIAL LIST OF
DRAWING OF OCTOBER 5, 1874.
CLASS NO. 25.

No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.
7	\$300	661	\$300	1233	\$300	1849	\$300
25	\$300	662	\$300	1234	\$300	1850	\$300
45	\$300	663	\$300	1235	\$300	1851	\$300
65	\$300	664	\$300	1236	\$300	1852	\$300
85	\$300	665	\$300	1237	\$300	1853	\$300
105	\$300	666	\$300	1238	\$300	1854	\$300
125	\$300	667	\$300	1239	\$300	1855	\$300
145	\$300	668	\$300	1240	\$300	1856	\$300
165	\$300	669	\$300	1241	\$300	1857	\$300
185	\$300	670	\$300	1242	\$300	1858	\$300
205	\$300	671	\$300	1243	\$300	1859	\$300
225	\$300	672	\$300	1244	\$300	1860	\$300
245	\$300	673	\$300	1245	\$300	1861	\$300
265	\$300	674	\$300	1246	\$300	1862	\$300
285	\$300	675	\$300	1247	\$300	1863	\$300
305	\$300	676	\$300	1248	\$300	1864	\$300
325	\$300	677	\$300	1249	\$300	1865	\$300
345	\$300	678	\$300	1250	\$300	1866	\$300
365	\$300	679	\$300	1251	\$300	1867	\$300
385	\$300	680	\$300	1252	\$300	1868	\$300
405	\$300	681	\$300	1253	\$300	1869	\$300
425	\$300	682	\$300	1254	\$300	1870	\$300
445	\$300	683	\$300	1255	\$300	1871	\$300
465	\$300	684	\$300	1256	\$300	1872	\$300
485	\$300	685	\$300	1257	\$300	1873	\$300
505	\$300	686	\$300	1258	\$300	1874	\$300
525	\$300	687	\$300	1259	\$300	1875	\$300
545	\$300	688	\$300	1260	\$300	1876	\$300
565	\$300	689	\$300	1261	\$300	1877	\$300
585	\$300	690	\$300	1262	\$300	1878	\$300
605	\$300	691	\$300	1263	\$300	1879	\$300
625	\$300	692	\$300	1264	\$300	1880	\$300
645	\$300	693	\$300	1265	\$300	1881	\$300
665	\$300	694	\$300	1266	\$300	1882	\$300
685	\$300	695	\$300	1267	\$300	1883	\$300
705	\$300	696	\$300	1268	\$300	1884	\$300
725	\$300	697	\$300	1269	\$300	1885	\$300
745	\$300	698	\$300	1270	\$300	1886	\$300
765	\$300	699	\$300	1271	\$300	1887	\$300
785	\$300	700	\$300	1272	\$300	1888	\$300
805	\$300	701	\$300	1273	\$300	1889	\$300
825	\$300	702	\$300	1274	\$300	1890	\$300
845	\$300	703	\$300	1275	\$300	1891	\$300
865	\$300	704	\$300	1276	\$300	1892	\$300
885	\$300	705	\$300	1277	\$300	1893	\$300
905	\$300	706	\$300	1278	\$300	1894	\$300
925	\$300	707	\$300	1279	\$300	1895	\$300
945	\$300	708	\$300	1280	\$300	1896	\$300
965	\$300	709	\$300	1281	\$300	1897	\$300
985	\$300	710	\$300	1282	\$300	1898	\$300
1005	\$300	711	\$300	1283	\$300	1899	\$300
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1085	\$300	715	\$300	1287	\$300	1903	\$300
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1125	\$300	717	\$300	1289	\$300	1905	\$300
1145	\$300	718	\$300	1290	\$300	1906	\$300
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1185	\$300	720	\$300	1292	\$300	1908	\$300
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1405	\$300	731	\$300			1919	\$300
1425	\$300	732	\$300			1920	\$300
1445	\$300	733	\$300			1921	\$300
1465	\$300	734	\$300			1922	\$300
1485	\$300	735	\$300			1923	\$300
1505	\$300	736	\$300			1924	\$300
1525	\$300	737	\$300			1925	\$300
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1585	\$300	740	\$300			1928	\$300
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1885	\$300	755	\$300			1943	\$300
1905	\$300	756	\$300			1944	\$300
1925	\$300	757	\$300			1945	\$300
1945	\$300	758	\$300			1946	\$300
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1985	\$300	760	\$300			1948	\$300
2005	\$300	761	\$300			1949	\$300
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2745	\$300	798	\$300			1986	\$300
2765	\$300	799	\$300			1987	\$300
2785	\$300	800	\$300			1988	\$300
2805	\$300					1989	\$300
2825	\$300					1990	\$300
2845	\$300					1991	\$300
2865	\$300					1992	\$300
2885	\$300					1993	\$300
2905	\$300					1994	\$300
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2945	\$300					1996	\$300
2965	\$300					1997	\$300
2985	\$300					1998	\$300
3005	\$300					1999	\$300
3025	\$300					2000	\$300

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DRAWING CERTAIN AT THAT DATE.

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One Grand Cash Gift.....	75,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	50,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	25,000
5 Cash Gifts.....	\$50,000 each.
10 Cash Gifts.....	14,000 each.
15 Cash Gifts.....	10,000 each.
30 Cash Gifts.....	6,000 each.
50 Cash Gifts.....	4,000 each.
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300 Cash Gifts.....	100 each.
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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS HEARD, SEEN, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

FIFTH LETTER.

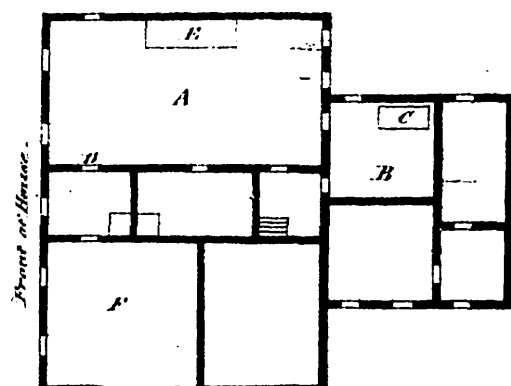
CHITTENDEN, Vt., October 8.—My narrative, being in fact a narrative, not a mere report, of researches in the phenomena of Spiritualism, will embrace things personally experienced and things reported to me by credible witnesses. Thus three of my letters have told the story of the outer life of the Eddys, and, including this one, two have been devoted to their inner life, which in their case is the more pleasant and important of the two. "In their case" did I say?—why not in every case? This inner life, with its hidden mysteries, its undiscovered laws, its unmeasured possibilities! Why, look at the mere matter of the memory. When I was last in England, Professor F. Grace Calvert, F. R. S., the well-known carbolic-acid exploiter, told me a curious bit of personal history that occurs to me just at this juncture. He was born in England, but when he had reached the age of eleven his father took up his residence in France, and for twelve years the boy never spoke or heard spoken a word of English. Then he married an English girl and returned home. At this time, when he was at work with grammar and dictionary, relearning his mother-tongue, of which he had wholly lost the use, he talked nothing but English in his sleep, and his wife says he talked a good deal of it. Coleridge mentions a somewhat similar case in his "Biographia Literaria," that of an ignorant girl, who "during a fever talked incessantly in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and who, it was afterwards discovered, had lived with a learned man who was a great Hebraist." Coleridge says of the wonderful power of memory, as suggested by this case, that "this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in the mysterious hieroglyphics of which every idle word is recorded."

The Eddys, we may say, live three distinct lives—one external, and one conscious and one unconscious internal life. The first is the common lot of us all; in the second they see spiritual things while otherwise in their normal condition, and remember what they see; the third is the state of deep trance, into which William, the greatest medium in history, invariably enters when sitting for the "materializations," and into which Horatio and the others fall when obsessed by other spirits who communicate orally to their personal friends, or when levitated, or when sitting for powerful physical manifestations in the light or dark. Upon recovering from this latter condition the medium seems to remember nothing that has befallen him, except upon those rare occasions when William, like the ancient Epimenides and Corfidius, has left his body dead and wandered in the supernal spheres, bringing back accounts of what he had seen and heard among the immortals.

I am well aware that the materialization of spirits is what the public is most anxious to hear about, but I cannot take up that phase of the subject before at least skimming the surface of this family history for the other marvellous experiences to which its members have been subjected. It would be like Columbus returning from his gold hunt in the new country with no account of its geography, fauna, flora or human inhabitants. The stories I am recording were not gathered at appointed sittings at which the narrator might have been tempted to stretch fancy to help make literary sensations, but in general social conversation over our pipes around the evening fire, as the discussion of varied topics drew them out. And in every case they have been attested by more than one witness. For the present we will occupy ourselves with more familiar phases of the mediumship. There will be abundant opportunity for me to present the materialization question in the most novel and interesting aspects.

We were upon the subject of portents foretelling death, and in my last letter I described some that befell before Mrs. Eddy, the mother, left this world for the other. About a year before the father died he retired one night in his usual health to his sleeping-room in the L part, leaving the family in the sitting-room. In a few moments they were startled by seeing him, or what seemed himself, standing in the door leading into the front hall with his outer clothing removed. The following diagram will show that it was impossible for him to have reached the place without passing

directly through the room they were in, and so account for their alarm;



A is the sitting-room; B Mr. Eddy's sleeping room; C his bed; D the door where he was seen; E fire-place. From the room A he could be seen by the family lying in his bed, and yet there he or his second self stood at the hall-door! Mrs. Eddy called to him and he answered from his bed, scolding them for disturbing him. The silent figure was then nothing less than his "double" orraith.

The son James died of diphtheria in 1863 in the north room (marked F on the diagram). A week before the event he asked his mother who the lady was who came every day on the white horse to visit him. She thought his mind wandered and set to pacifying him, saying that there was no lady nor any white horse, and he must not disturb his mind with such fancies. He insisted that there was a lady and that she rode up every day at a certain hour, tied her horse to the hitching-post and came in and sat in his room, waiting, as she said, for him to come with her. The mother then said it must be a spirit, but he declared that it was no spirit, but a living person. At this very time Dr. Ross, of Rutland, the attendant physician, prophesied his recovery, but the mother recognized the phantom rider as a warning, and her fears were justified a few days later. The night he died he appeared to his brother William, then a lad working in the dairy on Warren Leland's farm in Westchester County, N. Y., and who started for home before the next dawn. He reached the door of his home weeping bitterly, and anticipated the evil tidings by saying he knew all about it and had come home to the funeral.

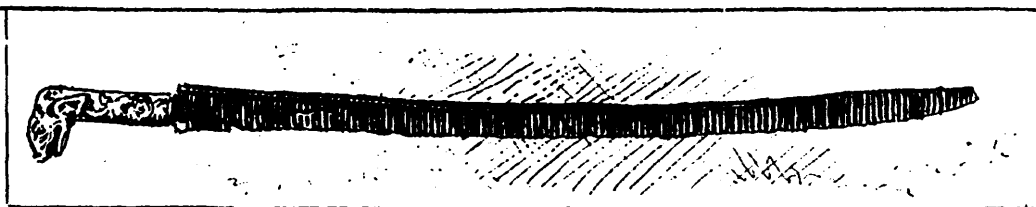
pulseless, and the last gasp was being taken, the dead right arm raised itself and the dead hand closed the glazed eyes. Here is Mrs. Baird's own certificate, which for formality I would have had sworn to if the Justice of the Peace were not absent from home. Mrs. Baird, however, is a perfectly respectable woman, and her oath would not make her statement stronger with her acquaintance:

"CHITTENDEN, October 5, 1874.—I certify that I was present on the occasion of Miranda Eddy's death; that I held her up at the last moment; and that, just at her last gasp, her arm rose and her right hand closed her eyes."

MARY BAIRD.

Miranda wrote her own obituary verses, which, at the family's request, I quote: "There's a silence in parlor and chamber, There's a sadness in every room; Tho' we know 't was the Father who claimed her, Yet everything 's burdened with gloom. But we will not be comfortless mourners, For we know where the angels have borne her, And soon shall we see her again."

Francis Lightfoot Eddy was Orderly Sergeant of Company G, Fifth Vermont Volunteers, in the late war. He contracted a heavy cold in the army that soon ran into quick consumption, and the poor fellow came home to



ANCIENT SWORD EXHUMED BY SPIRIT DIRECTION.

die. He lay sick three months, and three days before the end approached he wrote in the family Bible the exact day and hour of his death. A fortnight previous to this the family heard a wagon drive up to the front door, the latch lifted and the button turned, and they saw two soldiers bring in a coffin and place it in the entry, then retire and drive off without saying a word. On the coffin was a plate with a name on it, which not being able to read in the obscurity, they went for a candle; but upon its being brought the coffin had vanished like its mysterious bearers. When Francis died they sent to Rutland by a neighbor for his coffin, and when that was brought it was the counterpart of its spectral double, to the very plate and nails.

Francis also dictated the style of his tombstone and wished it to bear the inscription, "passed into the world of spirits," instead of the usual formula, "died." He also wanted a flag carved on the stone surmounted by the legend: "Freedom at last." But old Mr. Eddy was bound to have his own way in this as in everything else, and set up a stone to suit

sort of thing meant, he came down and told the watchers that the child would die. The mother at once fell into a violent convulsion, which ended in a dead faint. Meanwhile Horatio had gone to the door and stood watching the relighting of the candles and the moving about of the ghostly women, when, just as Mrs. Chase had fainted, the light was suddenly extinguished, there was a rush of feet down the stairs and into the chamber, and the child soon began to mend in the arms of William, who tended the little one with affectionate care. They were afterwards told that it was fully expected that she would die, and spirit friends had gathered there to receive her, but the mother's alarming condition induced them to unite their efforts to keep alive the flickering spark of life and avoid the catastrophe of the death of one whose work on earth was too important to be allowed to terminate prematurely.

Now, please bear in mind that all these portents have had their prototypes in various countries at various times. The books are full of them, and unless we choose to reject

corroborative testimony of a character and to a degree that would substantiate any other facts in any court of justice, we have no right to whistle these psychological phenomena down the wind. If they have occurred

more frequently than might be wished in the presence of illiterate and plain people who were incapacitated to observe and study them to the best advantage, it is only the louder call upon men of science to take up the inquiry and set our minds at rest. Says Mr. Crookes in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for July, 1871: "It argues ill for the boasted freedom of opinion among scientific men that they have so long refused to institute a scientific investigation into the existence and nature of facts asserted by so many competent and credible witnesses, and which they are freely invited to examine when and where they please. For my own part I too much value the pursuit of truth, and the discovery of any new fact in nature, to avoid inquiry because it appears to clash with prevailing opinions." These are noble words and worthy of consideration by every scientist who would not be considered an obstructionist in this time of progress. He adds in the same article: "I confess I am surprised and pained at the timidity or apathy shown by scientific men in reference to this subject. Some little time

prototypes. The frequency of this class of phenomena led the German psychologists to adopt the doctrine of guardian spirits—"a doctrine," says Mrs. Crowe, "which has prevailed more or less in all ages, and has been considered by many theologians to be supported by the Bible."

The literal accuracy of the sketch of "The Phantom Carriage" which accompanied my fourth letter has been endorsed on three separate occasions by what claimed to be spirits, who addressed me in audible voice—one of the three Mrs. Eddy herself—and all three assert that the apparition was sent by a guardian spirit. I know the full value of words, and I mean to say unequivocally that a woman—a breathing, walking, palpable woman, as palpable as any other woman in the room, recognized not only by her sons and daughters, but also by neighbors present, as Mrs. Zephaniah Eddy, deceased December 29, 1872—on the evening of October 2, 1874, walked out of a cabinet where there was only one mortal, and where, under ascertained circumstances, only this one man could have been at the time, and spoke to me personally in audible voice. And nineteen other persons saw her at the same time, and heard her discourse. Now, let the materialists put that in their pipes and smoke it. Perhaps they may want to begin by stuffing me in as wadding, but they cannot; the fact is so large that there will be no room left.

The records teem with instances of warnings being conveyed by supernatural agency to persons in temporary danger, as well as those about to die. Among the most interesting is that of the white-robed child *Immanuel*, who attended Frau Jung Stilling from 1799 to her death. He would forewarn her of dangers, attended her when travelling, and hover near at all times and seasons. He addressed her in a language of his own, which, though unintelligible to others, she somehow understood. When she asked the spirit to show himself to her husband he refused, alleging that to do so would make him ill and cause his death. "Few persons," he explained, "are able to see such things."

After the death of Dante, it was discovered that the thirteenth canto of the "Paradiso" was missing, and all search for it proved unavailing. But after some months the dead poet appeared to his son Pietro Alighieri, and told him that if he removed a certain panel near the window of the room in which the poem was written the missing canto would be found. And it was found, much mildewed but legible.

The story I told of Horatio Eddy's finding his grandmother's snuff-box and gold necklace has its counterpart in the case of Madame von Militz (related by Mrs. Crowe), who, being about to sell her ancestral home, was instructed by a voice to go to the cellar and open a certain part of the wall. She did so, and found a goblet in which was a small gold ring, on which was engraved the name *Anna von Militz*. A Scotch gentleman, who was passing the night in the Manse of Strachur, in Argyleshire, was visited during the night by an apparition, which said: "I come to tell you that this day twelvemonth you will be with your father." By a most curious concatenation of circumstances, he lost his life at the very time indicated, in a storm.

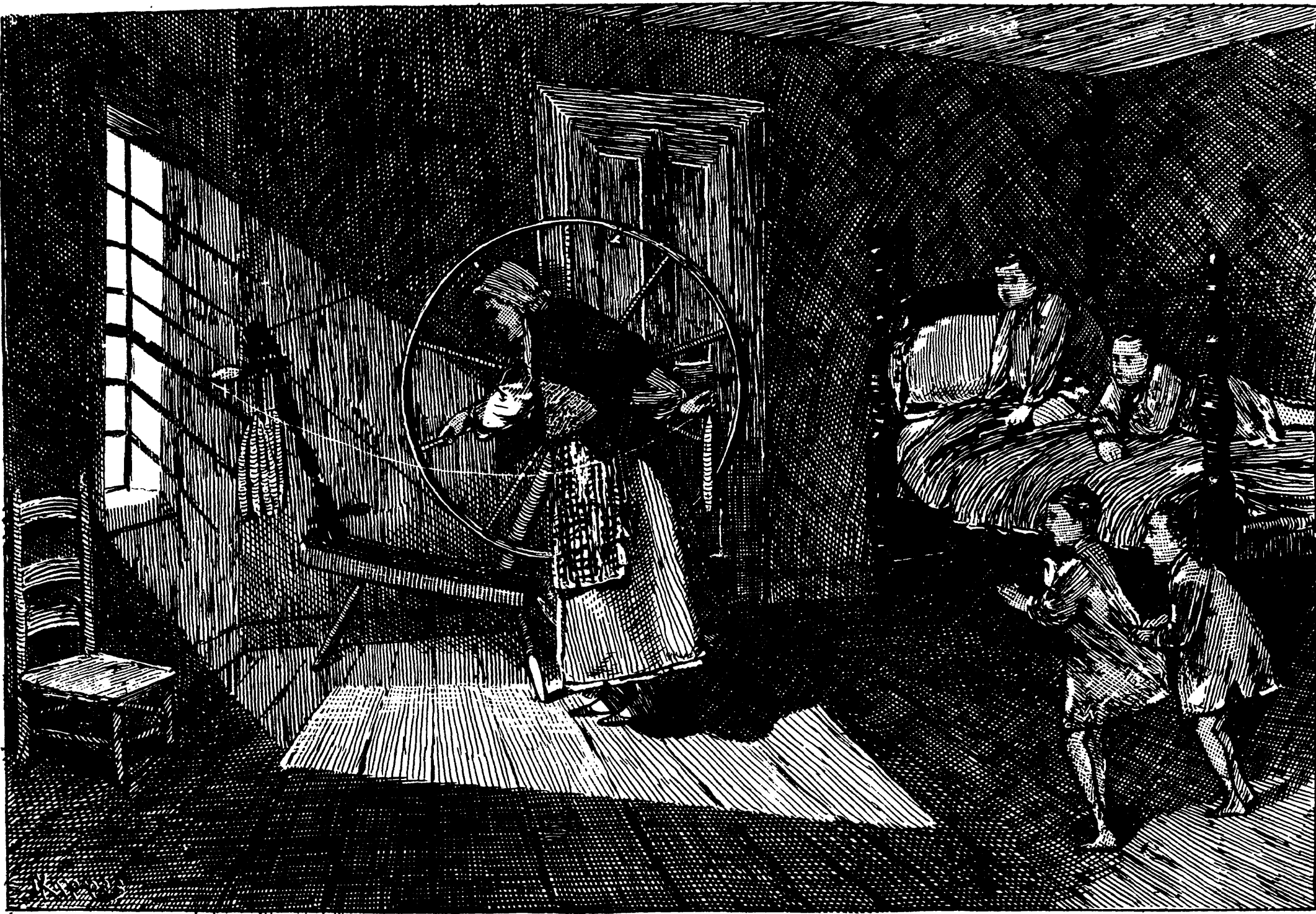
I have mentioned the appearance of James Eddy to his brother William at the moment of his death, and if I had space could cite twenty similar cases from familiar authorities. One will suffice for the present. Lord Balcarras was confined in the castle of Edinburgh on a charge of Jacobitism, and one night saw his friend Viscount Dundee open the curtains of his bed and look in upon him; and then walk to the mantel-piece, lean upon it a moment, and go out of the room. At the same hour, as it subsequently appeared, the Viscount had died.

When I tell you that William Eddy never had a month's schooling in his life, and that, while one of the noblest of men in character he is perfectly illiterate, you may imagine that he never even heard of Lord Balcarras. The curious weapon of which our artist has furnished a sketch was dug out of the ground from a depth of four feet below the surface, by Horatio Eddy, near Batavia, N. Y., where he happened to be exhibiting some years ago. His information as to its locality was obtained, he says, from a spirit.

The sketch of the Spinning Ghost tells the story of a curious family experience attested to me by every member of the Eddy connection that I have seen. After old Mrs. MacCombs's death she was for years in the habit of returning to the north room on the second floor and turning her spinning-wheel. Four of the boys slept there, and the wheel stood in the southeast corner, behind the door. The children were greatly frightened at first to hear the buzz and see no one, but they soon grew familiar with the thing, and finally, to be sure that grandmother would awaken them, they hung a little bell on the wheel. After awhile the spirit materialized herself, feebly at first but stronger by degrees, until she would come looking exactly as when alive. The sketch represents the scene with absolute accuracy, and it is worth while to call attention to the fact that, except for the title, no one would suspect that the woman was not of this world. It was intended that it should be just so, for I can assure the reader that, so far from the materialized spirits who appear in the Eddy "circle-room" seeming ghostlike, they are as substantial in every respect as any of us who gaze at the weird phalanx of the dead-alive.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Col. Olcott in our issue of Friday next.]



"THE SPINNING GHOST."

One day before Miranda's death they were sitting at dinner, when suddenly a heavy bell tolled one in the air, right over their heads, and the reverberations of the peal died away while they listened for the stroke to be repeated. Miranda saw James and Francis in the spirit and gave orders for her own tombstone. She added the inscription—"Not dead, but risen. Why seek ye the living among the dead?"—to be placed upon it. The survivors declare that she was the greatest medium in the whole family. An old woman of the neighborhood, who has the same passion for laying out corpses that a famous New York thief, nicknamed "The Chief Mourner," had for attending funerals, was counting upon the pleasant job Miranda was soon to furnish her, but the dying girl said the miserable creature should never close her eyes. She made her mother promise that no one but she should touch her body, and then calmly awaited the end. As the ebb of life interfered with her breathing, Mrs. Stephen Baird, a friendly neighbor, supported her in her arms, and when the body had become cold and

himself. This enraged the boy's spirit so much that he came back in materialized and unmaterialized form and annoyed them until they replaced the obnoxious marble with one according with his dying request.

In the spring of 1863 the child of Sophia Eddy, wife of Sylvester Chase, of Benn's-ton, Vt., lay sick at the old Eddy homestead of lung fever. Her death was expected by all, and Delia ironed a white dress and skirt for the little girl and laid them away in the mother's trunk. One evening Horatio went out to the penstock for water, and, looking up, he saw his own room in the second story lighted up and two strange old women walking about shaking the invalid's dresses and busying themselves in other preparations, apparently for the coming death. He ran up-stairs, and, opening his door, found a table set in the middle of the floor, covered with a sheet taken from the bed and on it the child's clothes, which had been taken from the trunk in another room. The smoking wicks of two candles showed the source of the light he had observed. Knowing by experience what this

ago, when an opportunity for examination was first presented to me, I invited the co-operation of some scientific friends in a systematic investigation; but I soon found that to obtain a scientific committee for the investigation of this class of facts was out of the question, and that I must be content to rely on my own endeavors, aided by the co-operation from time to time of a few scientific and learned friends who were willing to join in the inquiry." When Mr. Crookes announced in 1870 his intention to take up this new branch of scientific inquiry, his determination was applauded by the most influential journals in Europe. "Now," they said, "we shall have the facts, for now a truly great student of nature is set about finding it all out." But when he found it out and announced, like the honest and brave man he is, that spiritual intercourse was a demonstrable truth, he was abused and vilified to such a degree as to make it apparent that what he was expected to discover was something that would not run counter to popular prejudice.

I have said that the Eddy portents have their

The Editor of THE DAILY GRAPHIC desires it to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents.

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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT—A MINUTE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMOUS CIRCLE-ROOM AND CABINET.

SIXTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., October.—I assume it to be a fundamental principle that, in making scientific researches, results must be self-sufficient; requiring neither excuse nor charity of construction, but carrying conviction in themselves. To deserve admission into the field of science, they must be arrived at under circumstances that absolutely exclude the chance of error. They must, moreover, be capable of reproduction at any time, under exactly the same circumstances, by any capable scientist, in any part of the world. I admit, also, that in view of the multitudinous liabilities to self-deception by trusting to the senses, their evidence should be largely if not wholly excluded. To think I see a body rise in opposition to the law of gravity, as now understood, is to the student of science no evidence that I did see the phenomenon. He says that it is more reasonable to believe my eyesight at fault, or that, if I did see the body rise, trickery was involved, than that the universal law of gravity was disturbed in this particular instance. But if the lifting of the weight can be indicated on an instrument, which, having neither eyes nor psychological idiosyncrasies, cannot be deceived, then a new fact is gained for science, and our whole domain of knowledge has to be remeasured.

Apply these rules to my case here, and where do I stand? In the exact position I have aimed to define in my previous letters—as simply the collector of facts and the observer of phenomena which others must classify and arrange. If I am so fortunate as to observe any one thing so carefully that it commands the thoughtful attention of one trained investigator, and so ultimately leads to the discovery of an occult force, I should be most thankful; while if I should discover the Eddy marvels to be nothing but chicane, the public will be the gainer and I shall deserve well of it.

I am led to make these remarks by various criticisms and suggestions received by me

The phenomena publicly exhibited at the Eddy homestead are of the following character: 1. The so-called materialization of spirit forms, which occur in a "circle-room" in the second story of the L part of the house. 2. The showing of materialized hands and playing on instruments in the light, which usually happen in a circle held at the conclusion of the materialization circle. 3. The playing of musical instruments; voices; the sound of heavy dancing; the moving of ponderous bodies; the floating of musical instruments through the air; the noise of struggles and sword combats between two combatants; the flashing of phosphorescent lights; the touching and patting of our persons by supposed spirit hands; a concert of musical instruments, numerous enough to require the aid of at least four performers; solo playing on the harmonicon, accordion, violin, flute, guitar, or concertina; the improvisation of rhymes by a voice upon a subject named by any person present; whistling; the imitation of a storm at sea, with the whistling and roaring of the gale, the force of waves, the sucking pumps, &c., &c.—these in a totally darkened room. All these forms of manifestation I have seen, heard, or felt, and each many times. I have kept a diary of events as they occurred, which I propose to transcribe in the course of this correspondence.

My first problem was whether the manifestations were produced with the help of confederates, and I will state the physical conditions surrounding the performers. The room is, as I observed, in a new extension, or L. Its windows are 18 feet 9 inches from the ground. No ladder is owned on the premises. For the use of the carpenters now engaged in making some repairs one was borrowed in the neighborhood. There is but one door of entrance, and this at the end of the room next to the main part of the house. The room is 27 feet 6 inches long and 17 feet wide, with a ceiling 9 feet 2 inches high in the centre and 6 feet 11 inches at the sides. At the farther or west end is the kitchen chimney, 2 feet 7 inches by 3 feet 4 inches, in the centre of the gable. To the right of the chimney is a closet of the same depth—2 feet 7 inches—and a length of 7 feet, with a window in it, 2 feet 6 inches from the floor, and having a 2 feet 2 inch by 2 feet 3 inch opening. The door to the closet or "cabinet" (for this is where the medium, William H. Eddy, sits) is 5 feet 9½ inches high by 2 feet wide. The ceiling of the cabinet at the chimney end is 7 feet 2 inches, and 5 feet at the other end, where the roof slopes. Outside the cabinet a platform

placed at the south side of the room, at the point indicated in the ground plan. My own post of observation is also shown. [See sketch No. 3.]

It will be remembered that beneath the circle-room are the dining-room, a small kitchen, and smaller buttry, all of which were illustrated in a former letter. The ceilings of the rooms beneath are the old lathed and plastered ceilings that have been there for many years. The new story was only added last spring, before which time the circles were held in a large sitting or reception room in the main house. The new circle-room floor is supported on beams of 6 by 4



SKETCH NO. 4—SECTIONAL VIEW OF CABINET.

inch stuff running across the L, and comprises two layers of boards; one rough, laid with open joints, and the upper one of planed but not tongued and grooved lumber. This is the common fashion in this section of the country, as may be seen by examining a new house now in course of completion a short distance from the Eddy homestead. There is no floor below the platform floor, but the outer edge of the platform rests upon a stout timber, and its floor, laid like the rest in two layers, is nailed to transverse ribs framed into the cross-timber and the outside plate. By going with a candle into the two little dark pantries opening out from the kitchen and buttry respectively the whole carpentry of the platform and cabinet can be easily seen. The following cut gives a sectional view of the same. [See sketch No. 4.]

I have made two careful examinations of this matter—once with the artist and once with a Massachusetts inventor, who was good enough to give me the following certificate:

CHITTENDEN, Vt., September 26, 1874.—The undersigned, an inventor of many years' experience, a mechanic, and the grantee of twenty-three patents by the United States Government, hereby certifies that, at the request of and in company with Mr. H. S. Olcott, he has thoroughly examined the walls, window, ceiling, and floor of William H. Eddy's "cabinet" and the floor of the platform upon which it opens, and that there is no possible means by which confederates could be introduced into the said cabinet, except through the open door, in full face of the audience; nor any place where costumes or apparatus could be stored. Furthermore, that after witnessing numerous materializations by alleged spirits, he is perfectly satisfied that the phenomena, whatever may be their origin, are not produced by jugglery, the personation of characters by William H. Eddy, or chemical or mechanical device. As to their being spiritual appearances he has not become perfectly satisfied, for his previously entertained opinions as to a future state have not been of a nature to allow him to concede the possibility of visits by the inhabitants of another world to this.

O. F. MORRILL, Chelsea, Mass.

A glance at the ground plan of the circle room will show that not only can no one get to the medium, after he enters the cabinet, by entering the door of the room, without detection, but no one can leave the circle to assist. The light, although very dim, is still quite sufficient to make the movements of every person in the room visible. [See sketch No. 5.]

Over the circle-room there is nothing but an unfloored cock-loft, in which a man cannot stand upright. Between the braces the lathing and plaster of the ceiling of the room below are exposed to view, and there is no sign of trap or opening. Moreover, when I examined the place the old cobwebs stretched from rafter to rafter showed that no one had preceded me that way, for a long time at least.

I now claim that I have demonstrated the inaccessibility of the cabinet to evil-disposed persons, and so eliminated one most important source of deception. The question is therefore narrowed down to the following point: Granted that certain forms, apparently differing in sizes, colors, costumes, sex, and age, present themselves on the platform, they must be either, (1) deceptive personations by one man, or (2) the manifestations of an occult force. There is no escape from the syllogism. The battle must be fought out at that cabinet door. I realized this the first day I came; I realize it now. The weeks I have spent here have been weeks of as hard mental labor as I ever gave to any subject in my whole life. I have passed through every degree of incredulity and distrust. I have even been on the watch lest I might miss some new circumstance calculated to overturn my formed opinion, and ever been ready to confess myself a dupe of impostors if the fact could be demonstrated to me. But I finally reached the same point with Mr. Morrill—that whatever might be thought of the cause of the phenomena, they were not due to charlatany or prestidigitation. And yet how am I entitled to the public confidence, after all, for the stories I tell? Why should I expect sober-minded men and women to believe there is no fraud in all this, until they have the same opportunities as myself to see all and ponder on all? And how especially can I ask men of exact science, trained to accept nothing, absolutely nothing, without full

and complete demonstration—mathematical demonstration? I do not; and, therefore, my office is first to tell my tale as clearly, succinctly, candidly as lies within my power, and let it carry conviction in its perfect integrity of statement.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]

ANTIQUE CARICATURE.

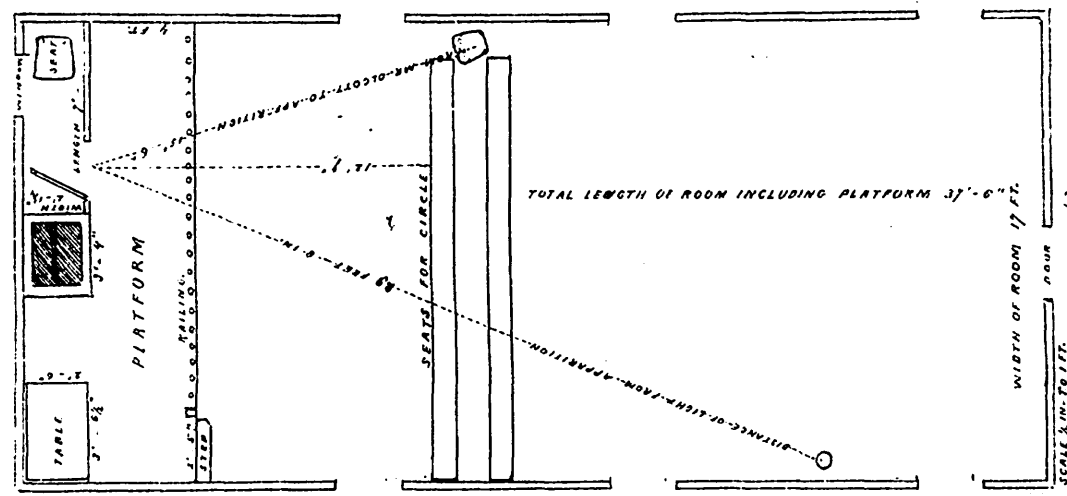
Caricature and that species of pictorial art which the ancients called *ropegraphy* and *rhypography* have plenty of specimens in the frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Here we see Aeneas, Anchises, and little Ascanius with dogs' heads fleeing from the sacking of Troy. Here is a scabrous driving a chariot to which a parrot is yoked. It has been thought that in this composition a satire was intended against the Emperor Nero. Here are pigmies fighting with grasshoppers, and dwarfs amusing themselves in grotesque dances. The representations of handicrafts are more interesting in relation to the study of antique life than from the artistic point of view, as most of the pictures are badly executed, having neither design nor perspective. They are scarcely better than the merest sketches. There are haberdashers who unroll and display their stuffs; there are shoemakers trying on their customers' sandals and buskins; fullers who cleanse and spread their stuffs. Here we enter the shop of a hardware dealer; around are displayed copper pots, scissors, pincers, and other utensils. Afterwards we visit a bakery and see in an oven ten rows of those loaves in the shape of a cap of which specimens are preserved in another part of the museum. Then we visit the school; the scholars, ranged in a semicircle, are writing upon their tablets, while the pedagogue whips a refractory pupil. A young woman, seated in a garden before a frame fixed to a pillar, palette and brushes in hand, and having a box of colors at her feet, copies a bust of Bacchus. A young man is chiselling a statue for the Forum. Often, in place of painting the artisans themselves, the Pompeian artists personify the genii of handicrafts under the figures of little winged loves. Here are genii of vintagers pressing the grapes; genii of carpenters planing boards; genii of shoemakers preparing leather, and genii of weavers who are spinning hemp.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

power have generally a vivid recollection of their childhood, and M. Gautier was no exception. He was only three years old when his parents took him from Tarbes to Paris, and he suffered the keenest *nostalgie* for the streets of his native town, with their views of the blue slopes of the Pyrenees and their wells, whence the water flows in runnels through the town. The story of his early addiction to painting, of his acquaintance with Victor Hugo, of his prowess in attacking the *bourgeoisie* at the first representation of "Hernani," of his pleasant rooms near the Louvre, and their decorations by Corot, Marilhat, Chasse-riau, and Nanteuil, has been told quite often enough. Among Les Jeunes France, the *precieuses ridicules* of romanticism, Gautier was distinguished for imitating Byron in his love of boxing and of swimming. He was ambitious of the *cafeon rouge*, the bathing dress of the best swimmers of the Seine, and it was his only ambition which was ever realized, he says rather bitterly.

"This subdued bitterness, *amari aliquid*, is the note of the volume, and it is not mitigated by the coarse humor of the criticisms on Fanny Ellsler and other beauties of the stage. It was the result of Gautier's perverted and suppressed genius; he felt himself to be a poet, and he had to live by writing feuilletons. One of his poems, 'Après le Feuilletton,' is a cry of joy at having finished his taskwork and being free 'to drink the wine of his own thoughts.' But no poem could show so clearly as one of these articles how heavily the life of the literary hack weighed on him. It is in a notice of Leon Gozlan, the friend of Balzac, written from Switzerland, that Gautier tells how a telegram arrived at night at the country house where he was staying; how the talk suddenly ceased round the pleasant dinner-table. Every one fears that the ill news may be for himself; it is for Gautier. 'Leon Gozlan est mort.' The feuilletonist must sit up far into the night weaving a wreath of yellow immortelles, weaving old affection and pleasant memory into the stuff for an article. Such a profession early sprinkled his hair with white, as he himself saw the locks of Edmund de Goncourt blanch while he followed his brother Jules to the grave."

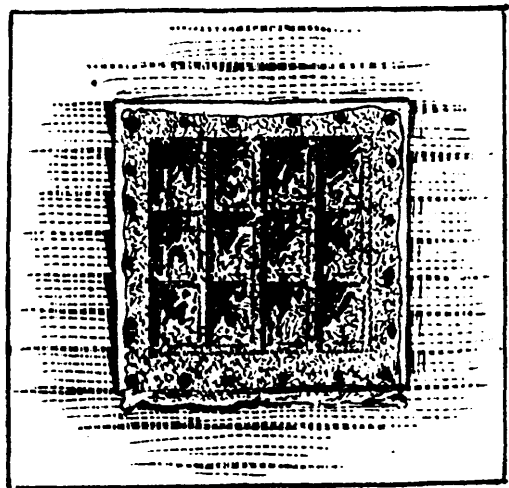
MRS. ADELAIDE KEMBLE SARTORIS.

Virginia Vaughn, writing to the *Cleveland Herald* from London, says: "It was many years ago that I had the pleasure and privilege of knowing intimately Mrs. Sartoris, the mother-in-law of the young bride; she who had once been the Queen of Song—Adelaide



SKETCH NO. 5—GROUND PLAN OF THE CIRCLE-ROOM.

from sources worthy of respect. It is proper that I should define my position beyond mistake, and declare that, if I misrepresent what I see, hear, and feel, it will be through lack of trained powers of observation, and the consequent deception of my senses, and no other cause. There is great danger of this very thing, I may as well say at once, for I am not capable of doing the work of the man of science, any more than that of the dentist or cabinet-maker. But perhaps I am as competent as the average of laymen, and so we will let it pass at that, and not attempt to spoil a decent reporter to make a scientific bungler. There have been one or two of the real sort here, skipping in for a day or so, and skipping off again, perfectly ready to swear that William's "materialized spirits" were William in disguise, and Horatio's surprising manifestations the easy tricks of a travelling conjuror. If one tells them of babies being carried in from the cabinet by women; of young girls with lithe forms, yellow hair, and short stature; of old women and men standing in full sight and speaking to us; of half-grown children seen, two at a time, simultaneously with another form; of costumes of different makes; of bald heads, gray hair, black, shaggy heads of hair, curly hair; of ghosts instantly recognized by friends and ghosts speaking audibly in a foreign language of which the medium is ignorant—their equanimity is not disturbed for an instant. One sound and sufficient rule is applied: exclude everything troublesome, and explain away the rest as fraud. The credulity of some scientific men is boundless—they would rather believe that a baby could lift a mountain without levers than that a spirit could lift an ounce. Alfred Wallace, of London, told a friend of mine that if a new fact were presented to Tyndall he would smell it, look at it, taste it, turn it over, handle it, bite it, and then wouldn't believe. This is an extreme illustration of scientific scepticism, but after all it fairly illustrates the habit which protects the world from false teaching. At the same time, it must be admitted that this spirit clogs the wheels of Progress, and obliges discoverers to win their just renown at the price of suffering and persecution. The other day a visitor offered to bet me \$1,000 to \$100 that he could personate every one of the ghosts he saw that night with a few dollars' worth of stage properties, and do every "trick" of Horatio's light circle after a day's preparation. All I could say was that in such case he need not hunt for gold mines, for he had one in his head and fingers.



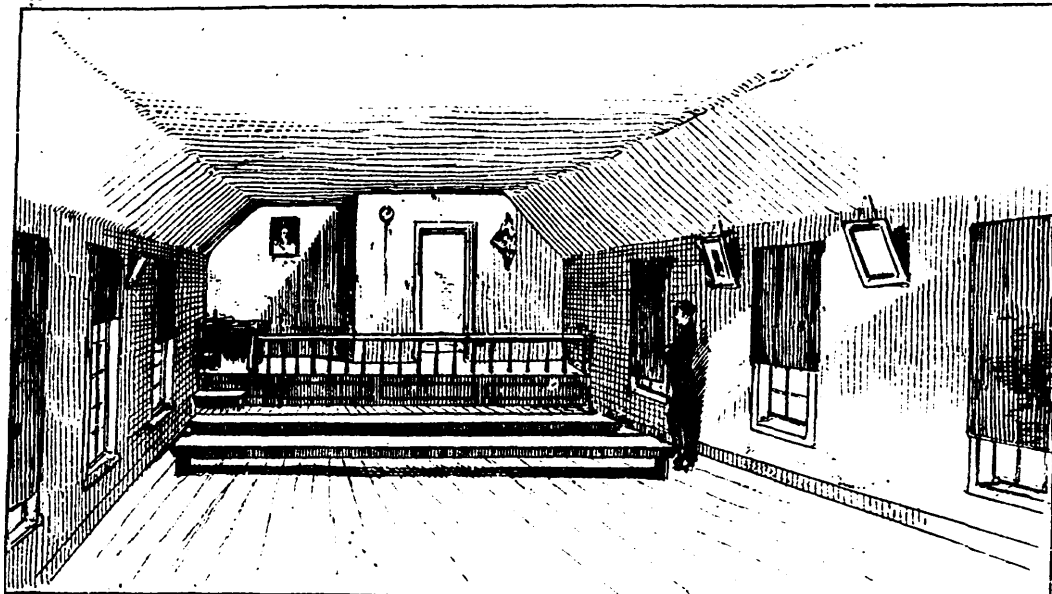
SKETCH NO. 2—OUTSIDE VIEW OF CABINET WINDOW.

and sealing it with wax stamped with my signet. [See sketch No. 2.]

This precaution made no difference in what occurred inside. I have examined the netting every day and find it just as I left it, with the exception that one night a violent gale and rain-storm made a slight rent, which I immediately repaired. Will "Investigator" and other worthy critics of sundry journals now be good enough to concoct some new theory?

The audience occupy the two benches and the chairs shown on the diagram. The circles being held by night, such feeble illumination as there is comes from a kerosene lamp

* Since the above paragraph was written a woodshed, which then stood 10 feet from the house, has been moved up against it, and the peak of the roof just touches the bottom of the window referred to, but the character, force, and frequency of the manifestations has not changed in any respect.



SKETCH NO. 3—PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE CIRCLE-ROOM.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* in a review of Theophile Gautier's "Portraits Contemporains," the latest volume of which contains about sixty sketches of poets, novelists, painters, and actresses, says: "Not the least interesting sketch is that which M. Gautier wrote, in a tone of melancholy mockery, to accompany a photograph of himself. That photograph is not given here, but there is a



SKETCH NO. 1—INTERIOR OF CABINET.

copy of an etching which he made of his own portrait about 1833. The face is pale, framed in dark hair falling over the shoulders; the eyes are large and sentimental, the moustache long and curled. The whole expression is affected, and admirers of the poet will prefer the graceful sketch of Celestin Nanteuil, or even the rather truculent etching prefixed to M. Feydeau's memoirs of Gautier. There were fifty years between the bearded and burly Gautier represented in that etching and the child Gautier, about whom we are told some pleasant anecdotes. Men of high imaginative

Kemble—and who resigned the excitement and joys of the lyric stage, the most brilliant career now open to a woman (unless be excepted that of the great writer), for the calmer and purer atmosphere of a happy domestic life. During her whole career she has been the centre of attraction, the idol of the worship of the most brilliant men and women, artists and literateurs and social magnets of the day. In Rome, during the two brilliant seasons that I met her there, her musical soirees were the most select and delightful gatherings given in that immortal city of the past; those who visited her house at that time have held as a life-memory the music of her glorious voice and potent spell of her genius. And yet all the admiration that she received, all the scope of expression afforded her, could not quite atone to the true artist for the intricate joys of a public career. Never, I believe, did she regret having abandoned that career, but she sometimes missed the thrilling, soul-inspiring sympathy of that composite being which is the artist's other self—the public. I remember a picnic on the Campagna when this natural yearning was well illustrated. She had wandered away over the sloping hill-side with only two or three of her friends—young girls who of course worshipped the ground she trod upon; and reached at last a grove of lofty trees, which perhaps reminded her, through some subtle association, of the Druids and their worship. At all events, her oppressiveness grew rapt, then inspired, and suddenly she burst forth into song, acting with full power and Norma expression on the opening and grand scene of drama. No audience, during her brief reign upon the lyrical stage, was ever more thrilled and carried by storm than these few worshipful girls who listened to this magnificent outburst—too entranced almost to breathe. When it was concluded and she had recovered her composure, she said simply that sometimes the desire to act and to sing with all the fervor of dramatic expression of which she was capable was almost irresistible. Since the tragical death of her eldest son Mrs. Sartoris has withdrawn completely from the world. The whole London house, which now for many years has been the delightful resort of the most choice spirits of the day, was sold, as if, in the impatient agony of grief, she had felt a need of sundering all associations with the past, and the family withdrew to their noble estate in Hampshire, where they have lived in strictest retirement, seeing even now only a few of their most intimate and beloved friends. For this was a grief, a sudden heart-rending blow from which the loving mother will never wholly rally. Noble as ever in the endurance of her sorrow, tenderly devoted as ever to her family, self-sacrificing, devoted, saint-like—yet for her charm has faded from hill and glade; the joy and inspiration of life have departed.

The Editor of THE DAILY GRAPHIC desires it to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. S. O'Leary, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

SEVENTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., October.—Unquestionably my first chapter about the materialization of spirit forms at this place should be prefaced by some notice of the chronology of this phase of manifestation. But with the meagre facilities at my command I can only glance at the subject. A sparsely settled rural district, far removed from libraries, is a bad place for the collection of historical data, so I must mainly rely upon my memory of many books read in the course of many years.

If I were to refer to ancient times I might easily cite a host of instances of the alleged reappearance of materialized spirits upon the scene of their pre-mortem activity. I have already alluded in former letters to a few of the authors in whose writings the diligent student may satisfy his curiosity upon this subject. It suffices to repeat that the sacred writings of most nations, the classics, and the architectural remains of primitive races afford

seventeenth century, when the storm of fanaticism arose that cost many worthy people their lives on the charge of witchcraft. In Mr. Upham's "History of Salem Witchcraft" will be found many instances of persons being taken hold of by visible supernatural forms, of persons being sat upon by spectres while lying in their beds, of animals suddenly entering rooms in a mysterious manner and as suddenly disappearing, to say nothing of levitations (such as that of Margaret Rule), rappings, the throwing about of heavy articles, and the hearing of spirit-voices by many witnesses. True, Mr. Upham ascribes the whole thing to trickery, assuming that by practice (acquired in the course of a single winter with the help of a half-breed Barbadoes slave-woman!) a few ignorant girls had "become wonderful adepts in the art of jugglery, and probably of ventriloquism;" but does this explanation satisfy any really candid inquirer? Especially, does it satisfy any person who, in the presence of our modern mediums, has seen the same things repeated?

The Salem witchcraft tragedies were followed by such a reaction that tardy justice was done to the families of the victims of the popular frenzy, and nothing was said about supernaturalism—at least nothing, I think, that aroused general interest—until the present dispensation was ushered in at the little cabin of Michael Weekman, in 1847, where, in the family of John D. Fox, its then lessee, there bubbled up the tiny spring that is now

scholarly work on Spiritualism in our language! This is the play of Hamlet with the hero omitted, and no mistake!

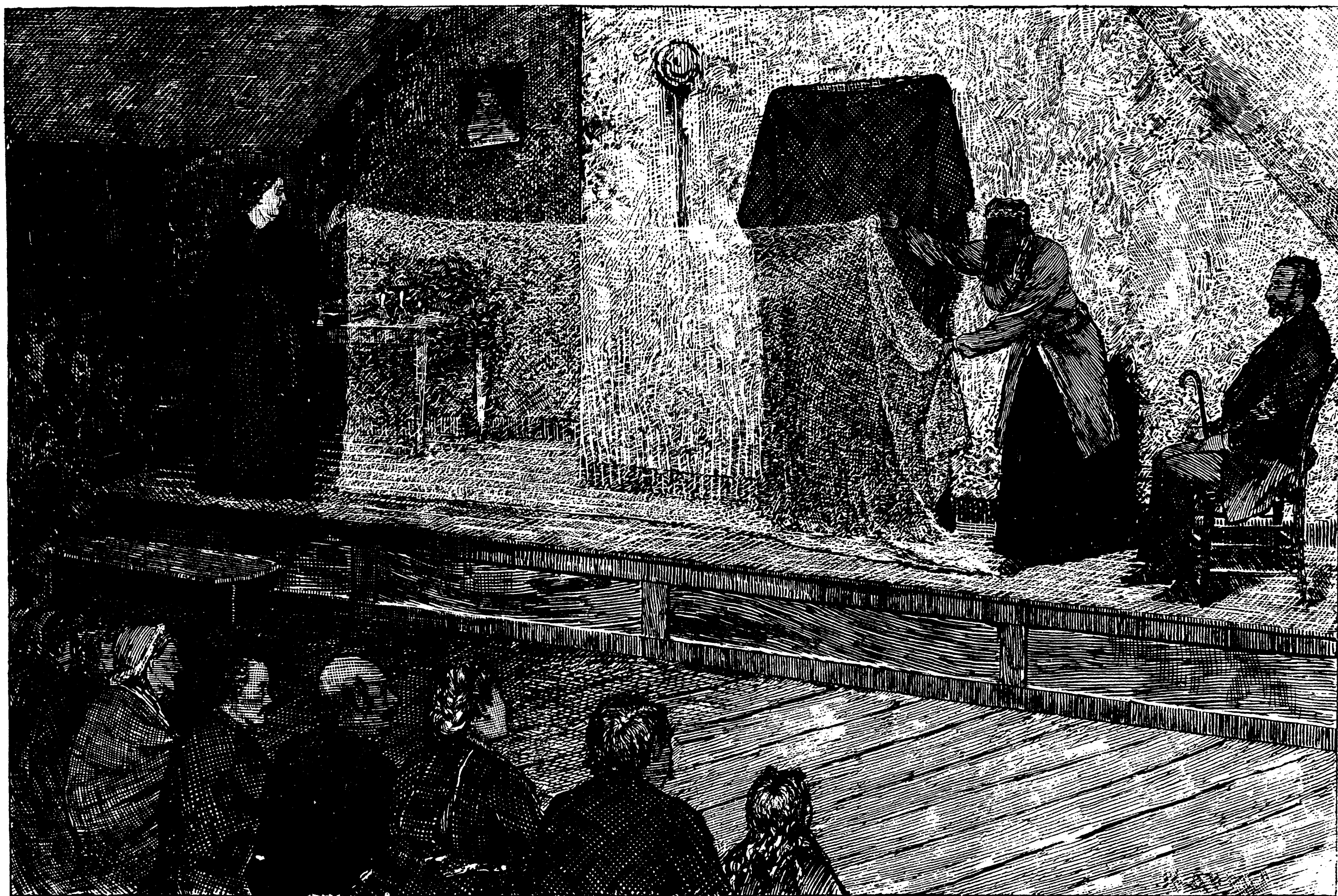
One evening, in March, 1872, the Eddy family were sitting about the fire, when an event occurred that ushered in the series of materializations that have culminated in the public seances now given nightly. William had cut his foot very badly with an axe and was confined to his bed in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without warning, the grandmother's spirit in full materialized form appeared at the threshold and gave instructions for some salves to apply to the wound and a cooling draught to abate the fever that had set in; after which she disappeared. Shortly after this, when Della Eddy was engaged in reducing some maple-sugar over the kitchen fire, the spirit of a man of short stature suddenly materialized himself, frightening her so that she dropped a pan of sugar she was carrying. The spirits then told the family that William was to be developed as the greatest medium of the age, and that he must no longer sit for the instrument-playing exhibitions as he had been doing for a number of years, but must go into the cabinet or closet alone and take no bells or instruments with him. These instructions being obeyed, spirit faces soon began to appear, and finally Santum, the giant Winnebago chief, whom my readers will recollect my mentioning in connection with the seance at Honto's cove, stalked out in full form. For a long while no other spirit came, but finally

The now famous circle-room was built last December and first opened to the public on the evening of January 1, 1874, on which occasion the exercises began with a dark-circle, at which the spirit of a sailor, named George Dix, made a lengthy dedicatory address. He declared that the apartment was to be used solely for spiritual seances, with the occasional exception of a quiet dance. He was especially emphatic upon the question of free-love, declaring that neither the family nor the spirit-band controlling them had any sympathy with such pestilent doctrines, nor any disposition to receive those who practised them. After the dark-circle, one of the usual kind for materializing was held, and addresses and prayers were spoken by the spirits of Mrs. Eddy; "Mrs. Eaton" (an old lady from New York State who made her first appearance here in October, 1872, during her granddaughter's visit, and has acted as assistant directress of seances ever since); a Mrs. Wheeler, late of Utica; Doctor Horton, also late of Utica, who brought his two baby children in his arms and addressed his widow, and the elder of these two children, little Minna, who spoke some words of comfort to her weeping mother.

Since that eventful evening William has held a materialization circle every evening, Sundays excepted; a circumstance that, in view of the usual serious exhaustion felt by mediums, is very remarkable. Professor Crookes says of David Home, the famous medium, that the psychic force by which the

"no more evidence to convince the scientific world," that it is all fraud. How different from the late Professor Hare, who devoted years to the subject of spiritual intercourse and did not give his adherence to the doctrine until he had completed a long series of scientific tests and experiments, and from Mr. Crookes, one of the first scientific men in Great Britain, who spent three years in the inquiry before he avowed himself satisfied! I ask neither him nor any one else to see with my eyes, hear with my ears, or feel with my hands; but I mean that the details of my story shall speak for themselves, and show, at least, that I am neither fool nor knave. If my readers will recollect what I now say they probably will not have to wait long for the opportunity to compare my notes with those of the gentleman I refer to.

I reached Chittenden on my present mission September 17th ultimo, and attended a circle the same evening. Outside a violent gale of wind was blowing, the clouds hung low, the rain fell, and the atmospheric conditions would in almost any other locality have been considered unfavorable. A company of twenty-five persons assembled in the circle-room, among them several who, like myself, had arrived that day. Shortly after seven o'clock William entered the cabinet, and we waited expectantly for our weird visitors. To promote harmony of feeling among the persons present vocal and instrumental music was resorted to, continuity of sound and



THE SPIRIT-GIRL "HONTO" PRODUCING A KNITTED SHAWL.

proofs that the congenital aspirations of the human family for immortal existence have not gone hungry for lack of sustenance. Our modern materialists may reason themselves into a comfortable reliance upon protoplasm and final molecules, and glibly set aside the claims of their opponents by endowing pure matter with the promise and potency of every form and quality of life; but, after all, as the *London Times* truly says:

Theology is apparently slain only to revive. Professor Tyndall does not solve, and it is obvious that his method cannot enable him to solve, the riddle of the universe. There is, too, another difficulty which he is the first to confess. His analysis of the world's history leaves out one-half of man, and he finds it impossible to deny to this other side of man's nature a reality as absolute as that which he claims for his physical faculties and for his understanding. The strain of reason and the emotions of his spiritual nature will not rest unrecognized, and when the end of the professor's address is reached we echo his own thought if we say, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy."

I venture to say that fifty persons would prefer to have my researches end in indubitable proof that the manifestations are genuine to one who would like to have me discover fraud beneath the surface. Says Guizot, in his "Meditations upon the Religious Questions of the Day": "Belief in the supernatural is a fact natural, primitive, universal, and constant in the life and history of the human race. Unbelief in the supernatural begets materialism, materialism sensuality, sensuality social convulsions, amid whose storms man again learns to believe and pray."

In looking back to the early days of American history, I cannot now recall any stories of "materialization" prior to the close of the

so great a river. The raps and poundings which will always be known as the "Rochester Knockings" and forever perpetuate the memory of Kate and Margaret Fox, were followed by many other and more wonderful forms of manifestation, such as the lifting of heavy bodies, the phenomenal increase and diminution of their normal weight (the lightest articles acquiring marvellous ponderosity and the heaviest equally notable levity), the ringing of bells, the playing by unseen performers on instruments, and, finally, by the materialization of spirit hands, faces, and full forms.

At the same time, however, that these things were going on and the attention of the civilized world was arrested by them, similar phenomena were happening in other private families. The Davenport, of Buffalo, N. Y., were having some slight premonitions of the future career they were destined for, but the physical manifestations did not occur in their presence until February, 1855. A year before this the Koons family, of Athens County, Ohio, had instrumental and vocal concerts by the spirits, and materialized hands wrote communications. But the Eddys had been seeing materialized spirit-forms from their childhood, and their mother before them, and, in the absence of conflicting evidence, I suppose that the credit will have to be awarded to them of witnessing the first instances of this highest form of manifestation that have occurred in our time. And yet, notwithstanding this fact, and the additional one that no family so gifted in these rare psychological traits is to be found in history, their names are not even mentioned in Epes Sargent's "Planchette," the most

they made their appearance. "Electa," a light-complexioned squaw, about seventeen years of age, who always brings her pet robin with her, and who forms one of the spirit band who perform instrumental music at the dark circles, many of which I have attended, and which will be described in due time, was among the earliest visitors. Then the deceased members of their own family appeared—among them Miranda, who came hand in hand with a young man, named Griffin Grinnell, to whom she had been betrothed. The lovers, parted for a while by death, were reunited beyond the grave.

Francis and James, their deceased brothers, came too. Then, as people began to flock to the old farm-house, their personal friends manifested their presence, the first, or nearly the first (for the family cannot definitively decide the point), being a Mrs. Anna Barker, wife of G. Barker, of Hubbellton, Vt. One evening a young lady visitor saw the shade of her father, the late Captain Johnson, United States Navy, who came in citizen's clothes. The daughter mentally requested him to appear to her in his uniform, whereupon he retired for a moment and then returned in full naval dress, with sword and epaulettes.

What tender memories in many minds cling about this rude apartment, where so many can say:

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

phenomena are produced is attended by an expenditure of his vital force or nervous energy proportionate to the degree of its activity of manifestation. Its flow through Mr. Home's system "varies enormously," says Mr. Crookes, "not only from week to week, but from hour to hour; on some occasions the force is inappreciable by my tests for an hour or more, and then suddenly reappears in great strength." He testifies to "witnessing the painful state of nervous and bodily prostration in which some of these experiments have left Mr. Home"—to "seeing him lying in an almost fainting condition on the floor, pale and speechless"—and yet I myself, having attended at about thirty of William Eddy's materializations, can certify that, beyond a slight appearance of fatigue immediately after emerging from the cabinet, he seems as well as usual. He goes about his daily avocations, takes no rest to speak of, says he has eaten nothing for weeks but a little fruit, and yet, after as many as seventeen ghosts have appeared in a single evening, his pulse is regular, and he resumes the pipe that he laid down at the moment of entering the circle-room. If his materializations were nothing but trickery this might easily be accounted for, but I have satisfied myself, and shall satisfy the public beyond reasonable doubt, that this is not the case. I say this deliberately, with full knowledge that a scientific man has recently spent one evening here and is getting ready to publish his conviction that both I and the hundreds of other lay spectators have been egregiously fooled. Has spent one evening, I say, and nevertheless writes me that he is convinced, and requires

rapidity of time seeming to be more necessary than quality of execution. I will say here that I have failed to get from Spiritualists any very satisfactory explanation of the part that music plays in these manifestations, and for lack of a better will suggest one of my own. Presupposing that there is such a thing in the human system as the force misnamed "magnetic," sometimes "odic," and more recently "psychic," which has its polarities, its positive and negative qualities; and that persons may be classed among the positives and negatives respectively, the effect of music, by concentrating attention upon itself, is to reduce the positives to passivity, and by nervous stimulation exalt the negatives to something of an equality of condition with their more forceful neighbors. The result is equilibrium between the two extremes, and consequent receptivity: then, going so far as to concede that there are such things as spirits, and that they can exert an appreciable magnetic, odic, psychic (or whatever we choose to call it) influence upon us, it is not difficult to see that they are placed in such a positive attitude towards their medium and his circle as to enable them to force their power upon us to the degree of producing the several phases of manifestations. The logician will say that much is taken for granted in this proposition, and so I will just leave him to first note the features of these phenomena wherever occurring, and then at his leisure construct a better theory than mine.

So much for the psychological aspect of the case, and to this extent some enlightened Spiritualists precede me. But why should the spirits demand quick tunes—jigs, waltzes, (Continued on page 864.)

(Continued from page 851.)
reels, and compositions of like character, in which the constant repetition of the same notes occurs in presto or prestissimo measure? May the answer not be suggested by two of Professor Tyndall's lectures at the Royal Institution, in one of which he demonstrated that a ray of light was allowed to traverse a strip of glass every time he caused it to set up a musical sound; the glass being held in a vice and the light from an electric lamp polarized upon it; and in the other, upon "The Rhythm of Flames," in which he showed that a flame twenty inches in height would fall down to eight on the slightest tap on an anvil. It responded to the tinkle of a bunch of keys or a few pence shaken together, the creaking of boots, the rustling of a silk dress or a piece of paper; while certain intonations of the voice threw it into violent commotion. (Epes Sargent's "Planchette," p. 379.) If we put ourselves for the purposes of this inquiry into the position of the Spiritualists, we might reasonably demand that men of science investigating the subject should not overlook the fact that much light may be gained upon the nature and properties of this now occult force by experiments in this direction.

I have heard this call for rapid music so often made that I have come to the conclusion that equal, constant, and rapid vibrations of the atmosphere play an important part in the production of the phenomenon of materialization. I am also satisfied that careful experiments in the matter of the intensity and quality of the light used would result in unexpected and great discoveries. May it not be that the yellow ray bears some such relation to spirit-materializations as it does to photography?

We had not sat many minutes in our first "circle" before a voice—the piping treble of an old woman—addressed to us some remarks from behind the curtain that hung over the open door of the cabinet, to the effect that this was a bad night for manifestations and none but the strongest spirits could show themselves. I may as well at once admit that this voice has such peculiarities of accent and provincial expressions as to excite the suspicion that it is William speaking in falsetto. So I crossed that off in my note-book as a fact of no value to the Spiritualists; but since then, having seen the woman herself—Mrs. Eaton—and heard her address me personally from a distance of not more than ten feet in the self-same voice, I re-entered the fact and transcribe it here.

The curtain presently stirred and the Indian woman named Honto stepped on the platform. She appears young, dark complexioned, of marked Indian features, lithe and springy in movement, full of fun, natural in manner, and full of inquisitiveness. She measures 5 feet 2½ inches in height against a painted scale I had placed beside the cabinet door. To William Eddy she bears not the slightest resemblance in any particular, all assertions of any superficial observer to the contrary notwithstanding. To the present writing (October 18) I have seen her twenty-five times, and have necessarily enjoyed ample opportunities to compare her with William in every particular. She changes her dress frequently, sometimes appearing in a dark skirt with light overdress, shaped like the garment called a polonaise; sometimes with these shades reversed; sometimes with light clothing throughout and a sash around her waist or hands crossed over her bosom; sometimes with a cap, and at others bareheaded; sometimes with her black hair a yard or more long, flowing over her shoulders, and again with it braided in a single rope down her back. A remarkable fact is that at times her hair is very long and at others not longer than the artist has represented it in the picture. I have seen her with what seemed to be buckskin leggings and a short dress, coming little below the knee; and again with high moccasins trimmed about the top with what looked like fur. Others tell me that they have seen her in a dress upon which were two rows of phosphorescent buttons gleaming in the obscure light like great diamonds that ran from each shoulder in curved lines to the bottom of her skirt, but I have not seen this costume myself.

The admirable sketch of Mr. Kappes represents one of the phenomena attending the appearance of this spirit girl, and is what I witnessed on the evening in question. Honto steps either to the wall or to one of the two persons—Mrs. R. Cleveland and Mr. E. V. Pritchard, of Albany, N. Y.—who usually occupy chairs on the platform, and suddenly produces a knitted shawl or a long piece of gauzy fabric, apparently from the air itself, and exhibits it to the audience. The light in the room is so very bad—about as strong as that in the parlor when we sit before the dying embers—"twixt the gloamin and the mirk" before the lamps are lighted—that it is impossible to see the features of Honto or the pattern of her shawl; but the sketch shows the latter as it appears to us. She threw the slender fabric over the platform railing (which the artist has omitted in this instance) and so gave us an opportunity to see that its strands were perfectly opaque. Then throwing it over her head as a Spanish woman wears her mantilla, she produced another woollen, black, and apparently striped; and then threw both behind the curtain.

Somebody in the audience then asked if she would allow Mrs. Cleveland to feel the beating of her heart; whereupon she opened her dress and Mrs. Cleveland laid her hand upon the bare flesh. It felt cold and moist, not like that of a living person. The breast was a woman's, and the heart beat feebly but rhythmically. The same pulsation was felt in the wrist. Honto's hand was hard and of medium size, her fingers broad but not stumpy, its color dark—in a word, the hand of an Indian.

After Honto retired various other spirits of Indians and whites (among the latter two little children) appeared before us, but this letter has already outgrown reasonable limits, and I must reserve further description for my next.

Henry S. Olcott.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Friday next.]



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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

EIGHTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, VT., October.—The next materialized spirit to make its appearance after Honto was that of a dark-faced squaw who calls herself "Bright Star." She is shapely, tall, well-proportioned, and of a dignified carriage. She dresses in dark clothing, trimmed with bands of white that look to us like broad tape in the dim light, but that Mr. Pritchard says are beads. On her head she wears a sort of frontlet, in the centre of which is a jewel or luminous spot that gives out a phosphorescent gleam, shining in the obscurity like the diamond in a rajah's turban. I have seen this spirit six times to the present writing, and she always appears dressed alike.

Next came "Daybreak," another squaw, dressed in dark costume, who danced to the playing of the violin and then suddenly passed into the cabinet. As I shall have frequent occasion to refer to the dancing of spirits, especially Honto, who invariably indulges in this amusement, I may as well say that William Eddy's movements in the dance are as different from those of any of the former as possible. Several times we have had dancing in the hall for an hour or so before the organization of the circle, and William's motions are devoid of suppleness and agility. Though he thoroughly enjoys himself and shows no reserve, he holds his arms somewhat akimbo, his head back and to one side, and his stomach projected; while Honto's body sways like that of a Zingala or an Oriental almech—lithe and graceful. William was evidently cut out for a great medium, but not for a dancer.

"Daybreak" gone, then came "Santum," whose appearance as regards stature and bulk is calculated to excite surprise. He measures 6 feet 3 inches, full half a foot more than the medium. His dress appears to be a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin striped perpendicularly and fringed at the seams, leggings of the same and fringed the same, a feather in his head, and sometimes he wears a powder-horn slung by a belt across his shoulder. This horn is a real one, presented to the spirit some time ago by a visitor, who also gave Honto an embroidered cap that she sometimes wears.

After Santum came two other Indian men, and then several whites made their bow to the audience. The first of these was John E. Reynolds, late of the shoe-manufacturing firm of Reynolds Brothers, Utica, N. Y. This gentleman was a Harvard alumnus, and died fourteen years ago. He wore a moustache and no other beard. As well as I could distinguish he was a square-shouldered, gentlemanly appearing man, well dressed. His shirt was white, and I could see the collar distinctly. William Eddy wore, as he always does, a brown checked gingham shirt without collar or cuffs.

This spirit was followed by his brother, William H. Reynolds, who died in New York May 6, 1874. He wore a dark suit, and had a full, light beard. His shoulders sloped quite differently from John's, and he was quite another looking person.

Then Mr. George A. Reynolds, the surviving brother, recognized his nephew, Stephen R. Hopkins, a lad of fifteen, with light, curly hair. Mr. Reynolds asked "Mrs. Eaton," the spirit directress, if she would answer a mental question, and her voice immediately replied: "Don't give yourself any anxiety about that; you are a medium fast enough already," which, the interrogator informed me, was what he desired to know.

We were next favored with the appearance in the closet-door of the tall figure of the late William Brown, of York, Pa. He is the father of Edward Brown, who married Delia Eddy a few months ago, and he makes his salutation to the audience nearly every evening. He is six feet one inch in stature, has white hair, no beard, and dresses in a black suit of the Quaker cut. His son sat in Mrs. Andrews's circle, at Moravia, N. Y., twice a day for a whole year without seeing any of his friends, and the same bad luck followed him here for four or five weeks, at the expiration of which time his father presented himself. For a while he could not speak at all; then he uttered a few simple greetings in a faint whisper; and at length he conversed in a strong, full, natural voice, saying whatsoever he pleased with as great ease apparently as in life. Except at one seance in London, in 1870, with a noted lady medium, I had never heard a

spirit voice before, and confess that I was amazed to hear Mr. Brown's issue from his lips as though a living man stood before me and not a being from the other world, clothed for a brief moment in a body like my own. I leave theorists to settle the vexed question whether spirits actually employ the organs of speech to articulate sounds, or by their will-power cause certain vibrations of the air outside of and independent of lips, palate, and tongue in imitation of spoken words. I can only say that after hearing numerous spirit addresses and conversations, I have detected no difference in the movements of the lips from those of a living person. Allan Kardec,

a French spiritist author, calls the phenomenon of spirit-speaking *pneumatophony*, and affirms it to be the result of the exercise of will-power upon the invisible fluids of the atmosphere. He says (p. 194): "Spirits, being able to produce noises and rappings, can as well make any sound of nature, vocal sounds imitating the human voice, beside us or in the air. From what we know of the nature of spirits, it may be believed that some of them of an inferior order delude themselves, and believe they speak as when alive. (See *Revue Spirite*, February, 1858: History of the Ghost of Mlle. Clarion.)"

It is necessary to guard against taking for spirit voices all sounds that have no known cause. Spirit or pneumatophonic sounds have two very distinct methods of being produced: sometimes it is a voice which resounds in the soul, but while the words may be clear and distinct, there is nothing material in them; at other times they are exterior and as distinctly articulated as if they came from a person at our side. In whatever manner they may be produced, the phenomenon of pneumatophony is almost always spontaneous, and can be very rarely induced.

These are the generalizations of a writer whose experience, wide as it was, did not include such wonders as are common at Chittenden. I defy him or any other acute person to listen to this spirit of Mr. Brown and detect any difference, either in volume of sound, accent, or the mechanical process by which it is produced, between this voice and that of any living person of equal age. Even the pumping sound of refilling the lungs with air after the articulation of sentences is readily noticeable.

The phenomena of the evening concluded with the incident which furnished the subject of the accompanying sketch of "The Reunited Family." A German music-teacher of Hartford, named Max Lenzberg, and a very worthy gentleman, to whom I am indebted

Lenzberg, with a mother's instinct, recognized her departed little ones, and with tender paths eagerly asked in German if they were not hers. Immediately there came several loud responsive raps, and the little Lena, as if drawn from her mother's side by an irresistible power, crept forward and peered at the forms that stood just on the edge of the black shadows of the cabinet. There was a moment's silence as she strained her eyes in the gaze, and then she said joyfully: "Ja! Ihr seid meine kleine Schwestern! Nicht wahr?" There came again responsive raps and the spirit forms danced and waved their arms as if in glee at the reunion.



THE SPIRIT "LIGHT-HEART" PARTIALLY MATERIALIZED.

Some sceptics who have been here, in their eagerness to attribute the Eddy phenomena to any other than spiritual origin, have maintained that the baby forms exhibited are made either of pillows or white wrappings around William's legs. A sufficient answer to such assertions may be found in the fact that I have more than once seen the babes in arms nestle in the necks of their bearers and clasp their arms about their necks, and heard those standing, like the little Lenzberg children, speak. A certain very dear little girl whom I have twice seen during my visit kissed her hand to me. This spirit at her second appearance was dressed in a short white frock, low-necked

photograph is one of the sweetest I ever looked upon, and I fear that the etching may not do her justice. This picture was taken by Mummler, of Boston, while copying a small group photograph of Mrs. Morrill and Mrs. Coburn. Only the upper portion of the figure is materialized, the remainder being a cloudy, nebulous mass—an accretion of luminous fog as it were. The spirits say that they gather together a quantity of this material from the atmosphere, and condensing it by the power of their will, clothe their impalpable forms with it as with a shell, which presents a perfect likeness of their earthly selves.

It appears that it is not necessary that their bodies should be entirely solid to manifest themselves in William's circle. One night Mrs. Cleveland, Honto's great friend, was dancing with that spirit, and by accident took hold of her arm, below the shoulder, when she found to her horror that it was not materialized, and her hand grasped only the sleeve of the robe. The hand was a solid hand attached to a vapory arm. The spirits themselves say they have to learn the art of self-materialization as one would any other. At first they could only make tangible hands, as in the cases of the Davenport, the Foxes, and others, including the Eddys. In fact, some mediums have never got beyond this stage. Others, like Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, N. Y., the Potts Brothers, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Glade, of New York City, have masks or full heads appear; while the most powerful mediums, like Florence Cook, of London, the Holmeses, of Philadelphia, and particularly these wonderful Eddys, seem to furnish the spirits with the means of calling before us the materialized shapes of people of every nation and kindred and tongue.

In my next communication I will enable my readers to judge for themselves of the great variety of spirit forms usually seen here, by giving numerous sketches taken from life by our excellent artist.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION BY LANGUAGE.

A writer in the *International Review* says of "International Communication by Language": "The one serious difficulty that may be foreseen already, is the difficulty of conveying to students in different countries the exact shade of meaning which a word or an expression

where. Let us test this by one or two simple experiments. Try to translate into any other language the expression 'it is no-English.' The difficulty in turning this into French is that *Anglais* and *English* do not mean the same thing—there are deep reserves of international hostility, or at least of disapproval, in the word *Anglais*, and equally deep reserves of national pride and self-complacency in the word *English*. 'Une jeune fille *Anglaise*' does not mean what 'an English girl' means—the French expression includes a reserve of disapproval concerning what seems an outrageous amount of liberty accorded to the bold young creature in question; the English expression has not the slightest reserve of that kind, but is full of pride and praise. 'A Frenchwoman' in England is generally understood to mean an adulteress—une *Française* means an elegant and agreeable person who knows how to dress neatly and talk well. 'A French girl' implies a strong suspicion about morals and religion—'une jeune fille' implies the most absolute confidence in an ideal purity and faith. So you cannot translate *clergyman* into French—*prêtre* conveys a wholly different idea, as, in another way, does *pastor*. You cannot translate *House of Commons* into French: the French newspapers always translate it *Chambre des Communes*, which, though near in sound, is as wrong as it possibly can be, for we have no *communes* at all in England, the English borough being quite a different thing, while many members of the House of Commons are elected by the counties. Besides, the French expression misses the central idea of the English one, which is that the men elected are *common* men, that is to say, not peers of the realm. Any attempt to explain to a Frenchman the shade of meaning implied by the word 'commoner' would be futile; we need the familiarity with national tradition to perceive it. And all this is strictly reciprocal. There are just as many instances in which national habits and traditions make French expressions unintelligible out of France. Alexandre Dumas wrote a play lately, called 'Monsieur Alphonse.' Now surely this looks simple enough, but it is not so simple as it looks. Several Italian journals tried to explain the meaning of *Monsieur*, as used here in full before the Christian name, but they made some very wide shots indeed. Every Frenchman, when he sees 'Monsieur Alphonse' advertised on the walls, seizes at a glance what Dumas intended to convey; but how explain it to a foreigner? And yet every foreigner thinks he knows what *Monsieur* means."

BARRY CORNWALL'S WORKS.

A writer on the late "Barry Cornwall" (Mr. Procter) says: "Of his 'Dramatic Sketches' Mr. Procter tells us in his preface that they were published by him 'in order to try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.' How well he succeeded in his

imitation of the elder dramatists may be inferred from the fact, recorded by Allibone that 'Charles Lamb declared there was not one of the fragments to which, had he found them among the Garrick Plays in the British Museum, he would have refused a place in his 'Dramatic Specimens.' Thomas Moore and Hazlitt spoke of the book in high terms on its first appearance, and *Blackwood* ascribed to its author the gift of 'exquisite taste and original power.' D. M. Moir (Dedmon) spoke of his poem as 'bewitching our finer sensibilities by being thoroughly unctuous with Elysian beauty.' Jeffrey criticized it at length in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1818, but consented to read him very high praise; our poets 'in spite of his neglect of the terrible passions,' he ascribed him as being 'gifted with a beautiful fancy, a beautiful diction, a fine ear for music of verse, and a great tenderness and delicacy of feeling.' He adds:—'If one of the surest tests of poetry be that of it pressing the heart and the fancy, Barry Cornwall must rank high for there are few whose pages the young and ardent reader would more frequently and fondly recur to, or

which so tenderly impress themselves on the tablets of the memory.' To these testimonies we will add that of Byron, who, Lady Blessington tells us, was a great admirer of Procter's poetry, which he held to be full of imagination and beauty, possessing the refinement and delicacy of a woman's mind with all the force of a man's; and he expressed his conviction that Procter, if he would devote himself to tragedy, would rise to the highest rank."

Miss Thompson's famous picture, "The Roli Call," was lately exhibited at Liverpool, and was visited by 21,898 persons in eleven days.



"THE REUNITED FAMILY."

for numerous acts of courtesy for which I desire to make acknowledgment, was here with his wife and daughter. At Mr. Eddy's request he played on the flute during the seance, and so occupied a chair in advance of the front row of spectators and within a few feet of the door of the cabinet. After Mr. Brown's disappearance the curtain was again drawn aside, and we saw standing at the threshold two children. One was a baby of less than one year, and the other a child of seven or eight. Behind them very indistinctly could be observed the form of an old woman, who held up the curtain with her left hand and supported the baby with her right. Mrs.

and short-sleeved, with a sash around her waist and ribbons at the shoulders.

Just as I am about closing my letter I have been so fortunate as to obtain from a lady visitor, Mrs. B. Morrill, of 82 Boylston street, Springfield, Mass., a photograph which shows the process of materialization in a very striking manner. The history of the picture is as follows: A friend of Mrs. Morrill is a Mrs. Coburn, of the same place, who says that for many years she had been more or less controlled as a medium by a spirit girl, calling herself "Light Heart." She says she was the daughter of an Indian squaw by a white man of intelligence and position. Her face in the

should be understood to bear. We already feel this very often in our own language when dealing with subjects that seem to require new and elaborate definitions of old words, and we have to make such definitions afresh in order to prevent misunderstandings, which would be sure to arise without them. Every lawyer is familiar with this difficulty, and takes care that not only the general sense of the word, but the special sense that it is to bear in a document, shall be clearly settled and explained. Now every language is so closely bound up with national habits and sentiments, that it is extremely difficult to give it a meaning which may be current every-

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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

TENTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, VT., October.—Having tried to make it appear reasonably certain that the forms seen on the platform in the circle-room are not character-personations by William H. Eddy, I am prepared to consider the only remaining alternative—that they imply the manifestation of some occult force, either spontaneously generated or under the control of intelligence. Here we have plain sailing, for, as students of science, we ought to find no difficulty in grappling with a subject which submits itself to analysis as freely as any other within the reach of our faculties. I see no more reason why we should not be able to trace the phenomena of modern Spiritualism back to their source than those of heat, light, motion, electricity, or chemical action, if we only use the same patience and resort to like tests. I take nothing for granted, and respect no man's judgment who does. I demand from the Spiritualists as broad a basis of facts for my belief as I do from Huxley before receiving his theory, or from Tyndall if he would have me accept any of the dogmas propounded in his Belfast address. A philosophy that shrinks from crucial tests I want none of. I take nothing on faith. I must thrust my own hand into the gaping side before I will either believe in the wound or denounce the one who made it. I flout at and despise the Spiritualist who assumes to set his creed above all other creeds as too sacred to be tried and tested by every appliance of reason and science. The individual preferences or fears of mediums are nothing to me, for we are in quest of the truth, and would seek it even at the bottom of a well. I weigh the mediums and their phenomena in the balances, and reject whatever appears false. In this spirit I have groped my way among these Eddy apparitions, and think the ground grows firm beneath my feet. I know that I am only the guide carrying the torch, and that the master spirits are to come after me; but I have traversed the country and tried to observe the path so carefully as not to lead my betters into the bog at either side.

Now, that a fair understanding may be established between my reader and myself before I state any more things that I have seen, let us consider this question of the materialized spirits being the product of an undiscovered force. The dogma of Tyndall has not yet been demonstrated, either by him or any other man of science. All the efforts of the most learned philosophers have hitherto failed to show spontaneous generation under conditions which absolutely excluded the admission of germs from the atmosphere. The experiments already made may ultimately lead in part to this result, but they have not as yet; and even if the indestructibility and convertibility of force were proven, the experimenters would still have to account for that something behind, that "dynamic, unseen agency," of which it is only the exponent, and which evolves and directs the force towards its multi-form manifestations. Alas! when they have wrested from space the secret laws under which matter accretes and forms itself into systems and worlds, and by which the myriad types of vegetable and animal life are evolved, the mind will return weary from its search after the Infinite Power that established those laws and holds them to their appointed work.

Well, then, if the English and French chemists, with unlimited control of the best apparatus and every other help, have not evolved so much as microscopic animal life, independent of germs admitted from the atmosphere, is any one so audacious as to say that these Vermont farmers, without a penny's worth of mechanical or chemical appliances, have gained such mastery over the imponderable fluids of the air that, at their pleasure, palpable human forms can be evoked to cheat the senses into the belief that they are endowed with life? Can any one dare to maintain that to such evanescent, self-generated forms these conjurers can impart the faculties of hearing, speech, and sight? Can make them walk like human beings, breathe, sing, convey ideas, and sustain conversations in diverse foreign tongues? To walk may be automatic, as Doctor Carpenter attempted to show in his pamphlet on the unconscious action of the human brain, and, if the spontaneous generation of the Eddy ghosts were conceded, it

might be as easy to allow them the capability of mere motion; but to walk to a given point, by request, or to do any other suggested thing, is not automatic, but the evidence of motion guided by intelligence. When, therefore, these apparitions have, at my demand, moved to the right or left, or stepped forward, or taken hold of some object, or assumed certain attitudes, or otherwise shown that they were capable of not only hearing my voice, consenting to my request, and doing the desired thing, but also were as able to control their individual movements by the power of their individual will as I myself, I saw that all theories of automatic action must be abandoned and the problem recast. In such case I have to deal with sentient beings, and it crowds me nearer and nearer to the verge where I must either surrender or leap.

If we have not to deal with a question of spontaneous generation, are these apparitions the result of some occult force set in motion by any human will? In other words, has the "medium," William H. Eddy, such power over it that he can cheat mothers into the belief that they see their children, children their parents, brothers sisters, friends friends? And are the apparitions subjective or objective? Let us see. If he "psychologizes" any particular one of his audience he does all, for all see the same forms, hear them speak the same words, and witness them doing the same actions. If they are not phantoms of the mind, but temporarily solid and substantial shapes, created by the medium's will out of the invisible molecules floating in the air, what does that imply? Simply that William can not only read our thoughts but see the pictures of our deceased friends as they are impressed on our memory, and conjure up shapes that duplicate them in dress, appearance, manners, and conversation. That this uneducated man can at will speak any language he chooses, recall family names, observe secret actions so as to refer to them, and without time for preparation delude visitors arrived just before the hour of assembly with the spectres of those nearest and dearest to them. Is not this

indicate that the law of evolution follows us beyond the grave, and we may rise to grand heights of light and wisdom; or must we shun them as the angels of hell itself, let loose to ruin us in body and soul? That is where we stand; and now the reader is prepared to let me take him by the hand through this maze, and with me "try the spirits, if they be of God."



"SPIRIT" HAND AND THE MEDIUM'S HAND.

The illustration represents what happened on the first evening, after William's material-

right of the latter a lady similarly chosen. William Eddy then pins across the breasts of the two males a third shawl, attaching the ends to the curtain. A bright light is thrown upon the group from a kerosene lamp placed near and turned up high.

Presently there is a commotion among the articles on the table and loud knocks resound. The bells ring, various instruments are displayed above the curtain; the guitar is played upon near the ceiling, beneath the sitters' chairs, between the chimney side and Horatio's chair to the left, flat against the south wall, beyond the lady sitter to the right, and elsewhere; a familiar air is played in concert by a number of instruments; bells are rung singly and in harmony together, and hands of various sizes and tints dart into sight through the aperture in the curtain or show themselves above the cord.

On the occasion referred to the gentleman sitting next to Horatio was requested after a while to give place to a lady, who, when she had taken her seat and the shawl was readjusted, was caressed by a child's hand, a tiny little thing that might have belonged to a girl of two or three years. It patted her cheek, was held at the lips to be kissed, laid upon her head, smoothed her hair, and when her eyes filled with tears, wiped them away and renewed its caresses. The artist has shown me standing far in advance of the rest of the circle, where it will be noticed I had unobstructed view of all that transpired; but when this little hand was thrust from another world to cheer and encourage the mother whose bosom it had so often clasped in life, I had drawn close up in front and saw the very dimples on it. I am, therefore, entirely able and ready to affirm that, even if the medium were an impostor and had wished to deceive his sitters with a clever juggler, he did not then nor could not, for he could not transform his long, brown, bony, sinewy hand and his wrist, mutilated by the cruel tyings of many "committees," into the size, color, and shape of the baby hand that was materialized before my eyes.

FALL OF THE HANGING ROCKS IN COLORADO.

(See illustration on page 40.)

The Colorado Central Railroad, extending from Denver to Black Hawk, a distance of thirty-nine miles, follows up the famous Clear Creek Canyon, beyond what is known as Golden City. There was only room to construct a narrow-gauge track through the canyon, and the grade in some places is 175 feet to the mile. The windings of the roadway are peculiar, opening continually some novel view, and along a part of the way the grandest scenery in the Rocky Mountains. The terminus of the railroad at Black Hawk is 7,548 feet above sea level, making it next to Sherman, on the Union Pacific, the highest railroad station in America. The station house at this point is an old stone quartz mill, built in 1860 by General Fitz John Porter, and after an expenditure of \$200,000 abandoned as a failure.

At many points along the road the passenger from his seat in the observation car catches sight of the rest of the train, and some of the curves are so sharp that the engine sometimes seems to be coming towards him. Then again his nerves will be disturbed as the train passes under the overhanging rocks, as if suspended in mid-air hundreds of feet above. Occasionally a loose piece of rock will come crashing down and cover the track. No accident has happened from this source during the two years the railway has been in operation until a few days ago, when a whole train narrowly escaped being crushed under a huge boulder weighing hundreds of tons. The down train was just passing around the "Devil's Elbow" when this mass split off from "Hanging Rock," rolled down, carrying debris and shaking the earth for miles around, striking the tender, and crushing that with a portion of the baggage car into atoms. The train had been moving cautiously, and was brought to this sudden halt with nothing more than a lively shaking up among the passengers. Strange to say, nobody was hurt. It was some hours

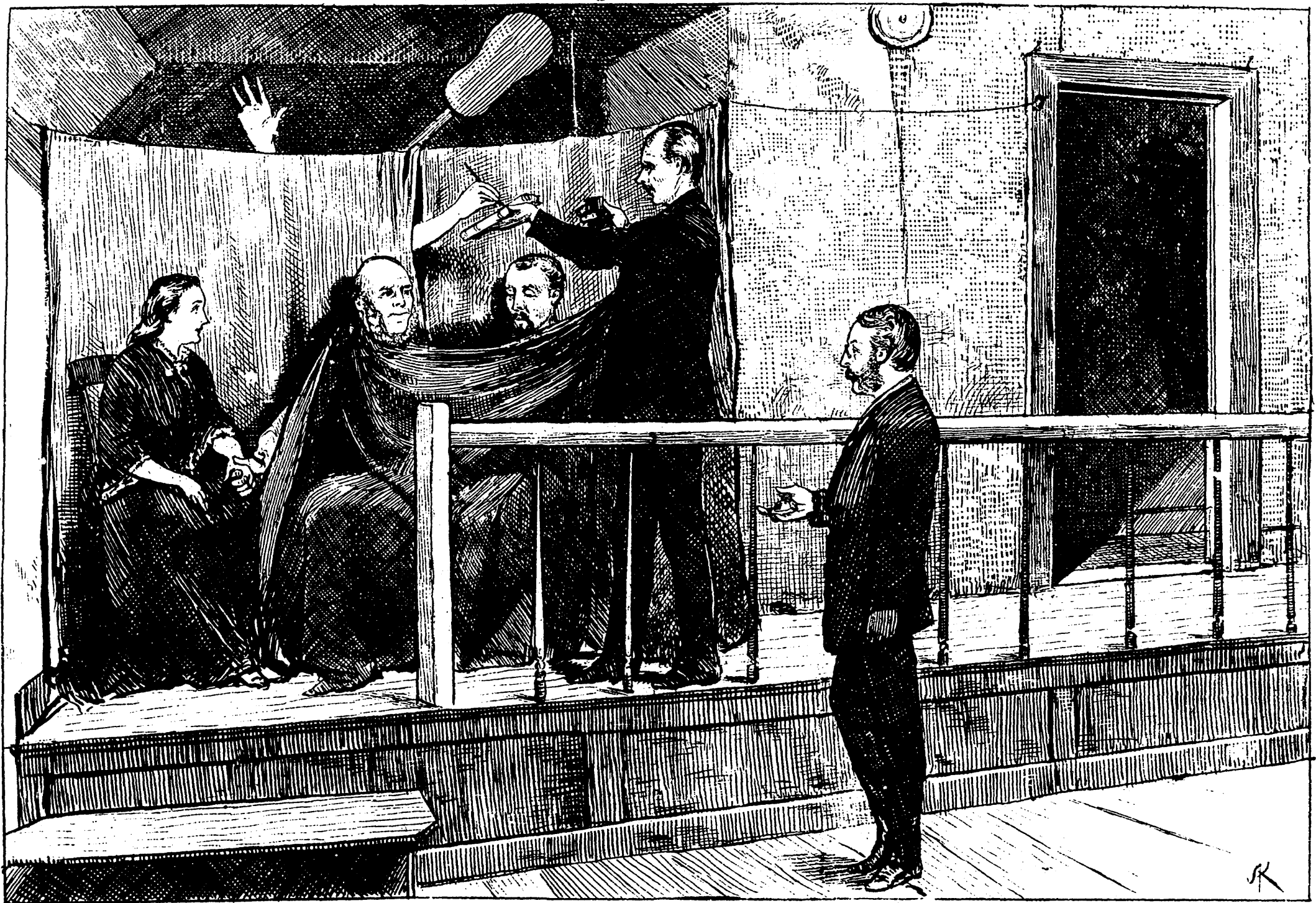
before the rock could be removed. Among the passengers were several tourists, who relate their experience with a shudder, averring that never before in all their journeys were they so near having "the mountains fall down upon them and bury them up."

A PHANTOM GIRL.

The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says: "There dwells in this city a lady who in all respects seems a sane and sensible woman. She lost five years ago an only daughter of great promise, seventeen years old, and the idol of the mother. Since her child's death she has had the room she used to occupy cleaned daily, and the untouched bed pulled to pieces and made over. She sits before a vacant chair at the table and carefully fills the unused plate, and spring and fall buys the newest and prettiest things for 'Addie,' giving away the last year's garments, 'Addie' having done with them. There is no appearance of mental gloom or disorder about her, yet she carries this vagary into every act of her life. Riding out, no one ever sits beside her, as that seat is filled by the imagin-

ary air-drawn daughter. When seats are taken at a theatre, her husband always gets three. You see the vacant chair between them, where she supposes the dead 'Addie' sits and views the performance. She is cheerful and happy, and asked a friend of mine the other day for the pattern of a wrapper, saying 'Addie' kept her room so much it would be serviceable, and several days later I saw the poor mother busily braiding a cashmere sack for 'Addie.' She will speak with all rationality for hours on all subjects, but suddenly excuse herself, saying she must go to 'Addie' for a few moments. Sitting beside the empty bed (to which her daughter was confined for two years before her death) she clasps an unseen hand and talks hours together with her phantom child. It is a strange case, but by no means a sad one, since her tender ministrations to this voiceless 'Addie' makes the mother's heart rejoice. To all intents and purposes the daughter seems to her to be with her constantly. Her husband contemplates taking her abroad, and the lady is already packing up 'Addie's' things."

A HORRIBLE APPETITE.—An unfortunate lunatic who died in the Prestwich Asylum recently, seems to have lived not wisely but too well. A post mortem examination led to the discovery of no fewer than 1,841 articles in his inside—namely, 1,630 shoemakers' separables, 6 four-inch cut-nails, 19 three-inch cut-nails, 8 two-and-a-half-inch cut-nails, 18 two-inch cut-nails, 40 half-inch cut-nails, 9 three-quarter-inch cut-nails, 39 tacks, 5 brass nails, 8 brass brace buttons, 20 pieces of buckles, 1 pin, 14 bits of glass, 10 small pebbles, 4 pieces of string, 1 piece of leather three inches long, 1 piece of lead four inches long, and 1 American pegging-awl—the total weight being 11 pounds 10 ounces. It seems strange that any man's state of mind should be such that he could take as much pleasure in eating the contents of a rag-and-bottle shop as of a butcher's or pastry-cook's establishment.



A "LIGHT-CIRCLE" AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD.

absurd? To believe such nonsense is far more difficult than to yield at discretion and acknowledge that perhaps the spirit world may be a fact after all. What hard climbing this is to reach the peak, from which the mind's eye may take in the whole plain of Truth at a glance! If we could only swallow the spiritualistic pill at a gulp, how much trouble we might be spared. For their explanation is so easy; every single phase of these phenomena is so transparently simple, so in accordance with law—an occult and as yet undiscovered law, it is true, but still law and not chance—that one "finds peace in believing." A clergyman asked me yesterday if the world would not demand that the Spiritualists should show something of practical benefit brought about by the spirits—something that would add to the world's wealth. I referred him to the position he took every Sunday of his life when he asked: "If a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul, what profiteth him?" and put it to him as a clergyman if the proving of immortal existence were not the most priceless blessing that could be conferred upon the world by these modern wonder-workers. He had not regarded the matter from that side.

So here we are at length: Confederacy, disproven; personation, discredited; spontaneous generation of the apparitions, impossible; mind-reading by the medium, followed by his creation of the shades of our deceased friends, absurd: Result, a possibility that, by some occult control over now unknown forces of nature, beings other than those in the body can manifest their presence to sight, touch, and hearing. If beings, what beings? Those they purport to be, or the similitudes of such, formed and fashioned by tricky creatures, who

ization seance closed. It shows some of the visible manifestations at Horatio G. Eddy's light-circles. Thousands who have attended the public exhibitions of the Davenport and other travelling mediums will recognize them as familiar. I was chosen as one of the committee on the evening when the Davenports first appeared in the Cooper Institute several years ago, and saw five hands simultaneously thrust out of the aperture in the cabinet-door. Instead of using a wooden box, Horatio Eddy hangs two shawls upon the line that stretches from the chimney in the circle-room to the south hall, leaving an open space between it and the ceiling of about two feet.

The one next the chimney and behind Horatio's chair is a short one, and does not reach the floor by nearly three feet; and therefore, if it were possible for him to execute tricks behind the other curtain without betraying himself by movements of his head, feet, shoulders and body, or the disturbance of the shawl, he would be favorably placed to do so. I have watched him closely, and have never detected any such indications of fraud. Besides, it will appear in the course of my narrative that even if he had had both hands free to do what he chose, he could not have done any one of many things that I will recount.

The shawls merely form a screen behind which it must be almost as light as in front. A table is pushed into the corner and on it are laid the following: One guitar, one concertina, seven bells of various sizes, two tambourines, eight harmonicons (mostly disabled), one flute, one fife, one flageolet, one tin ditto, and one triangle. Horatio sits on a chair in front of the curtain to the left, next to him some gentlemen selected from the audience, and at the

Let the reader judge. Here we have front and back views of Horatio's right hand and a view of the baby hand that I have referred to. The peculiar mutilation of his wrist by the compression of the small bones of the wrist by ligatures when they were soft will be observed, as well as the long, slim, almost claw-like fingers. Observe also, by reference to the large picture, that, as Horatio sits at the extreme left of the three, he could only use his right hand for juggling, whereas the child-hand is a left one.

A call was soon made for writing materials, and a succession of spirit hands clutching the pen that William offered them, and using my note-book as a tablet, wrote names on cards and threw them towards the audience. Some were names of the dead, some of the living; none, I am satisfied, familiar to the medium.

The performances of the evening concluded, at the request of a visitor, with a series of imitations of the noises of the boring of wood, sawing, splitting, and the filing of iron, and the pumping of water, the sounds occurring behind the curtain, and all being so true to nature as to evoke great applause.

During the entire sitting, as during each of like character, Horatio's two hands clasped the bared left arm of the person next him; his eyes were closed, and, as I said before, there was neither rustle of the curtain nor movement of his feet, body or shoulders. For all the attention he gave to what was going on he might have been in a stupor, or enjoying a nap after a full meal.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]

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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., October.—I scarcely ever sit down to write a chapter of this true story of my experience among the Chittenden ghosts without feeling the similarity between my mental state and that of one who threads his way through a strange forest by night. At one moment the traveller catches a glimpse of the path under some opening where the starlight comes down, and anon, lost in obscurity he runs against an obstacle that must be surmounted or skirted; his senses are kept constantly on the alert for foes of one kind or another, his eyes strained for pitfalls; a vague sense of danger besets him; but through all his courage is sustained by the hope of getting safely out of the woods, and obtaining that security and repose which shall reward him for all the difficulties of the journey. I am continually oppressed with a consciousness of the fact that, in an investigation of this character, one is not only liable to deceive oneself by the evidence of the truant senses, but to mislead many good people who are obliged to depend upon their vigilance for the formation of their own opinions. It is as well that I should state this fact, for it serves to bring my readers *en rapport* with my own mind, and show them that I do not merit their censure by falling asleep on my post. How vast a pity it is that this matter of the intercourse between the two worlds is so tainted with falsehood; that the observation of its phenomena is so much in the hands of ignorant, dishonest, and even dissolute people; that the most atrocious fraud is often practised upon honest investigators, and that the sacred feelings of the heart are trifled with for gain! But the responsibility for all this is easily placed. It lies at the door of those men of science who could discover to us the fundamental law upon which these things rest if they would, but do not, so turning us over to charlatans and enthusiasts to be deceived and misled until our own dearly bought experience teaches us and shames them into tardy action.

It has been observed by frequenters of these "circles" that the appearance and behavior of Honto are good indications of the general character of the manifestations for the evening; if she is active, the seance will be a good one; if not, the reverse. The plain deduction from this is, of course, that she and the other spirits are alike subject to the same laws governing the occurrences of the phenomena; and not, as some devout Spiritualists suppose, that her condition reflects upon that of her fellows by a mysterious exercise of her will upon their power of materialization.

On the second evening of my visit Honto was the first spirit to appear, and she remained in sight nearly fifteen minutes. Mrs. Cleveland and Mr. Pritchard occupied their usual chairs at either end of the platform, and Honto danced with the former in a lively manner, balancing, advancing, crossing over, and turning the old lady as though the whole delight of her soul was in the figures of the dance. She would sway first to one side and then the other, raise her hands above her head, bend backwards until her spine was nearly doubled upon itself, like a carpenter's rule, and fling herself about in an exuberance of childish glee. Leaving her partner, she then passed to the other end of the stage, always keeping step to the music, and balanced to Mr. Pritchard, who, being partially paralyzed, could only take her hands in his, and humor her fancy by waving them from side to side and up and down, as her light feet rose and fell. The spirit girl held her face close to each of theirs, that they might scan her features, and making Mrs. Cleveland turn about, she stood back against back with her to show us her height. The living woman measures just 5 feet 5 inches, and Honto, holding herself erect, was nearly half a head shorter. The skirt of her dress to-night came but little below her knees, so that I easily assured myself that she was no man making himself short by bending his knees.

The apparition of a youngish woman holding a baby in her arms followed immediately after Honto's retirement, and caused an exhibition of tender pathos. In the semi-darkness of the room it is, as I have said before, generally but not always the case that persons cannot recognize the spirits until attention has been specially drawn to them, when their individuality is settled by the general appearance of their form, weight, and motions, in case no words are spoken by them to their questioning friends. In this case the usual query, "Is it for me?" was running along the line, when a woman's voice exclaimed in an agonizing tone, "Is that my baby? Is it my—; is it CHARLIE?" The spirit woman nodded and smiled and held the baby forward for recognition. There was a sob, a wail, an outburst of maternal tenderness: "My darling! My angel!"—and the poor mother could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance.

This scene was followed by another of like character. A German Jewess of nervous temperament sat beside me on the front bench. The curtain was pushed aside and there in the cabinet's door stood her daughter of twelve years in a white gown and with her black hair carefully brushed back from the temples. The mother, overcome with joy, poured forth a volley of questions in German, intermingled with ejaculations, which the happy child tried to answer by rapping assent or dissent with her knuckles upon the door-post, and disappeared as her mother was ready to fall into a swoon from excess of emotion.

Two spirits in all showed themselves, viz.:

Honto; Mrs. Carpenter, an elderly lady; Abbey—; the lady and infant; two children; a German, named Abraham Alsbach, who spoke German to his sister; a young lady with long blonde hair, who wore a white dress with low neck and short sleeves and a flowing train—a very pretty spirit; and an aged lady, the grandmother of a person present.

On the next evening the shapes of seven Indians and five whites were seen, and a majority of them were so obliging as to back up to the wall and allow themselves to be measured. In the hopes of aiding my judgment as to the relative heights of the medium and the several spirits, I caused two strips of white muslin to be painted in feet and inches, and tacked them on the wall at either side of the cabinet door. This would enable the eye to note where the head of each apparition reached at the moment the spirit stepped over the threshold. The painter, however, made the mistake of painting the figures about a third too small, and, therefore, while with the fair light we had the first evening the scale was used I could see heights to within a couple of inches, I had to rely upon Mr. Pritchard to call off the exact figures. One most important result was, at any rate, attained in settling beyond question the fact that figures, able to stand alone and walk, were seen, whose heights varied from two feet 1 inch to 6 feet 2½ inches. Of these extremes, one was Santum, the Winnebago spirit, and the other a little white child, who leaned against the right-hand door-post. I timed the intervals between the appearance of four of the apparitions, and found them as follows:

From departure of spirit of	To arrival of spirit of	Interval of time.
Santum—Sex, male; height, 6 ft. 2½ in.; dress, Indian, ornamented with stripes of embroidery and fringe of buckskin; complexion, dark copper...	B—R—Sex, male; height, 4 ft. 9 in.; dress, European (jacket and trousers dark, white shirt, black tie)...	1 45
B—R—	Old Mrs. R—mother of lady present—Sex, female; complexion, light; hair, white; age, about sixty; dress, European...	1 50
Mrs. R—	Swift Cloud—Sex, male; complexion, copper; hair, black; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; dress, Indian (blue jacket with fringed sleeves, brown or gray hunting-shirt worn outside, leggings fringed, and feather in hair)...	2 35
Swift Cloud	A child—Sex, male; age, six; height, —; dress, European...	4 30

This was a Saturday night, and according

that he declared he would go at once to New York and take the first vessel for Europe and put himself in such a condition that neither spirits nor mortals could play tricks on him. He was vexed at all who saw him for not telling of it at once.

The razor with which the shaving was done lay on a shelf in the corner cupboard, and to get and use it, of course, the spirit must have materialized himself. HENRY CARPENTER.

No wonder that the medium was out of temper, for it foreboded no good to him if, after resigning himself to mediumship, he should be at the mercy of any passing *potter-geist*, and no friendly power stood by to protect him from harm. He presented a comical enough appearance with his lip half shaved,



THE SPIRIT "CHESTER PACKARD" SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS UNCLE.

and his indignation was forcibly expressed at all who had suffered him to go about for an hour or so looking like such a fright, without telling him of his misfortune.

The weather on Monday evening was favorable, the moon shining brightly, the temperature of the air low, and a hard frost beginning. Eight spirits showed themselves—four Indians and four whites. Honto came first, and went through her usual performance, "materializing" shawls and pieces of cloth and white lace, and dancing. She moved to the extreme south end of the platform, and stood there making signs to Horatio Eddy which he did not understand. She was just turning to go

notice: That while Honto was out on the stage, a dozen feet distant from the cabinet and with her back towards it, we were addressed by another person from within its dark recess. It having been demonstrated that William has no confederates, it is in order for the sceptics to choose between the alternatives of admitting that Honto and he are not identical, or of accounting for the presence of a second person in a place where it was a physical impossibility for any mortal to be.

On the next evening I saw more spirits than on any other single occasion during my whole visit. Seventeen showed themselves and all were whites. There were of babies, 2; small children, 3; women, young and old, 5; and adult males, 7. The theory that deceptive imitations of little children were made by wrapping white rags around one or both the medium's legs, as occasion required, was destroyed by the circumstance that the smallest child, not a babe, I saw that evening bowed and courtesied to its mother in reply to her question as to its identity.

Mr. Pritchard, who sat next to me on my right in the front row, was called to the platform by Mrs. Eaton's voice, and when he reached there his two nephews, William and Chester Packard, late of Albany, N. Y., came out in turn to greet him; the former shaking hands with him and laying his left hand upon his uncle's shoulder.

At the close of the evening Mrs. Eaton's voice, addressing me, said that William was being developed for a new and startling phase of mediumship.

I have a memorandum among my notes of this day that a number of persons from different localities were turned back upon applying for admission to the farm-house, and at the risk of appearing over-urgent, recall attention to what I have previously said upon this subject. I have seen respectable persons refused after making very long journeys and assuming expenses that I am sure they could ill afford, to have the satisfaction of seeing their loved and lost ones. It is a bitter disappointment in any case to have the door shut in one's face under such circumstances, but to those whose hearts are bleeding from wounds just inflicted it must have been agony. All my sympathies have gone out to some sad-eyed women whose wistful gaze has lingered about the door as the horses' heads were

body they cared for even after waiting patiently for a week or more. If we could "call up" whomsoever we chose, as Saul did the shade of Samuel, it would be another matter, but under present conditions the visits of our angel friends seem to depend upon laws beyond their control or our own. For my part, I confess that, in view of the uncertainty of our being able to demonstrate their identity even when they do come, in consequence of our ignorance of the limits to the mischievous power of the jugglers of the other world to cheat us with counterfeit presentments of our "deceased" friends, and the unsatisfied feeling that their fitting appearance before our eyes leaves behind, I care less that any individual person should come than that any spirit at all should be able to break down the wall between the two worlds. In short, if I can be satisfied through these "manifestations" of the great basic fact of Immortality, I am satisfied to wait with a cheerful heart for the coming of that hour, common to us all, when the mystery of life will be solved, and the veil be drawn aside to let the glorious light stream in. HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Friday next.]

DECORATING THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN PARIS.

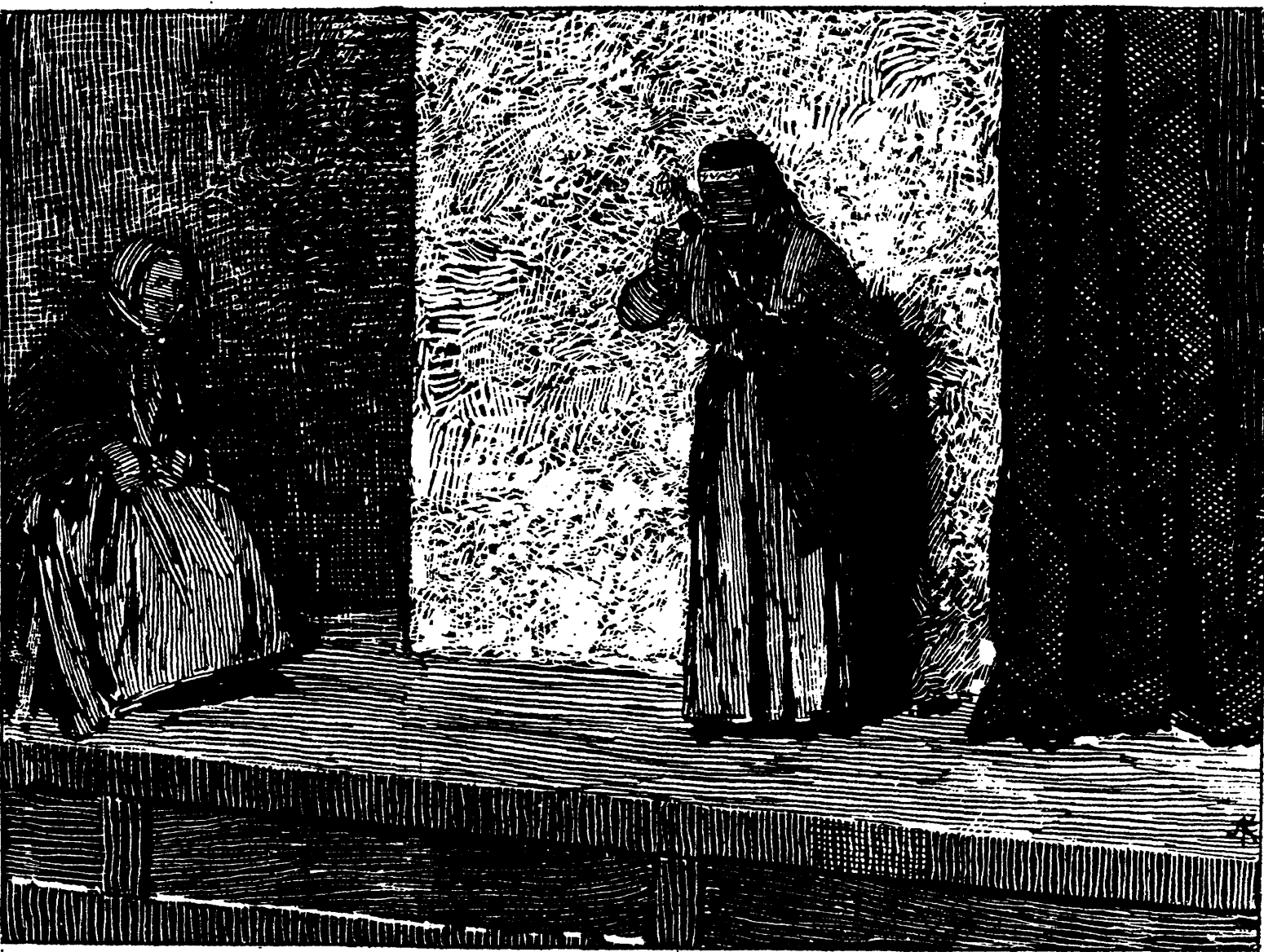
[See Illustration on Page 68.]

The decorations of the new Opera in the Palais de l'Industrie are being prepared with the most lively activity. People generally have no idea of the peculiar conditions under which this gigantic work is done; no scaffolding is used by the painter in decorating the immense hangings, twenty-five metres long and seventeen metres high, but the artist stands on the floor and paints with a long pole, at the end of which is his brush. After having made the rough sketch of his decorations, the artist makes a model which rests on a scaffolding where he can see it, and which he divides at need like a design in tapestry in order to arrange each part of the picture. Guided by this indicator the artist goes with a sure hand to the precise spot where he wishes to deposit his pigments. In order to observe the effect of his painting, as it will appear to spectators on ordinary occasions, the artist has but to mount a ladder at the bottom of the hall. This is an entirely French way of making decorations, since it is employed in no other country. In England decorative artists work seated on a piece of mechanism which can be raised and lowered at will. The decoration of this Opera house is confided to four artists: M. Cambon, Lavaste, Rube, and Cherets.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "The immense room, said to be the largest of the kind on the continent, was brilliantly lighted, and the one hundred and twelve private boxes were filled to their utmost capacity with fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, while the parquet below was crowded with less fortunate but equally respectable men, and the fifth gallery or pit overflowing with the *tiers état*. At the farthest extremity sat the smooth-faced and oily tongued President of the Republic with his Cabinet; and extending forward upon each side were rows of Government officials in full black, and military gentlemen resplendent in decorations and gold-laced uniforms. The exercises, as we of the States denominate a programme, consisted in the reading of discourses by four gentlemen selected for the purpose, a similarly stupid delivery of four poetical effusions, two recitations by a little girl of ten or eleven years of age, and the singing of nine operatic airs by members of an Italian troupe engaged for the occasion—making nineteen acts in all, not counting the national hymn, which was sung by the whole audience, before our arrival. The matter of the speeches and the poems may have been very good for aught we, who are unfamiliar with Spanish composition, could tell; but we thought the style exceedingly monotonous and tiresome—an opinion which seemed to be fully shared by the occupants of the pit, who hissed nearly all the readers and compelled them to desist before they had concluded their effusions. After the last piece of music, which was admirably rendered by a quartet, the President walked forward, bearing in his left hand Hidalgo's old flag of the rebellion (the audience rising at the same time), and demanded in a distinctly clear voice, '*Viva independencia!*' and then (after a moderate response having been returned), '*Viva la republica!*' to which the reply was not more general or enthusiastic. The crowd now began to disperse, and at the same time, precisely eleven o'clock, the church bells throughout the city were rung and a few rockets exploded from the Plaza."

COAL AND PETROLEUM.—A letter from Yedo to the *Pull Mail Gazette* says: "The other day a tea-house was burned to the ground, owing to the explosion of a petroleum lamp. The natives have for some time been in the habit of using a mineral oil for lighting purposes, which is very inexpensive, but also very dangerous. This oil is obtained in the vicinity of the harbor of Nigala; it is very abundant, and a company is being formed to purchase the wells. The machinery for cleaning the petroleum is to be procured from America. This will supply Japan with a new article of trade. It is also proposed to search for a better quality of coal than that at present used in Japan. Hitherto the Japanese coal has not been adapted for steamers, as it was dug from the surface, and was consequently so full of impurities that it threw out but little heat. If it were found that at greater depths the coal is equal to English coal, the tariff for passengers and goods on the steamers plying off the Japanese and Chinese coasts could be reduced by one-half. The largest of the coal-fields, that of Takosima, has at length come into the possession of the government, and it is hoped that an increased outlay of capital will produce satisfactory results. The Emperor is to go to Osaka to open the railway there, and the engineers are also busily engaged in deepening the bed of the Osaka River between Fushimi and the sea, so as to enable European ships to approach the town."



"THE SMOKING SQUAW."

to rule no circle was held the following evening, but an event of serious import to at least one person occurred which is worth recounting. The house being crowded with visitors, William Eddy had for a bed-fellow a Mr. Carpenter, of Malone, New York, a gentleman who impressed me as a person of candor and intelligence, and who has enjoyed the advantage of much general travel as well as a voyage around the world. William had shaved off his moustache during the hot weather, but was now allowing it to grow and it had attained a length of perhaps half an inch. On Sunday night the two retired and lay awake talking when Mr. Carpenter was afforded a first class sensation which I prefer him to describe in his own fashion:

CHITTENDEN, Vt., September 21, 1874.
Mr. Olcott.
DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request I repeat the events of last night as follows: After retiring to bed as usual with William Eddy, we lay talking for some time, when he suddenly became silent. A shiver or slight convulsion seemed to run through his body, and I heard a voice say: "Now I've got you just where I want you." I asked, "Whom do you mean; do you mean me?" The voice replied, "No, Mr. Eddy." I then asked, "Who is it?" "Is it Mr. Morse?" The voice replied, "No, it's Asa Perkins." Addressing William apparently, the voice continued: "I'll learn you not to keep me around here all day and not let me come. I'll put a mark on you so you'll know me when I want to come again." I then heard the scraping of a razor, and the voice said: "There, I've put a mark on you, so I guess you'll know me when I want to come again." I asked the kind of a mark he had put on William. The voice said: "I've cut one side of his moustache off; you just feel." I felt his lip, and sure enough, one side of his moustache was gone.

The spirit then left and William came to himself again. The voice had told me not to tell William what had been done, so I said nothing.

In the morning William discovered the trick when he looked in the glass, and was so angry

back, when Mrs. Eaton's shrill voice, calling from within the cabinet, said: "She wants to smoke." I filled my own pipe and handed it to Horatio, who lighted it, and gave it to the squaw; and then we had the astonishing spectacle of a materialized spirit from the other world walking about and drawing such great whiffs from a tobacco-pipe that the glowing contents of the bowl cast a ruddy glow upon her coppery features. Alas! for all our poetical fancies about vapory forms, and snowy robes, and shining wings, and harps of gold—there stood a smoking squaw before us, in feature, costume, and complexion the type of her race, and with no more appearance of spirituality about her than any of the women in the room who sat there regarding her with amazement.

Another squaw who appeared that evening was a new-comer, unknown to any one present, but claiming to be one of the band influencing a medium visitor. She was a very short woman, not above five feet high, and of a very much darker complexion than Honto. She wore a dress of dark blue or black, apparently the former—trimmed with bands of large beads that clattered as she walked. Her moccasins and leggings were also trimmed with them, and her hair was very long and thick, and hung free down her back.

Mrs. R— saw her son again to-night, and in reply to her question: "Are you happy, my son?" I heard him distinctly say: "I am, mother!" There was no ventriloquism by somebody within the cabinet, for I dimly saw his lips move, and at the same time he made a reassuring gesture to lend emphasis to his words.

And now will the reader go back a paragraph and note what may have escaped his

finally turned towards Rutland. I have felt at such times the desire for unlimited wealth, that I might buy this place, erect great buildings, pension off the brothers for life, and throw open the doors of a new and capacious circle-room to all who might come. But what can these boys do? Their old house holds only a score of strangers even with close packing, and they are forced to establish rules of admission and stand by them. If people will come from Michigan or Minnesota, from Kentucky or South Carolina, without assuring themselves in advance of bed and board, the responsibility of exclusion rests with them. I have had some of my own personal acquaintance served so, and did not remonstrate. It would save disappointment and trouble to all concerned if some sort of system were inflexibly maintained. It seems to me that it would be a very easy matter for the family to issue cards to applicants, good for so many days from and after such a date. As things are mismanaged at present, good, candid people are often refused and penniless marplot often received. It will be found in every instance, I think, where visitors have gone away dissatisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations, that they have stayed less than a week, and so had next to no opportunity to really see or understand the phenomena as they are. Nearly every one of the scurrilous attacks that have appeared in newspapers have been written by just such superficial investigators, and the family owe it to themselves to take nobody for less than one week. Another argument in favor of the establishment of such a rule is the uncertainty as to a visitor seeing his friends in any short stay. I have frequently known of their being favored in their first seance, and, again, as often of their seeing no

The Editor of THE DAILY GRAPHIC desires it to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. S. Olcott, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOME-STEAD IN VERMONT.

TWELFTH LETTER.

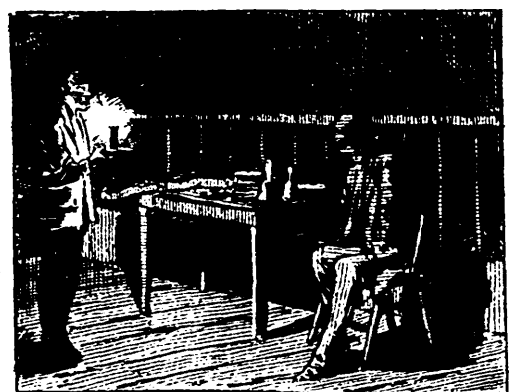
CHITTENDEN, Vt., October.—William's circle was followed by one of Horatio's "dark-circles," in which what occurs is in a room totally dark. The preparations for this event consist in hanging shawls or blankets over the four windows nearest the platform to exclude even starlight, removing the table with its



THE SPIRIT "MAYFLOWER."

array of musical instruments to a position on the main floor just in front of the railing, and tying Horatio in a chair placed to the right of the table and in front of the spectators. Upon the extinction of the light the gruff voice of the sailor-spirit "George Dix" and the piping whisper of the little girl-spirit "Mayflower" are heard greeting us, special mention being often made of favorite acquaintances of the curiously matched copartners in the direction of these striking scenes. Dix asserts that he was drowned at the wreck of the Steamship President, which may or may not be true, but the truth of which is of no consequence in view of what he does and causes to be done. If any over-zealous inquirer should wish to verify the fact, he can do so by taking the trouble to examine the shipping papers of the crew of the ill-fated steamship which will no doubt be found in the archives of the Customs Bureau of the Treasury Department. So far as I am personally concerned, Dix might as well call himself Jack Cade or General Washington.

"Mayflower's" story is that she died of fever, a century ago, while a captive among the Indians of the Maine wilderness. She was the daughter of Italian immigrants, who were murdered on their "clearing" in one of the many Indian raids by which the early settlers on our Canadian frontier were so greatly harassed. This spirit, by some strange law of spiritual intercourse not yet satisfactorily explained to me, revisits this world as a child of twelve years, and manifests juvenile traits in all that she does. She exhibits the Italian talent for improvisation, hardly missing an opportunity to rattle off her verses upon any subject named impromptu by any person in the audience. She is also an accomplished performer on various instruments, which she plays with rare power and expression. Her nature, judging by her conversation and acts, is simple, innocent, and kindly; her heart is warm and sympathetic, and her chief desire to afford pleasure to those of a refined disposition whom the fame of these circles may have attracted to the place. George Dix, on the other hand, is a manly, powerful spirit, with a grip like a vice, a rollicking, prankish nature, and a voice like that of one accustomed to shout in storms from maintop to deck. He is a spinner of yarns, not always devoid of a coarser flavor than the customs of mixed assemblages permit; an ingenious fellow, who sings, plays well on the violin, whistles like a Boehm flute, and, to keep things lively, is ready to bear a hand at any sort of work, from the moving of ponderous objects and the ringing of bells to the imitation of almost any sound produced by any of the mechanic arts with which he is familiar. Moreover, he is one of your men of knowledge, and given to the unreserved utterance of opinions; ready at a moment's notice to give you the analysis of electricity or a poetical invocation to the Deity; just as, according to Sydney Smith, Lord John Russell was ready to attempt the command of the Channel Fleet or the operation for lithotomy with equal alacrity. But George Dix, or George whatsoever may be his name, is a capital good fellow who has always a hearty grip for an honest man and a heavy fist for those who deserve to feel its weight. When Dr. Beard was here it was Dix's hand that in Horatio's light-circle beat that worthy over the head with the guitar, causing his precipitate flight and striking terror into his guilty soul; and it was he who one night in a dark-circle pulled a man named Frost, by the legs out of his chair to the floor with a great bump that shook us in our seats. When I say "grip" I mean just that, for this spirit, in addition to shaking hands with me sundry



THE DARK CIRCLE BEFORE THE LIGHT IS EXTINGUISHED.

times, once gave me one of the grips of a Master Mason, which for want of space or another sufficient reason I will not now describe. Horatio, I may remark, is not a Mason.

Compliments being exchanged, a medley performance begins. There is a dance of a pack of a dozen howling, leaping, skylarking Indians who beat on the drums, rattle the tambourines, blow the horns, ring the heavier bells, and make a din so hideous that one easily fancies himself caught in the melee of a dance of live redskins about starting on the war-path. If Horatio were unbound and using all four of his locomotive and prehensile members he could not imitate this dance. The creatures yell, and one can hear their stamping on the floor in cadence with their

rude music. The dance is preceded by a stillness so dead that for any sound of life we might fancy the room empty. A slow beating of the time, a few clangs of the big dinner-bell, a measured beat of the tambourine, and then the time grows faster and faster until in a moment we are in the midst of the hurly-burly. It needed no stretch of imagination to see, even in the Egyptian darkness of the hall, the wild figures circling round and round, for their demonstrations were of so obstreperous a character as to frighten all but *habitués* of the coolest temperaments. As an exhibition of pure brute force, if the term may be applied to the occult power that produces it, this Indian dance probably is unsurpassed in the annals of spiritual manifestations.

Following this episode, upon the evening in question, came a sword-combat, apparently between two persons, for the hacking of the two blades was, it seemed to me, too violent to be done by one man operating in the dark at the risk of chopping off a finger or mutilating a wrist. The play of weapons ended in a sudden groan and the falling of a man's body on the floor at my feet. I certainly thought some one had found his quietus, but a match being struck and a candle lit, the medium was found sitting quietly in his chair with his bonds undisturbed, and no sign of perspiration on his skin. The floor, however, was littered with musical instruments and bells, and the swords of the unseen combatants were lying along with them. The scenes sketched by the artist in two of the cuts give a correct idea of the appearance of the room before the extinction of the candle and upon its relighting.

The medium (or rather the spirit controlling him, for he is supposed to be in an unconscious state and his organs used by a spirit, which may or may not be true, and which I do not regard as important in the settlement of our problem) then invited me to take measures to satisfy myself that the phenomena were genuine. Accordingly a gentleman present, Mr. George W. Nichols, of John H. Draper & Co.'s, auctioneers, New York City, sat in Horatio Eddy's lap, while I, drawing up my chair in front of him, placed my feet upon Horatio's toes and held Mr. Nichols's hands, thus making it impossible that either of the three should move without each of the others knowing it. Moreover, Horatio could not move if he wished, for his hands were tightly bound to the back of his chair, and even if he could disengage them he could not move them forward to touch us or the instruments scattered about; his slightest motion would be instantly detected by the man sitting on his lap. The light was again extinguished and a new performance began. Hands, cold, clammy, and firm, stroked our faces, patted our heads, slapped me on my back and legs and Mr. Nichols on the parts of his person not leaning against the medium, a pair of lips kissed my cheek, and two huge hands tickled me under

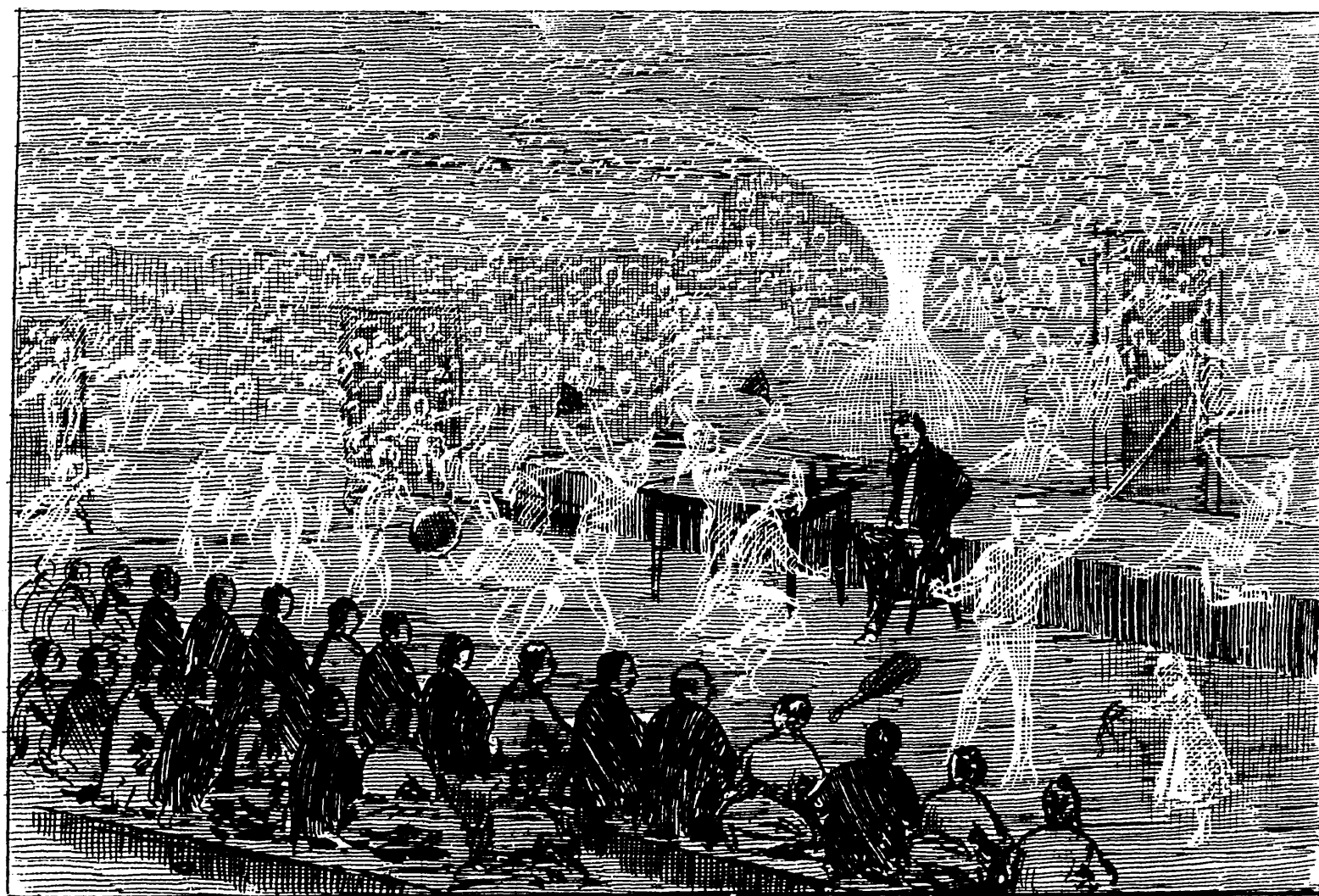
various solos, duos, trios, and concerted pieces were played by some mysterious performers. The solos were upon the violin, guitar, flute, piccolo, concertina, and mouth harmonicon. The two most surprising features of the performance were: (1) the playing on a guitar as it floated from one side of the room to the other through the air, a distance of at least fifteen feet (this was not a mere strumming of the strings, but a delicate and artistic playing of a popular air in pianissimo); and (2) the execution of the air of "Home, Sweet Home" on the concertina. The invisible performer managed to get more power and at the same time preserve as good expression as any person I have ever heard handle the instrument. I noticed the same striking feature as with the guitar playing, viz.: that the musical sound was prolonged and the swells maintained through a much greater space laterally than any mortal performer could cover, and at the same time sustain the same quality of tone. There were



MRS. EMMA F. MCCORMICK, THE SEERESS.

no sounds of footsteps, and the instrument was played so close to us that I could feel the wind it made as it passed through the air. I have heard Horatio Eddy, the medium of the dark-circle, play on the violin, and I unhesitatingly say that his style and execution are as totally different from those of the unseen soloist as possible.

The concerted pieces were an imitation of a storm at sea by the violin, with the accompaniment of the mouth harmonicon, tambourine, concertina, triangle, guitar, and several bells. In the storm the whistling of the wind was made apparently by bowing on the guitar with one hand and at the same time by sliding the other up and down the fingerboard, producing harmonic notes. The heavy blowing of the gale was imitated by a tremolo on the violin, accompanied by a confusion of sounds from the other instruments. The shock of waves against the ship was forcibly suggested by lifting a heavy table and beating the floor with its legs. There was one sound that could not possibly be imitated by any instrument, viz.: the pumping of water with the suck of the piston, the gurgle of water in the tube, and its splash as if running off on deck.



A DARK CIRCLE AS SEEN BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

my arms at one time. Then the accordion, concertina, and tambourine were played all about us, bells were rung, blows given on the floor with the swords, and the guitar, floating through the air or resting upon my head, played one or more familiar airs. Meanwhile every person in the front row of the audience sat with hands joined, which is the same as saying that no one, even if so disposed, could get to us to do what was done. These manifestations being concluded, light was called for, and we two resumed our seats in the "circle." The artist's sketch shows our relative positions during the test sitting.

The next thing in order was the improvisation of rhymes by Mayflower. The dear child, who came and laid her little hand on mine for an instant, allowed me to name the subject, and then ruled off a score of limping hexameters hardly worth preservation as specimens of poetry, even if I could have had them reported verbatim; but when she breathed the words through the stops of the harmonicon with exquisite modulation of the sounds, her "golden stairs" and "silver shores" and "heavenly fields" seemed almost to come before us as pictures of a fairy land.

Then George Dix's voice announced that "the band," composed of spirits known as Electa, Honto, Santum, Rosa, the Italian girl, French Mary, Mayflower, and himself, would render the piece called "The Storm at Sea." I am no musical critic, and so will give place to a competent hand to describe this remarkable performance, which is given in a majority of Horatio's dark-circles. Here is what Mr. Lenzberg says, and any one who has attended a circle at Chittenden need not be informed of the difference between this sort of music and what Horatio favors us with:

Henry S. Olcott, Esq.

DEAR SIR: At your request I state the following facts:

I am a musician by profession and teach the art in Hartford, Ct. I attended a dark-circle at the Eddy house last evening, at which

Throughout the whole entertainment the medium sat in a chair in front of the spectators with his wrists tied together and to the back of the chair. A light was struck instantly after some of the most remarkable performances, and he was found in the same position and tied in the same way as at the first. The front row of spectators kept hands joined from first to last, there was but one member of his family present beside himself, who sat next but one to me, and I am positively sure that she had nothing to do with what occurred. Even if she and Horatio had been on the floor, it would have been impossible for both to get together to do what was done.

The above is as careful and minute an account of the musical part of last night's dark circle as I can give, and I am ready at any time to substantiate its truths by my oath in a court of justice if called upon.

I must tell you of one thing that happened, as wonderful as anything above related. My little daughter, sitting at the other end of the



POSITIONS OF COL. OLCOTT AND THE MEDIUMS IN DARK CIRCLE

front row, asked the child-spirit calling herself Mayflower to kiss me, and immediately received kisses upon my mouth and cheek from a pair of smooth, soft lips, which certainly were not Horatio's, for he wears a heavy moustache and goatee. Moreover, the room was so totally dark that no human being could have found the places touched without feeling for them with his hands, which was not done.

MAX LENZBERG.

29 Pleasant street, Hartford, Ct.
Chittenden, October 14, 1874.

This is a "dark-circle" as it appears to persons favored with only the usual range of senses—a place of pitchy darkness, unilluminated by the faintest speck of light except when little balls of phosphorescence shoot hither and thither through the air, the only senses ordinarily used being those of hearing and feeling. But how different must it appear to the inner sight of the clairvoyant if we admit that their descriptions are not based upon the promptings of an overwrought imagination! I have been so fortunate as to meet here a Mrs. Emma F. McCormick, of Providence, R. I., who has given me an inside view of the dark-circle that I will try to describe, as, at least to me, an interesting novelty in spiritual literature.

When the light was extinguished, instead of the cavernous darkness that oppressed our senses, the room became to the clairvoyant suffused with a great light, as though a full moon had suddenly risen upon her vision. The light was steady, not flickering. The walls of the apartment, as transparent as crystal, disclosed a multitude of spirits stretching upward and backward—a great host that no man could number. On every side they thronged—men, women, and children—and gazed at the mortals below and the scene that was being enacted in their hearing. They were all bathed in the light that shone about them, but differed in glory one from the other. Certain of them

hovered over and about the medium, showering sparks of light upon him more brilliant than diamonds whenever they approached him within a certain distance. From every side in the air above us the tight, concentrated into a sort of zodiacal canopy, formed a vortex, like a water-spout or thunder-cloud, and then spread out in showers of sparks whose radius marked the area within which all the "manifestations" occurred. Some spirits were clothed in gauzy vapors of differing brightness and colors, some bluish, some grayish, and some pure white, the several tints indicating the moral status of the spirits, pure white being the highest of all. Their countenances shone with a brightness corresponding with that of their raiment, some like the face of Moses when he descended from Sinai, being so glorious that no mortal man could look upon them.

Upon the floor of the circle-room the lucide saw a spirit-man with a smooth face, stern and resolute in expression, who controlled and directed the performance. When he ap-

captive. We mortals, like our spirit friends, were also surrounded by our special and peculiar spheres of light, varying in brilliancy, color, and transparency in degree with our moral elevation. Along the united hands of the front rank ran a chain of electricity or some other fluid, like lightning, reddish yellow in color, with bubbles of light coming up here and there, and then bursting, and the even flow of the stream interfered with and made to zig zag by the unequal personal magnetic force of the several sitters.

In "The Storm at Sea" she saw Dix holding what seemed a bunch of reeds, that vibrated as a stream of electricity or other bright fluid ran through them. When he imitated the pumping of water, it seemed as if he forced two masses of electricity together, handling the subtle agent as if it were a solid substance. She could see him stretching out his hands and gathering it from the air to condense and compact it, as one might gather



THE SPIRIT "GEORGE DIX."

light snow and form the feathery flakes into a solid ball. He was never idle, but passed from one employment to another with indomitable perseverance, now playing the violin and anon imitating the whistling of wind or the swash of water, according as the exigencies of the performances seemed to demand.

But, of a sudden, the beatific vision of the clairvoyant is rudely terminated by the lighting of the smoky candle, whose feeble gleam, feebly struggling through the obscurity of the room, replaces the noonday brightness of her opened heavens. HENRY S. OLCOTT.

THE EDDY MEDIUMS.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S REPLY TO DR. BEARD'S EXPOSE.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.)

The records of controversial literature will be searched in vain for another instance of a grave scientific subject being so flippantly and audaciously judged as the pretended exposure of the Eddy manifestations by Dr. George A. Beard, to which you surrendered so many volumes on Monday. The shallowest observer who ever sat in the Chittenden circle-room for a week consecutively could have given the public a more truthful account of what happens there than a man who, under the cover of scientific inquiry, spreads his misstatements broadcast, and pushes himself into a coveted notoriety. Why, sir, I can ill afford the time and have hardly the patience to follow him through his devious ways towards his ridiculous conclusions; and I rise from a reading of his article with disgust at his shallowness and superficiality. Even the facts I have already published as coming under my own observation he has neither quoted nor attempted to explain, while those still to be recorded are as inexplicable by his patry hypotheses as the mystery of his own existence. He whistles the *Mid-Reader* Brown down the wind of his argument as complacently as the Eddy ghosts, and talks as if the Yale professors were ranged on his side; whereas, he has only to apply to the nearest source of information to discover that they hold him in the same estimation as a scientific investigator as I, a layman, do.

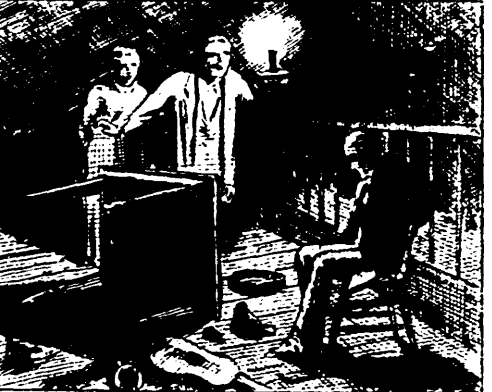
1. He has shown Horatio Eddy to be illiterate, and yet is too dull to see that the fact makes absurd the idea of his speaking a variety of European and Oriental dialects.

2. He has drawn humorous sketches of a number of eccentric but harmless people whom he met there (whose credulity was thoroughly proven by their believing the volleys of falsehoods that this gentleman confided he told), but the state of whose mind has nothing whatever to do with the point at issue. He went out of his way to deceive these simple people, when all he had to do was to keep his mouth shut, and no one would have troubled themselves as to what he believed.

3. He scoured the neighborhood for something bad against the Eddy boys, and got nothing—absolutely nothing. For every hour he spent in this search, I had already spent days, and with the same result.

4. He makes me out to be an enthusiastic Spirit-ualist and a blind believer in the Eddy's, whereas, beyond a conviction, dating back to childhood and the result of my Presbyterian education, that our departed friends minister to us and may sometimes communicate with us, I am an ingrained, uncompromising skeptic as to the honesty of every public medium until I have tested him thoroughly. If I believe in the fairness of the Eddys, as I certainly do, it is, as I have often stated in my letters to *The Daily Graphic*, because I weighed their whole history before I let them present actions and found no ground for suspicion against them. And this conclusion I have reached in the face of obstacles that I assert would have discouraged any other man less patient than I happen to be.

5. He calls his electrical machine a Faradic (induced current) of moderate strength, whereas, after secretly trying it in a private room before the seance at only a part of its strength upon himself and me, he declared that he considered this experiment of the highest importance to the scientific world, as "no human being could take the shock without a violent muscular contraction." I arranged it so that he could have the test applied, the Eddy boys not making the slightest objection, and at my own suggestion he rehearsed the simple details of testing with the gentleman (Mr. Ed. Pritchard, of Albany) who usually sits on the platform. I made him try it over and over again so that there should be no mistake or confusion at the critical moment, and Doctor Beard told me privately that he was perfectly satisfied—as much so as with anything short of his applying the electrode himself. The whole thing consisted in Mr. Pritchard's applying the two points to the spirit's hand after drawing out the rod or piston to its full length. And yet, although he and I saw Horatio stand there for perhaps five minutes holding out her hand and taking the full force of the battery without a tremor, he now declares the experiment trifling and worthless.



THE DARK CIRCLE WHEN THE LIGHT IS LIT.

The whole story, from beginning to end, in every material point as regards the Eddys, their character and their phenomena, is incorrect.

Dr. Beard lays on me a thick plaster of praise as to my thoroughness in eliminating all the chances of error and deception by mechanical contrivance. He and the public of fair, intelligent, and impartial persons for whom alone I write, will discover before I get through my story that the same thoroughness has characterized all my investigations. He exacted from me a promise that I would apply certain tests that he suggested, because I desired to leave nothing undone that might impress scientific observers of the importance of these manifestations, and induce them to investigate better and more conclusively than I can hope to; but within two days after this electric coil had left, I received such astonishing proofs of the genuineness of the mediumship of the Eddy that further evidence seemed to me superfluous. I think I run no risk in saying that I will be able to make out my case without the help either of ruffians or traitors of silver.

Butland, Vt., November 10. HENRY S. OLCOTT.

The Editor of THE DAILY GRAPHIC desires it to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. S. Olcott, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOME-STEAD IN VERMONT.

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

CHITTENDEN, Vt., October.—An account that I had seen—and, if I am not mistaken, written by Robert Dale Owen—of Katie King's walking in the air at some distance from the floor, made me wish to test Honto's power of self-levitation. I accordingly procured a small table-gong, which could be rung by dropping a weight of half an ounce upon the handle from the height of one inch, and took it to Chittenden with me. One evening when a favorable opportunity offered I requested the spirit to step up on the



WEIGHING THE SPIRIT "HONTO."

handle without ringing the gong, which I had previously placed on the platform at a convenient point for observation. She assented, but before trusting herself upon the frail knob examined it with characteristic caution and curiosity. She finally gathered up her skirts, and, placing the ball of her right foot upon it, stepped up and bore her whole weight upon it without disturbing the clapper. The experiment was repeated twice at my request. I then asked her to step on it and cause the bell to ring after she stood fairly upon the knob. She did so. Her success seemed to amuse her greatly, and by clapping her hands and in other ways she testified her satisfaction. She advanced her hand towards the unfamiliar object with the caution that one would feel in taking hold of something hot, but finally mustered courage to take it up and ring it, over and over again, laughing and dancing like a child pleased with a new toy. Her usual performance with the shawls and gauzes then followed, and she strutted up and down the platform with a long piece of the latter material wrapped around her, as though she were a belle promenading in a new mantle for the public admiration. Just before she was about to bid us adieu I asked her to place the gong on the railing directly in front of me and ring it, so that I might distinctly see her hand pressing down the knob. She bowed compliance, and putting the article where I designated, retired for a moment into the cabinet, perhaps to gain strength, and then returning, lifted her skirt again, rang the bell with her left foot, and ran out, kissing her hand to us. The wire to which the knob of the gong is attached is about as thick as a broom straw, and I regarded the experiment as of great importance until I afterwards found that, by stepping very cautiously and bearing on very gradually, I could make the knob sustain my own weight. But I could not ring the bell after I stood upon the knob, nor step on it as briskly as she did without causing it to sound. She was dressed this evening in a new white costume throughout.

Ten spirits appeared—Honto; Mrs. Pritchard, an aged lady, who spoke to her son and to us all in whispered tones; Miss Maggie Brown, who brought out her bouquet of flowers, as usual; Mary Staples, and Clarinda



MEASURING THE HEIGHT OF "HONTO."

Tilden, whose brother was present at this his second seance; Caroline —, who held a baby in her arms, and at my request shifted it from her left arm, where it was badly seen against the dark back ground of the curtain, to her right, where it was well relieved against the white wall; De Witt Hitchcock, a young man with black moustache; Clara Arnold, a child of four years, whose father instantly recognized her; and Jonathan Morse, an old man

and former neighbor of the Eddys', who addressed us in a heavy bass voice.

One of Horatio's light-circles followed, at which the gentleman and lady whose portraits were given in the illustration to my tenth letter sat beside the medium. The usual manifestations occurred, hands of various sizes being distinctly and often shown in various places, several instruments played upon simultaneously, and the heads and backs of the

French Mary
Le Gros

FAC-SIMILE NO. 1.

sitters, including the medium, patted and stroked by the detached hands. Let the reader refer to the picture above alluded to, which is drawn to a scale and accurately shows the respective distances of the sitters from each other and from the various points about them, and he will see the impossibility of Horatio's stroking his own face and patting his own head, with his right hand thrust through the opening between the two shawls, without immediately betraying himself by pulling the shawl behind him off the cord that sustains it. It is simply absurd to make any such assertion.

The usual writing of the names of deceased friends of the spectators by spirit hands upon cards behind and in front of the curtain was varied upon this occasion for my particular benefit. A number of blank cards were called for and handed by me to one of the spirit hands thrust through the curtain to receive them. The pen and inkstand were then passed through in like manner, and immediately a number of cards came showering upon me over the top of the curtain at a point between the gentleman and lady sitters, and not from the direction they would start from if thrown over by Horatio's liberated right hand behind the curtain. The cards were all blank when I handed them in, and no other cards were on the table at the beginning of the seance. Moreover, each of those thrown at me had something written upon it, and the ink was so fresh that I laid them out separately upon the railing to dry. What was written may be seen by a glance at fac-similes numbers 1-6.

I expressed my satisfaction at the favor shown me, and said that the fac-similes I would give would no doubt be very interesting to the public; whereupon there was a general ringing of bells, strumming of instruments, and pounding upon the table, that gave a suf-

May Flower to my
Friend Olcott

FAC-SIMILE NO. 2.

ficiently marked response to my friendly speech. The next day when the artist and I compared the cards with the width of a DAILY GRAPHIC column, I thought it would be better to have the names written perpendicularly and on a narrower strip, so, without saying anything to Horatio, I laid a piece of thick paper on top of a cupboard attached to the wall of his bedroom, in the hope that the ever-watchful invisibles, knowing my wish, would favor me with a corrected edition of their signs-manual. The next morning I found the paper covered with signatures, headed with some lines of wretched Latin, and topped off with some equally bad English. I give a fac-simile of this remarkable document, which may possess a certain interest in the eyes of many, as probably the first thing of the kind that has appeared in a newspaper.

I am quite aware of the fact that as a scientific experiment the procuring of the second set of names has no value, for no one was present when it was written or can affirm it was not written by the medium himself, so I let that pass. But what shall be said of the cards written in the light-circle before twenty people, which bear so marked a resemblance to them? That Horatio could write them with his right hand behind a thick curtain where he could not see the marks his pen was making? That he could draw a flying bird, a sketch of a house with its rear extension and detached wood-shed? That he could ornament names, written piecemeal and not with a continuous pressure of the pen upon the paper, with wreaths? This theory will hardly cover the probabilities; will somebody offer another?

The next evening found Honto in a very lively mood. She seemed to overflow with animal spirits, running up and down the platform, dancing, kicking up her feet, and producing her shawls from all sorts of unexpected places. Her hair to-night hung loose down her back and was unusually thick. I have previously, I believe, stated that it varies from time to time, not only in the style in which it is worn, but also in its length and mass. This evening its great length and thickness were

tu-le-en-du
may flower

FAC-SIMILE NO. 3.

remarked by a lady spectator, whereupon Honto turned her back towards us, and leaning back, let her luxuriant tresses hang over the platform railing. I should judge that the hair was a yard and a quarter long, and it was

as black as jet. She shook her head to straighten it out and then with a sudden movement threw the whole mass over her face and held her head down so that it covered her face and bust like a thick crape veil. The way she flung it about proved to one even as inexperienced as myself that it was no wig, for it would have been jerked off her head.

There being a number of new comers in the hall, she stood beside Mr. Pritchard to show her height and backed up against Mrs. Cleveland for the same purpose. Finally, the light being good, she planted herself against my height-scale, and Mr. Pritchard laying his cane across the top of her head we saw that he called the figures, 5 feet 3 inches, correctly.

The squaw Bright Star and a number of other spirits also suffered themselves to be measured, the figures being as follows:

Name.	Height.	Name.	Height.
Honto.....	5 feet 3 inches	Santum.....	5 feet 2 1/2 inch.
Bright Star.....	5 feet 3 1/2 inch.	Piqua.....	5 feet 3 1/2 inch.
Swift Cloud.....	5 feet 3 inches	Carrie Arnold.....	4 feet.
Wm. Brown.....	5 feet 1 inch.	An old white man.....	5 feet 7 inches

On the following evening I tried an experiment that I think is unprecedented in the history of scientific inquiry. It occurred to me

Bonafide Interata
Ignominia cupido
Est-mobus inabus
Dominus proviatur
Ad infinitum.

Compliments
of
George Dix



French Mary
may flower

Santum

Honto Dix
Witch of the
mountain

We the above
Signers who have
passed into another
Life here Bonnet-
Sick over Seal
hoping the whole
world will read it
face and do as
commanded upon it

Do to others
as you would
Be done by

FAC-SIMILE NO. 7.

that if the assertion of the spirits that in materializing themselves they accreted matter from the atmosphere by the operation of their own will were true, and that the relative solidity of their materialization is under their control, the thing might be tested by familiar mechanical appliances. I could not conceive of solid matter without weight, and I had had too many proofs of the materiality of the visible spirit forms to fancy them impalpable and unsubstantial. I had not only heard the shock of Honto's feet upon the floor when she leaped over the railing and when she jumped high from the floor in some of her caperings, but, both in the dark and light circles, had shaken hands with them and been touched and fully struck many times. To my sense of touch they appeared as substantial as any human being in the flesh, the only difference being in their temperature, which was invariably lower than my own, and the skin, which was ordinarily covered with a clammy sweat. To put my theory to the proof I procured in Rutland one of Howe's Standard platform scales, the capacity and accuracy of which are attested in the following certificate:

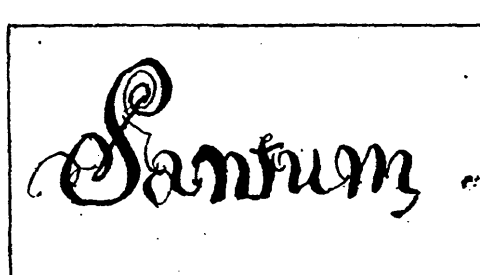
RUTLAND, Vt., October 8, 1874.
HENRY S. OLCOFF, Esq.
DEAR SIR: I hereby certify that the platform scale you procured from me for your weighing experiments was one of Howe's best standard scales, set true and in perfect order. It will weigh from one ounce to 500 pounds. Its own dead weight is 110 pounds. Respectfully,
L. G. KINGSLEY.

I caused it to be placed upon the platform, to the right of the cabinet door, and just in front of the chair in which Mr. Pritchard sits. Being denied the privilege of sitting there myself, in consequence, as I am told, of my being of so positive a nature as to affect and repel the spirits (in which particular neither Mr. Pritchard nor Mrs. Cleveland resemble me at all) I had to rely for my experiment upon the gentleman in question. Accordingly, I rehearsed the operation with him thoroughly, until he was able, in the dark, to quickly weigh a person stepping upon the platform and stopping there but a moment. I supplied him with parlor-matches, and after some last instructions waited the auspicious moment. When Honto came out she saluted us as usual, and then turned and scrutinized the strange machine with Indian-like hesitancy. I told her what was desired, and she then stepped boldly upon the proper spot, and bent forward to look at the movements of Mr. Pritchard as his hand moved the poise along the beam. The balance being attained, as we



FAC-SIMILE NO. 4.

could all plainly hear by the sound of the beam against the pad, she stepped off and passed into the cabinet. A match being struck, Mr. Pritchard read the scale at 138 pounds, which caused no surprise, for, as will be judged by reference to the several pictures of her that have been published in this series of letters, she looks like a woman who would weigh from 135 to 145 pounds. But the counter-poise at the end of the beam appeared to me too thin for the 100-pound weight, and upon lighting a second match Mr. Pritchard found that it was only the 50-pound weight, and consequently that the squaw had only weighed 88 pounds. Honto now reappeared, and I asked her to make herself lighter. She again mounted the platform, and this time it was found that she weighed but 58 pounds. The experiment was repeated a third time, and her weight stood the same as before—58 pounds. The fourth time the reading of the beam showed 65 pounds. Thus, without any change of clothing, and all within the space of ten minutes, this spirit, who weighed at the beginning at least 60 pounds less than any mortal woman of her size and height should weigh, reduced her materiality to the extent of 30 pounds, and, after holding it there several minutes, increased it 7 pounds. Of course it would have been infinitely more satisfactory if I could have first peeped into the dark cabinet and then managed the scale myself, for in such case I would not have to report as to a portion of the facts upon hearsay testimony; and I leave to Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Owen, Dr. Child, and other intelligent observers more favorably conditioned than I, the task of following up this novel and suggestive

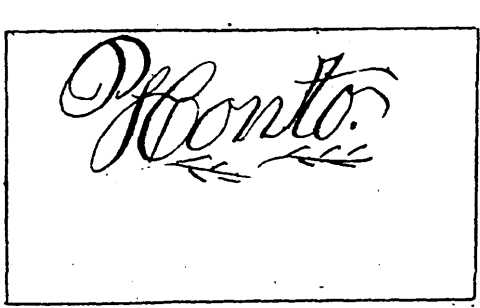


FAC-SIMILE NO. 5.

inquiry. Mr. Pritchard is a reputable citizen of Albany, N. Y., retired from business in which he accumulated a competency, and I give his affidavit in corroboration of the facts I have narrated:

MR. PRITCHARD'S AFFIDAVIT.
State of Vermont, County of Rutland, ss.—Edward V. Pritchard, of the City of Albany, State of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the evening of September 23 instant he attended a seance or circle at the house of the Eddy family, in the town of Chittenden, in the county and State aforesaid; that he was invited to occupy a chair on the platform in a room known as the "circle-room," where certain mysterious phenomena known as spirit materializations occurred; that among other forms presenting themselves and identified by persons in the audience as the shapes of deceased friends and relatives, there appeared the figure of an Indian woman known as "Honto," who approached so close to deponent that he distinctly saw every feature of her countenance and her entire body; that he is well acquainted with William H. Eddy, and avers that the said "Honto" bore no resemblance whatever to him in any particular. And deponent further says that a pair of platform scales being previously placed convenient to his reach, the said "Honto" stood thereupon four separate times for deponent to weigh her, and that, without having apparently changed her bulk or divested herself of any portion of her dress, she weighed respectively 88 pounds, 58 pounds, 35 pounds, and 65 pounds at the several weighings. And deponent further says that, having weighed the said William H. Eddy upon the same scales, he finds his weight to be 179 pounds.
E. V. PRITCHARD.
[Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, A. D. 1874.—H. F. Baird, Justice of the Peace.]

In his famous first article in the Quarterly Journal of Science for July, 1870, Mr. Crookes, in enumerating the results that he shall expect the Spiritualists to help him to attain before he can ask his scientific brethren to investigate the phenomena, says: "The Spiritualist tells of bodies weighing 50 or 100 pounds being lifted up into the air without the intervention



FAC-SIMILE NO. 6.

of any known force; but the scientific chemist is accustomed to use a balance which will render sensible a weight so small that it would take 10,000 of them to weigh one grain; he is, therefore, justified in asking that a power, professing to be guided by intelligence, which will toss a heavy body up to the ceiling, shall also cause his delicately poised balance to move under test conditions." Again, he says in the same article: "The first requisite is to be sure of facts; then to ascertain conditions; next, laws. Accuracy and knowledge of de-

tail stand foremost amongst the great aims of modern scientific men. No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful and made under test conditions; and here I find the great mass of spiritualistic evidence to fail. In a subject which, perhaps, more than any other lends itself to trickery and deception, the precautions against fraud appear to have been, in most cases, totally insufficient, owing, it would seem, to an erroneous idea that to ask for such safeguards was to imply a suspicion of the honesty of some one present."

I quote these sensible words, not to help me in my investigations at this place, for my researches are about completed, and I am merely writing out my notes, but to call the attention of such other investigators in various other portions of the country as may happen to read these lines, to the true method which should guide their researches. The absolute ponderosity of a materialized spirit has at least been suggested by the weighing experiments at Chittenden, and it remains only for those who have access, say, to such compliant and intelligent spirits as "Katie King" to make careful supplemental experiments, under test conditions, and thus solve one of the most important problems ever broached to the scientific world. Mr. Owen tells us of the



"HONTO" DANCING.

accretion and dissolution of not only the matter composing Katie King's body and clothing, but also that of a pearl cross, a string of spars, beads, a calla-lily, and other material objects. He has seen her and them fade away before his eyes and reform again. I myself saw Honto, on one evening (October 15), melt away as far up as her waist just as she was ready to pass into the cabinet; once I saw a long lance, with a tapering steel head and a tuft of drooping ostrich plumes below it, suddenly materialized, in the hand of a male spirit; once one of Honto's knitted shawls instantly formed, in a pile, on the floor, before she even stretched her hand towards the place to pick it up; and once a little animal like a squirrel or a large rat suddenly appeared, walked about, and disappeared on the platform, almost frightening poor old Mrs. Cleveland out of her wits. I ask Mr. Crookes to tell me by what law these things happen, and he would undoubtedly answer: "Show me fifty such cases happening under test conditions, and then we will weigh these things on our scales and try to discover the law."

"George Dix," the sailor-spirit, tried to enlighten me upon the subject one evening. He said that man in his earth-life is nothing but a materialized spirit, a living entity encased in a covering of flesh. To keep himself and this case together he must consume and assimilate tons of the material portions of animal and vegetable food. If he stops the process he becomes dematerialized, or uncased, in a very brief time. On the other hand, spirits can do in a moment what before death it took them years to accomplish—materialize a body to cover them. In the atmosphere they find ready for use an inexhaustible supply of the same matter as that which exists in the animal and vegetable, only in a diffused and sublimated form; and by a supreme creative effort of the will they instantly collect the scattered particles into such shapes as they choose. What shall we say to all this? That it is silly, useless even if true, impossible, unscientific? Lord Bacon sets it down as a law upon himself never "to reject upon improbabilities until there hath passed a due examination;" Benjamin Franklin when asked in regard to the use of some discovery retorted, "What's the use of a new-born baby?" Arago, the astronomer, says that "he is wanting in prudence who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible;" forty-four years after Harvey had announced his immortal discovery of the circulation of the blood a paper was read to the French Academy of Sciences to prove such a thing impossible (see Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 93); and when Morse asked Congress for an appropriation to make a practical test of his telegraph, the application was



"HONTO" RINGING A BELL.

treated with derision by some wiseacre statesmen, as being too silly to be seriously entertained. Who then, except our Dr. Beards, can in the face of such examples afford to turn his back upon any of the phenomena presented for our inspection by the class of persons called mediums? Who, I mean, that has any reputation for intelligence and fairness to lose?

HENRY S. OLCOFF.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Friday next.]

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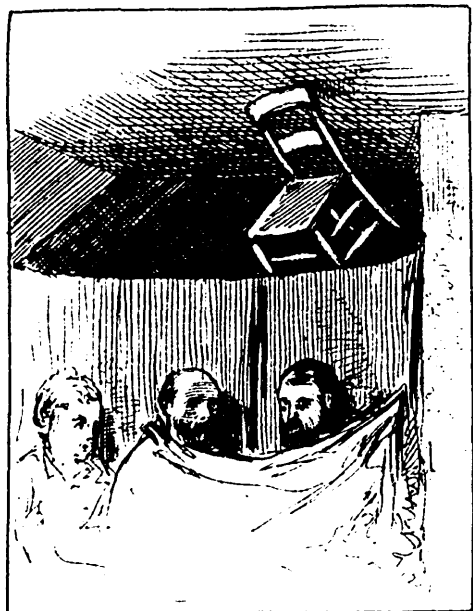
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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOME-STEAD IN VERMONT.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

RUTLAND, Vt., November.—Seven weeks ago, viz., on the evening of September 26, a prophecy was made in a circle by the spirit "Mrs. Eaton," the fulfillment of which will mark an epoch in the history of modern Spiritualism. She said that on Sunday, September 21, 1875, in the Eddy circle-room, spirits would materialize themselves in a brightly lighted room and deliver orations as in life, with persons sitting all about them upon the platform. In short, by that time they would have so overcome or changed the conditions of the manifestations that the pres-



SPIRIT ELEVATING A CHAIR.

ent annoying drawbacks to a perfect investigation of the phenomena would no longer exist. This will be very satisfactory to those who may come after me, but it comes too late to be of any service to myself. I have had to feel my way to a conclusion through darkened rooms, and at such a physical distance from the cabinet and its occupants that I have been like a blind man in a strange city. But, nevertheless, as even he may fare on to his journey's end if he but tread cautiously and make sure of his foothold before venturing to take the next step, so, in spite of all difficulties, I feel as if, after moving at snail's pace for six weeks, the goal were in sight at last.

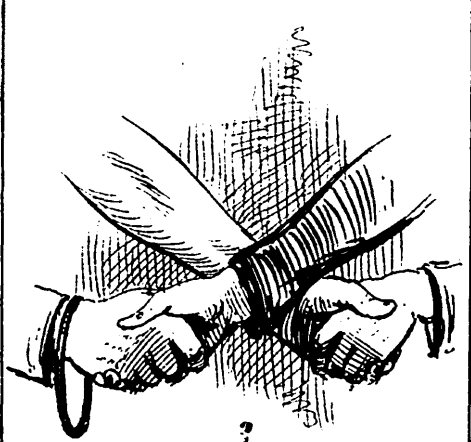
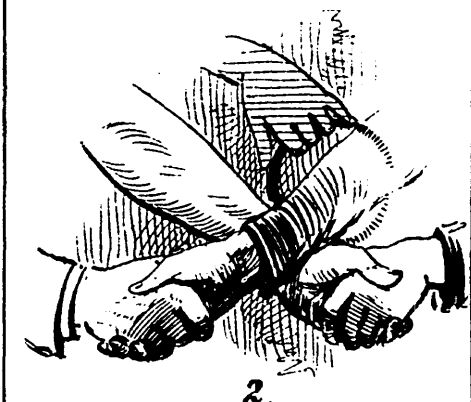
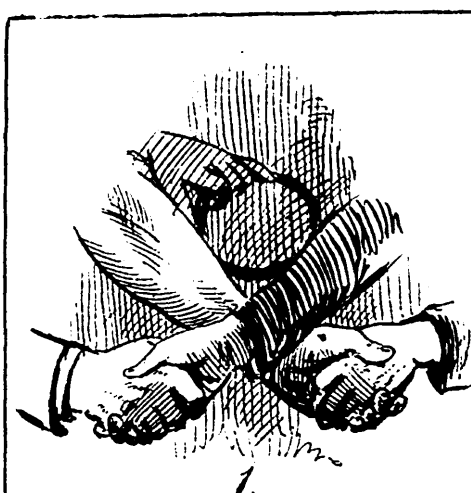
Did ever a wisacre "muscular contraction" theorist hear a spirit speak? Has Dr. Carpenter ever known of "unconscious cerebration" imparting speech to a reincarnated ghost? Did Sir William Hamilton ever know of "Preconscious Activity of the Mind" or "Latent Thought" covering itself with a corporeal shape, and give voice to logic and rhetoric? If not, what business have either of them, to say nothing of the minnows who swim beside these great whales in the sea of thought, to pronounce *ex cathedra* judgment upon phenomena of which these Chittenden marvels are a part? I have heard a spirit talk—yes, a dozen of them, and in eight different languages, of which I understood three so as to know what was said on both sides, while I have had the others translated to me. And on the evening of October 2 I heard one make a speech of five minutes. That afternoon I had accompanied the artist to the graveyard to take a sketch of Mrs. Eddy's grave, and as we turned to come away I remarked to him that it would be a good test of the genuineness of these Eddy manifestations if the spirit of Mrs. Eddy would appear that night and make some allusion to our present visit. We agreed to keep the matter to ourselves and see what might come of it. We reached home without meeting any person, and even if we had been seen it would naturally be supposed that we had merely been taking one of our usual strolls. The evening came and we met in the circle-room at the regular hour. The company numbered fourteen, and nine spirits showed themselves. The first was old William Brown, who spoke a few words to his son; then a middle-aged lady named Maria Ann Clarke, dressed in dark clothing; then a Mrs. Griswold, who was murdered in Vermont not long ago, and who upon the occasion of a former visit to this circle-room gave all the details of the crime to an old friend of hers, a Mr. Wilkins, who was present. Then forth stepped Mrs. Eddy herself and stood there silent and motionless looking at the artist and myself, who sat together. She bowed and retired, and we exchanged glances as though not satisfied with the test; but immediately the spirit returned, and evidently addressing her discourse to us, said: "Death, where is thy sting? Grace, where is thy victory?" I had expected her to speak in the whispered accents of old Mrs. Pritchard, Maggie Brown, and certain other lady spirits, but she pitched her voice so high and spoke so loud that she might have been heard in the largest auditorium in New York city. The surprise was so great that the unexpected sound thrilled me to the marrow, and I sat staring through the gloom at the woman as I never did at a speaker before or since. She was of a large frame and had the ample figure that is represented in the portrait published with my fourth letter. She wore a white waist and dark skirt. Her hair was in ringlets, as I discovered when she bent forward in profile in the animation of her discourse. She said, addressing me: "Your writings are true, and be assured the Truth will prevail. A thousand spirits are watching your every step and wishing you godspeed. They see the rapid spread of truth upon earth, and they and a countless host besides are helping it on. Go on, my friend; we will welcome you in gratitude and joy when you come to the other world for daring to tell the truth and helping to disseminate it. I thank you for your kindness to my children, who have suffered so much and so long for the good cause." It is needless to say that I needed no stenographer to fix upon my memory this astounding address, of which I have given only a fragment. She spoke of her own sufferings and trials upon earth, and denounced with bitter and unstinted anger all who slander and persecute mediums, especially her own children. Her remarks showed very clearly the deep and hardly eradicable impression made upon her soul by the treatment she received while living here, and the case offers a subject for the thoughtful consideration of psychologists.

As the question of personal identity is one of paramount importance in a case of this kind, let me remark that the figure was plainly

that of a woman, to say nothing of the voice, which, while partaking of the strong Vermont provincial accent of the whole family, was sharp and in a high key—the key of a female voice. Moreover, the lady was recognized by sundry of her former acquaintance in the room, who greeted her, in addition to her children, of whom there were two present. I have seen this lady several times, and heard her make several speeches. In one of these she said: "I am the mother of these mediums, and they are the children of my body. I want this understood. I want it known that this is no fraud, but a real exhibition of spirit-power and spiritual existence. It is for that that I come back to this scene of my earthly sufferings." Again, on the evening of October 9, confining her discourse to me, she referred to a conversation I had had that day with the artist about certain subjects for illustrations, and suggested her death-bed scene, where, she said, her children in the spirit-world had materialized, and stood beside their surviving brothers and sisters while her own life was ebbing away.

In a series of letters like these, limited by original agreement as to numbers and circumscribed as to space, I cannot hope to give more than a meagre outline of what I saw, heard, and felt during an experience of six weeks among these Vermont marvels. I am obliged to confine myself to the more salient points that at once illustrate the variety of the Eddy phenomena and sustain their authenticity. In the book of which this correspondence will form a part, and which is now nearly ready for the printer and will soon be announced, I shall be able to cover nearly the whole ground, and narrate many things quite as convincing as any that have appeared. I trust, therefore, to the kind indulgence of the reader if I seem to generalize more than is desired. One feature I intend to introduce in the work will be a general summary or tabulated statement of the number, sex, nationality, and age of the whole 300 spirits I have seen, together with the date of their appearance, whether they spoke or not, and any other items of interest to the psychological student.

My attention was early called to the question of the dynamics of these Eddy spirit manifestations, and after settling the matter of their weight, I determined to attempt to throw some light upon the direct power that the spirits could exert. The spring-balance occurred to me as it did to Mr. Crookes (whose excellent pamphlet I unfortunately could not obtain until some time after my own experiments were concluded), and I accordingly procured two of ——— standard quality of Mr. L. G. Kingsley, of Rutland, the house that furnished me the platform-scales, each of a weighing capacity of fifty pounds. I wished to test the power of the detached hands seen in Horatio's light-circle, as the demonstration of power by them would be a more striking and satisfactory test than in the case of the fully materialized forms, into which the question of personation was inevitably more or less entangled. Let the reader refer to the sketch of the light-circle, in the tenth letter of this series, and notice the relative positions of the shawl from the railing, and also where the spirit hand is thrust through the shawl, and where the feet of the sitters are aligned. My experiment was two-fold, viz.: to ascertain how much the hands could pull horizontally,



THE HAND TEST.

the measure of the horizontal pull. The hand was the left one—large, broad, and white. I stood within a foot of it when it pulled, and my attention was attracted to a peculiarity which proved that it did not belong to Horatio's body. Upon the wrist, at the root of the thumb, there were two thin parallel lines of tat-

nized by its mutilation in the loss of the little finger. It has been asserted, upon the barest suspicion, that this appearance of the loss of the finger is deceptive, the medium having the trick of bending his down so as to seem but not in reality to be missing. My answer to this is that this experiment was made with this hand not more than six inches from my eyes, and with so good a light in the room that I could read the small figures on the dial with ease. Moreover, I noticed how the skin was drawn into the cavity of the cicatrix where the wound had healed. I furthermore remarked that the hand was as white as marble, the joint broad and with no depression where it joined the hand, and when the fingers clutched the hook to pull, the inside was partially turned toward me so that I could see the blue veins half concealed beneath the fat, and the projection of the tendons as they contracted in the strain. The pull was steady as before, but more powerful, for the whole 50 pounds was indicated by the pointer on the dial. The balance was then relinquished, and in testimony of his satisfaction at the result Dix slapped me heartily on the back and tickled me in the ribs. I said: "It seems as if the spirit could pull 100 pounds more if the apparatus would allow of it," and assent was given by vigorous pounding upon the table behind me.

If I had been in any doubt about seeing the baby-hand previously described there was no occasion for it to continue, for on this occasion the hand of a child touched me in the back, and upon my mentally requesting it to show itself was thrust out and patted me on the cheek. It disappeared, but when I mentally asked that it might be held at my lips it came again and remained there until I could kiss it (for it was said that it was the hand of one who bore to me the tenderest of ties). Several other hands, large and small, women's and men's, wrote cards before my eyes, each being closely scrutinized as it appeared. My senses were wide awake, I can assure you, for this was the first opportunity given me to sit with the medium in a whole month's sojourn in the house, and I determined that no detail, however slight, should be overlooked.

I was more than glad to be able to satisfy myself wholly as to the famous "ring-test," the philosophy of which the mediums, the Spiritualists, and the spirits themselves had tried to explain to me. I had seen the thing done in the light a number of times, the ring dropping from off Horatio's arm as he sat before me with his hands bound; but all this was not entirely satisfactory to one who was furnishing to a wide circle of readers the materials for the formation of belief, and whose duty was to make no mistake. When the ring-test was about to be given, I was requested by the medium to take both his hands in mine and keep a firm hold. It must be remembered that up to this moment he had been grasping my bare left arm with his two hands. At the beginning of the seance his hands were very cold, but I noticed that they gradually grew warmer, until just before the ring-test a shiver ran through his frame, a sudden chill passed into them and they became icy cold. I never felt hands so cold before except upon a corpse that had been laid in ice. Our hands crossed, my right holding his left and his left my right. The iron ring used for the experiment was then exhibited through the

passes through the intermediate metal, being obliged to escape at the poles, it overcomes the cohesion of the particles and the solid is changed into a vapor. By suddenly reversing this process the substance is resolidified and the ring becomes as it was before. They claim that they have the same control over the cohesion of the particles of our gross matter as they have over what we term gravity; that is, that by an exercise of their own subtle power they can as readily dissolve a solid as they can lift it. Let every one do as he likes with the explanation: I give it as it was received.

I must say that I felt no shock whatever at any time, but perhaps, being so positive as they say I am, the thing worked the other way and the medium got a charge of my surplus "magnetism." In a pamphlet just sent me by the author ("Narratives of the Spirits of Sir Henry Morgan and his Daughter Annie, usually known as John and Katie King," by Henry T. Child, M. D.) I find, at page 85, a paragraph that seems to endorse the theory of the Chittenden spirit. Says "Katie King": "By an extension of our knowledge of the laws of chemical affinity which are familiar to your scientific men, we are enabled to decompose and recompose many substances. We are able to suspend the force of cohesion in various bodies so that the particles will be for



THE SPIRIT MRS. PRITCHARD GREETING HER SON

a time set free, but when we withdraw that suspension the particles will rush back and assume their former positions and exact relations to each other." One night "Mayflower" told me, as an evidence of the superior knowledge of the spirits, that she herself could harden and weld copper, and make a small machine that would lift the house we were in as easily as I could my hat. When I asked her why she would not impart some of her knowledge for the benefit of the world, her reply was that when our men of science got so far progressed as to lose their empty conceit and discover that they hardly knew the alphabet of science and were prepared to learn, these and many more important discoveries would reward them. We must hasten slowly on our path up the Parnassian hill, learning little by little, as the child acquires by degrees to creep, walk, and run, all that goes to make up the sum of human knowledge.

There was another and unsolicited exhibition of spirit power this evening. In the corner of the recess behind Horatio stood an extra chair, which had not been noticed when the shawls were hung. During the seance this chair was lifted perpendicularly twice, or three times directly behind Horatio's head, so as to show above the top of the curtain, and it was at last surmised that they desired to have it taken away; so William Eddy, who was standing near by, took it from the invisible holder. The perpendicular height of the lift and weight of the chair being ascertained, I allowed two seconds as the time consumed in the raising, and then made the following calculation to arrive at the measure of force exerted:

Chair weighed.....	8½ pounds
Perpendicular height.....	5 feet 5 inches
Time (estimated).....	2 seconds
1 horse power is 33,000 pounds lifted 1 foot in 1 minute; consequently.....	
8.75 x 30 x 5.16.....	1,354.50
33,000 : 1,354.50 = 24.36,	
or nearly one-quarter of a horse power.	

Next to Honto and old Mr. Brown, the talking spirit, who usually open and close the seances, the spirit I have most frequently seen is that of the mother of Mr. Pritchard, of Albany, who has been recognized over and over again, not only by him but by his sister and her grandchildren, some of whom have been invited to come up to the platform and receive the old lady's embraces and blessings. She almost always speaks, sometimes addressing a few sentences to the audience, but usually confining her remarks to her own friends. Her materialization is, all in all, the most satisfactory I have ever seen, for there have been so many and satisfactory opportunities to be satisfied of her identity. Her son is an elderly gentleman, whose height I have verified as five feet five inches scant. His mother has frequently made him stand beside her and then called our attention to their respective statures. One night I got Mr. Pritchard to place her back against my scale, and he reported her height as just five feet; which I am satisfied is correct, as he is almost if not quite a full head taller. On the evening of September 27 she seated herself in a chair by her son's side and held a long private conversation with him about a projected visit of her daughter, Mrs. Packard, of Albany, to Chittenden. They were both absorbed in themselves, and I noticed the old lady fingering her white muslin apron in a peculiar manner, with both hands, pinching it up little by little into folds until she reached the bottom hem, and then, smoothing it out, beginning the same trick again. Upon calling Mr. Pritchard's attention to this after the seance, he told me that this was an old habit of his mother's in life, and would serve to identify her spirit to any of her former acquaintances. She could sit in this way, he said, by the hour while interested in conversation, pinching up and smoothing out her apron in an absent-minded fashion; just as some persons tie strings around their fingers, and others tear paper into bits. My old chemical professor used to sit in his laboratory and lecture to me, keeping the thread of his thought together by cutting foolscap into strips, which he would proceed to roll into spools and then toss away. A certain other friend of mine, the handsome young president of a New York insurance company, has the trick of cutting up all the envelopes on his desk, with a business-like air, as though he intended to put the scraps to an important use; but they are finally divided into square bits and litter the floor of his office. If I should see the returning shade of either of these persons, in a room even darker than the Eddy hall, I think I should recognize them all the easier by the exhibition of these little habits which were so closely identified in my mind with their earthly selves.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]



MRS. EDDY ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.



SPIRIT HAND DRAWING SPRING BALANCE.

and how much vertically. One of the balances I fastened with a stout cord to the handrail, allowing a sufficiency of cord to bring the hook of the balance within easy reach of the spirit-hand; this was for the horizontal pull. The other I attached to a strong ring made for the purpose and screwed into the floor just between the left foot of the gentleman sitter and the right foot of the medium. The horizontal pull was tried on the evening of September 30. The audience numbered twenty-six persons. The weather outside was rainy and blustering; temperature low; ten new arrivals that day; and generally the conditions would be regarded as unfavorable. The persons sitting beside Horatio were Mr. Goodsell, of Minnesota, and Mr. Wilkins, of Vermont, whose addresses can be furnished if desired. Some instrument-playing and card-writing occurred, and the guitar, tambourine, and several bells were thrown over the curtain, after which a hand was thrust out, and by the opening and closing of the fingers indicated to me, standing close by, that they were ready for my experiment. I stepped up on the platform and handed the hook to the hand, which grasped it, moved its fingers on and off the hook to get a firm hold, as any one naturally would if he were about to exert his full force in that way, and then easily, steadily, and without spasmodic action, compressed the spring until the pointer ran down to the 40-pound mark. To prove that the force had not been exhausted, the spring was held there until I reached out my hand to take back the balance, and then allowed to recoil as gradually as it had been compressed. Forty pounds, therefore, was

shawl by another hand so that all could see it, and then dropped upon the floor at my feet, striking it with a metallic sound and rolling off the platform. After all who chose had had an opportunity to examine it, it was passed back and taken behind the curtain by the detached hand. I then felt an arm and shoulder pressing against my back as I sat touching the edge of the table behind me, and the ring and a cold hand that held it touched the bare warm skin of my left forearm. Another tremendous shock ran through the medium's body, and instantly the iron ring slid down from his left arm over my right wrist and hung there. There was just distance enough between our arms for the large ring to touch both his and mine, and at the moment of the shock it seemed to me that the side of the ring next to Horatio's dissolved into a vapor, while the one next to mine remained solid, for it moved away from my skin directly through his arm, or else opened so as to permit his to pass through its own substance, and the next instant it dangled upon my wrist. This is an astounding story, I know, but everything happened just as described. I neither relaxed my hold upon his hands for an instant nor lost sight of the smallest detail of the experiment. I was neither psychologized nor deceived, and no theory of "muscular contraction" is sufficient to explain or cover the facts. The explanation given to me of the phenomenon by a spirit is that, the medium's system being negative and the sitter's positive, a strong current of a fluid, which for lack of a better name they call refined electricity, is sent through from the one to the other, and as it

tooting in blue India ink. Horatio exclaimed while the spirit was pulling that he was bracing himself for it by pressing the other hand against his (Horatio's) back; and he gave way to the pressure and leaned slightly forward as if this were the case. If he had been pulling, he would naturally have leaned back so as to exert his force against the spring. The vertical pull was made on the evening of October 2, when I myself sat next to Horatio in the light-circle. The hand-to-night was the right hand of "George Dix," as I recog-

The Editor of THE DAILY GRAPHIC desires it to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents.

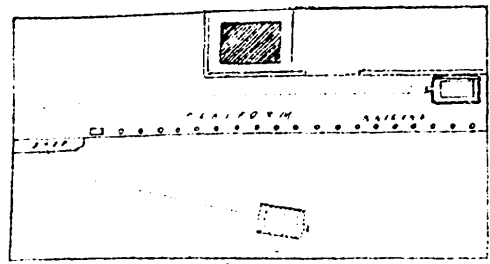
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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOME-STEAD IN VERMONT.

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

RUTLAND, Vt., November.—I can imagine, at least to some extent, how Charlotte Cushman felt the other night when, with moistened eyes and faltering accents, she bade farewell to the kind public that had encouraged and sustained her so long; for I, too, am about to



"A LONG PULL, AND A HEAVY LIFT."

part with my public—the hundred thousand readers of THE DAILY GRAPHIC who have so indulgently followed me through this narrative during the past ten weeks. I have received so many letters of encouragement from all parts of the country, from total strangers, and so many kind things have been said in so many journals of all classes, that I feel a greater regret to announce my closing chapters and take leave of my audience than I had imagined it possible for me to experience. These numerous tokens of regard have not only stimulated me in the serious work in hand, but also afforded a marked proof of the deep interest that prevails in the subject we have been discussing. I wish from the bottom of my heart that I could give to the bereaved ones who have appealed to me that consolation which they so eagerly crave; that I could allay their doubts and encourage their hopes; but my whole usefulness as an investigator would be destroyed by my assuming the part of a propagandist. My duty is simply to report what I see as fairly, accurately, and intelligibly as lies within my power, and leave each reader to form his or her own conclusions therefrom.

The spirits whose appearances have been thus far described were either Indians or whites of American or European lineage. Up to the 2d of October I had never seen one of any other nationality, but on that evening there appeared an Arab who was an old friend of a lady well known in magazine literature as "Aunt Sue." He was of short stature, slight and wiry build, and his very salutation to the lady when recognized was in marked contrast with the constrained bows of the Indians and the more or less ungraceful salutations of the whites. His name is Yusef. He was dressed in a white tunic, gathered at the waist by a sash, and the skirt ornamented with three equidistant bands of red of the same width. On his head was the national fez, and in his sash was thrust a weapon of some kind, which I could not see distinctly. A number of questions propounded to him were answered by respectful bows, and his parting obeisance was of that deferential but at the same time self-respecting character that is peculiar to the peoples of the Orient. Five Indians—"Black Swan's Mother," "Bright Star," "Daybreak," "White Feather" (who wore so long a plume in his hair that it was bent by the door-casing as he bowed his head to pass through), and "Santum"—had preceded him, following Mrs.

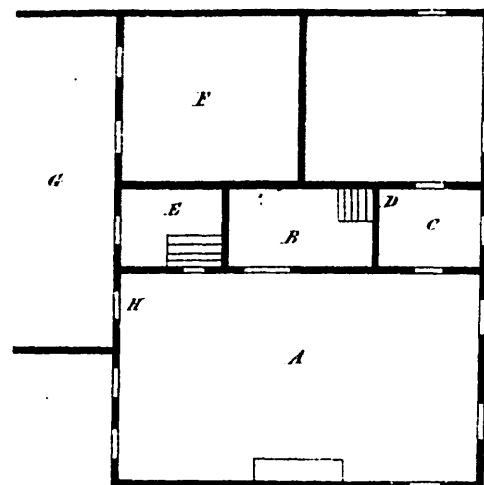
it appeared, had come under a false name, and whose spirit-daughter had appeared to her the evening before, and asked: "Was that child, your daughter?" The mother said it was. "What is her other name?" asked the inquisitive spirit. The woman hesitated a moment, and then faltered out "Smith." "Well," said he, "I hope she may never feel as if she had to deny her name," and was gone. This thing happened several times during my visit, so it will be as well for persons who are as amazed to give their right names to stay away from Chittenden.

In the dark-circle of this same evening I had another volunteer exhibition of spirit power that ought to puzzle sceptics less self-complacent than our muscular-contractionists. My weighing-scales were standing on the platform, at the right of the cabinet, where the experiment with Honto was tried. We had had some music from Mayflower and the spirit-band of unusual sweetness, and the little girl—whom I never can mention without a feeling of affection, so childlike and lovable is her nature—had made a ludicrous failure with her rhyming improvisations upon "Music," "Pictures," and "War and Peace," when Dix said that if we would all remain quiet for a few minutes and the violinist would play something, he would try to organize an extra strong "battery." His directions were followed, and for awhile no sound was heard except the dolorous rasp of the instrument. Little Mayflower passed along the front row and laid her guitar on each one's lap, and presently we had an Indian dance such as I described in a previous letter. Then I knew, from a rattling and banging of my platform-scale, that something new was about to happen. It was moved along the whole length of the platform with such a noise that I thought to myself I would have a pretty bill of damages to pay the next morning, but the thought was hardly formed before George Dix, with a laugh, said:

"Don't worry, Mr. Olcott; I won't hurt your scales;" and he fell to whistling and tugging at the dead weight like a jolly stavedore working among a cargo of cotton. The scale reached the steps, and then went bumping down to the floor of the room, and was rolled to a point near the medium's chair, where it stopped. We heard some one step upon the platform and the beam kick against the pad, as though a heavy weight were on it. George said, "I guess I'll see how much I weigh;"

tions. Just before the usual hour of assembly, finding the Eddy boys in an unusually tractable mood, I proposed that for once we should hold our sitting in the reception-room where we were gathered about the stove. This being assented to without hesitancy, the old shawl that hangs over the cabinet door was brought down, the rough mattress and some working clothes upon the wall of a dark closet under the stairs were removed, and we were ready to begin the seance.

The reader will understand the position of affairs by glancing over the following ground-plan:



A is the sitting or reception room; B a small dark bedroom, running under the stairs that lead to the second story; C is the front hall; E, steps leading to cellar; F, William Eddy's bedroom, opening only into the dining-room (G); H, the door from sitting-room to dining-room.

The room or closet B measures 9 feet 2 inches by 5 feet 3 inches, with a ceiling 8 feet high—narrow quarters for a person to sleep in, and with the door shut; a place that ought to be fatal to any pair of lungs that had ever been accustomed to a breath of fresh air. And yet this is where "Joe," the pugnacious but musical farm-hand, whom every visitor will recollect, takes his nightly repose. There is no window here, at any rate, to awaken the suspicions of the wary psychologist, or demand of me a covering of sealed mosquito netting; and I conclude that if the spirits

shawls! Thus, within a few feet of my nose, she exhibited the whole process of materializing fabrics, and left me in a very pleased mood, as may be imagined.

In the report of the London Dialectical Society on Spiritualism, at page 328, in the testimony of Miss Anna Blackwell before the committee, occurs the following:

Under the second head (that is to say the command of the spirits of the "Ruits" and "forces" that make up the totality of planetary existence) may be classed the evanescent appearance of hands, faces, birds, animals, flowers, &c., which are produced by a condensation out of the atmosphere of the material elements of these pseudo formations, to which, by the application of the electro-vital force in modes not yet known to us, spirits are able to impart a temporary vitality, but which, having no soul, are without consciousness or lasting coherence, and dissolve into their original elements on the cessation of the currents that determined their formation. Lady D— assures me that a "magnificent white flower, as large as a dinner-plate, and with long purple stamens," suddenly appeared on a chair close beside her, one evening, as she sat in her drawing-room in company with Mr. Home; it remained visible to them both for about two minutes, when "it melted into the air."

At page 333, in describing the apparition of a dark-haired man who passed into the solid wall in her presence, she adds:

Spirits say that the compact matter of our sphere of Relation is as imperceptible, for them, as the fluid matter of their sphere is for us, and that they only become cognizant of it, and able to act upon it, through our minds and organisms."

Honto was followed by old Mrs. Pritchard, who was dressed, as usual, in her grayish frock and white apron and kerchief, and who had some pleasant words for her son.

Then appeared a charming young woman carrying a child who was recognized by her sister as Mrs. Josephine Dow, late of Chittenden township. She died twenty-four years ago at the age of nineteen. Her robe was pure white and flowing, gathered in at the waist by a string, so that the folds of the upper part lay over it after a very classical fashion. Her auburn hair fell in a mass over her shoulders, and as she stood there petting the child, I thought I had never seen a prettier sight in all my visit. She stepped back into the cabinet, whereupon the voice of Mrs. Eaton said: "Mr. Olcott, this is the subject we have selected for the artist's picture. The spirit will now return without the child, so that Mr. Kaffer may take a good look at her"—and back she came, alone, and stood to the right of the curtain with her right arm crossed over her waist and her left hanging by her side, looking the artist full in the face. Mrs. Eaton

the phenomena, and desired to further my wishes; but they, like ourselves, were subject to the conditions around them, and where a circle was constantly changing and never the same two evenings in succession, they could not do all that either I demanded or they wished.

After her came out an old gentlemanly looking man, with a fine, intellectual head. His silver locks were brushed from either ear towards his crest, as if to conceal his baldness. He was dressed in a well-cut black coat, buttoned up high, and pantaloons to match. He spoke in a low voice in answer to a question from his relative present, who afterwards informed me that he formerly lived at Davenport, N. Y., where he died thirty-nine years ago, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

Our next visitor was Augusta —, a child



MIRACULOUS SHAWL MAKING.

of fourteen, who was clothed in a white dress, and sweetly smiled and recognized her mother, who sat next to me.

The last form to appear was Jeremiah McCready, late of Cayuga County, N. Y., whose materialization was very strong and satisfactory; and this brought to a close a most remarkable and satisfactory evening's entertainment.

I can hardly express the relief I experienced at the result of this seance. Convinced as I had long been of the good faith of William Eddy; satisfied as my reason was that it was a physical impossibility for the man to simulate such a variety of forms, making himself at one moment a patriarch of eighty or a tottering grandmother, and the next a babe in arms or a toddling child of three or four years; now a giant Indian chief or a dancing squaw, and anon a roving spearsman of the plain of Ararat or a bronze-faced fellah from the foot of the Pyramids; twisting his inflexible tongue around the gutturals, nasals, and sibilants of numerous languages that certainly nobody outside of the Oriental Society or some occasional Dominic Sampson had mastered; convinced, I say, as I was upon all these points—that ventilating window, hollow platform, and seven-by-two cabinet forced themselves off-tenor than I liked between my mental vision and the bald facts. I confess to a feeling closely akin to astonishment when Honto, the self-same copper-colored squaw, the pipe-smoking, shawl-weaving, dancing, laughing Honto, stepped out and confronted me. It seemed that it would be next to impossible for

enough of the spiritual matter-essence to filter through that plastered wall for these cunning electro-platers to make a covering withal for their filmy forms. But there



THE SPIRIT "YUSEF."

she was, sure enough, in full form—with no detail of her dress lacking, no lock of her massive suit of hair gone; her figure as plump, her motions as supple, her attitudes as widely statuesque as ever before. When she had passed away from our sight I awaited the coming of the next spirit with eager attention, for, even then, it seemed to me that it could not be possible for another to materialize itself. Honto was the familiar spirit of the

(Continued on page 182.)



"THE NEW MADONNA."

and then, after running the poise along the notches and changing one counterpoise weight for another, reported 168 pounds. I asked him how high he was, and he replied 5 feet 8 inches. We then heard Mayflower's voice saying, "Now weigh me, George," and his answer, "All right; get on;" and another and lighter person was heard to mount the platform, and the noise of weighing, with another change of counterpoise weights, was followed by a call for a light. This being struck, Mr. Poole, of New Jersey, and Mr. Wilkins, of Vermont, who had acted as a committee on our behalf to tie Horatio, stepped to the scale with the candle and announced the beam as marking forty pounds. But the medium, speaking in the voice of a spirit known as "French Mary," said, "No; it is thirty-eight pounds;" which, upon a second and closer look with the candle held nearer, they found to be so. Now, if any one chooses to say that the medium knew the weight because he had handled it himself, it will be necessary for him to account for:

1. The fact that after the weighing he was bound as tightly and identically the same as he was by the committee before the room was darkened; and,

2. How, supposing that he could unbind and rebind himself, which I deny, he could run the poise along the scale-beam in a pitchy dark room to a certain notch, and be able to correct an unexpected error of the committee. The experiment was to me very interesting as furnishing a new proof of the great force at the command of the spirits, as well as their ability to either see in the dark or, instantly upon the lighting of the candle, to convey the correct reading of the figures to the mind of the medium.

The following night's seance was to my mind the most satisfactory, as a test, of any held during my visit in one respect, viz.: that it proved that neither the hall up-stairs, nor the hollow platform, nor the cabinet floor, nor that mysterious window that has so troubled the souls of many superficial "sceptics" had anything to do with the manifesta-

should show themselves there the fact would go a long way towards making out my case.

Just before the shawl was hung William insisted on my coming into the den to examine it in any way I pleased, but as I had already breathed its fetid atmosphere on another occasion, when I measured it and sounded its walls and floor, I wished to decline. He would take no denial, however, and so, lamp in hand, I went in and made a general survey. There was nothing to be seen but the bare floor and plastered walls; and running my hands over William's clothing under the laughing pretext of magnetizing him, I enabled myself, to assure the reader, that he had nothing concealed about his person. The shawl-curtain was arranged and we took our seats in an arc that stretched from the hall-door to that leading into the dining-room. My post was in the crown of the arc, right opposite and not more than eight or nine feet from the "cabinet" door. The lamp was placed on a shelf in the chimney at the southeast corner of the room.

We had not long to wait, for after the lapse of a few minutes the shawl was lifted and out jumped Honto, as lively as a squirrel. She was dressed in a light suit throughout, with a scarf about her waist and her hair hanging loose down her back. She stepped to the dining-room door, lifted the latch and threw it open; then began capering about in her usual way as if she were in fine spirits. Shawl after shawl she twitched from old Mrs. Cleveland's and Mr. Pritchard's feet and shoulders; astonishing them as much each time as Hermann does the victim he entraps into "assisting" him in his magical entertainments. Then she stepped to the right of the cabinet door, and stood just opposite me, looking intently upon the floor, by the mop-board. There was nothing to be seen at first but the bare planks; but, presto! as I watched, I suddenly saw a heap of something black, as it might be a piece of a woman's dress or a quantity of black netting. She stretched out her hand, and daintily picked it up with thumb and forefinger, and it was—one of her

said that the spirit came back alone because it took so much extra power to materialize the baby that the spirit herself was made too weak to stop out long enough to give us a thorough view of her own form. Blake, the Irish painter, used to see spirits sitting to him for their portraits in his studio when he was alone, but did any one ever hear before of a spirit coming for the purpose to an artist in the presence of a mixed company of fifteen persons?

After the "Madonna and Child," as I felt like christening our models, we saw the spirit of William Packard, late of Albany, and grandson of old Mrs. Pritchard, who so seemed disposed to make friends with the artist that, at that gentleman's request, he moved quite far along the wall to the right, where his figure was thrown into high relief by the light-colored paper hangings. His face was round and he wore a long black moustache. His costume comprised a dark sack-coat and dark pantaloons, a single-breasted vest, and white shirt with collar—quite different from William's, who wore his ordinary checked gingham shirt, without collar or cuffs.

We were then delighted to see the mysterious Mrs. Eaton herself, whose shrill voice we had so often heard issue from the cabinet up-stairs. She was a little old wrinkled woman, in an old-fashioned muslin mob-cap with a ribbon about the crown, a grayish dress, and a check woollen shoulder-shawl, with its points crossed over her bosom. She advanced two or three feet from the curtain, and looking at me said that she had seen our picture of "The Phantom Carriage," and could suggest no improvement, as it was true to nature. I expressed my pleasure at seeing her in person, hearing her speak, and seeing her lips move, for it was now unquestionable that the voice up-stairs was hers and not the medium's. She said that it was for that very purpose she had materialized herself, and that the spirit band controlling these manifestations had desired the change for that evening to the lower room. She and they knew how anxious I was for such tests as would satisfy myself and the world of the genuineness of



THE SPIRIT "WILLIAM PACKARD."

Eddy, whose address I referred to in the letter preceding this; and one, "Swift Cloud," came after, so that a most favorable opportunity was afforded to note the contrast between his manners and deportment and those of our aborigines. The seance was closed, as usual, by old Mr. Brown, who had some talk with his son about a new house he was erecting, and then departed. But, returning after a moment, he addressed a woman present, who,

The Editor of THE DAILY GRAPHIC desires it to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents.

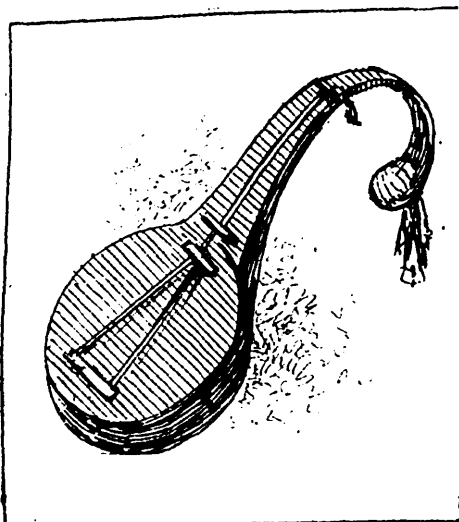
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. S. Olcott, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

RUTLAND, Vt., November.—Among the spirits who frequent the Eddy homestead none is more remarkable than an aged woman who chooses to call herself "The Witch of the Mountain." In her personal appearance she bears a marked resemblance to that massive,



THE "TCHICHARDA."

artistic figure of the drama, the *Meg Merrilies* of Charlotte Cushman. I do not know how faithfully the artist may reproduce her lineaments, for he is working in New York from his Vermont sketches, but the face is one not easily forgotten. Old, wrinkled, and decrepit as she is—the latter so much that she usually has to sit in a chair while discoursing to us—her black eye gleams with intelligence and a fiery resolution, and her voice, although

after stirring them about in the jar with her fingers, and making the jar appear filled with liquid fire. The witnesses and pebbles I have seen, but not the experiment; so I set that aside. On the evening of the same August 31, however, I saw the spirit seat herself in a chair on the platform, saw her give her silky hair into the hands of Judge Bacon, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Mr. Stronk and another, to feel; saw her allow Judge Bacon to pull out a lock as a keepsake; saw the hair in his possession after the circle and on the next day; and heard her speak to us concerning the affairs of the next world for the space of perhaps five minutes. She has not been a frequent visitor of late, but about the 23d of last month it was announced that she would appear immediately after the 15th of November, to take charge of the circle during the winter, and that she would perform a number of startling chemical experiments. The 15th fell on Sunday, and of course there was no circle. The next evening I made an engagement with a hard-headed Rutland sceptic to drive up there, but he failed me at the very last moment, and I could not reach Chittenden in time. The Witch came out, however, according to announcement, and sat and discoursed much as she did on the occasion previously noticed. Her experiment of the evening consisted in the manufacture of a number of bright masses that seemed like large crystals, but which shone with great brilliancy. Mr. Stronk, the Albany counsellor, happening there on a second visit, has given me the following memorandum:

CHITTENDEN, November 19, 1874. This is to certify that I attended the seance at the house of the Eddy brothers on the evening of the 17th, when "The Witch of the Mountain" appeared, and conversed for some minutes. She permitted me, with two others, to go up to her, and look at three substances that may be called spirit jewels, which she drew from her bosom and showed to me. They were unlike anything I ever beheld, and indescribably beautiful. One was about as large as the bottom of a tea-saucer, luminous, plano or concavo-convex, and the surface divided into squares, or perhaps bosses, each of which seemed to sparkle with a different color. Some were like the light of a diamond, some rose, some golden. If I had been allowed to handle them I might give a more accurate description.

E. D. STRONK,

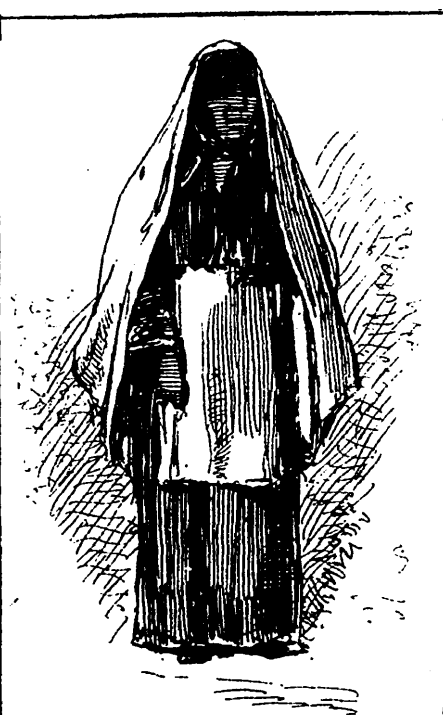
88 Lancaster street, Albany, N. Y.

The mere announcement that this mysterious spirit-alchemist would make some of her experiments has already drawn a number of newspaper correspondents to the place; but



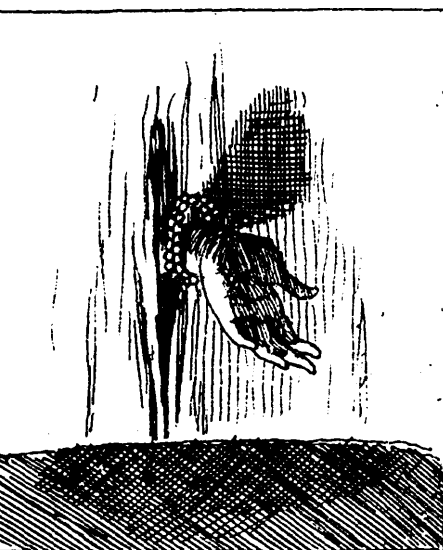
THE SPIRIT "MICHALKO."

the mere touch of an Apostle's robe efficacious to cure disease, and the laying on of a royal hand effect the same result? What human lightning darting from Napoleon's eye converted every soldier into a hero as it fell upon him, and turned the rout of our Shenadoah army into a crushing victory as the fiery little captain galloped along the line and swept the field with a glance? What potent spell lurked in the presence of Florence Nightingale and made the wounded men at Scutari better if they could barely kiss her shadow as it flitted across their beds? And what but this unseen but all potent personal magnetism enables some fiends in human shape to draw maidens, wives, and widows alike from the path of



"MICHALKO'S" MOTHER.

virtue to minister to their awful appetites, against their own reason, moral training, and the natural promptings of a pure mind and a previously unsullied heart? But I will not dwell upon a subject which, in wider limits for discussion than are now at my command, I would be only too happy to expand. Suffice it to say that, after a good deal of observation among the phenomena of animal magnetism, odic force, and Spiritualism, I have come to the conclusion that the mere exclusion of a person from a circle, or his location in any given place in the same, is neither *prima facie* evidence of intended trickery, nor that the superior acumen of the individual as an investigator is dreaded.



"MICHALKO'S" HAND.

The arrival of a Russian lady of distinguished birth and rare educational and natural endowments, on the 14th of October (the very day after a certain pseudo-investigator, who has since made his "statement," left), was an important event in the history of the Chittenden manifestations. This lady—the Countess Helen P. de Blavatsky—has led almost eventful life, travelling in most of the lands of the Orient, searching for antiquities at the base of the Pyramids, and pushing with an armed escort far into the interior of Africa. The adventures she has encountered, the strange people she has seen, the perils by sea and land she has passed through, would make one of the most romantic stories ever told by a biographer. In the whole course of my experience I never met so interesting and, if I



PORTRAIT OF "WITCH OF THE MOUNTAIN."

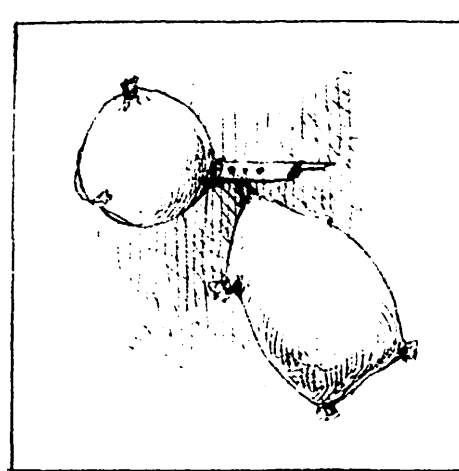
may say it without offence, eccentric a character. As I am about to describe some of the spirit forms that appeared to her in my presence at the Eddy homestead, and am dependent upon her for a translation of most of the language they spoke, it is important that I should say a few words concerning her social position by way of preface. The lady has been so obliging as to comply with my request to be furnished with some account of herself, and cheerfully submitted to my inspection documentary proofs of her identity. Among others of the latter, I have seen familiar letters from Prince Wittgenstein, a relative of the Czar, Baron Meyerdorff and other noblemen, and her passports fully attest her rank. She is the granddaughter, on the mother's side, of the great General Faderoff and the Princess Helen Dolgoronoff, granddaughter of the Prince Takoff Dolgoronky, the best friend and counsellor of Peter the Great. Her grand-aunt was Natalia Kirilowna, Princess Dolgoronky, who was the betrothed of Peter III., and would have been Empress had not that unfortunate prince died on the eve of their intended marriage. On the father's side she is related to the powerful Kourland family of the Hahn-Hahns, who trace their line in unbroken descent back to the first Crusades. Her father's father was Lieutenant-General of Kourland, and his mother found a second husband in the Prince Nicholas Vasilitchkoff. Mme. de Blavatsky herself was betrothed at an early age to Prince Alexander Galitzin, who died; and subsequently married General de Blavatsky, Governor of Erivan, in the Caucasus.

It will be seen, therefore, from the above recital that here we have a lady of such social position as to be incapable of entering into a vulgar conspiracy with any pair of tricksters to deceive the public, while her education and travels have necessarily made her acquainted with many different languages. This is my witness; and now to my story.

On the 14th of October Mme. de Blavatsky reached Chittenden and attended the seance that evening. Honto, as if to give the amplest opportunity for the artist and myself to test the correctness of the theory of "personation" that the "investigator" previously alluded to had expounded to us, stood at the right of the cabinet, motioning us to observe her height, her feet, the bead trimming on her

Recollect that she had only arrived that afternoon, had barely become acquainted with the medium, had had no conversation whatever with anybody about her former life, and then say how this Vermont farmer could have known: (1) of the existence of Michalka Guegidze; (2) that he had any relations of any kind with his visitor; (3) that it is a custom among the Georgian peasants to wear a string of amber beads upon their arms; and then the sceptic will have to account for the possession of so unusual a thing as this kind of a rosary by a family working a Green Mountain farm.

It instantly occurred to me that if this hand belonged to the spirit I had seen in William's circle the spirit must be attached to it, behind the curtain; and that if he had carried a child he had probably sung to it some familiar air; so I whispered to the Countess in French to test his identity by asking him in his own



THE "ZOURENA."

language to play such an air upon the strings of the guitar that lay upon the table behind there. She first asked him, in Georgian and Russian, if he were really Michalka, and certain other questions; to which he responded by sweeping the guitar strings once or thrice as he wished to indicate "Yes" or "No." Among other things she said: "La par a ke cheni tscherimy" (Georgian)—"Speak to me, my good fellow." No response. "Koli te to postontshi piatraz" (Russian)—"If it is you, knock five times." Five sweeps of the

National Georgian Dance the Lesquinka



pitched in a high falsetto, has the ring of command in its penetrating tones. No thick layer of fat covers her attenuated frame, her arms are as thin almost as a skeleton's, her cheeks are hollow, her skin dark brown and seemingly dry as parchment, and her elfish locks of gray hang beside a face that would be marked among ten thousand. On the 31st of last August I saw William Eddy throw a dipperful of spring water, taken in my presence from the horse-trough, upon a chip fire out of doors, and it flashed up instantaneously, as

it is not at all certain that their curiosity will be gratified, for weeks might pass, as they have passed since her last appearance, before she would show herself again. In fact, I can readily understand that an enlightened mind such as hers must be would feel little attraction towards a circle frequented by such personages as one or two of the spirits who take a pretty active part in the conduct of affairs. I have discovered that the "obstructionists" are not all confined to this world.

The last time I saw the "Witch" was on the evening of the 7th of October, when she was the first spirit to emerge from the cabinet. She stepped out at the left of the curtain, and made some pretty severe strictures upon a card signed "Sceptic," professing to be written by a neighbor of the Eddys (which, in fact, it was not) and containing many falsehoods about them and their doings. She then said she had a few words for me, and, passing into the cabinet for a moment, reappeared at the left of the curtain, which brought her directly in front of my position. She said that she hoped that conditions would soon be such that they (the spirits) would be able to satisfy me as to experiments; that I must be patient and restrain my natural eagerness to probe things to the bottom—for I rendered myself so intensely positive as to throw the atmosphere of the circle into violent perturbation. I could not help recalling the letter of Professor Tyndall in reply to the invitation of the Dialectical Society's Committee to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. He said: "More than a year ago Mr. Cromwell Varley, who is, I believe, one of the greatest modern Spiritualists, did me the favor to pay me a visit, and he then employed a comparison which, though flattering to my spiritual strength, seems to mark me out as unfit for spiritual investigation." He said that my presence at a seance resembled that of a great magnet among a number of small ones. I throw all into confusion." The Professor evidently regarded the thing as a joke, but I do not, for I think that if any one thing is self-evident it is that some persons have greater power than others to affect the mental, moral, and nervous conditions of those with whom they come into contact. If this were not a fact, how could we explain the "personal magnetism" of actors, orators, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, military and naval captains, and other men whose names will recur to every one who reads these lines. What is this insensible something that envelops us like an inner atmosphere, and saturates all whom we meet? What subtle power made



THE SPIRIT "LASSAN AGHA."

though the embers had been fed with oil or alcohol. It was this spirit who, as alleged, did the trick, using the medium as her intermediary. One day, late in October, the same experiment was successfully repeated in the presence of several witnesses. They tell me that one evening last winter, in the presence of a small circle, among whom was an Albany lawyer named E. D. Stronk, she called for a jar of spring water and a few pieces of charcoal from the wood-stove, and transmuted them into stones,

Persian-Caucasian Song.

Andante e molto lento



dress, and then unplaited her hair and shook it out over her shoulders. Santum came, too, and "Wando" and "Wasso;" and then the first of the Countess's spirit visitors made his appearance. He was a person of middle height, well shaped, dressed in a Georgian (Caucasian) jacket, with loose sleeves and long pointed oversleeves, an outer long coat, baggy trousers, leggings of yellow leather, and white skull-cap, or fez, with tassel. She recognized him at once as Michalka Guegidze, late of Koutais, Georgia, a favorite servant of her sister's, and whose employment was to carry about and tend that lady's little boy. He was followed by the spirit of Abraham Alsbach, who spoke some sentences in German to his sister; and he, in turn, by M. Zepherin Boudreau, late of Canada, the father of a lady who accompanied Mme. de Blavatsky to Chittenden, and who, of course, was attending her first seance. She addressed her questions to him in French, he responding by rapping with his hand against the door-frame, except in one instance when he uttered the word "Oui." This gentleman stood so that I saw him in profile against the white wall. He had an aquiline nose, rather hollow cheeks, prominent cheek-bones, and an iron-gray beard upon his chin. It was a marked face, in short, of the pure Gallic type. In stature he was tall and in figure slim, was well dressed, and altogether had the air of a gentleman.

A little girl spirit came after him and conversed by raps with her mother, who spoke in the German language; and this brought William's circle to a close.

After that we had a light circle—one of the kind in which, as the reader will remember, certain persons assert that the phenomena are all done by the hand of the medium. Among other things that occurred was the writing of Mme. de Blavatsky's name upon a card, by a spirit hand, in Russian script, which it will scarcely be said that Horatio could write with both hands free. Various detached hands were shown through the aperture of the boy Michalka himself, which the Countess recognized by some peculiarity, as well as by a string of amber beads round around the wrist.

* "Caucasia" is the general name given to the region and the chain of mountains which stretch between the Black and Caspian seas, the mountains forming the boundary between Asia and Europe. The country is divided into the governments of Kuban, Stavropol, Terek, Daghestan, Zakatali, Tiflis, Koutais, Sukhum, Tcherkessk (Black Sea), Etlis, bethpoh, Baku and Erivan. The first five lie on the European side of the mountains; and the last seven in Asia, and include Caucasian Armenia, Mingrelia, Imerethia, Georgia, Russian Armenia, and Shirvan.

guitar. Then she said: "Pograi 'Lez Guinka.'" "Play the 'Lez Guinka'—a famous but far from melodious national air. He then played the air as it is found printed in this chapter; the Countess having been so kind as, with the assistance of Mr. Lenzberg, the Hartford music professor, to transcribe it for me.

This song being finished, after repetition upon repetition, she asked the spirit to play another Caucasian dance known as: "Tirez! Tirez! Barbarey." She said: "Sgrai 'Gourinkou'—Play the Gourié dance"—and



THE SPIRIT "MARYA, THE NURSE."

straightway it was played by the invisible performer with great animation.

My fellow-spectators sat listening to the strange sentences of the Russian lady without understanding either what she said, the nationality of the music that was being played, or, until it was all over, the nature of the important test that was being given; for I believe I was the only person present who spoke French, and our conversation was confined to that language. The instruments upon which the Georgian musicians play the two airs in

(Continued on page 196.)

(Continued from page 195.)
question are the *Journal*, a curious sort of bagpipe, and the *tsingghier*, a one-stringed wooden instrument, something like an ancient mandolin, if I am not mistaken—which, in the matter of music and musical instruments, is the most likely thing in the world.)
I am fortunately most unexpectedly put in possession of a conclusive bit of evidence in corroboration of Madame de Blavatsky's story of Michalko's identity as a Georgian, in two letters from a merchant in Philadelphia, which, in view of their public importance, I have obtained his permission to publish *verbatim*.
The first introduces the writer to me in the following terms:

PHILADELPHIA, October 29, 1874.
Henry O. Olcott, Chittenden, Vt., Eddy's Home:—
DEAR SIR:—I have not pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I take the liberty of addressing you as a friend, and in so doing I am sure you will not be offended. I am a member of the Daily Graphic Correspondence on Eddy's manifestations, which I read with great interest.
I learn from to-day's Sun that at Eddy's, in presence of Mrs. Blavatsky, Russian lady, a spirit of Michalko, Guegide (very familiar name to me), manifested in Georgian dress, has spoken Georgian language, danced Georgian dances, and sang Georgian National Air.
Being myself a native of Georgia, Caucasus, I read these news with great astonishment and surprise, and being not a believer in Spiritualism, I do not know what to think of these manifestations.
I address to-day a letter to Mrs. Blavatsky, asking some questions about materialized Georgian, and if she left Eddy's please forward it to her if you know her address.
I earnestly request your corroboration of this astonishing fact, materialized Georgian, if he really came out from the cabinet in Georgian dress, and in your presence. If that occurred in fact, and if anybody will regard it, as usually, trickery and humbug, then I will state to you that there are in the United States no other Georgians but three, of whom I am the one and come first to this country three years ago. Two others whom I know, came over last year. I know they are not in Vermont now and never been there before; and I know they do not speak English as Michalko does, no other man speaks Georgian language in this country, and when I say this I mean it to be true fact. Hoping you will answer this letter I remain, yours respectfully,
M. C. BETANELLY.

Upon receipt of this I wrote to Mr. Betanelly, answering his questions, giving the names of other spirits that appeared to Madame de Blavatsky, and suggesting that it would interest the public if he and his two friends would write in a certificate that they knew the persons in life. Here is his reply:

PHILADELPHIA, November 18, 1874.
Colonel H. O. Olcott, Rutland, Vt.,
DEAR SIR: I am perfectly willing to give you all information and certificates concerning materialized Georgian spirits at Eddy's. Unfortunately I kept no correspondence lately with my Georgian friends, and do not know of whereabouts of Michalko, but I think they are somewhere in New York or out West, but I know they had no personal acquaintance of persons in Georgia that materialized at Eddy's.
I know Michalko when alive in Kutais, and think could recognize his face at Eddy's if I was there at that night. He was late of Col. A. Guegide, a Georgian nobleman, and employed servant in Col. A. F. Veette's family. Mr. Veette still lives in Kutais, and occupies a position of an engineer under Russian Government.
I also know personally late General Faddeyev, a Russian and old Georgian, who died several years ago. He occupied one of the highest rank in Russian under Government and possessed the Cross of St. Anna and other merits of honor for his military and civil services.
The names of Hassan-Aha and Safar-Ali-Bex are also very familiar to me.
"Lezginka" is real National Georgian play and dance. "Tiris, tiris, Barbara" is Georgian air, commonly sung by lower classes and peasants. "Tiris" in English means "cry," "to cry." "Barbara" is Georgian feminine name. Whole verse means "cry, cry Barbara, and this is one verse of the whole and long song, which it is not, I think, necessary for you to describe or translate.
I send you for curiosity a Georgian weekly newspaper "The Times," ("Droeda") published in Tiflis, Caucasus.
Your obedient servant,
M. C. BETANELLY.

Of course I never heard either of the Georgian air before, and so leave to Mr. Betanelly and his compatriots in this country to speak for themselves. I can only say that the music printed in this chapter is the music I heard played behind the curtain in Horatio G. Eddy's light circle on the evening of October 14, 1874, and pass on to my next point.
Among the evidences of the genuineness of the phenomena furnished us on this evening, were: The playing on the guitar and tambourine and the ringing of two bells, all at once; the playing of the guitar by Michalko, with the instrument held flat against the south wall, farthest away from Horatio; the simultaneous playing of the guitar, at the extreme left, beyond Horatio, with its end resting upon a chair in sight of the audience, and the patting of the lady sifter's head and shoulders by two unseen hands; and finally, the simultaneous pressure of three hands upon the backs of Mr. J. M. Peebles and Mrs. E. D. Strook, the gentleman and lady who sat with the medium in front of the curtain. Following, as this seance did, immediately upon the pretended "exposure" of the fraud of Horatio, I determined that no chance to discover trickery upon this particular evening should be neglected; so I took Mr. Peebles into my confidence and instructed him to move his arm frequently, and turn it so as to present new nerve surfaces to the pressure of the medium's fingers. That he followed the suggestion may be seen from the following certificate:

Colonel Olcott:
MY DEAR SIR: Granted the privilege of sitting in the light seance of Horatio Eddy to witness what are demonstrated spiritual manifestations, I beg to make the following statement:
Taking a seat forward of the cabinet to the right of Mr. Eddy, he tightly clasped with both his hands my bare arm. This done music was heard immediately, and simultaneously upon three different instruments.
This was followed by hands tapping me on the back of the right shoulder; and then they were projected from behind the curtain, patting my face and pulling the beard. The hand which both saw and felt distinctly was cold, white, and delicate, utterly unlike in shape and appearance that of Mr. Eddy's. And what is more, during this and other manifestations I purposely moved my arms in different directions to be certain that both of Mr. Eddy's hands were still clasping mine.
This hand and arm appearing the second time, there was upon the wrist amber-colored beads. These I not only saw, but I felt and heard them tinkle. Instruments of music were played upon at a distance beyond the medium's reach even if his hands had been at liberty. And yet during all of these marvels, if I can trust my senses in connection with reason and consciousness, his hands were not for a moment disengaged from mine, neither were the nerves of sensation so benumbed as to prevent in the slightest the usual acuteness of feeling.
This materialized hand also smoothed my hair, rung bells, and wrote upon cards before the eyes of both the circle and myself. At last I ascertained it was not Horatio Eddy's hand as I am it was not mine.
J. M. PEEBLES.

Mr. Peebles is well known as an eloquent speaker and scholarly writer upon spiritualism, but that does not imply that he is either a fool or knave. He was recently United States Consul at Trebizond, and is an Orientalist, a Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of India.

It was upon the following evening that I saw Honto suddenly sink away up to her waist, just as she was about to pass into the cabinet, but the story is too long and suggests too extended comment for me to repeat it in this connection. I will reserve it for my book, with other curious facts that I am obliged to omit in this correspondence.
The next evening two spirits came to Madame de Blavatsky—"Hassan Aga" and Michalko's mother. The former was a wealthy merchant of Tiflis whom she knew well. He had a sneaking fancy for the Black Art as well as our own mediums, and sometimes obliged his acquaintance by divining for them with a set of conjuring stones, procured from Arabia at a great price. His method was to throw them upon the floor, beside his mat, and then by the way they fell into groups prophecy the

future and read the past for his wondering visitors. He claimed that the stones possessed some magic property by which, and the muttering of certain Arabic sentences, the inner sight of the conjuror was opened, and all things hidden became clear. Hassan's dress was a long yellowish coat, Turkish trousers, a bishmet, or vest, and a white Astrachan cap, pappaha, covered with the national basklik, or hood, with the long tasseled ends thrown over each shoulder.

Another of her visitors was an old woman dressed in the costume of the Georgian peasant-woman, of which the artist has given a sketch. She was an old nurse in the family, and took charge of both Madame de B. and her sister in early childhood. She advanced towards the lady, and, after making a respectful salutation, said something to her in her native tongue, of which I could distinguish the words "Michalko" and "Banasch," which latter means "Miss."

Hassan Aga returned the next evening, and after not only staid out longer than before, but after retiring reappeared at one side of the curtain so as to give the artist a good look at him. He spoke to the Countess this evening, and speaking with close attention I heard the words "Peshkeeh, Bolahoi Djelha and Barchecheh," for the spelling and translation of which I am indebted to the lady. The first means "a peasant," the second and third "a big fortune," and the last, which is only too familiar to every traveler in the East, "Money." "Is it for me?" asked Madame de B. "ABON" (for you) answered the old man, with a gracious salaam.
HENRY S. OLCOTT.
(We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.)

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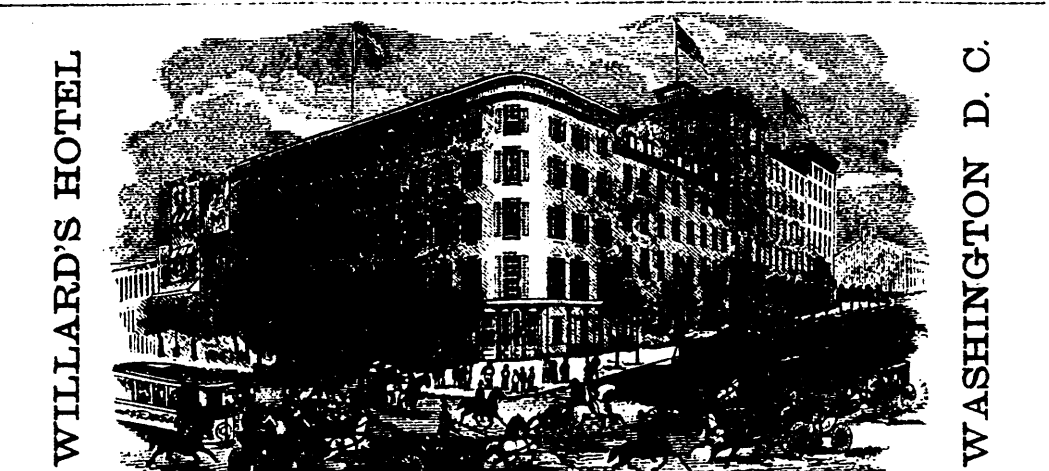
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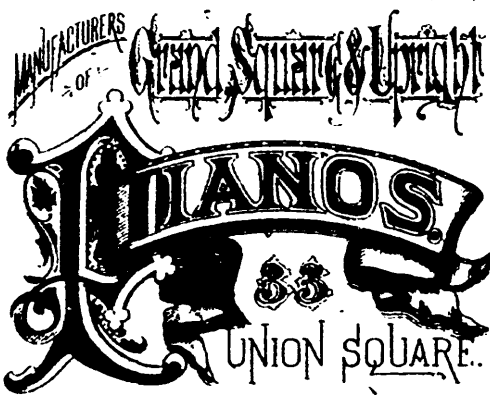
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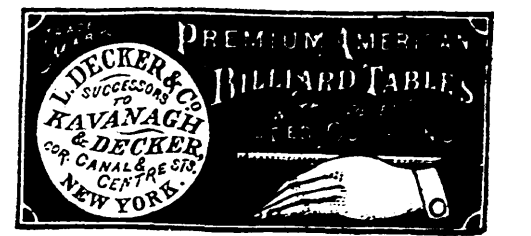
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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOME-STEAD IN VERMONT.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

RUTLAND, Vt., November.—We had a dark-circle after William's materializing circle, in which the child "Mayflower" demonstrated her ability to see in the dark as well as we do in the light. Little Lena Lenzberg had brought in her pocket a hair-switch which she wanted the spirit to braid. After the circle was formed and the light extinguished she laid it in her lap, but had said nothing of her desire until suddenly Mayflower exclaimed: "Oh! Lena, what have you got there? You want me to braid that hair; don't you? I will; but why didn't you bring the other two there are at home?" She then crossed the room, took the hair, braided it, and returned it to Lena's lap. She then called her to step out on the floor and see which was the taller of the two. Lena obeyed and stood back to back with the spirit, with the following result:

CHITTENDEN, October 19, 1874.

Mr. Olcott: My name is Lena Lenzberg, and I am thirteen years old. I was at the dark-circle last night. Mayflower called me out on the floor and we measured heights. We were exactly the same. I felt her back and head against mine, and she kissed me after we measured.

LENA LENZBERG.

Lena is rather a short girl for her age, as will be inferred by reading the certificate of a dear

"George Dix," of whose whistling accomplishments I have previously spoken, gave us a splendid display this evening. He asked Mr. Lenzberg to play on his flute "The Mocking Bird" and "Home, Sweet Home" very softly, which that gentleman did; and Dix whistled a tremolo accompaniment that equalled anything of the kind I ever heard. It was quite as good as the bird-calls, runs and trills of the old cigar-seller at Evans's Supper Rooms in London, whom so many hundreds of American travellers must recollect.

The next day was cloudy and cold, and a storm was clearly brewing among the moun-

de Blavatsky

tain ranges. It was what might be called a fair temperature for manifestations, and we had some good ones. Thirty-one persons attended the circle and nine different spirits appeared. Honto was dressed in a white dress with black or dark overskirt, and she seemed determined that we should see more than this, for at one time she came within two feet of Mr. Lenzberg, and lifting her skirt almost to her knees displayed a pair of white stockings and handsome moccasins on her feet.

I noticed very closely this evening the vast difference between the size, height, bust, and appearance of the young lady spirit Maggie Brown and William Eddy. I do not know

arm. Moreover I must add that the Countess, who sat at the gentleman's right, declared that she felt one hand on her right shoulder (the one farthest from the medium) at the same instant that the gentleman reported one on each of his shoulders. The guitar, two bells, and tambourine were played simultaneously, and hands of various sizes were shown. Among these one was too peculiar to be passed over. It was a left hand, and upon the lower bone of the thumb a bony excrescence was growing, which Mme. de Blavatsky recognized and said was caused by a gun-shot wound in one of Garibaldi's battles. The hand grasped a broken sword that had been lying upon the table behind the shawl. It was the hand of a Hungarian officer, an old friend of the Madame's named Dgiano Nallus, and his own signature, written by one of his hands upon a card, will be found in this letter. Another signature, written for the same lady, was that of her husband's brother, J. de Blavatsky, a fac-simile of which is also given. She asked in the Georgian language if the spirits would not again play for her the Gouriell air "Tires! Tires! Barbarey," but instead a famous Garibaldian march called "Viva l'Italia" was played upon the guitar. This seemed to me a more satisfactory test than the compliance with her request would have afforded, for it was just barely possible that Horatio might have inferred that she was repeating her demand of the former light-circle, and, having caught the air, would have rendered it for her; whereas, in this case, entirely different music connected with entirely different associations, but eminently appropriate to the appearance of Dgiano Nallus, the Garibaldian soldier, was unexpectedly given.

It is upon such tests as these, spontaneously given, that I have based my confidence in these Eddy boys. Granted that they may be able to tie and untie themselves, "float" instruments, ring bells, and fool intelligent persons into the belief that their hands are on their arms when, in fact, they are in quite a different place; admitting all this, I exclude

from my case every individual phenomenon that can be explained upon the hypothesis of trickery, and still, as I conceive, have an abundance remaining to prove their mediumship. If the "grand expositor" had shown the public a theory broad enough to cover all the appearances in William's circle—the talking children; the wrinkled old men and women; the young girls in the supple, freshness, and plumpness of youth, with their white, bare arms, shapely hands, and well-set heads; the diversities in height and bulk, so great as to be inexplicable to any frequent of the *cosmopolis* upon the theory of personation; the speaking of various languages, some the most unusually known in this country; the changing of complexions from white to copper and black to white; the faces without a sign of beard, while the medium wears black moustache all the while; these, and further, the exceptional tests given in Horatio's light-circle, and the music-playing and other marvels of his dark-circle, I would have only to confess that my two months' labor had been wasted and I was one more of the fools of the senses. This is just what I have waited for, and what I have not discovered. Until I do I stand upon my story of phenomena observed with the confidence of one whose house is built upon a sure foundation.

Mme. de Blavatsky and I without preconcert applied the same test to one spirit that appeared one evening. He was a great stout Indian chief, in a red hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins, and the lady mentally asked him to approach very near to where she sat, at the parlor-organ, close against the railing. He did so, and gazing into her face at not more than two or three feet distance, lifted up one of his feet and showed her the moccasin upon it. He retired into the cabinet, but I fixed my will intently upon him and desired that he should return once more and show himself to me also. He raised the curtain the next instant, folded his arms, looked at me, lifted his foot and placed it on top of the rail-

than usual; Maggie Brown managed to whisper a little; Mrs. Eddy spoke in very loud and clear tones, and advancing to the venerable and excellent Mr. Ralph, of Utica, N. Y., who sat upon the platform, knelt to him, kissed his hands and thanked him for his friendliness to her children—the scene being quite pathetic; old Mrs. Cleveland's mother, a very wrinkled, white-haired dame, came to her daughter for the first time; a little child of a Mr. Whittier, of Massachusetts, a girl of about four years I should judge, said, "Papa! dear papa!" to him; and all seemed to conspire to assist the colloquial powers of the visitors from beyond the dark river.

The next evening among the forms to appear was a man with a long black beard, dark

John Nallus

complexion; wearing a turban, red jacket embroidered with black braid, an inside vest of a flowered pattern, baggy trousers of dark blue or black, a sash around his waist made of a twisted shawl, and black shoes. A person present who had been coddled into the belief that he should see Lord Byron at the Eddys' asked the spirit if he were not the great poet, and was answered in the affirmative; the which circumstance made me recall a certain passage at Proverbs xxvi., 5.

This spirit (who I may mention in passing reappeared at my mental request after he had retired) had hardly been gone an instant when there came a light-complexioned, white-haired old man, a Mr. Jonathan Bartlett, taller than the diakia "Lord Byron," and dressed

short distance, it kept on upward, unwinding and unwinding interminably from the stick, until it grew to be a mere speck, and finally passed out of sight. The juggler drove the pointed end of the stick into the ground, and then beckoned the boy to approach. Pointing upward, and talking in a strange jargon, he seemed to be ordering the little fellow to ascend the self-suspended tape, which by this time stood straight and stiff, as if it were a board whose end rested against some solid support up in mid-air. The boy bowed compliance, and began climbing, using his hands and feet as little "All Right" does when climbing Satsuma's balance-pole. The boy went higher and higher until he, too, seemed to pass into the clouds and disappear. The juggler waited five or ten minutes, and then, pretending to be impatient, shouted up to his assistant as if to order him down. No answer was heard, and no boy appeared; so, finally, as if carried away with rage, the juggler thrust a naked sword into his breech-clout, the only garment upon his person, and climbed after the boy. Up and up and up, hand over hand and step by step, he ascended, until the straining eyes of the multitude saw him no more. There was a moment's pause and then a wild shriek came down from the sky, and a bleeding arm, as if freshly thrust from the boy's body, fell with a horrid thud upon the ground. Then came another, then the two legs one after the other, then the dismembered trunk, and, last of all, the ghastly head, every portion of the body streaming with gore which covered the ground all about. A second lad now stepped forward, and, gathering the mutilated fragments of his comrade into a heap, threw a dirty cloth over them and retired. Presently the juggler was seen descending as slowly and cautiously as he had ascended. He reached the ground at last, with his naked sword all dripping with blood. Paying no attention to the remains of his supposed victim, he went to rewinding his tape upon his stick, his audience meanwhile breaking out into cries of impatience and execration.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE TIFLIS "DAILY TIMES"—PAGE 1.

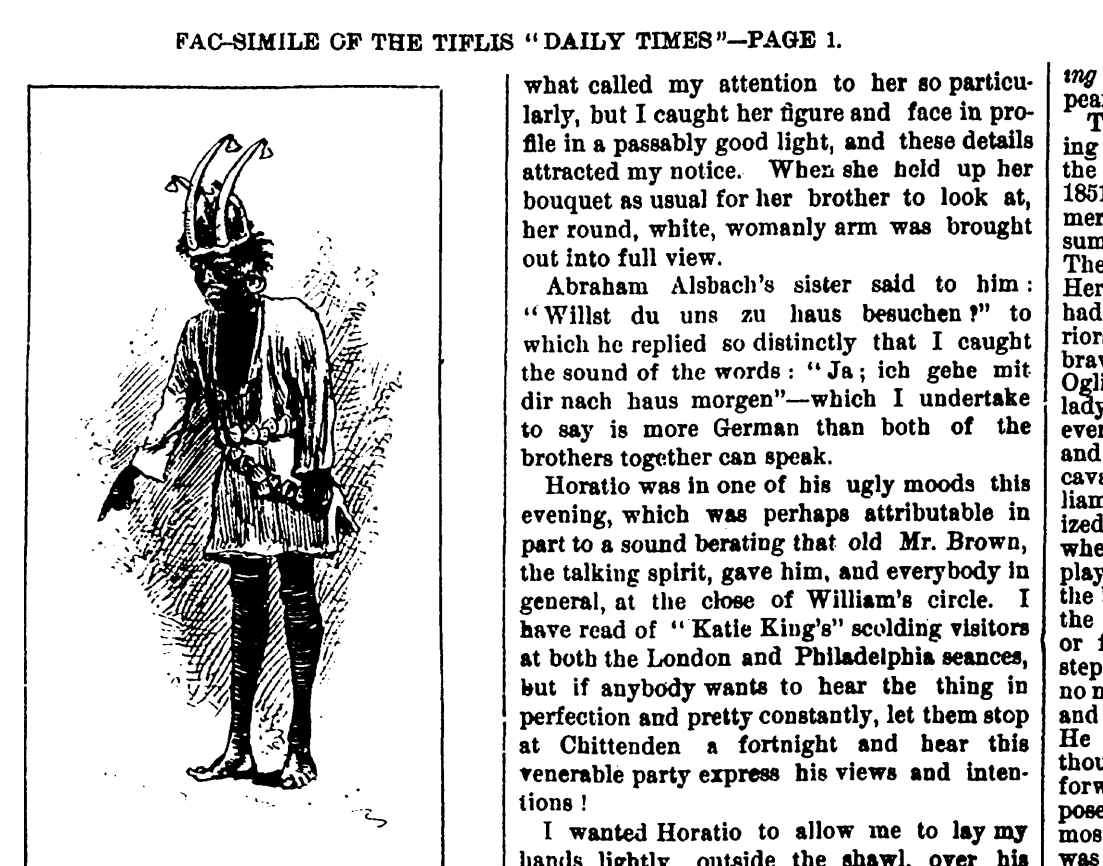
what called my attention to her so particularly, but I caught her figure and face in profile in a passably good light, and these details attracted my notice. When she held up her bouquet as usual for her brother to look at, her round, white, womanly arm was brought out into full view.

Abraham Alsbach's sister said to him: "Willst du uns zu haus besuchen?" to which he replied so distinctly that I caught the sound of the words: "Ja; ich gehe mit dir nach haus morgen"—which I undertake to say is more German than both of the brothers together can speak.

Horatio was in one of his ugly moods this evening, which was perhaps attributable to a sound berating that old Mr. Brown, the talking spirit, gave him, and everybody in general, at the close of William's circle. I have read of "Katie King's" scolding visitors at both the London and Philadelphia seances, but if anybody wants to hear the thing in perfection and pretty constantly, let them stop at Chittenden a fortnight and hear this venerable party express his views and intentions!

I wanted Horatio to allow me to lay my hands lightly, outside the shawl, over his hands after they had been placed upon the bare arm of the gentleman sitter at his left, but he would not do it, but called up a lady present to hold them there, saying that "one person's word was as good as another's." This was only one of many such rebuffs, so I let it pass, waiting for the time when he should volunteer to give me this convincing proof of his good behavior. It is fair that I should say that the lady reported that he had not removed either hand from the gentleman's

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TIFLIS "DAILY TIMES"—PAGE 1.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE TIFLIS "DAILY TIMES"—PAGE 2.

little girl from Utica, two years younger, with whom Mayflower tried the same experiment:

CHITTENDEN, October 21, 1874.

With my father's permission I state that my name is Cora Cecilia Eddy, and I am almost eleven years old. Papa says I measure 4 feet 6 1/2 inches. Last night Mayflower called me "Birdie" and asked me to measure my height with her. We stood with our backs together, and I was about two inches taller than her. This was in a dark-circle.

CORA C. EDDY.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TIFLIS "DAILY TIMES"—PAGE 2.

throughout in an American costume. He must have been waiting for his predecessor to retire, for he almost passed him at the door, and the circumstance was noted in my book as a strong proof in favor of the apparitions being something else than personations by the medium.

"Michalko" visited us again the next evening and spoke to Mme. de Blavatsky in the Georgian tongue; and after two or three more forms had shown themselves I saw one of the most singular creatures that ever excited the wonder of a "circle." He was a tall, spare negro, black as ink, and dressed in a curious costume, two features of which were very conspicuous. Upon his woolly head he had a *coiffure* that would make a sensation on Broadway. I could see an ornamented fillet or band, and on top of his head four horns with bent tips, something like those of the chamois or some varieties of African antelope. The points of the two in front were turned backward, and those of the two in rear forward, while a brass or gilt ball hung suspended from each tip. Mme. de Blavatsky did not recognize him at first, but he stepped forward a pace or two and she then saw before her the chief of a party of African jugglers whom she encountered once in Upper Egypt at a celebration of the feast of "The Ramadan." The magical performances of his party upon that occasion make one of the most incredible stories in the history of Magic and Spiritualism, and one feat deserves place in such a book of weird experiences as this. Madame says that in full sight of a multitude comprising several hundred Europeans and many thousands of Egyptians and Africans the juggler came out on a bare space of ground, leading a small boy, stark-naked, by the hand and carrying a huge roll of tape that might be twelve or eighteen inches wide. After certain ceremonies he whirled the roll about his head several times and then flung it straight up into the air. Instead of falling back to earth after it had ascended a

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TIFLIS "DAILY TIMES"—PAGE 2.

When the tape was all rewound, he wiped his sword, and then deliberately stepping to the bloody heap lifted off the ragged quilt, and up rose the little tape-climber as hearty as ever, and bowed and smiled upon the amazed throng, though dismemberment were an after-break fast pastime to which he had been accustomed from infancy. In comparison with a feat like this the "Indian box-trick" appears a trivial affair, and the phenomena of Spiritualism child's play! It is a



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(Continued on page 224.)

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A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

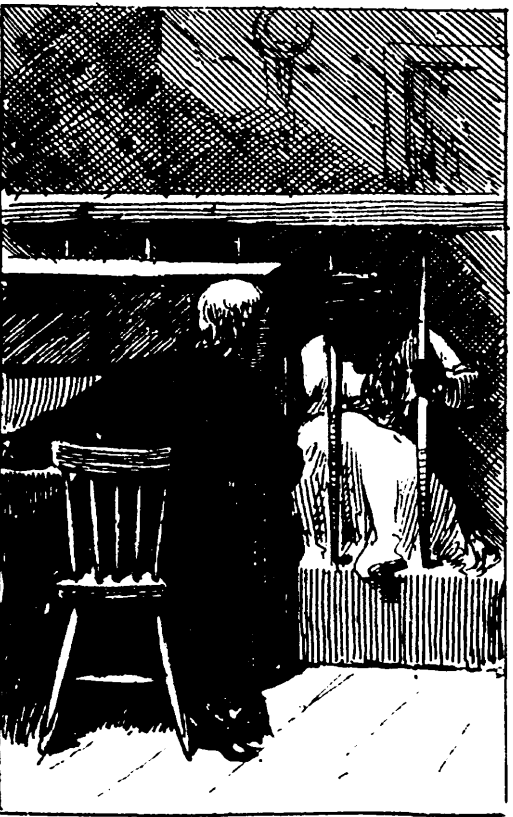
RUTLAND, VT., November.—At a session of the London Dialectical Society's committee, held on Tuesday, April 27, 1869, Dr. Edmunds in the chair, among other witnesses examined was Mr. Burns, who described certain phenomena that had occurred in the presence of a medium named Mrs. Marshall. When in London, in 1870, I myself desired to have a sitting with Mr. Home, but as that celebrated personage was not in the city I was advised that this Mrs. Marshall was considered the next best medium in England. I visited the lady at her residence in Bennett street, St. James street, Piccadilly, and saw and heard such wonderful things that I am prepared to give respectful attention to the statements of



CUTTING A LOCK OF HAIR FROM "HONTO."

Mr. Burns and other witnesses. Mr. Burns said that, one night, a ripe peach was brought and placed in his wife's hand by an invisible power, and Mr. Thomas Sherratt exhibited a number of specimens of direct spirit writing executed at Mrs. Marshall's house in a fully-lighted room. Mrs. Marshall told me herself that objects of various kinds were often brought into her circles by the spirits, and either laid upon the table or in the hands or laps of persons sitting in the circle. Once in a darkened room, at a sitting in mid-winter, a quantity of grapes and other hot-house fruit, estimated to weigh thirty or forty pounds, was piled up on the table; and once a spirit-hand opened one of hers and laid in her palm several jewels of fine water. As to flowers of every description, they were brought so often that she could not recall the separate instances.

At the same session of the same committee of the Dialectical Society, Miss Houghton produced some very interesting drawings done by spiritualistic agency, and stated, among other things, that, on the 20th of April, 1867, in the presence of Mrs. General Ramsay, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Cromwell Varley, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Nockolds, Miss Wallace, and Miss Nicholl (now the wife of Mr. Guppy), she suddenly felt something on her head, and upon striking a light discovered that she was crowned with "a lovely wreath of everlasting flowers." On the 8th of October, 1867, at a circle composed of eighteen ladies and gentlemen, among them several of distinction, fruit of various kinds was brought. Says the witness: "By raps the spirits desired me to wish for a fruit, and I chose a banana, which they promised me, and then said, 'Now all may wish,' which they did, for various fruits, sometimes having their wishes negatived, but in most instances agreed to. The fruits were then brought in the order in which they had been wished for. One lady said, 'Why do you not ask for vegetables; an onion, for instance?' and even as she said it the onion came into her lap. I will give you a list of the things brought: a banana, two oranges, a bunch of white grapes, a bunch of black grapes, a cluster of filberts, three walnuts, about a dozen damsons, a slice of candied pineapple, three figs, two apples, an onion, a peach, some almonds, four very large grapes, three dates, a potato, two large pears, a pomegranate, two crystallized green-gages, a pile of dried currants, a lemon, and a large bunch of beautiful raisins, which, as well as the figs and



CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A SPIRIT.

dates, were quite plump, as if they had never been packed, and had been brought straight from the drying ground."

Signor Dramiani testified before the same committee that at various seances held in rooms with closed windows and locked doors, fresh flowers had been showered on the company. At Baron Guldenstubb's house the flowers were so numerous that they "would have filled a large basket, and the fact that they were perfectly fresh and besprinkled with dew *** would have precluded any of the faintest suspicion of 'crinoline mystification' or sleight of hand." "I must not omit mentioning," continued the Signor, "that, on examin-

ing the flowers, some of which still remain in my possession (after a lapse of two years)—H. S. O., we perceived that the ends of the stems presented a blackened and burnt appearance. On our asking the invisible intelligence the reason of this, we were told that the electricity had been the potent 'nipper' employed."

Mr. Samuel Guppy, at page 371 of the Society's report, describes a seance with the Spiritual Society of Florence (Italy), at which the question whether spirits could distinguish colors in the dark was effectually answered: "A noise was heard on the table, and the light showed a heap of sugar-plums of all colors mixed together—about a handful. Light put out again; we heard a rattling, lighted the candle and found the sugar-plums all assorted in little heaps of separate colors." At another seance of the same society some of the most eminent Florentine literati being present, the room was, at Mr. Guppy's request, made very warm by the spirits. First came a shower of fresh flowers which fell all about the table, while Mrs. Guppy's hands were held. The light was put out again, and in ten minutes an awful crash was heard on the table as if the chandelier had fallen down. On lighting the candle we found a large lump of beautiful ice, about a foot long and one and a half inches thick, which had fallen on the table with such force that it was broken.

I might quote many similar instances going to show that the transportation of material objects, sometimes from very remote places, is not an uncommon circumstance in the experience of those who have investigated the phenomena of modern Spiritualism; but these will suffice.

From what has been already related of the Eddy mediums in my preceding chapters, it will occasion no surprise when I state that on many occasions, if the testimony of eye-witnesses may be accepted, objects have been dropped on the Chittenden circle-room floor or laid in the hands of persons in attendance. I have seen among other things a large stone, weighing some sixty pounds, a cart-wheel, two large mother-of-pearl shells, an ear of Egyptian corn (said to have come from a mummy's tomb), a specimen of a rare mineral, a gold vest-chain, a heavy gold ring, two small spotted shells, a miniature ivory die for a watch "charm," a small quartz-crystal, and a cut white carnelian seal-stone—that were said to have been brought by invisible carriers.

The crystal and carnelian were placed in my own hand at two different dark-circles, but it happened in the dark and so I cannot vouch for their genuineness, any more than I can for that of either of the other articles. Horatio Eddy tells me that he has been the frequent recipient of these ghostly attentions. Once "George Dix" put a spotted snake on his bed; once he brought him a \$5 bill to give to one Riley Allen, a sick neighbor; once a bill of like amount for a Mr. Barker; once a sum of money to defray a child's funeral expenses; and once, for himself, a silver-mounted pistol, the seven barrels of which were all loaded except one, which the spirit discharged himself, frightening Horatio out of his wits with the idea that burglars were in the room.

One gentleman whom I met at the Eddy Homestead told me of an instance within his own knowledge in which seven different communications were written, on an equal number of pieces of paper of as many different colors, and sewed, each with silk of a color to match the paper, upon a child's pocket-handkerchief. Strangest of all, upon each paper was stitched a lock of hair, purporting to be that of the spirit writing the communication, and which they alleged they brought from their own graves. As some of the persons had been dead many years, the latter assertion may be taken for what it is worth.

Another gentleman visitor asserts that, last January, at his request he had brought to him some new potatoes, which must have come from afar, as the snow lay deep over the whole of this northern country.

I am witness to the fact that one evening in October, at a dark circle, a lady who had brought as a present for "Mayflower" a picture of a bunch of roses, painted upon a Bristol board sheet of, say, 8x12 inches, had it taken from her hand, and after the circle it could not be found, although I searched the room thoroughly.

Citizens of Utica will recognize in the signature attached to the following document the name of one of their most estimable fellow-townsmen, a man of high character for probity and truthfulness:

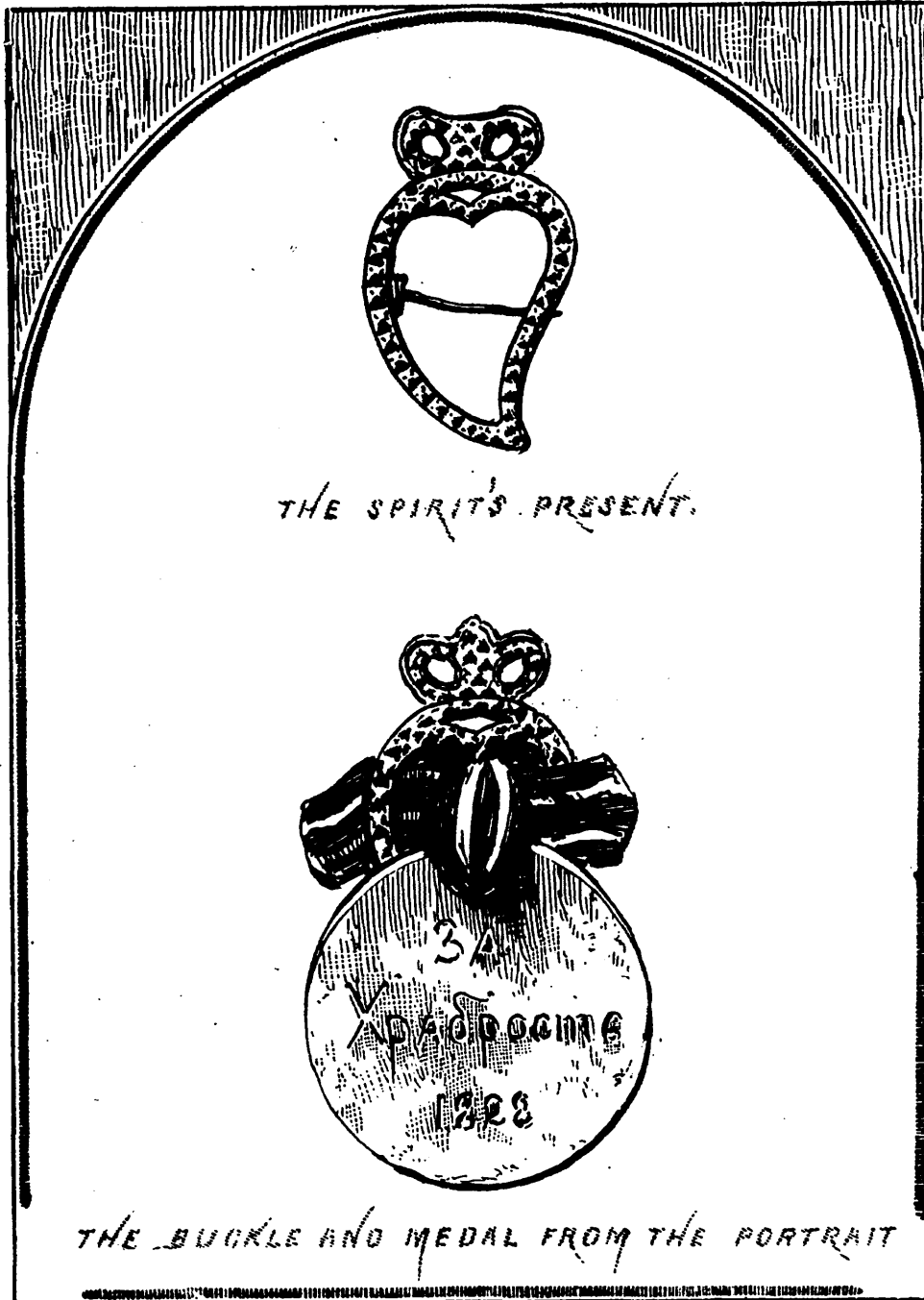
CHITTENDER, October 21, 1874.
DEAR SIR: Please add to what you have already published the fact that, at a circle held in the lower sitting-room of the Eddy Homestead, on the evening of August 27, 1873, the doors and windows being closed and sealed, a stone weighing sixty-four pounds was suddenly dropped at my feet. I had noticed the same stone lying outside the house during the day.
GEORGE RALPH, Utica, N. Y.

But I doubt if any circle ever witnessed a more astonishing spiritual feat than that which I am about to relate. The evening of October 24 was as bright as day with the light of the moon, and while there was a good deal of moisture in the air, the atmospheric conditions would, I suppose, have been regarded as favorable for manifestations. In the dark circle, as soon as the light was extinguished, "George Dix," addressing Mr. de Blavatsky, said: "Madame, I am now about to give you a test of the genuineness of the manifestations in this circle, which I think will satisfy not only you but a sceptical world beside. I shall place in your hands the buckle of a medal of honor worn in life by your brave father, and buried with his body in Russia. This has been brought to you by your uncle, whom you have seen materialized this evening." Presently I heard the lady utter an exclamation, and a light being struck, we all saw Mme. de B. holding in her hand a silver buckle of a most curious shape, which she regarded with speechless wonder. When



COUNT HAHN-HAHN.

she recovered herself a little, she announced that this buckle had indeed been worn by her father, with many other decorations; that she identified this particular article by the fact that the point of the pin had been carelessly broken off by herself many years ago; and that, according to universal custom, this, with all his other medals and crosses, must have been buried with her father's body. The medal to which this buckle belongs was one granted by the late Czar to his officers, after the Turkish campaign of 1828. The medals were distributed at Bucharest, and a number of the officers had buckles similar to this made by the July silversmiths of that city. Her father died July 15, 1873, and she, being in this country, could not attend his obsequies. As to the authenticity of this present,



THE BUCKLE AND MEDAL FROM THE PORTRAIT

so mysteriously received, she possessed ample proof, in a photographic copy of her father's oil portrait, in which this very buckle appears attached to its own ribbon and medal.

It will be imagined that I felt a deep anxiety to see the picture in question, and, later, my desire was gratified. In this chapter I now am able to present to the reader sketches of the spirits present, and the whole decoration; the former copied from life, the latter from the photograph. Both are drawn larger than the natural size, and the inscription on the medal has been furnished by Mme. de B. herself. Was there ever a "manifestation" more wonderful than this? A token dug by unknown means from a father's grave and laid in his daughter's hand, five thousand



THE GYMNASI.

miles away, across an ocean! A jewel from the breast of a warrior sleeping his last sleep, in Russian ground, sparkling in the candle-light in a gloomy apartment of a Vermont farm-house! A precious present from the tomb of her nearest and best beloved of kin, to be kept as a perpetual proof that death can neither extinguish the ties of blood nor long divide those who were once united and desire reunion with one another.

I kept a minute of the time in William's materializing circle that evening. It began at ten minutes of seven P. M., and closed at five minutes of eight. In the intervening sixty-five minutes eleven different spirit forms appeared. Honto reappeared in eight minutes, old Mr. Brown two and a half minutes, Chester Packard eighteen seconds, William—his brother—seventeen seconds. The intervals between the appearances of some of the forms were respectively 4 minutes 45 seconds, 3:10, 2:47, 1:18, and 1 minute. Mrs. Eddy's spirit appeared and addressed us, saying some friendly words to me personally from within the cabinet. In concluding, her last sentences grew fainter and fainter, as though she were receding from us farther and farther, until her voice was lost in the distance.

One of the most noticeable forms to present themselves was one who seemed to be either a Hindoo coolie or an Arab stature. He was a dark-skinned man of short stature, a lean, wiry, active form, and no more superfluous fat on his frame than a greyhound in working condition. The artist, writing to me of him from New York, says: "He left a more vivid impression on my mind than any other spirit. I can see him now, perfectly—long, mere bone and sinew, with a cat-like suppleness. For dress, a closely-fitting vest, seemingly cotton, drawers tucked into what might have been socks or garters, a sash about his loins, and upon his head a dark red handkerchief."

He came to visit Mme. de Blavatsky, and made her a profound obeisance; but she failed to recognize him. Nevertheless, she showed no such hesitancy about another of her visitors. The curtain was lifted, and out stepped a gentleman of so marked an appearance as to make it absurd to imagine that William Eddy could be attempting to personate a character in this instance. He was a portly personage, with an unmistakable air of high breeding, dressed in an evening suit of black cloth, with a frilled white shirt and frilled neckbands. About his

neck he wore the Greek cross of St. Anne, attached to its appropriate ribbon. At first Mme. de B. thought that her father stood before her, but, as the figure advanced another step or two towards her, thus bringing himself to within five or six feet of where she sat the spirit greeted her in the Russian language and said "Djadja" (uncle). She then recognized the familiar features of her father's brother, to whom he bore a very strong resemblance in life. This was M. Gustave H. Hahn, late President of the Criminal Court at Grodno, Russia, which dignified office he held for twelve years. This gentleman, who died in 1861, must not be confused with his namesake and cousin, Count Gustave Hahn, the Senator, who is living in St. Petersburg at the present moment.

Among the statements of Mr. Crookes concerning his three years' experiences with the spirit "Katie King," none excited more wonder than that about his being allowed to cut off a lock of her hair. The very idea that so immaterial a thing as a spirit—a something less substantial than the very wind that blows, a breath, a hazy vapor which, even when seen by mortal eye, has seemed no more solid than the mist of morning—that this unsubstantial nothing should not only be able to exert

dynamic energies, but hand over to the bold philosopher a ringlet cut from her own head, as a maiden might give a tress to her lover, was on its face absurd. But, nevertheless, it was true, and the same favor has been extended to several others. Mr. Owen among the number, by this and other spirits. I have already stated that I saw the "Witch of the Mountain" give one of her grizzly locks to Judge Bacon, and the incident related above, in this chapter, tells of seven different keepsakes of the same kind being given by the spirits at one time to one person. I know of at least three different persons to whom Honto gave pieces of her own hair, a portion of one of which I have now in my possession. It is of a stiff, wiry texture, entirely free from gray, and has been fully identified, by an expert of twenty years' experience in the manufacture of hair goods, as of Indian origin. His affidavit, together with the report of a microscopical examination of the specimen, in comparison with a lock cut by myself from the medium's head and another taken by the expert himself from the head of a living Indian squaw, will appear in my book. The artist in one of his sketches represents old Mrs. Cleveland in the act of cutting a lock from Honto's head.

Another of the series of mechanical experiments attempted by me was suggested by Mr. Crookes's first article in his Quarterly. He said: "The Spiritualist tells of rooms and houses being shaken even to injury by superhuman power. The man of science merely asks for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it is in a glass-case and supported on solid masonry."

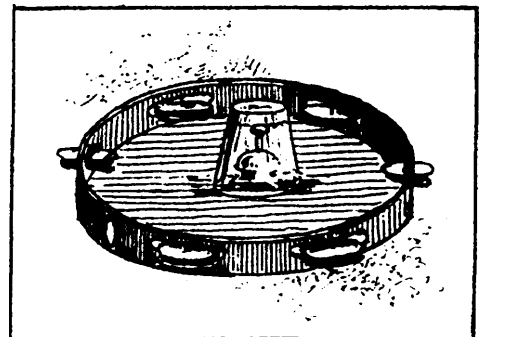
It occurred to me that, in the absence of the means to try so conclusive an experiment as this, I might at least get the spirits to ring a bell under a glass cover, and I was promised that this should be done. Accordingly, on the evening of October 12, in the light-circle that followed William's materializing seance, I placed my small table-gong upon a tambourine, and inverted a tumbler over it. I was not allowed to hold the tambourine myself, and so, in my eyes, all value in the experiment as a scientific test was destroyed. William Eddy was called to take my place, and I was asked to step a little back. The light was then ordered to be lowered, and we waited for some minutes in silence. At length I heard a faint

sound as of the bell struck inside the tumbler. It was almost inaudible, but still an unmistakable sound, and while we listened it was repeated twice almost as feebly. But at length the little bell rang out twice so that all could hear it, and all agreed that the sound came from within the tumbler. This inconclusive result of what should have been an interesting experiment is of a piece with many things that happened to me in the course of my long and wearisome investigations at the Eddy house. So far from the importance of my labor being recognized, and all reasonable facilities afforded, I was kept constantly at a distance, as though I were an enemy instead of an unprejudiced observer. As to the family realizing any feeling of gratitude for my disinterested defence of their character before the public, the idea apparently never crossed their minds. On the contrary, I was constantly made to feel that my toleration as a member of the household was a favor for which I should be grate-



"HONTO" SHOWING HER BACK HAIR.

ful, and all the kind and polite treatment I could give them, individually and collectively, never availed to make them grant me one more favor than the last visitor arriving yesterday. Other persons of both sexes, strangers to them, were at different times permitted to sit close to the platform, upon it, and within two feet of the cabinet door, to shake hands with Honto, to dance with her, to look into her very eyes, to feel her hair, and measure heights with her, while I never enjoyed one of these favors. I never had a private seance under test conditions, and a dozen simple but crucial tests, reflecting in no wise upon the honor of the mediums, but calculated to reflect most honorably upon them and satisfy the most doubting sceptic of the genuineness of the phenomena, were not even mentioned by me, for fear that I might get my dismissal before my work was done. It was this state of things that kept me in that gloomy house, amid such unpleasant con-



THE BELL TEST.

ditions, two months, to get what I might and ought to have secured in two weeks. I stayed and bore everything because, having once undertaken to accomplish a given thing, it is not in my nature to abandon the task while life and strength last. I have said this much in no spirit of complaint, but only from a sense of justice to all concerned: to myself, because the public should know that I have neither been favored beyond others nor have any personal preferences to gratify in saying what has been said in favor of these Eddy boys; to the mediums, because it seems to me that if they were nothing but common tricksters their first impulse, after seeing my pertinacity, would have been to curry favor with me and try to influence the tone of my writing. I have also been prompted to this explanation, in some degree, by the fact that various newspapers have given their readers to understand that a greater reliance might be placed upon



"HONTO" PLAYING THE ORGAN.

my story from the fact that my intimacy with the Eddys and the superior facilities granted me put me, as it were, inside the ring, and I had seen, heard, and felt more than any ordinary observer could possibly have done. For what I have seen, heard, or felt, I am in no wise indebted to the favor of the Eddy family, but simply to fair natural powers of observation, supplemented by a sort of grim, bulldog stubbornness, and a determination to do impartial justice, that left me at a post I had once assumed.

One of the sketches accompanying this chapter represents Mme. de Blavatsky playing [Continued on page 250.]

(Continued from page 247.)

the parlor organ, with Honto as a spectator at very close quarters.

Among the latest and most startling phases of the manifestations is the actual playing upon a parlor organ by the materialized spirit-girl Honto herself. The first instance of the kind occurred on the evening of October 27. Mr. Ralph, of Utica, Mr. Pritchard, of Albany, and old Mrs. Cleveland, were all sitting on the platform that evening, but were requested to take their seats among the audience, and the benches were ordered pushed a little farther back than usual. Honto then reappeared (she had been out before doing some of her usual tricks), examined the instrument with close attention, and, with one foot working the pedal, played a few notes. She then retired again to the cabinet, reappeared, and, taking a chair that Mr. Ralph placed for her, sat down and played a wild, disconnected melody as an accompaniment to her voice. This being her first attempt at singing, the effect was weird in the extreme. Her notes were harsh, walling, and discordant, and it was almost enough to freeze one's blood to hear it. She repeated this performance four times that evening, and it has been a feature of each night's seance up to the present time. On the evening of the 21st instant I saw her dance, play the organ, smoke a cigar, make a lot of shawls and tissues, dance a jig with Horatio, take a bracelet from a lady visitor as a present, and heard her sing. Surely enough for one spirit to do at one performance; a leading woman in a variety show could hardly be asked for more!

Henry S. Olcott.

[We will publish another illustrated article on this subject from Colonel Olcott in our issue of Tuesday next.]

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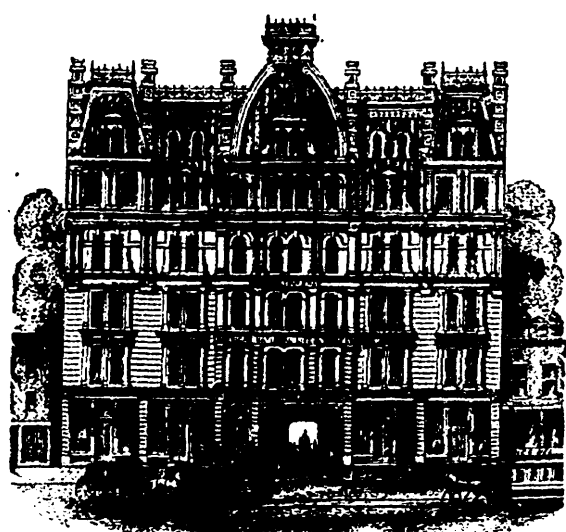
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Mortgages on Real Estate of double value.	184,344 10
Loans on call, secured by collaterals.	34,550 00
National Bank Stocks.	71,754 00
New York State Twenty Loan bonds, deposited with Insurance Department, State of New York.	104,600 00
Other Stocks and Bonds.	25,000 00
Interest accrued on cash loans and on bonds owned.	11,079 00
Interest accrued on premium loans and notes.	10,744 23
Rents accrued.	3,602 70
Deferred and uncollected Premiums maturing, less Commissions.	58,303 43
Premium notes and loans in any form, on interest, taken for premiums on policies now in force.	293,604 01
Cash in office.	\$ 2,492 19
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.	47,222 60

Furniture and safes, at cost, 19,768 23

LIABILITIES.

Losses maturing, 17,580 00

Present value of all outstanding policies and additions thereto, in force

December 31, 1873, computed by the New York State Insurance Department, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality, with 4 1/2 per cent interest.

National, State, and other taxes due, 1,061,590 00

Liabilities as to policy-holders, \$1,051,170 00

Surplus as regards policy-holders, 112,626 36

Total Liabilities, \$1,193,766 36

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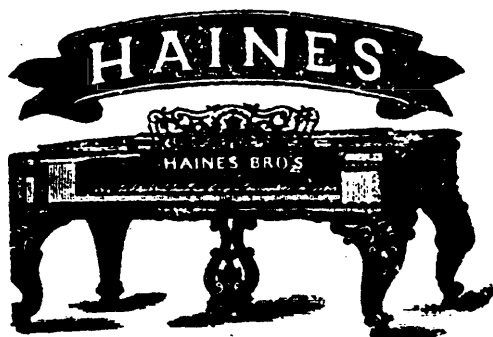
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1 Prize of \$50,000
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12 Prizes of \$5,000 each
24 Prizes of \$1,000 each
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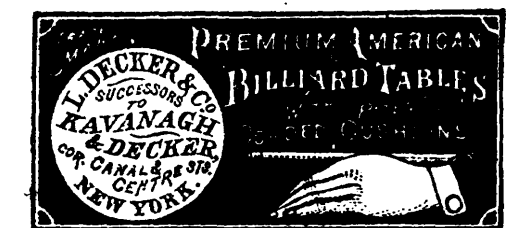
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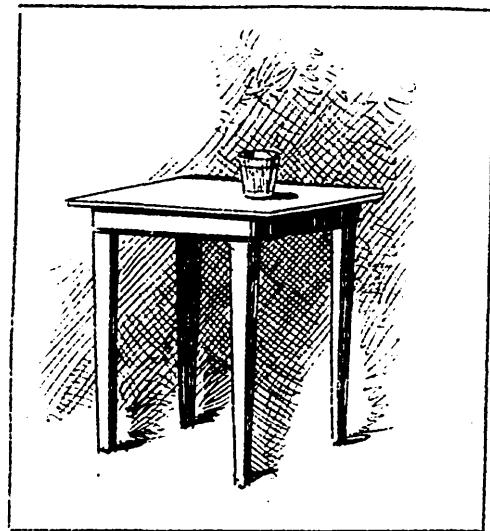
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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOMESTEAD IN VERMONT.

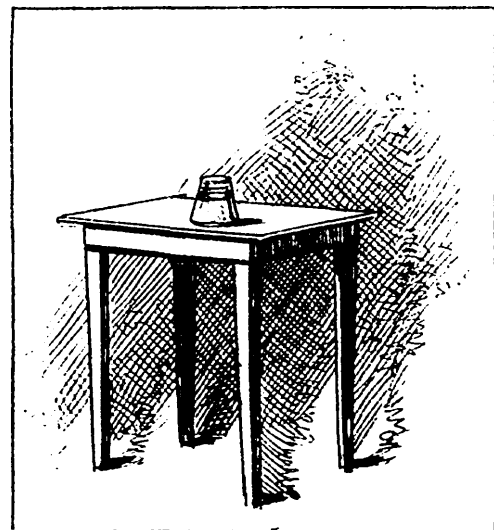
NINETEENTH LETTER.
RUTLAND, Vt., November.—The first time I attended a dark circle at the Eddys' I contracted a feeling of real affection for the little child spirit (real or imaginary) known as "Mayflower." Her music was so sweet and full of expression, her poetical attempts evinced so tender a regard for the beautiful in nature, her conversation was so child-like and innocent, she seemed actuated by so strong a sentiment of charity and broad compassion for all who came, that I could not help loving her—or, at least, the ideal child whom I pictured to myself as standing in our



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presence in the darkened chamber. I think that a love of children and all their ways is one of the strongest traits of my disposition, and it may well be that in this matter of Mayflower's identity I allowed myself to become the willing dupe of my imagination. Possibly there is no such creature as she, and her voice, her speech, and her sentiments are only parts of a clever imposture. I have never seen her, nor felt more than her hand (or a hand of the size that I should suppose such a child as she might have), and I have no proof to cite in support of her individual existence beyond the certificate of the two little girls, already published. I have no conclusive evidence to offer a scientific investigator that she ever spoke a word, or drew a breath, or took a step; and if my reason could be satisfied upon certain points I would be ready to admit that every feature of these dark-circles may be a trick. Before doing so, however, I should demand to know how one man, even with both hands untied, and free to move about, could play upon the violin, guitar, concertina, mouth-harmonicon, triangle, and flute, and ring several bells at the same moment; how he could imitate the whistling of the wind, the splash of waves, the sucking of a pump, and other sounds simultaneously with the playing of music of various instruments; how he could see to pick up articles in the dark, to describe articles in people's pockets, and reach a particular mouth or cheek to kiss, or a particular hand to shake. For all these things are done in Horatio Eddy's dark circle. And if all these were explained, I should still want to have the episode of Minc. de Blavatsky's father's buckle accounted for. I am ready to concede that the medium may slip his hands out of his bonds, and go about in his stocking feet in the dark, strumming instruments, pounding tambourines, and touching people; this has been done before, and exposed before. Some even say that they have detected Horatio himself at the game. But that explanation does not cover our case, for it does not show how one man can do the work of a half dozen men, or accomplish such a miracle as that of the buckle brought from the Russian grave.

Nor does it show how the discordant fiddle-scraping and nasal singing of the mediums can be transformed into the fine execution and artistic coloring of the music of the unseen violinist, flutist, accordeonist, and harmonicon player of the dark-circles, and the rich so-



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prano and alto voices that sometimes issue from William's cabinet.

Therefore, until the desired explanation is vouchsafed by some closer reasoner than I, I will leave Horatio to prattle about in the dark and play tricks if he will, and hold to my sweet little spirit Mayflower—to stand as an ideal of what my own children and other people's children are like in the other and brighter world to which they have passed on before.

To resume, then: On this first night she said to me that if I would get her some ribbons she would make me a wreath such as she had braided for a lady visitor and I had admired. On my way to New York I procured some ribbons of three colors in Rutland and sent them up to Chit-

tenden to the care of a Mr. Luther B. Hunt, of St. Albans, a friend of Horatio, who was visiting at the homestead. The parcel and my note, he says, he put in the pocket of his coat, which hung in his bedroom, intending to take the ribbons with him to the next dark-circle, and hold the little maid to the fulfillment of her promise to me. But the same day, William being, as he usually is, "under influence," said: "Mr. Hunt, if you will go up-stairs and look in your pocket you will find something." Mr. Hunt went and searched his coat, but found nothing, and, returning, reported his ill-luck. But William said that he had not looked in the right place, it was the vest-pocket where the articles were. And in the vest pocket, sure enough, he found two wreaths, of which one was for me and one for another gentleman. The next evening there was a dark-circle, and Mayflower, addressing Mr. Hunt, said that he had overlooked the note for me that she had left with the wreath. Another search of the vest disclosed a tiny note, written on a small square of thin paper, and being to the effect that I was her dear friend, and she thanked me for my kind expressions, and hoped I would keep the wreath to remember her by. So, the best I could do was to have the artist make a sketch of her present, that all the readers may see what sort of braiding they do in the other world in the present year of grace.

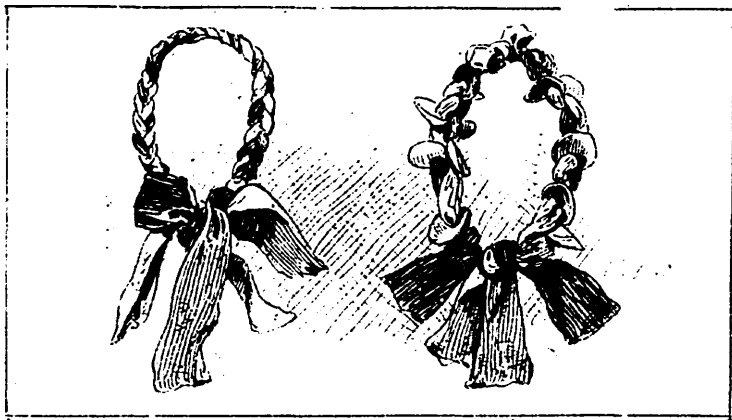
It struck me a few days afterward that, as Mayflower was in so complaisant a mood, she might not be unwilling to give me another specimen of her skill, accompanied with something of a test; so, putting the wreath in my pocket the next time a dark-circle was to be held, I said nothing of my intention to any one. After the light was extinguished and the room was so dark that one could not see a hand held close to one's eyes, I took out my wreath and quietly laid it in the lap of the lady sitting beside me. Presently Mayflower's voice said: "Oh! Mrs. —, what have you got in your lap? It's my wreath! Mr. Olcott, you want me to braid it over again for you?" I said I did, in another pattern and with the ribbons passed through some perforated sea-shells, such as I had heard she had used a long time before for another friend of hers. She replied that she had no shells with her at the moment, but she would get some and rebraid my wreath and return it to me the next time we met. Although no one had known of my purpose, and the wreath had been discovered by Mayflower lying in the lap of a person who did not know what I had placed there in the dark, I thought it better to make assurance doubly sure, so I reached over, and taking the wreath from the lap of the lady on my left, I dropped it on the floor at my right, where no one but myself knew it to be and no one who could not see in the dark could discover it to pick it up. But when a light was struck soon after the wreath was gone. It was returned to me on the evening of the 26th of September under curious circumstances.

There was a great power manifested in the

When the notes swelled in some of the bold passages, the sound rolled through the room with an astounding reverberation, then, gently subsiding, sank into a strain of divine tenderness."

Mayflower's playing is not always alike, sometimes being less sweet and expressive than others; but I have heard it on occasions when the eloquent description given above by Mr. Bell would hardly exaggerate its effect upon the audience.

After the concert "George Dix" requested Joe Rugg, the faithful farmer of the family, to strike a light and bring a small stand and a glass of water. These directions were complied with, and the water being placed upon the stand the light was extinguished again, and for a moment we were in total darkness. But in a moment the candle was relighted, and we discovered the glass of water inverted upon the stand, the water within the glass, and nothing over the mouth to keep it in. The light was put out again, and when again called for the stand was upside down on the floor and the tumbler, with its contents, right side up, balanced upon the narrow point of one of the legs. The light was extinguished for the



FIRST WREATH.

SECOND WREATH.

fourth time and relighted, and then what should I see but the tumbler on the floor, at my feet, the water all gone, and my wreath, rebraided and decorated with sea-shells, inside as dry as a bone! The artist herewith gives us a sketch of the new wreath, and in the series of four small pictures we have the successive stages of this pretty manifestation depicted. With characteristic irreverence, I suggested that the water had disappeared down the medium's throat, but George Dix told us that it had been dissipated into a fine mist, and was held suspended in the atmosphere of the room.

I wish that some of the wisecracks who have accounted for the appearance of child-forms in the materializing circles of William Eddy on the theory that they were pillows, could only have seen a few of them before showing their ignorance so painfully. I wish that my witty fellow Lotos Eater, the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, had taken the trouble to visit Chittenden before putting himself on record as such a hasty generalizer upon the spiritualistic phenomena, as he does in a recently published letter to THE DAILY GRAPHIC. Hear him talk about William Eddy and these baby spirits:

"No one feels like laughter at the sight of the devoted wife hungering to find in the fantastic figure donned in dim twilight by some sham medium, the beloved shape of her dead husband, or in the

in a puerile explanation of phenomena he never saw, by the application of a theory that wouldn't even fit the few things he did see. Let us be spared a repetition. If certain men of prominent social, political, or professional standing are asked what they think about "materialization," why cannot they be honest enough to say they know nothing about it, and not put themselves up for the ridicule of those who do?

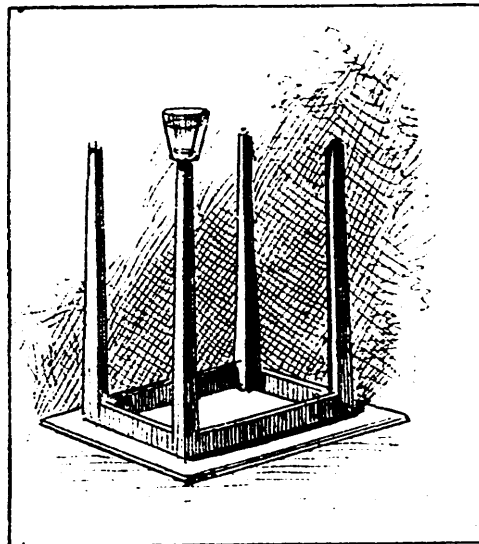
Because a man has seen a couple of tables turn, or heard a few raps, or caught Foster or Home or the Davenport, or even one of the Eddys, sometimes playing tricks when conditions were unfavorable for genuine manifestations of the occult force, why should he rush pell-mell into the ditch of sweeping conjecture, and besmear such reputation as he may have for impartiality, acumen, and thoroughness? Fifty or fifty thousand cases of mediumistic trickery do not invalidate a solitary genuine fact. Dear old John Brougham has turned the hose of his inspired wrath upon this fire of investigation that reddens the whole intellectual horizon, and he hopes to put it out by declaring that: "As for the last new, childishly ridiculous phase of the prevailing insanity, 'materialization,' it is so gross and manifest a cheat that one's common sense revolts at the villainous compound of impudence and profanity; to discuss it seriously would be a waste of words!" I see the dear old fellow now, at whilst in the Lotos Club, sipping his brandy and soda, and uttering *ore rotundo* this grandiloquent diatribe! But it won't avail. People of pluck and intelligence are not to be diverted from their hunt after the truth of either ridicule or invective. This is the time of a death struggle between Religion and Materialism. The gladiators are fighting for all

they hold dear in the way of opinion; they waste no words, but grip each other, and look into each others' eyes, each watching and waiting for the chance to hurl the other into the deep abyss of oblivion. It is too late to try to stop this issue; it is here; we are in its midst; and that is why people will hear all that can be said of these Eddy "materializations," and of all the minor phases of this wonderful manifestation from the other world to this.

Now, if either of my esteemed friends, previously mentioned, had been at Chittenden on the evening of October 1, what would he have seen? Through the dim twilight of the circle room he would have seen upon the platform the figure of a woman with a child in her arms. He would have seen this woman in white step forward to the railing, and stand there, stroking the baby's head, looking towards a lady in the audience, and waiting to be addressed. He would have seen the baby move its head as a living child does, and the woman pat it, and apparently smooth its soft hair as a mortal woman would a mortal child's to keep it quiet. He would have seen a group so real that all preconceptions about painted knees or painted anything else would have left his mind at once, and he would have sat there, as we did, wondering whence these forms had come and how

passed away from her sight into that world of shadows that lies as a borderland between us and eternity?

And now my task is all but completed and my last words must be said to my present public. With one more letter this series will close. How much encouragement I have derived from the kind letters received from many previously unknown correspondents and the approving comments of the press, I can hardly express. The result of my poor attempt to unravel the knotted skein of a great question, short as it falls of my desire, has still exceeded my hopes; for everything seemed to conspire to defeat the object in view. Where I should have had hearty co-operation and friendly assistance, I was opposed, suspected, and hampered in every way. The very persons I was trying to do the most for seemed to regard me rather as an enemy who sought to injure them, and, while in the main outwardly tolerant of my presence, secretly wished me away. But all that is past now, and, in bringing my work to a



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close, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have at least tried to do my duty, both to them and the public, without fear or favor or the prompting of any personal feeling.

I can put myself in the place of the Eddy family, and see that if a stranger whose habits, thoughts, and ways were utterly unlike and antipodal to mine were to come unasked and plant himself as a sort of sentinel to watch my every movement, study my very thoughts, scrutinize my slightest action, and force me to see him on the alert by day and night for a long succession of weeks, I should feel like putting him out of the window, if he would not use the door the carpenter made. I don't think that the plea that it was all for the good of the public and in the interest of science would make it any pleasanter to reflect that he regarded me as a liar and cheat until I had proved to his satisfaction that I was not. This, if I were ever so honest; while if I were only a little and semi-occasionally disposed to help things along when they lagged a little, or if the person were bent upon digging into the roots of things to discover principles and laws of which I knew little and cared less, I should wish him to remove with bag and baggage, and not vex me or my spirit band with isms and ologies when we were only bent on producing certain physical phenomena for the consolation of the average Spiritualist.

My concluding letter will contain a summary of the results actually attained in this investigation of thirteen weeks, together with some other interesting facts and suggestions pertinent to the subject.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

[The last illustrated article of the series on this subject from Colonel Olcott will be published in our issue of Friday next.]

A CITIZIENNE'S DIGNITY.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A pleasant little story has come to us from Berlin, showing that the good sense and kindness which characterize the doings of Queen Victoria's children have not been impaired, in the case of her eldest daughter, by the new splendours which the events of the last few years have added to a lot already so brilliant. The Crown Princess of Germany, indifferent to high and noble birth, likes her children to play with those of well-educated parents. The children of a citizen of Potsdam had somehow made the acquaintance of the young Princess and Princesses, and they found so much pleasure in one another's society that the commoner's children were invited to all the festivities arranged for the little ones in the Crown Prince's palace at Potsdam. The citizen's wife perceived all this with much pleasure; but her motherly dignity forbade her sending her children where she herself was not in-



A MOTHER'S DARLING.

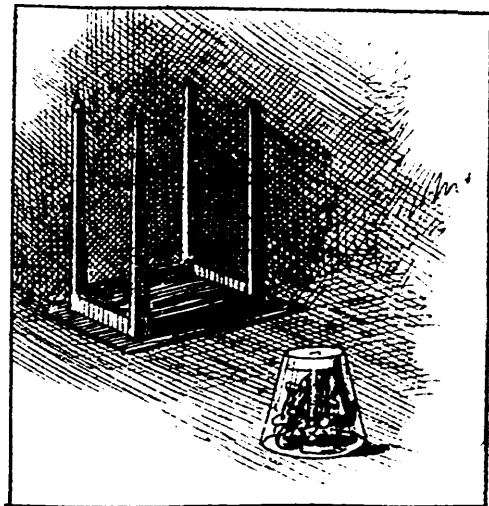
dark-circle that evening. The Indian dance was given with yells that made some of the timid ones shiver with apprehension, and the dancers stamped on the floor until it seemed as if they must go through into the dining room below. Then "George Dix" whistled and played a solo on the fife and gave us "The Storm at Sea," and Mayflower elicited unbounded applause by her accordeon and harmonicon playing with the bell accompaniments, which you may be sure was listened to in profound silence. I have seen no such description of this spirit music as that given by Thackeray's friend, the late Robert Bell, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August 1860. He is describing a dark-circle of Mr. Home's, at which an accordeon was played:

"We listened with suspended breath. The air was wild and full of strange transitions, with a wail of pathetic sweetness running through it. The execution was no less remarkable for its delicacy than for its power.

agonized mother longing to recognize in the painted knees of a charlatan, exhibited in the same darkness, the rosy cheeks of her darling gone from her sight forever. We cannot laugh at these exhibitions of wifely or maternal love, but we should soon and denounce the impostors who make a living by playing on these noblest affections of human nature."

Painted knees, quotha! William Eddy's painted knees! Why, can a man's knees walk, detached, and say "Papa" and "Mamma," and "I am happy," and throw kisses to us, and courtesy, and all that sort of thing? Could they, even if they were painted "duncketty mud-color, edged with sky-blue scarlet"? Can a man of 179 pounds and five feet nine inches, dressed to represent a young girl, with bare neck and arms, a weight of 120 pounds and a height of, say, five feet one inch, walk up and down the stage, fondling his own knee as if it were a baby, and making it stick simulated thumbs into an imaginary mouth, and pass false chubby arms about his neck, and move them about? Bah! We had one dose, recently, from a pseudo-investigator,

long they would tarry. And then, as the lady spectator caught the resemblance of the figure to her dead sister, he would have heard a wail break from that mother's heart, and her imploring cry to be allowed to go up and embrace the darling whom she had last seen in its coffin and had despaired of ever seeing again. If his eyes were not by this time moistened with the tears of human sympathy, as John Brougham's certainly would have been, he would then have seen this spirit-woman on the platform kiss the babe in her arms and fondle it, and hold it, out over the railing towards its mother to give assurance that it was in good hands, and rejoice her heart with at least the sight of her child, if she might not take it to her bosom and cover it with kisses. Heavens! could a man of refined feeling witness such a scene as this, a not uncommon experience at the Eddys', and not rejoice with the mother over the finding of the one who was lost, and grieve with her when, in another moment, it



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vited, as she had never been introduced at Court. The Crown Princess lately invited the children in whose society her own had taken so much pleasure; but the invitation, to her astonishment, was politely declined. The Crown Princess sent a second time, repeating her invitation; but the children's mother again refused the honor done to them, in an open-hearted letter by the lady herself, stating the motive of the refusal. The Crown Princess then sent a third time, and this time by one of her ladies in waiting, who was commissioned to say that the Crown Princess acknowledged her reserve to be quite justified, but that she begged an exception might be made in this, and that next time she would call on the lady herself to prefer her request, after which amiable proceeding, as will be readily believed, the children went to their young friends at the Palace."

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PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS SEEN, HEARD, AND FELT AT THE EDDY HOME-STEAD IN VERMONT.

TWENTIETH AND LAST LETTER.

RUTLAND, Vt., December 2.—I think I occupy at the end of this series of letters the



"HONTO'S" HEIGHT BESIDE HORATIO EDDY.

only secure ground for any person worthy of a moment's thought as an investigator, and it is the one assumed by every intelligent physician in diagnosing an obscure case. I reason by exclusion. That is to say, I reject everything that happens in the presence of these mediums which could be accounted for on the hypothesis of fraud. The physician, placing himself by the bedside of his patient, first carefully notices all the symptoms and then proceeds with his diagnosis. He says to himself that the trouble assuredly is neither such or such a disease, nor is it included in a certain group of diseases; and so telling off malady after malady he finally reaches either the precise thing he is looking for or, at least, such an approximation to the truth as to suggest the trial of a certain class of remedies until the specific is found. This is what the investigator of these spiritualistic phenomena should do. Given a certain thing done in his presence he ought to attempt to explain it as: (1) a trick; (2) the result of some known cause—such as electricity, odic force, or the subtle influence that one person has over the imaginations of others; (3) these all failing, then he ought to observe closely enough to learn whether some new, powerful, occult force is asserting itself; or (4) whether relations had really been established between the world we live in and the world we are tending to. Now all this is within the scope of scientific inquiry; the territory beyond belongs to the Church. It is for Science to observe the facts, deduce the law, and define the conditions; for Religion to follow the moral causes in this life to their moral consequences in the next. This is the true middle ground upon which the two contending powers can compromise in the great conflict that is upon us, and the terrific nature of which is so clearly defined by Tyndall, Draper, and others. Says Professor John W. Draper in his most recently published paper, entitled "The Great Conflict": "Whoever has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe and America, must have perceived that there is a great and rapidly increasing departure from the public religious faith, and that, while among the frank this divergence is not concealed, there is a far more extensive and far more dangerous secession, private and unacknowledged.



"HONTO'S" HEIGHT BESIDE MRS. CLEVELAND.

"So widespread and so powerful is this secession that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force. The time is rapidly approaching when it will give rise to serious political results."

"Ecclesiastical spirit no longer inspires the policy of the world. Military fervor in behalf of faith has disappeared. Its only souvenirs are the marble effigies of crusading knights

reposing in their tombs in the silent crypts of churches." After noticing that the antagonism between Religion and Science commenced when Christianity began to attain political power, and defining the true cause of the same to be found in the natural expansion of the human intellect through the irresistible advance of human knowledge warring against the compression arising from traditional faith and human interests, he says:

"Can we exaggerate the importance of a contention in which every thoughtful person must take part whether he will or not? In a matter so solemn as that of religion, all men, whose temporal interests are not involved in existing institutions, earnestly desire to find the truth. They seek information as to the subjects in dispute and as to the conduct of the disputants."

What a curious law of creation; how beneficent and wise, that every human want seems to be provided for at the proper time! Let any one thing necessary for our existence, comfort, or progression fail, and some substitute is found. When the forests in Europe were in danger of extinction, coal was discovered; when the whale fishery failed, mineral oil was struck in Pennsylvania; when the discovery of the iron ores of that region offered us a new source of wealth, the uses of anthracite coal were first learned by the accident of a careless laborer; when the progress of the world demanded the overthrow of ecclesiastical imperialism, the printing-press came to enlighten mankind. That not only dispersed secular knowledge broadcast, but proved the most powerful ally of the Church itself in widening the boundaries of true Religion. So also when the increase of population called for ampler methods of communication by sea and land, steam offered itself as the great desideratum; and, in the progressive development of the same need, the electric telegraph came to unite all the people of the earth together in a constant, heaven-descended tie. In view of all this, who dares say that at the very instant of this "great conflict" between Science and Religion, when the latter is looking about for better weapons to meet the onslaught of her traditional foe, this spiritualistic manifestation has not been made? If there is anything not beneath contempt in the phenomena, they are calculated to arrest the

statement, 300 are reading THE DAILY GRAPHIC, and some are beginning to hold circles in their private houses. The ministers of two of the churches in Rutland united with a large number of their most influential fellow-townsmen in giving me an invitation to describe, in a public lecture, the things I have seen at the Eddy homestead during the past three months.

As a final and most conclusive proof of the general interest, I need only point to the universal discussion of the subject by the secular newspapers. Says the Rutland (Vt.) Globe:

Colonel Henry S. Olcott, the commissioner of THE DAILY GRAPHIC to investigate and report upon the Eddy "manifestations," has stirred up a breeze throughout the country. Before his first letter from Rutland appeared, the subject of Spiritualism had not been even mentioned in the secular papers since the appearance of Mr. Crookes's articles and Mr. Alfred Wallace's pamphlet in England last Europe ago. Now the New York dailies discuss the subject editorially—nearly all have sent reporters to Chittenden, and their example has been imitated by the journals of Chicago, Hartford, Rochester, Albany, and many other cities. Whatever may be the truth about the Eddy affair, there can be no question that the public mind is very much excited upon the question whether the spirits of the dead return to us or not.

This from a Rutland paper which has all along reflected the bitter and disdainful spirit of the community in which it is published, is something remarkable.

Now these are results—positive, tangible results; and I may well turn to both scientists and churchmen and quote Dr. Draper's language, with the change of a single word, thus: "So widespread and so powerful is this (interest), that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force."

It is the bare narration of facts that has accomplished so much. I have confined myself almost exclusively to such phenomena as have been witnessed by myself or others. I have not attempted to inculcate any of the doctrines of the Spiritualists as I find them in the works of Mr. Owen, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Peeble, or other writers. Nor have I attempted to elicit from the talking spirits of the Eddy band their views upon the laws of their own existence and communication with us. True, it would have been a waste of time to have made

execution of airs upon various musical instruments in concert, in a style so utterly unlike the best efforts of the medium as to preclude the idea that he could have been the performer upon either one of them; we have had, finally, the appearance of a multitude of figures emerging from a closet, where, in the nature of things, it was impossible that any mortal person except one man could have been, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and differing in size, apparent weight, manner, sex, age, and complexion from that person—to make no account of those whom he might have personated if he had been supplied with the appliances of the actor's art. We have, moreover, and especially, seen some of these figures dressed in Oriental costumes and speaking Oriental languages, besides others who conversed audibly in the modern tongues of Europe. Of the appearance of children and even little babes in arms, of the appearance of two of the former at one and the same time, of the speaking of words and sentences by various children I have heretofore given such circumstantial accounts, and the substantiation of my statements is so easy, that I cite the facts as among the most wonderful of the proofs accumulated during my protracted investigation.

It will not escape the notice of the unprejudiced and intelligent reader that in the above enumeration I have not included one of the things reported by me which admits of doubt. I have omitted a whole array of so-called "manifestations," which might be imitated by an unprincipled and clever medium. I omit some things that have been described in this series of letters, such as the writing of names in characters which are suspiciously like Horatio Eddy's manuscript; the drawing of objects in his light-circle and bed-room; the bell test; the weighing of Honto, which, nevertheless, I regard as a genuine test; the making of my two ribbon wreaths; the bringing of material substances into the dark-circle, and a great many more matters, not because in any one case I have doubts amounting to conviction that fraud was attempted or consummated, but because there is in my opinion enough left to challenge the closest scrutiny and arouse the greatest wonder, after passing by everything about the genuineness of which there can be two honest opinions.

among beasts, and was followed by disciples of base birth, instead of seeing the light in some stuccoed palace in the Jerusalem Fifth avenue, and having a company of perfumed aristocrats at his heels. I leave it to the straw-splitters to settle the question to their own satisfaction, and content myself with recording the fact that the phenomena of Chittenden are apparently real, at least to a certain extent, and they cannot be ignored any longer. And now let me state a few facts by way of conclusion.

I have heretofore confined my narrative to accounts of the reunion of separated families and the visits of friendship made by the people of the other world to those they love in this. I have reserved for my last chapter



"HONTO'S" HEIGHT BESIDE MR. RALPH.

an incident that shows that the time has probably come when the trite adage "murder will out" is to have a terrible significance. It is always so much pleasanter to dwell upon the agreeable than the horrible, upon what attracts and charms rather than upon what startles and appals, that, I take it, no further explanation will be required of the fact above stated. But if any other reason were needed for the reservation of the story of the Griswold murder for the present chapter, it may

be found in my desire to leave upon the minds of a certain class of readers a strong impression that, should the investigation of these spiritual phenomena result in the confirmation of their verity, a most important source of aid to the cause of justice might thus be discovered and availed of. If materialized spirits can address audiences, as I have heard them in the Eddy house, is there any reason why, after a time, they may not take the stand in a court of justice and testify against their murderers? What a day to be remembered would not that be when the fictions of Shakespeare's imagination should be paralleled by the facts coming within our personal experience; when our modern Hamlets, Banquos, and Duncans would stalk into the presence of judge and jury and show the bleeding wounds to the horror-stricken assassin. Now, of course this will appear absurd to the great majority of persons who read this, and so it would to me before I went to Chittenden and saw what I did there; but who does the reader say when I tell him that on the evening of September 28 I saw the spirit of a woman who was murdered on the night of Sunday, August 27, 1835, in Williston, Vt., by New York road named John Walker alias Jerome Lavigne by the procurement of her son-in-law, Charles Potter? That with one month after I murdered the woman appeared there with her wounds upon her and described the whole scene? Does that look as if it were quite so absurd to imagine that the same thing may, one day, be seen in a court-room, either with or without the presence of a "materializing medium"? It is prophesied by the spirits at Eddy's that next September they will address the audience in that circle-room in full light and with people sitting about them upon the platform; why should not an equal effort be made to deter from crime, and need be, punish it?



HEIGHTS OF MRS. PRITCHARD AND SON.

I am indebted to Mr. Chauncey K. Williams, the antiquarian editor of the Rutland Globe, for an account of the murder. Mrs. Sarah Walker Griswold, a lady of sixty years of age, lived with her husband on their farm in the town of Williston, and their adopted daughter and niece and her husband, Charles Potter. On the morning of the murder the Potters, their children, old Mr. Griswold, and Potter's brother went to Canada, leaving with

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THE SPIRIT OF MRS. SARAH WALKER GRISWOLD SHOWING HER GHASTLY WOUNDS.

attention of both antagonists—of the Materialists, because, if they are real, their position is untenable; of the Religionists, because in their verity they would find an impenetrable armor of defence and an invincible sword of offence against the opponents of Immortality.

Dr. Draper says: "The attention of many truth-seeking persons has been so exclusively given to the details of sectarian dissensions that the long strife, to the history of which these pages are devoted, is popularly but little known." And so we may say that the strife between Science on the one side and Religion on the other has been so bitter, deadly, and engrossing that neither side has had either the time or disposition to notice the rise and secret development of modern Spiritualism, which, after twenty-seven years, has now reached a point where it no longer entreats but commands general attention.

The recognition of this fact is what first prompted me to attempt the investigation of the alleged spirit "materializations" of the Eddy mediums, and the reader will bear me out in the statement that all my efforts have been to interest American scientists in the phenomena to such an extent that they would commence real investigations, in comparison with which these of mine are but child's play.

I am happy to say that I have succeeded. I have the best of reasons to know that not only one but a dozen professors in different colleges read all my articles, discuss the facts, and are beginning to feel a call to the work. And I am also glad to know that many clergymen—so many that I would not like to state the number—are for the first time in their lives opening their eyes to the fact that "this materialization business must be looked into." Within the past twenty-four hours I have received requests from three orthodox ministers in charge of prosperous congregations that I would try to have them admitted to the Eddy circles, and one other was there a short time ago, and voluntarily wrote me a certificate of what he had seen. In a certain place near New York I knew of a congregation of 800 persons, of whom, according to the pastor's

such an attempt, for the Eddy circle is about the most unpromising of places for that sort of thing. It was sufficient for me if I could see one spirit materialized under such conditions as precluded the possibility of self-deception. That fact was enough to set the world to thinking, for it opened up a boundless realm for scientific discovery and philosophical and religious inquiry. Let us see how far we have gotten on our way towards the truth.

In the first place, it has been proven that after making every allowance for fraud on the part of the mediums—for Horatio's removing his hand from his neighbor's bare arm in the light circle, for his untying and rebinding himself in the dark circle, and for William's personating every alleged materialized spirit that approximates to his own height and bulk—we have a large balance of marvels to account for. We have the writing of certain names that the medium had no means of knowing, the exhibition of detached hands of various sizes and colors, some deformed by accidental pre-mortem causes; we have the simultaneous playing of musical compositions by such a number of instruments that one or even two men could not have done it; we have the playing of Georgian and Circassian and Italian music by invisible performers, in response to requests made in languages that neither the medium nor any other person in the room, except the asker, understood; we have the pulling of a spring-balance by detached hands unlike the medium's, one with a finger amputated, and the other with tattoo marks upon the wrist, which in each case would prove that the medium had nothing to do with the pulling; we have had the playing upon an instrument and the display of hands beyond the reach of the medium, and when his position and movements were all under easy scrutiny; we have had the passage of a solid iron ring upon the arm of the medium and its transfer to my own, with both of the medium's hands held by mine, and also the dropping of the same solid ring from the medium's arm to the floor, in the light, with a lamp standing within two feet of the medium; we have had the ex-

That I am very far from satisfied with the results I have attained is already known. This arises from the fact that if barely a fair chance had been given me to apply tests and prescribe conditions I would have made this work one of the most interesting ever written in its array of conclusive experiments. There never was so great an opportunity afforded to the investigator to obtain satisfying proof of the immortal existence of human spirit, nor ever one so maliciously and ignorantly destroyed. Mr. Crookes's investigations were limited to the tests he could apply to a single spirit, or at most one or two more, while here were nearly or quite four hundred encountered, nearly every one of which ought, if their appearance had been regulated by intelligent control, to have aided in the contribution of something valuable to our store of knowledge. But it is idle now to deplore what cannot be mended. We have gathered together enough to point the men of science in the direction which they should take. Enough has been rescued from oblivion to show the church the importance of neglecting no longer the chance that offers to get proof palpable to sustain them in their defence against the assault of the Materialist and the Atheist. The harvest truly is ready, but the laborers are few.

There being no chance to fortify our philosophy or improve our system of ethics by the teachings of the Chittenden ghosts, it will be asked, as indeed it already has many times, of what use are these phenomena? What do they promise to effect for the welfare of mankind? It is not my province to answer. It suffices that these are the phenomena—permitted to occur, in the providence of God, or by procurement of the devil, as you will—a positive, easily proven fact. It surely needs no great discernment to see that if they are not fraudulent they demand instant investigation. And to the further question, why, if they are real manifestations, they are made in such a place, among such people and such surroundings, I simply reply that I do not know. In other times it was a cause of reproach among the Pharisees that Christ was born in a stable

[Continued from page 299.]
Mrs. Griswold only a small boy, about thirteen years of age. On Monday morning a neighbor went to the house and discovered the body of Mrs. Griswold lying, half-naked, in a calf-pen some rods from the house in a horribly mutilated condition. The surgeon found wounds on the left side of the head, fracturing the skull, which were undoubtedly produced by some blunt instrument. On the right side of the head were four or five contusions, probably made by the same instrument. There were also several stabs in the neck, one about two inches in length, from left to right, and covering the right external jugular vein. These wounds were evidently made by some sharp-pointed instrument. Two cuts were found on the back of the left hand, also on the back of the right hand, and one an inch and a half deep on the left side of the chin, passing to the right up to the centre of the lip. The knees were badly lacerated as was the left side of the chest.
In due course of time the murderer was tracked and brought home to him, he also fell into the hands of the law. The artist has represented the picture accompanying this the appearance of the spirit of Mrs. Griswold when she first came to the Eddy circle-room. When I saw her she presented a natural appearance, and was neatly attired in a white dress. On a previous occasion she was seen by a friend who knew her in life, a Mr. P. P. Wilkins, of Winock Falls (Vt.), who writes me that: "Mrs. Griswold materialized herself and I recognized her. She grasped my hand and presented me with a flower." The motive prompting Potter to the murder was a threat to her part to change her will so as to cut off his wife and himself from any share in her property, which she had accumulated in California in the course of a long residence there.
The series of cuts relating to Honto, and the one introducing Mrs. Pritchard in a group with her son, are designed to show that I am warranted in the assertion that the exact height of certain spirits has been ascertained by comparing them with that of living persons. Here we have Mrs. Pritchard measuring with her son, and the spirit equalling in such close relation to Honto (whose height is 5 feet 11 inches), Mrs. Cleveland (5 feet 7 inches), Mr. Pritchard (5 feet 5 inches), and Mr. Ralph, of Utica, N. Y., that even I had never seen her standing with her back against my scale affixed to the wall, at either side of the cabinet-door, I need have been as long as to discover that she bears no resemblance in this particular to William Eddy, whose height (5 feet 9 inches) and weight (179 lbs.) have already been stated. If more has been said of this girl in these chapters than of any other single spirit, it is because she, like most of the others seen and more closely noticed. She bears the same relation to the Eddy circles, in the frequency and variety of her appearances and acts, as does Katie King to the circles of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, of Philadelphia. It is not true that she is always the first spirit to appear, nor that she appears every evening, as the attentive reader will recollect; but she causes more of a sensation than almost any other of the weird visitors at the Chittenden seances by the variety of her performances, her thorough enjoyment of the situation, and her great desire to lose in medium are identical. I shall have to confess that there are possibilities of deception in the transformation of personal appearance within the reach of this Vermont farmer beyond anything I ever read of since the tales of the Arabian Nights and Persian sorcerers, and of Zitto, the necromancer of the court of King Wenceslaus, at once excited my wonder and aroused my scepticism.
THE END. HENRY S. OLCOTT.

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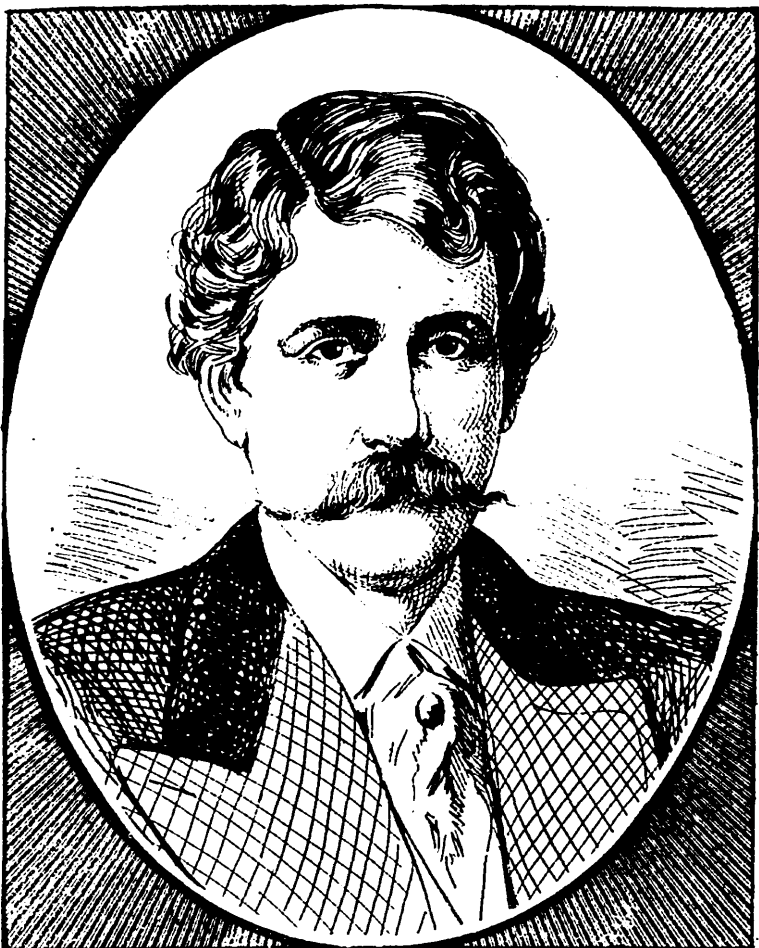
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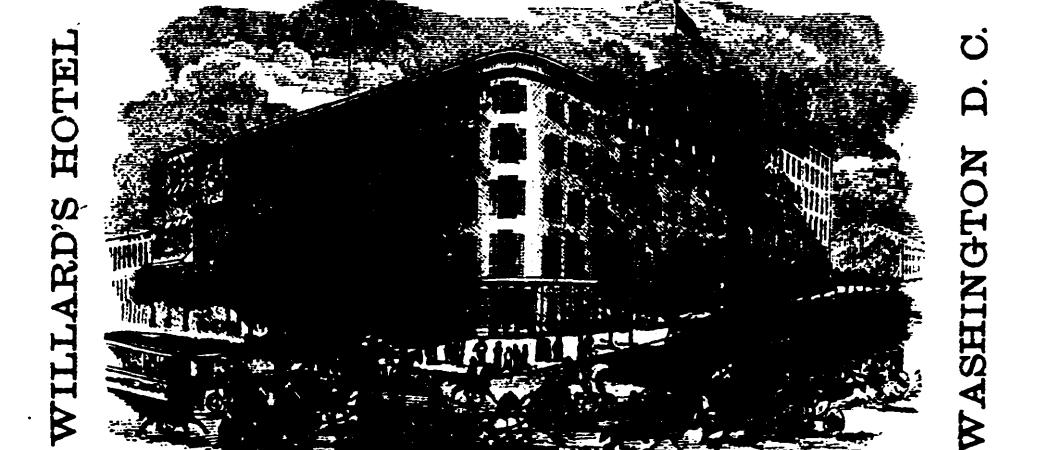
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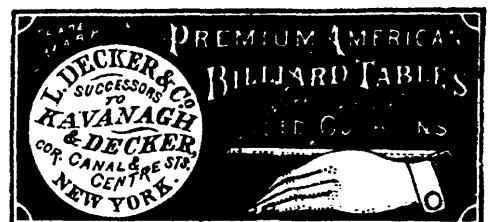
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