

## TERMS OF THE GRAPHIC.

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## THE GRAPHIC.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1874.

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 The sender's name and address required on every communication, not for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Pomeroy's trials are a severe affliction to Kansas justice. The mills grind slowly, but gravel tears the stones awfully.

Pennsylvania has managed to hang two men in a really workmanlike way. The execution of O'Mara and Irvin, who were hung at Montrose yesterday, was unattended by any accident. There was no rope-breaking and no slipping of the knot, and both died quickly and without apparent agony. The next time we have occasion to hang a man the authorities would do well to send to Montrose and engage the services of about the only sheriff who can hang a man without torturing him and the spectators.

Commodore Vanderbilt and the Presidents of the Erie and the Pennsylvania Railroads have paid a visit to Baltimore to urge the managers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to enter their combination to keep up freights and passenger rates. In this they have been partially successful. Indeed, it would have been an exceedingly difficult thing for the Baltimore and Ohio road to have maintained an attitude of active hostility to the other roads. Our railroad system necessarily makes connecting roads interdependent one upon another, and had the Baltimore and Ohio road undertaken to act independently it would have suffered greatly from the hostility of the companies controlling the lines at the West and East upon which it depends in so great a degree as feeders. We may expect to see the Baltimore and Ohio managers do what they can to build up Baltimore at the expense of Philadelphia and New York, but its action will probably have but little effect upon the general freight and passenger tariff. We shall never gain any relief from so-called competition between rival roads until we adopt the Belgian system, and have one great trunk line between Chicago and the Atlantic owned and operated by the Government, which will thus be able to dictate a tariff to the other roads.

The reported death of Queen Victoria lacks confirmation. We trust that the rumor will be contradicted by telegraphic despatches before our second edition goes to press. Still it may be true, for sudden death is not a strange occurrence in her family. She inherits the constitutional vigor but also the hereditary infirmities of the House of Brunswick, and there is an element of fate as well as nobility in her blood. Her possible demise recalls to mind her many virtues. Her strong domestic instincts are conspicuous, and she seems to have thought more of home than of state, and to have born her crown to invest the relations of wife and mother with the sanctions of royalty. Her kindness to the poor, purity, desire for peace, avoidance of display, unwillingness to push her personal views in preference to the policy of her ministers, and studied endeavor to combine the dignity of constitutional sovereignty with the democratic tendencies of the age require, have made her almost a model Queen in most respects, and would render her sudden death at the present time something of a national calamity.

The billiard tournament, which for the past week has attracted no small degree of interest in this city, has now nearly reached its close, and it seems probable that Vignaux, the most brilliant and picturesque of the players, will win. This display of skill in the beautiful game will undoubtedly reawaken interest in billiards, and keepers of billiard halls will find their account in it. It is noticeable that Americans depend chiefly on nursing the balls for success, their point apparently being simply to make large counts. So far as the audience is concerned a game as played, say, between Dion and Daly would never be made except in case of absolute necessity. On the other hand, Vignaux's game was delightful to look at, and it hardly admits of question that prizes should be given for brilliant games rather than for pushing the balls—never a quarter of an inch apart—up one cushion and down another, as though the player's whole object were to count and win his money. Brilliance certainly pays, or Vignaux would not stand where he now does among the contestants. The Frenchmen can bring more beauty out of the game than Americans or Englishmen can, and it is to be hoped that, on public and private tables, we will take the Gallic hint and amuse ourselves rather than become wondrously skilful in accomplishing dullness and ennui.

Judge Poland remarked the other day that "if the Democrats had the House of Representatives to themselves for a couple of good long sessions they would beat themselves," and that the Republicans have "only to get them together in March and they will be so badly split up before the Presidential election comes round that it will be the easiest thing in the world to beat them." Judge Poland may be a badly beaten man, but he is entirely right in

this matter. The majority in the next Congress is made up of such heterogeneous materials and is so utterly without a policy that it is certain to commit blunders which will insure to the benefit of the Republicans. The wisest thing the latter can do is to pass a law requiring the new Congress to meet on the fourth of March next, and begin at once the self-beating which Judge Poland prophesies. The investigations which the Democrats will of course make will thus be got over early instead of being prolonged into the Presidential campaign; and if there is anything to be revealed by these investigations the Republicans had much better have the truth known now before the nominating conventions shall have met and the Presidential contest have regularly opened. If the new Congress does not meet until a year from December the Republicans will have ten months less in which to recover from any blows which may be dealt them. It is so clearly to their interest to adopt Judge Poland's advice that they can afford to overlook the fact that it comes from a man who has been badly beaten in his own State.

## WORKING OUT.

The panic of last fall had the natural effect of checking business of all kinds and throwing thousands of working people out of employment. The nation experienced a spasm of economy that led all classes to curtail expenses, which diminished business still more. When Congress came together in December it yielded to the prevailing temper of the people and set itself to reducing expenses, stopping public works, cancelling contracts, and trying in all ways to save money. The effect of this popular and well-meant policy was just the opposite from that Congress desired to produce. It threw hundreds of faithful workmen out of employment, and still further depressed the already stagnant business of the country. It increased and prolonged the hard times which have had such a disastrous effect on the Republican elections. It perpetuated the very pinch it was intended to lighten, and tended to make the temporary stagnation chronic. The true policy would have been to continue every public work already begun, and commence more. Had Congress furnished work for one hundred thousand mechanics, had it begun the St. Philip Canal, or a grand freight railway across the country, or a half dozen steamships, or even the opening of the Harlem River to the Hudson, it would have stimulated business instead of prostrating it, and relieved the pressure it merely aggravated.

Congress meets a few weeks hence at the beginning of a winter of unusual business stagnation, and with the rebuke of the country ringing in its ears. Its first work should be directed to the relief of the business of the country, and especially the working classes. It could do a vast deal for both by promptly beginning public works of some sort which will furnish employment to idle mechanics and create a demand for supplies of various kinds. There are a score of wise enterprises which it could commence with advantage at once, and which, once begun, would be completed without delay and to the public benefit. The Government should take advantage of these seasons of occasional depression to do the works needed in times of greater business prosperity. And this policy would turn the tide of public feeling directly back in its favor.

The true way out of the depression from which business of all kinds is suffering is to work out. There is no other panacea that can help the community much. If the factories stop and throw their operatives out into the winter with nothing to do and no money, they shut off the demand for manufactured goods and check the circulation of money. The working classes are the consuming classes, and the more they earn the more they buy, and the greater demand for goods and products of all kinds. We are facing a winter which promises to be exceptionally severe for the poor, and the charitably disposed people are troubled to devise methods of meeting the demands that will be made by the destitute and suffering. But if these people could have work at fair wages there would be no destitution nor suffering; and, while they would be saved from untold miseries and the worst temptations, business would be benefited by their relief. If the new Mayor of our city were to take this subject in hand at once, and, with the advice of the wisest officers in the various departments, should plan some public work that would give employment to two thousand men for three months, he would prove himself a public benefactor and be the most popular Mayor this city ever had. This would actually cost the community less money than to support these people in an idleness in which they are constantly growing less temperate and efficient and tempted into vices and crime. All the soup-houses and free lodgings and dispensaries ever devised would not begin to do so much real good as this utilizing for the public benefit the brain and muscles of men who want only what they can earn, but want the privilege of earning a day's wages every working day in the year. The true way out of the difficulty is by working out. Provide something for these people to do, and while they are provided for, all mere vagrants will be detected and driven off, and business of all kinds will feel the stimulus and revive at once. There is a great deal of really important work that the Governor-elect might find for a thousand or two men this winter were he and his ablest advisers to consult together on the subject; and it would be far cheaper to pay men for honest work, like finishing the asylum at Poughkeepsie, for instance, than to punish them for the crimes that idleness tempts. It is not charity that the poor want, but justice. They are helped not by gifts, but by work and its recompense. And what benefits them helps everybody.

## ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

Some ill-tempered wag yesterday started the report that the *Republic* was wrestling with fate and would go under on Saturday. Of course there was no truth in the rumor. It was a cowardly invention of some sneak whose wit was not a match for his malice. It is very hard to kill a newspaper when it is once fairly started. Once really alive it attracts attention, excites interest, and makes friends. There are always people who see money in a newspaper enterprise, or a principle behind it, and when one hand fails another is ready to take its place. There is always somebody who thinks he is smart enough to run a newspaper, and would like to try his hand at the business. There is a certain fascination about a daily journal which makes it one of the most attractive enterprises in the world for a large class of

men, and there is no other field that men are so ready to sow with dollars in the confident expectation of reaping thirty if not a hundred fold. One of the strangest things connected with journalism is, not that so many unneeded papers are started, but that all papers once fairly started have such tenacity of life.

The *Republic* has begun well and has improved from the start. It deserves success from the fact that it is the only morning paper that is independent of the Associated Press monopoly. It required unusual courage in its originators to defy that somewhat arrogant despotism and undertake to make a first-class paper without buying the privilege. Then the *Republic* fills a place which the other morning papers leave vacant. The break of the *Times* with the Administration leaves the Government without a journalistic representative in the most important city of the Union. Were the *Tribune* where and what it was under Mr. Greeley's able though somewhat erratic hand, it would fill the niche and make the existence of another Republican journal impossible. But the *Tribune* is politically nowhere. It represents nothing. It is merely "a newspaper" with sundry individual opinions attached. But while the bulk of our poorest people and some of the wealthiest citizens are Democrats, the mass of middle-class voters are Republicans. The bulk of our business men, the majority of our property-owners, the reading class of our citizens are unquestionably connected with the Republican party, and specially interested in its affairs and fortunes. And they want a morning paper that fairly represents the prevailing ideas, purposes, and spirit of their party and its leaders, and if it criticises a measure or reproves a man, does it in a friendly way as a member of the household. The *Republic* aims to fill this large unoccupied place, and thus far has succeeded creditably. It has made but one blunder, but this was by no means a fatal one, and will teach its editors to exercise greater scrutiny over its columns in the future. Old papers often make worse mistakes. There is no reason why the new paper should not flourish, and its success would certainly be matter for congratulation.

It is noticeable that as soon as the result of the recent elections was known Southern securities advanced from one to three per cent. This is an evidence that capitalists have more confidence in the financial affairs of the Southern States when they are governed by white men than they did while the negroes were in power. And now the advance in Government securities which began immediately after election is more marked than ever. It is clear that a better era has come at last, and that the confidence which the panic so sadly shook is returning. As to the debt of the Southern States, although it may be reduced to some extent in consequence of the irregular manner in which part of it was contracted, there is little doubt now that the holders of Southern bonds will ultimately be paid to a much more satisfactory extent than they have lately had reason to expect.

The estimates for the Board of Education were unwisely cut down at the same time that the estimates for other departments of much less importance to the public were left untouched. It is now proposed to still further reduce the expenses of the department by cutting down the salaries of the teachers. This would be not only an injury, but a disgrace to the city. The teachers already receive salaries that are miserably small in comparison with those paid in other departments where no previous training is required. To cut them down would be to treat with conspicuous injustice a thoroughly competent and deserving body of men and women. The proposal can only come from men who, uneducated themselves, have no idea of the value of education, and who cannot perceive that a qualified teacher is of rather more worth than a ward politician.

## PICTURES OF THE DAY.

This morning THE DAILY GRAPHIC is called upon to announce pictorially a public calamity in comparison with which the recent escape of wild animals from their cages in Central Park is the merest trifle. To have one's head crunched between the jaws of a man-eating tiger—what is that when compared with being set upon by an anthropoid thing without a vestige of a *Hippocampus* in its cranium? who clambers up lightning rods and yells *Morning Herald!* in at the window while you are eating your breakfast? Behold the "zoological sensation correspondent," one of the proudest ornaments of the intellectual department! He was in a cage, but, escaping thence, he unlocked the doors of all other cages and set the animals ad free. Just emerging from the door we see an animal upon whose countenance reigns a look of concealed imbecility, which at once points him out as the *commodus religiosus* whose Sunday morning talks create such havoc among the preachers; there also may be seen in the foreground the *rhinoceros politicus*, the pachydermatous person whose brain originated the "third term" scare; the dramatic *leo hibernicus* under whose leonine skin it is commonly believed that there dwells an animal closely resembling the "zoological correspondent" in appearance. Behind him comes the uncouth but sagacious *elephas musculosus*, whose coronal bump easily tells a phrenologist the predominant mental characteristic of the animal. Then there are numberless beings of a more or less ferocious disposition; the giraffe, who knows all about science and philosophy; observe the eager, penetrating glance of his eyes; the chick, hardly fledged, yet who squawks merely when he intends to crow; the bears, foxes, and stags. Truly a dreadful array of beasts to be let loose on the public. But you need not be frightened, gentlemen and ladies; they are all harmless and well-trained, and would not hurt a hair of your heads. Animals, grown! For.

The elephant now goes round;  
The band begins to play;  
The boys around the monkey's cage  
Had better keep away.

From the civil war in Spain come illustrations of the fighting around Boobia. One represents the followers of Don Carlos besieging and firing upon the Republicans, who are fortified in the Custom House; and the other shows the burning of the village. The latter picture is especially well done.

From an autumn tour in Switzerland, which is an extremely agreeable trip to take, there are pictures of the baths at Leukerbad. The Swiss evidently like to take their ease in the bath, sipping coffee and drinking wine and cognac. "Hats off!" is the cry when a drowsy sleeper intruder appears, and if he does not obey he gets splashed. In the next sketch the night-capped heads at the water's level look uncommonly like pond-lilies. "On Guard!" is a charming picture of a dog watching the baby. The little ones will like it very much.

Colonel Olcott's letters from Chittenden lose none of their interest; the one given in the present issue of THE DAILY GRAPHIC is profusely illustrated. "A Dark Circle" as seen by a Clairvoyant" painfully suggests the harrowing suspicion that the "clairvoyant" in question is seeing things both delirious and tremendous. Some fashion-plates end the pictures of the day.

## ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

MME. BLAVATSKY'S VISIT TO "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" OFFICE—AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE—LONG JOURNEYS, MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES, AND WONDERFUL SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES.

Mme. Blavatsky visited THE DAILY GRAPHIC office yesterday, and excited a great deal of interest. She exhibited the silver jewel of the Order of St. Ann, which was buried with her father at Stavropol, and which the spirit of George Dix conveyed to her during a recent seance at the Eddy homestead in Vermont. Her object in visiting us was to hand to the chief editor a letter *apropos* of the Olcott-Beard discussion. The lady expressed herself with great vivacity in favor of the Eddy brothers, and seems very much exercised about the Beard letter. Mme. Blavatsky has travelled in almost every quarter of the world, has met with many romantic adventures, and is a remarkably good-natured and sprightly woman. She is handsome, with full voluptuous figure, large eyes, well formed nose, and rich, sensuous mouth and chin. She dresses with remarkable elegance, in *bien gante*, and her clothing is redolent of some subtle and delicious perfume which she has gathered in her wanderings in the far East.

"I was born in 1834 at Ekaterinoslav," she said, "of which my father, Colonel Hahn-hahn, was Governor. It is about 200 versts from Odessa. Yes, he was a cousin of the Countess Ida Hahn-hahn, the authoress. My mother was a daughter of General Fader, and I am a granddaughter of the Princess Dolgorouki. My mother was an authoress, and used to write under the nom de plume of Zensaida."

"Do you follow smoke here?"

"I don't."

"Oh, you mean fellow."

"But the others do, and you can smoke if you wish."

"That's right. All we Russian ladies like our cigarette. Why, do you know poor Queen Victoria is nearly frightened into fits because her Russian daughter-in-law smokes." Here Mme. Blavatsky took out a book of cigarette papers and a parcel of Turkish tobacco, and deftly rolled up an elegant little cigarette. The writer gallantly supplied her with a light, and she began to smoke, blowing the blue vapor through her beautiful nostrils with that dreamy rollish which the smoker knows so well.

"When my father died," she proceeded, "I went to Tiflis in Georgia, where my grandfather was one of the three Councilors of the Viceroy Woronzoff. (Puff, puff.) When I was sixteen years of age they married me to M. Blavatsky; he was the Governor of Erivan. Fancy! he was seventy-three and I sixteen. But mind, I don't blame anybody—not my friends, nor in the least. (Puff, puff.) However, at the end of the year we separated. His habits were not agreeable to me. As I had a fortune of my own I determined to travel. I went first of all to Egypt. I spent three nights in the Pyramid of Cheops. Oh, I had most marvellous experiences. Then I went to England. And in 1853 I came to this country. I was recalled to Russia by the death of my grandmother, Mme. Bratsion. She left me a fortune, but if I had been with her before her death I should have had much more. She left eight millions of roubles to the convents and monasteries in Moldavia—she was a Moldavian herself. I went back to Egypt, and penetrated into the Soudan. I made a great deal of money on that journey."

"How?"

"Why, by buying ostrich feathers. I did not go there for that purpose, but as I found I could do it I did it. Ostrich feathers that would sell for five or six guineas you could buy there for a cent. Then I went to Athens, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, and back again to Paris. Then I went to Homburg and Baden Baden, and lost a good deal of money at gambling. I am sorry to say. In 1858 I returned to Paris, and made the acquaintance of Daniel Home, the Spiritualist. He had married the Countess Krobke, a sister of the Countess Koubcheff Bezborodke, a lady with whom I had been very intimate in my girlhood. Home converted me to Spiritualism."

"Did you ever see any of his 'levitations,' as they are called?"

"Yes; but give me a light. (Puff, puff.) Thanks. Yes, I have seen Home carried out of a four-story window, let down very gently to the ground, and put into his carriage. After this I went to Russia. I converted my father to Spiritualism. He was a Voltairean before that. I made a great number of other converts."

"Are you a medium yourself?"

"Yes; I get some of the manifestations—spirit rappings and such like."

"Are there many Spiritualists in your country?"

"Yes. You would be surprised to know how large a number of Spiritualists there are in Russia. Why, the Emperor Alexander is a Spiritualist. Would you actually believe it?—the emancipation of the serfs was caused by the appearance of the Emperor Nicholas to the Emperor Alexander."

"That is a very remarkable statement."

"It is true. The Czarine was one day telling Prince Bariatinsky of it. He said, 'Oh, your imperial Highness, I cannot believe it.' The Emperor came forward and asked what they were talking about. Prince Bariatinsky told him what the Czarine had said about the appearance of the spirit of the Emperor Nicholas. The Emperor Alexander turned as pale as a ghost himself, and said: 'It is true.'"

"That is very remarkable. Where did you travel subsequently?"

"I went to Italy and then to Greece. As I was returning from the Piræus to Napoli, when we were off Spezzia, the boat in which I was making the voyage, the *Evmonia*, blew up, and of four hundred persons on board only seventeen were saved. I was one of the fortunate ones. As I lay on my back I saw limbs, heads, and trunks all falling around me. This was the 21st of June, 1871. I lost all my money and everything I had. I telegraphed to my friends for money. As soon as I got I went to Egypt again, and to the Soudan. I never saw a white face for four months. I translated Darwin into Russian while I was in Africa. I have translated Buckle into Russian. I have contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and several Parisian journals, and have acted as correspondent of the *Independence Belge*. I am a member of the order of Eastern Masonry, the most ancient in the world. I was initiated in Malta." Here Mme. Blavatsky showed the writer the jewel of one of the most celebrated orders in existence, the name of which, however, he is not at liberty to give. "There are not more than six or seven women in the world who have been admitted to this order. I shall probably stay in America a long time. I like the country very much."

The following is Mme. Blavatsky's letter:

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.)  
As Dr. Beard has seemed (in his scientific grandeur) to answer the challenge sent to him by your humble servant in the number of THE DAILY GRAPHIC for the 30th of October last, and preferred instructing the public in general rather than one "credulous fool" in particular, let her come from Circassia or Africa, I fully trust you will permit me to use your paper once more, in order that by pointing out some very spicy peculiarities of this amazingly scientific exposure, the public might better judge to whose door the aforesaid elegant epithet could be more appropriately laid.

For a week or so an immense excitement, a thrill of sacrilegious fear, if I am allowed this expression, has run through the psychological frames of the Spiritualists of New York. It was rumored in ominous whispers that J. Beard, M. D., the Tyndall of America, was coming out with his peremptory exposure of the Eddy's ghosts, and—the Spiritualists trembled for their gods!

The dreaded day has come; the number of THE DAILY GRAPHIC for November the 9th is before us. We have read it carefully, with respectful awe—for true science has always been an authority for us (weak-minded fools though we may be), and so we handled the dangerous exposure with a feeling

somewhat akin to the one of a fanatic Christian opening a volume of "Bushman." We perused it to the last; we turned the page over and over again, vainly straining our eyes and brains to detect therein one word of scientific proof or a solitary atom of overwhelming evidence that would thrust into our spiritualistic bosom the venomous fangs of doubt. But no; not a particle of reasonable explanation or of scientific evidence that what we have all seen, heard, and felt at the Eddy's was but a delusion. In our feminine modesty, still allowing the said article the benefit of the doubt, we disbelieved our own senses, and so devoted a whole day to the picking up of sundry bits of criticism from judges that we believed more competent than ourselves, and at last came collectively to the following conclusion:

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC has allowed Dr. Beard in its magnanimity nine columns on its precious pages to prove—that? Why, the following: First, that he, Dr. Beard, according to his own modest assertions (see columns second and third), is more entitled to occupy the position of an actor intrusted with characters of simpletons (Moliere's "Tartuffe") might fit him perhaps as naturally) than to undertake the difficult part of a Professor Faraday *vis-à-vis* the Chittenden, D. D. Home.

Secondly, that notwithstanding the learned doctor was "overwhelmed already with professional labors" (spice and cheap reclamation, by the way) and scientific researches, he gave the latter another direction, and so went to the Eddy's. That arrived there he played with Horatio Eddy, for the glory of science and the benefit of humanity, the difficult character of a "disbelieved simpleton," and was rewarded in his scientific research by finding on the said suspicious premises a professor of bumps, "a poor harmless fool" (Gallies, of famous memory, when he detected the sun in its involuntary imposture, clucked certainly less over his triumph than does Dr. Beard over the discovery of this "poor fool" No. 1. Here we modestly suggest that perhaps the learned doctor had no business to go so far as Chittenden for that.

Further, the doctor, forgetting entirely the wise motto "*non bis in idem*," discovers and asserts throughout the length of his article that all the past, present, and future generations of pilgrims to the "Eddy homestead" are collectively fools, and that every solitary member of this numerous body of Spiritualistic pilgrims is likewise "a weak-minded, credulous fool!" Query—The proof of it, if you please, Dr. Beard? Answer—Dr. Beard has said so, and Echo responds, Fool!

Truly marvellous are thy doings indeed, O Mother Nature! The cow is black and its milk is white! But then, you see, those ill-bred, ignorant Eddy brothers have allowed their credulous guests to eat up all the "trout" caught by Dr. Beard and paid by him seventy-five cents per pound as a penalty; and that fact alone might have turned him a little—how shall we say, sour, prejudiced? No; erroneous in his statement will answer better.

For erroneous he is, not to say more. When, assuming an air of scientific authority, he affirms that the seance room is generally so dark that one cannot recognize at three feet distance his own mother, he says what is not true. When he tells us further that he saw through a hole in one of the shawls and the space between them all the manoeuvres of Horatio's arm he risks to find himself belied by thousands who, weak-minded though they may be, are not blind to all that, neither are they confederates of the Eddy's, but far more reliable witnesses in their simple-minded honesty than Dr. Beard is in his would-be scientific and unscrupulous testimony. The same when he says that no one is allowed to approach the spirits nearer than twelve feet distance, still less to touch them, except the "two simple-minded, ignorant idiots" who generally sit on both ends of the platform. To my knowledge many other persons have sat there besides those two.

Dr. Beard ought to know this better than any one else, as he has set them himself. A sad story is in circulation, by the way, at the Eddy's. The records of the Spiritual seances at Chittenden have devoted a whole page to the account of a terrible danger that has threatened for a moment to deprive America of one of her brightest scientific stars. Dr. Beard, admitting a portion of the story himself, perverts the rest of it, as he does in every article in his article. The doctor admits that he has been badly struck by the guitar, and not being able to bear the pain, "jumped up" and broke the circle. Now it clearly appears that the learned gentleman has neglected to add to the immense stock of his knowledge the first rudiments of "logic." He boasts himself of having completely blinded Horatio and others as to the real object of his visit. What should then Horatio pummel his head for? The spirits were never known before to be as rude as that. But then Dr. B. does not believe in their existence and so puts the whole thing to Horatio's door. He forgets to state, though, that a whole shower of missiles were thrown at his head, and that, "pale as a ghost,"—so says the tale-telling record—the poor scientist surpassed for a moment the "fleet-footed Achilles" himself in the celerity with which he took to his heels. How strange if Horatio, not suspecting him still, left him standing at two feet distance from the shawl! How very logical!

It becomes evident that the said neglected logic was keeping company at the time with old mother Truth at the bottom of her well, not being wanted, none of them, by Dr. Beard. I myself have sat upon the upper step of the platform for fourteen nights by the side of Mrs. Cleveland. I got up every time "Honto" approached me to an inch to my face in order to see her better. I have touched her hands repeatedly as other spirits have been touched, and even embraced her nearly every night. Therefore, when I read Dr. Beard's preposterous and cool assertion that "a very low order of genius is required to obtain command of a few words in different languages, and so to mutter them to credulous Spiritualists," I feel every right in the world to say in my turn that such a scientific exposure as Dr. Beard has come out with in his article does not require any genius at all; *per contra*, it requires the most ridiculous faith on the part of the writer in his own infallibility, as well as a positive confidence in finding in all his readers what he elegantly terms "weak-minded fools." Every word of his statement, when it is not a most evident untruth, is a wicked and malicious insinuation, built on the very equivocal authority of one witness against the evidence of thousands.

Says Dr. Beard, "I have proved that the life of the Eddy's is one long lie; the details need no further discussion." The writer of the above lines forgets, by saying these imprudent words, that some people might think that "like attracts the like." He went to Chittenden with deceit in his heart and falsehood on his lips, and so, judging his neighbor by the character he assumed himself, he takes every one for a knave when he does not put him down as a fool. Declaring so positively that he has proved it, the doctor forgets one trifling circumstance, namely, that he has proved nothing whatever.

Where are his boasted proofs? When we contradict him by saying that the seance-room is far from being as dark as he pretends it to be, and that the spirits have repeatedly called out themselves through Mrs. Eaton's voice for more light, we only say what we can prove before any jury. When Dr. Beard says that all the spirits are persecuted by W. Eddy, he advances what would prove to be a greater conundrum for solution than the apparition of spirits themselves. There he falls right away in the domain of Cagliostro; for if Dr. B. has seen five or six spirits in all, other persons, myself included, have seen one hundred and nineteen in less than a fortnight, nearly all of whom were differently dressed. Besides, the accusation of Dr. Beard implies the idea to the public that the artist of THE DAILY GRAPHIC who made the sketches of so many of those apparitions, and who is not a "credulous Spiritualist" himself, is likewise a humbug, propagating to the world what he did not see, and so thrusting at large the most preposterous and outrageous lie.

When the learned doctor will have explained to us how any man in his shirt-sleeves and a pair of tight pants for an attire can possibly conceal on his person (the cabinet having been previously found empty