

FOIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

There are not many in Paris who declare they believe that the Italian Government is really desirous to prevent the invasion by the Garibaldians of the Pontifical territory, and as for the Press, this incredulity is not confined to that portion which defends the temporal power of the Pope. For instance, the *Journal de Paris* has a strong article from the pen of its chief editor, M. Weiss, against M. Rattazzi; and the grounds of the charges he brings against him are thus set forth:—M. Rattazzi, he contends, has during three months allowed Garibaldi to publicly enrol volunteers for the invasion of the Roman States. These volunteers find in Italy, and without the least difficulty, arms, munitions of war, and money. They have their officers; they are formed in groups under the orders of their chiefs, openly and manifestly with the object of marching into the Pontifical territory. They talk publicly in every coffee-house of their designs. They publish in all the newspapers that they mean to be at Rome on a fixed day and at a fixed hour. M. Rattazzi, who does not disturb or disquiet them, makes such little mystery of the matter, that in the early part of September the German watering places resounded with the echo of those predictions to be accomplished at a certain date; and when the plot is matured and the storm bursts, when the bands, with the assent or the tolerance of the Italian Government, invade the tranquil territory of Rome, it is that very invasion by those volunteers of whom Italy and its Government are the accomplices that M. Rattazzi pretends to make the pretext for confiscating Rome and its territory. M. Rattazzi, perhaps, trusts too much in the credulity of his contemporaries. The *Journal de Paris* will not admit that he is not responsible for the disorders which at this moment take place in the Roman States, and which add one more to the causes of anguish which a bad policy has created for Europe. If the 'party of action,' who have their ideas about Nice, as they have them about Rome, presume to act towards Nice as they act towards Rome, M. Rattazzi would most assuredly have stifled the conspiracy at its very birth, and not three volunteers would set foot on the territory of Nice. M. Weiss has no belief whatever in the powerlessness of the Italian Government against these bands; but if it is powerless against them, why do the supporters of its policy allege it as a crime against the Papal Government that it is powerless? If it be pretended that the Roman States should be suppressed because it has not the force to instantly disperse those armed bands, they should begin by suppressing the kingdom of Italy, which cannot disperse them; and which put on foot 40,000 soldiers, excellently well armed, cannon, and cavalry against the Garibaldians, and having exhibited in the execution of that design all imaginable good faith, has obtained precisely the same result as if it had placed on *échafaud* on the Pontifical frontier 40,000 soldiers of painted pasteboard.

I have reason to believe that a short article in the *Constitutionnel* of to-day is from an official source. It declares that the question at issue is purely and simply one of a treaty—treaty drawn up in terms so clear as to have no doubt whatever as to its meaning. There is nothing of aspiration or of sentiment; it is a treaty and nothing more; and treaties signed deliberately and freely must be executed with good faith.—Who shall say that Italy did not sign the September Convention freely, or that one of the contracting parties used violence towards the other? France and Italy took upon themselves certain engagements towards each other which must be strictly observed, and from which one of the parties cannot be relieved without the consent of the other. No doubt there may be difficulties in the way of their execution, and it may require sacrifices at a certain moment to do one's duty to the end; but it is precisely for this that treaties were made, and that guarantees were given and taken ever since civilization existed.—ever since there were States and peoples. Never was treaty more explicit than the Convention of September. In order that France might quit Rome Italy took upon herself engagements towards the French Government. It is the duty of Italy—a duty which becomes her—to observe these engagements; and it is the right of France,' concludes the article, 'to make them be respected. It is her right, and a right which cannot be called in question.'

It is not exclusively the clerical journals that urge the Government to undertake a fresh expedition to keep back both Garibaldian and Italian troops from occupying the Pontifical territory; the *Presse*, for instance, and the *Journal de Paris* are strong in their reprobation of the invaders, and of those who are believed to support them. The former journal quotes a passage from M. Guizot (*L'Esprit et la Société en 1861*) to show how a statesman who is no Catholic thinks on the Roman question:—

'I admit that kingdom (Italy) the most favourable chances; that France will draw her troops from Rome; that Piedmont is established there, that the Tuscan Parliament is installed there; but does any one believe that the Roman question will be finally settled? On the contrary it would then assume all its gravity. People require material facts, great outward signs to make them comprehend events and receive those sovereign impressions which reveal their meaning to them. So long as the question between the Papacy and the new Italian kingdom regards only the possession of territory, or certain matters relating to the organization of the church, Catholic populations in France, Spain, Germany or wherever else they can be found, will not be profoundly moved and troubled. But when they see the very seat of the Papacy invaded, the Pope a fugitive, the Catholic Church shaken in its foundations and demanding with anxiety from their Governments their right, their anxiety, and their repose it is then that the Catholic populations will feel the blow and manifest their resentment. The French Republic died on the scaffold of Louis XVI. What would become of the new Italian kingdom in presence of the Pope de-throned, wandering, and subsisting on alms in the midst of Christendom.

M. Louis Veilliot, of the *Univers*, and his unsophisticated country following, cry out for another expedition to Italy; the public of Paris and the money-making bourgeoisie of the provinces, protest against any further intermeddling. Now, let me ask those pious souls, do they really believe that Louis Napoleon cares one straw about the preservation of

the Pope's secular power? If they do believe that, let me tell them they are woefully mistaken. His earliest instincts were against it; his only brother was killed fighting against the Pope; he himself fought against him too, and lay concealed for weeks in a house in Ancona after the unsuccessful revolt. How many Irish Catholics know this? Any ostensible assistance that has been given to Pío Nono, by Louis Napoleon, has been for the sole purpose of strengthening his own dynasty by cajoling the clerical party, by diverting the nation's thoughts from questions of internal policy, by offering occupation to his soldiers.—*Cour de Dublin Irishman*.

A deputation of working men of Paris have sent in the draught of a petition to the office of the *Siccle* newspaper, to which they invite signatures. It runs thus:—

'Since 1789 Democracy has demanded from the world freedom of conscience and the separation of Church and State. To-day the reactionists are making a desperate effort to engage France in a fatal intervention which would be at once a violation of liberty against the Romans, and would precipitate our country into an European war for the defence of a principle which we repudiate. As sons of the French Revolution, our duty is to protest energetically against all intervention for the protection of Pope-King.'

On the other hand, the subscriptions in aid of the Pontifical army are increasing in the number of subscribers and amount. Yesterday the *Univers* gave a tenth list of 503 subscriptions from 150*fr.* down to 50*fr.*

THE BISHOP OF ORLÉANS' APPEAL TO CATHOLIC FRANCE.—The Bishop of Orléans has just published a second letter to M. Rattazzi; he says:—'Let calmness, pleasantness, and threats fall thick upon me; let even honest men tired of the struggle, or irritated adversaries, urge me to silence; let my voice be exhausted—I will speak, and to my last moments I will implore my country to save her honour, and not to abandon the Pope.' Nothing that passes in Italy, he contends, is like what passes anywhere else. Deceit is there organized as in no other country—all that one can imagine of incredible and impossible, of revolutionary insolence and violence, of impotence and complicity of the Government, total disregard of honour, perfidy, insult of all that is sacred among men, contempt of France—such, says the Bishop, is the spectacle which Italy at this moment presents to us. 'Before such a spectacle one is forced to ask is there in Italy, where such things take place, a single honest man you can trust? Speaking of the convention, the Bishop says it has become detestable to Italy because it has not found its solution in Roman revolt as we expected, and continues: 'But there it is the last remaining guarantee of French honour: and now it turns against you and confounds you. It confounds you, for as it is not carried out by you and as it is violated by you, France recovers all her freedom of action. Is it not notorious the bands who now trouble the Pontifical States are not composed of Romans? All are agreed on that—even the enemies of the Holy See.'

The Bishop is especially indignant at the threats held out against France of an alliance with Prussia in case the French Government continues to protect the Pope:—'You wish to try what intimidation will do with us, and at this moment the Italian journals both in Paris and Florence, agitate before the eyes of the French Government the menace of an Anglo-Prussian alliance. The question, then, is a bargain of which the Pope is to be the price. I give myself to that power who surrenders him to me. True, I owe to France six victories, and Lombardy and Venice; but if Prussia gives me the Pope, I give myself to Prussia, and if Prussia makes war against France I am for the Prussians. Is that what the Pope, M. Nigra want to Biarritz for, he has done us much honour. What, have we lost a hundred battles, that you come this to bargain for our honour, and negotiate our infancy? Yes,—our infancy for what other name should be given to our complicity in the schemes now going on in Italy, and which has only one name in the language of honest men—*brigandage* *internecine*? I here address myself to every man who has a particle of sincerity and of French honour in his soul. A chief of *Séductions* keeps his word. Respect for faith once pledged is found among Corsican bandits, and even among savage tribes but it nowhere exists in Italy.'

Alluding to the tranquillity of Rome, he says:—'Astonishing spectacle, and which will be to the eternal honour of the Roman people, and to the shame of revolutionary Italy, that of this small population, thus harassed, agitated, provoked, with armed insurrection in their towns and villages, and yet who do not stir! Where, I ask, is the capital in Europe that would resist such provocation? Let the French Government allow the demagogues to do for some months in Paris what the Italian Governments allow to be done against Rome, and we should see whether the 120,000 who guard Paris would suffice to prevent the revolution.'

The *Gazette de France* says:—The young Duke de Chevreuse, grandson of the Duke de Luynes one of the richest landowners in France, heir to the fortune of his father, and on the point of marriage with Mlle. Yolande de la Rochebeaucourt, daughter of the Duke de Bisaccia, has just quitted his chateau family, and betrothed, to go to Rome. An officer in the Pontifical Zouaves, he had resigned in the month of July, and it is as a simple soldier that he returns to take his post of honour in the midst of his former comrades.

The *Patrie* publishes an article signed by M. Drouin, which says:—

We believe that the *status quo* of the September Convention having been maintained, the Cabinet of the Tuilleries is about to call the attention of the Great Powers to the recent events in the Roman States, and to seek by means of a Conference the means of averting the recurrence of a crisis which might so profoundly disturb the tranquillity of Europe. All the Powers are interested in the discovery of a solution which, while satisfying the religious interests represented by the Pontifical Government, should offer at the same time guarantees against political eventualities calculated to compromise the European equilibrium.

COUNT OF BIGNARDI IN FRANCE.—A count lady, the Countess de Bignardi, has published a book, telling people who go to Court how to talk, and behave themselves. When the Emperor and Empress receive you, you are, when your name is called, to get up from the seat on which you have been sitting in an outer room, go to the floor of the saloon in which their Majesties are, and bow profoundly; then you make a few steps, and bow again, equally profoundly; then you go up to their Majesties and bow once more, still more profoundly. Then you stand bolt upright, and must say, 'Yes or no, sire?' if the Emperor speaks to you—'Yes or no, madame, if it be the Empress. You must not say 'Yes your Majesty,' or 'No your Majesty,' for, that is contrary to etiquette. You must always address the Emperor: in the third person, thus—'Does His Majesty desire to permit me such a thing?' 'Does His Majesty do me the honor to accord me, &c. If you have any one to present, you must not say, 'I have the honor to present to your Majesty,' but 'I have the honor to present to the Emperor.' Finally, you are to get out of the august presence with the same number of bows as you got into it; and as you backwards you must take care not to tumble down.

ITALY.

The *Journal de Paris* has the following observations on the Italian crisis, the difficulties of which are far from being at an end:—

A lesson may be derived from it of a nature to strike the minds of men the least attentive and the least clear-sighted. If the Italian Government has really and seriously yielded to the injunctions of the Cabinet of the Tuilleries; and if, on the other hand,

it is strong enough to keep within bounds the party of action, and arrest any fresh incursion of Garibaldians into the Pontifical States—if these two conditions are realized—and this we shall soon know—we must admit that it would have been easy long since to prevent the aggression and invasion of the monarchy of Savoy—easy at least to have prevented the invasion of the Marches and Umbria, and the annexation of the Sicilies. What! Even now, in despite of so many recent or imminent events, it suffices that a few vessels should get their steam up at Toulon to make the Italian Cabinet obey with docility our injunctions. And some years back, when we had not as yet at our gates Prussia aggrandized, while our troops were still at Rome, we were not able to prevent the Italians from laying their hands on the Pontifical territory—that territory on which our flag was at that moment floating. And we allowed M. Cialdini—this same General who is now charged with making our policy triumph at Florence—crush with an army of 40,000 men the handful of volunteers commanded by Lamoriciere. Was it more difficult to do then what we do now? Or rather, as we had not at once easier and more useful? Easier, as we had not as yet quitted Rome; more useful, as the Pontifical States had not yet been refused, as they now are, to a territory manifestly insufficient. This is a question which our readers may answer for themselves.

A contest between France and Italy, were it to become inevitable, would be a short one and of no doubtful issue. France is a compact, warlike empire. Italy is a distracted, half-bankrupt State, a thing of yesterday in a great measure France's own creation. There is danger not only of Italy being worsted in the fight, but of her receiving injuries far beyond the intention of France to repair. The expectation and hope of many are that if the agitation in creases the Italian troops should be pushed on to Rome, for if the enterprise succeeds through the medium of the party of action, and in opposition to the will of the Italian Government, the probability is that this party will declare a Republic. Indeed, I have it from a most distinguished man, who for the last 20 years has been known to me as taking a prominent part in the political movements of Southern Italy, that such is the probable programme of the party of action. It will not have escaped your attention that the leading men in the existing agitation are Republicans in their aspirations, and though they may have kept them under restraint for some years, it is scarcely likely, when smarting with irritation against the Government, that in the hour of triumph they would abstain from demanding a Constitution or declaring a Republic on the Capitol.—*Times*.

The *Moniteur du Soir* of yesterday's date publishes the following in its weekly bulletin:—

The Note published in yesterday's *Moniteur* has made known one result of the appeal made by France to Italy in requiring from the latter the execution of the Convention of September 15, and the adoption of measures fitted to put a stop to the enterprises of the revolutionary party against the States of the Holy Father. The Italian Government has admitted the force of the engagements which it had contracted, and has made known its fixed intention to stop the Garibaldian bands, to oppose enlistment, and to establish a surveillance over the Pontifical frontier. Signor Rattazzi has given in his resignation, and General Cialdini has been charged by the King with the formation of a new Ministry. On the other hand, the invaders, who, in violation of all the rules of the law of nations, had thrown themselves into the Pontifical territory, had to abandon the positions which they had taken up in consequence of an unbroken series of reverses inflicted upon them by the Papal troops. At Monte Libretti and at Nerola the Pontifical soldiers bravely attacked the enemy, always superior in numbers, and have everywhere defeated and put them to flight. These deeds of arms reflect the highest honour upon the small Roman army; all the various corps of which, native and foreign alike, have rivalled each other in courage and ardour. The population of the Pontifical States have made it a point of honour to prove their sentiments of fidelity towards their Sovereign by themselves combating the aggressors. Detachments of peasant volunteers (*squadriglieri*) have taken an active part in the contest, and have shown by their resolute attitude that the revolutionary agitation could reckon neither on their indifference nor their complicity.

Rome.—The Pope's subjects remain faithful to the last, nowhere did a single village, town, or commune join the movement. Nowhere had any feeling of fear and disgust been expressed for the bands. Everywhere the people of every class stood aloof, in sullen but impotent indignation, while their faith was outraged, their altars profaned, their God insulted—their homes invaded by a horde of lawless ruffians unrecognised by any European power, and as fairly without the pale of the law as any band of brigands that ever ravaged Calabria, or devastated Spain or Mexico.

PRUSSIA.

The new *Prussian (Cross) Gazette* publishes an article in which it repudiates the idea of Prussia intervening in Italy, and declares that there is no analogy between Italy and Prussia as regards French intervention. France, it says, has the right of intervening in Italy through the September Convention, but not so in Germany, nor has Prussia any title to interfere in Italy. Prussia has, therefore, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, nowhere taken any step which might be interpreted as an act of intervention. It is necessary to repeat that Prussia has not the least interest in seeing the temporal power of the Pope destroyed. This is well known in Rome.

THE MEDIUMS AT FAULT,

OR
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

I had returned from a short visit to friends in Illinois. It was the winter of sixty-three, and within a few days of Christmas. As I walked towards my home, in the western portion of the city, my attention more than once, was stayed by the large red characters on no very small posters, stating that the D—Brothers were here; would display most wonderful phenomena that very evening; would among other things explain the secret of handwriting on the walls of Balaizor's palace, the raising to life of Lazarus, and more wonderful still, how Christ Himself arose from the tomb.

I must be there, I said, instinctively; must see for myself and investigate. I had read not a little about table turning, spirit communication, and the like; would it not be reading only another chapter—some what more interestingly written, perhaps—to witness what they promised to display? My mind was made up, I would. Not long had I to delay—a half hour and the performance would commence. Forth I sallied, provided with reporter's note book and pencils; for, though not of the staff, I resolved to play a part for the hour. Reaching the small hall of the Mercantile Library Association, I was proffered the usual consideration, that of being booked a dead head. This, I hesitated to say, I refused to be, yet candidly confessed, would have been for one night at least, had any one likely to discover my assumed character, been near at the moment.

Inside the hall; 'Mercy, what's that?' greeted my not very nervous ears. I looked, what less could I do? Towards the end of the hall, the evident point of attraction, I saw a human hand—very human, real flesh and blood—protruding from a small aperture in a case which resembled very closely a small library case. I was quickly informed, by an officious and somewhat credulous neighbor, that inside that case, at the moment, the two D—Brothers, tightly bound with ropes to the seats, these, too, perfectly immovable; that just as the lights had been dimmed an instant before my entrance, the Brothers had summoned the spirits subject to their command,

and that these had come from the far distance, to assume full many a form, one of which I was now looking upon.

A pause! The hand appears again, this time holding a tiny bell and ringing it with a will. Another pause the doors of the little cabinet fly open. There they are, the two brothers, pale featured, with eyes showing much thought—more correctly, probably, much nervous strain. Features never to be forgotten! Did I meet them to-morrow, I think I could safely swear to their identity, under any disguise. Horrors! I thought, 'what next? A delay to make arrangements occurred giving me time to examine the surroundings more closely. Seizing the opportunity, I watched while I waited, keeping all my senses on the full *qui vive*. The cabinet, I noticed, was elevated two feet or more above the level of the stage platform, supported by three common stools, precluding—such was the ostensible design—the very possibility of communication, from below with things or persons inhabiting the 'box.'

'You see,' broke in my former informant, 'how tightly the brothers are bound. Can they untie themselves in an instant and do what we see?' 'You observe,' he continued, 'that the doors are closed from the inside, and that the manifestations commence instantly.'

While our friend was yet speaking, slam went the doors inward, and immediately was heard music, very doleful! I might have remarked before, though it is not too late now, that musical instruments of every class, from the tambourine to the guitar, were arranged at the feet of the supposed impotent (physically so, at least) mediums. Allow me to remark upon the quality of the music, that it was much as the poet said of the Tyrant's funeral poem, very sad—sadly so indeed. To be candid, the veriest tyro would extemporize, compose and execute a more passing melody than the spirits gave us. However, with minds all expectation, with the desire to be deceived, with a hall lighted as little as a graveyard at early moon, some half nervous people managed to believe that the music was, if not celestial, at least very spirit-like. In point of fact, never having heard spirit music before, they were forced to accept this offering from spheres afar, as purely genuine; genuine, too I thought it at the moment, but my mind would add, despite my attempt to the contrary, the significant word, *humbug*.

I cannot continue to give, in order, all the scenes presented at what I may call the public exhibition, let it be sufficient that I have given one or two of the fears such as they were and that from them I came to the positive conclusion that, so far, at least, there was no preternatural power needed—that what was done was effected through sleight of hand, joined with a little ceremonious humbuggery, the better to deceive. I was about to leave the hall disgusted; for no explanation of the published subjects had even been attempted; when Mr. L—, the manager stepped forward to inform us that there would be a private *seance* given within ten or fifteen minutes, in the green room, just back of the stage.

'The number,' said he, 'must be very limited, and therefore the price of admission will be about four fold.'

'I'll go,' was my interior answer, 'for I came to learn, and so far would return empty.'

I was inside the door in quick time, observing all as before. The chairs were arranged in semi-circles, with one of the D—Brothers and a Mr. F—, a medium also occupying the centre of the circle. Mr. L—, the manager, was standing beside them, while the second D—Brother, I discovered, occupied a chair down among the audience. Around Mr. L—, and the two acting mediums were arranged all the various musical instruments before alluded to. The mediums, at the time, were firmly strapped to the chairs, set for their use, that it might not be supposed that they, in the ordinary manner, at least, played upon the instruments around.

A dead silence! Mr. L—speaks: 'Gentlemen, the performance takes place in the dark.'

'Gracious!' said I to myself, 'the spirits must love that color; wonder if they be not of that brand?'

'Well continued he, 'in case of any accident I hold in my hand an alcohol lamp, which I can immediately light. Ah! said he pausing, 'has any gentleman with him some matches? I have forgotten to bring them with me.'

The writer very kindly, stepped forward and presented him with half a bunch—concluding favor by so doing.

Now gentlemen a word before commencing operations. Let all join hands one with the other, and the parties nearest the medium will please join hands with them. This done, let no one, I beg you attend to this point, let no one, on peril of his life, break the circle. It will be exceedingly dangerous to do so. The heavy instruments, such as the bagle and the like, which will be floating through the space, above our heads, discouraging good music, will rush, if the circle be broken, with the velocity of lightning, towards the point of non communication, probably inflicting dangerous wounds.

Fearful! spoke the countenances of most of those present as their owners clasped hands more tightly even as the drowning do the bodies of those who would save them.

Stooping, I whispered into the ear of him who was nearest me:—

'Friend, I have an experiment to make, and in order to try the point I wish to try, I cannot join hands. Be kind enough to join with your next neighbor, leaving me out. As regards the threatened accident, as I am according to the instructions just given the only one endangered, I am willing to run the risks.'

Agreed, said my companion.

The lights are out—darkness there and nothing more. Stop, there is something more; aye, very much more! music! A guitar is coursing over our heads, and giving forth strange music, very strange! Less time than it takes to read the three or four lines here describing the event, did this music continue. I, in the meantime was reasoning thus: either these are real mediums and the power they evoke more than natural, or they are not, and it is only apparent, not real.

Again, (my mind continued with fearful rapidity to reason), if the power be more than natural, it is an evil power, for the simple reason that good powers, when they act, act because of a reasonable end, one too, commensurate with the object to be gained or effected. Now, the gratification of a mere idle and morbid curiosity is not such an end, and hence the power, if preternatural, is evil as well.

So I reasoned. What was my quick conclusion? To make upon my self, devoutly, the sign of our redemption—the sign of the cross. I did so, saying to my mind, if evil be here what I do will be in place; if not, what I do can be no harm.

I had scarcely finished the formation of the holy sign on my forehead and breast when, a sudden crash and scream was heard. The alcohol lamp gave, as suddenly, a vague light and the instrument of music, a guitar, was soon discovered resting on the head of a party occupying the centre of the group, having just descended upon it with anything but moderate force. The mediums are on their feet, raising with themselves the chairs to which they were fastened. They declare in troubled tones, that somebody has broken the circle; that they will not proceed if this be repeated; that it would be dangerous, &c., &c.

I whispered to my neighbor not to betray me yet that my experiment was progressing nicely. Don't forget, kind reader, that the sign of the cross was made after the light was extinguished, so that those around could not be cognizant of my action in the matter. Darkness again! All is quiet. Music is swelling through the air; a rush as of wind, indicating that a second instrument is in motion. The sign of the cross again; again, a crash and a painfully clear and ringing scream! The half light

gleams in upon us. The mediums are furious, and articulate in broken syllables; they declare their determination not to proceed till he who has broken the circle retires from the hall. Silence is again obtained and order restored, my friend promising not to betray me till after this third and last trial.

Music once more fills the darkened space. The sign of the cross. The accident! All far quicker than before! Mediums fairly beside themselves, foisting at the mouth, eyeballs glaring, looking intently in my direction. 'Woe! unless the evil genius leaves! Put him out! echoes through the crowd.'

My kind friend asks my leave to betray me, as he says, for the sake of so many others who have gathered to be entertained, and who will lose their money and sport so long as I remain.

You have my full permission, sir.

Mr. L—, spoke he, rising from his seat, there is here a young gentleman who does not wish to join hands; he says he has come for the sake of some experiment or other, with the tea log of which he states it would be inconsistent to join hands.

I spoke next, interrupted, however, with cries of 'Dead head! Put him out! Put him out! Gentleman, a moment, and I will quietly retire, said I coolly. As regards dead head, Mr. L— will inform you that I have paid equally with anyone present. As regards the putting out part, it may not be well to urge it.

This I said with more determination than is my wont. I know not now, never have discovered, what made me, at that critical instant so determinedly calm.

Now, Mr. L— (addressing the manager), answer me a single question only: Can one who has not joined in the circle break it? As you have only warned us not to break the circle, and as I did not join from the beginning, I cannot have broken the circle. Or, do you mean to admit that on, against fifty present, including three regular mediums, can you erect the positive influence of so many? if so, your spiritual power is weak indeed.

Point L—, felt rather strangely, excused himself, asked me to join hands with himself, which I declined to do. I was retiring, when I delayed to say that little satisfaction had been given me in the things promised to be explained, and that more might be heard in the morning.

This was the severest out, for the manager thought of his pocket. L— took me, as almost every one present, for a regular reporter, and did not relish the idea of an attack against his dark hall proceedings in the light of the next morning's papers. Stepping to the door, therefore, I gave me his hand, saying, in a most soothing tone:—

I know this is not satisfactory, but what can I do? The mediums will not proceed till you leave, and all the others are anxious for the promised performance. Will you favor me with a call to-morrow, and in the mean time please write nothing? I promise, personally, to give you every explanation you may then ask, to afford you all the information within my power.

Where may I see you? said I abruptly.

At room 104 Lindell.

I'll be there. Good night!

The next day came; it was Sunday. I called, was introduced to the D—Brothers and their associate, Mr. F—, by the accommodating Mr. L—. I was next invited to accompany the latter to parlor No. 12, which was at his disposal. We reached it by descending a flight of stairs, and I, dark as the grave I found the room. I am not generally over-scrupulous, so my nerves communicated to my brain no quaking sensations. I entered the only light even then being that lent by the identical alcohol lamp called into requisition the previous evening, and which Mr. L— now lighted.

L— takes his seat, but uncomfortably near to me. He puts himself into position to mesmerize me. No go, my boy, suggested I. A thing or two I know, Mr. L—, about this business, as well as you. Keep cool, therefore.

He saw the point, and though he had kicked the door so little sign of fright appeared in my physiognomy that his movements subsided gradually into an easy sitting posture, he occupying a chair, a little distance removed from me.

Tell me, if you please, he commenced, why you would not join hands last night?

Though not precisely a Yankee, I returned, (he was a genuine specimen of that type), I take the privilege of answering your question by asking a nice little one of my own, one, doubtless, you will easily answer: Why could not your mediums go on while I remained?

He either could not or would not answer, but simply dodged the question.

I shall not carry my kind reader, who has followed me so far, through the conversation of an hour and a half while ensued, but will tell him that to an hour and a half's more absurd talk—for pure talk it was—I have never listened. In a moral point of view, he admitted that stealing and similar sins were mere necessities, that our Saviour was a great impostor, and other such like horrible blasphemies.

Mr. L—, said I, retiring, has it ever happened to you during your seven years of exhibitions with your mediums, that such a person as a Catholic priest was present, completely foiling, by his very presence your every attempt to raise the ghosts?

He hesitated and changed the subject by asking again, why I would not join hands.

Ask, said I, your mediums; they pretend to see in the dark! If they really can, they saw what will explain to them, if they seek a little further information, the impotency, under certain circumstances, of their efforts to call from hell to earth those who from your own confession and actions, love darkness.

Reader, I have only given the facts. I attempt to draw no conclusions, save such as may urge themselves on the mind of each as a perusal of what is here presented. With regard to their accuracy, I could readily take an oath to every particle of the substance of this brief narrative, as I could at this moment of writing with God's aid, form upon myself the saving and ever powerful sign of the cross.

The Philadelphia Press and Washington Chronicle contain editorials favoring Grant for the Presidency. They assert that General Grant is in full accord with the Republican party, and quote Rawlings and Washburne's speeches as having been delivered with full understanding and consent, General Rawlings' speech especially having been prepared at Washington for the purpose of making known the position of General Grant on the questions affecting the country.

A Missouri graveyard was sold for taxes the other day. The demand for graveyards was very light, and there was no bidders.

The New York internal revenue inspectors have seized property valued at \$1,070,000 within a fortnight.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS are now up again for adjustment and the British government has expressed itself desirous of an arbitration. Among the claims persistently pressed are those of the ever-present and active J. C. Aver & Co., for the value of shipments of Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla, Aqua Cure, and Pills in transit for Oregon, Vancouver's Island and Russian America destroyed on the Anna Schmidt off the coast of South America. So universal is the use of their remedies, that they are almost on almost every sea; and this firm is frequently caught between the upper and nether millstones of contending nations. But they are known to stand up for their rights, and to get them.—[Republican, Washington, D.C., November, 1867.