







THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

The sentiment and spirit of the following will go far towards awakening and stimulating thought, while illustrating the progress of the Spiritual philosophy, as embodied in the current literature of the age.

That the writer of this poem is not a Spiritualist, is evident from the theology it teaches. However, the reader will do his own criticizing and concluding accordingly.

Perhaps the World of Spirits Is the invisible air, And every soul inherits Its endless power and life.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count The moments flying: Come—tell the world around That's lost by sighing.

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

Last Sunday evening by invitation, we attended a private "Spirit Circle," which holds its session near the centre of the city, but the precise locality of which and the names of those present we are not permitted to give.

We reached the place at seven o'clock, just as the members and visitors began to come in. About half-past seven, preparations were commenced for the sitting.

Three brilliant gas-burners illuminated the room from the centre. As the party began to take their seats—which was ordered to be done according to each one's own choice and inclination—one of the "mediums" directed the lights to be turned down for four or five minutes.

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things in the room, save those the company were using.

We believe we have given a faithful description of everything essential in forming a judgment on what followed. We have but to add that a full head of gas was not turned on, but that the four burners could not have given less light than a good sperm candle; so that we had not less than the light of four sperm candles in the small room—a light as strong as we thought good for our eyes, and one which enabled us to see everything as distinctly as we could by day-light.

We will proceed with a description of the "manifestations" which we can notice but briefly, giving an idea of each class. We were directed to sit close, all hands on the table. Within five minutes of the time we were fairly seated, a gentleman at the farther end of the table was directed through one of the mediums, to put his hand under the table. He did so, and immediately sang out—"I've got a letter."

The medium at one end of the table commenced writing—or rather, "going through with the motions" of writing—with the handle of a penknife. This was done under "Spirit-influence," which, he said, moved his hand without, and even against his own will.

Watches were repeatedly taken away, and returned again. A gentleman at the farther end of the table had the crystal broken out of his watch, by letting go of it too soon, as the Spirits told him. There was a call for the gentleman at our left hand to hold his watch under the table.

Here the letters and water-colored landscapes and portraits began to come thick and fast—some from under the table, as stated, and others from somewhere over our heads, most of them appearing as if they came through the top of the windows from the street, though they fell in all directions, striking persons on the head, shoulders and chest, some of them falling on the table, but most of them on the floor.

It was evident, however, that the company—seventeen in number—was extremely democratic and liberal-minded, as parsons, editors, actors, cotton brokers, &c., seemed to harmonize admirably—almost as well as Barnum's "Happy Family."

were the same portrait and writing, but almost faded out; and in the centre of the page was the picture of a man burning at the stake. By order, this was burnt; and in a little while the original letter, in a cut envelope, looking exactly like the envelope burned, fell on the table.

In reply to the question as to the manner in which these letters and drawings were produced, it was written through one of the mediums, that they were the production of somnambulist mediums.

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PROVERBS OF THE TATARS OF THE CRIMEA.

A German traveller, who has visited Moscow, gives an interesting account of a collection of manuscripts relating to the Crimea, which are preserved in that city, in the Library belonging to the Holy Synod.

The short pithy sayings of a people, containing, as they always do, some practical hint, mark more decidedly than any other, the bent of that people's mind, and the degree of moral as well as mental culture to which it has attained.

The German traveller above referred to, Julius Altman, observes, that as the Tatars, especially those of the Crimea, were nearly related, both in race and language, to the Turks, and, moreover, at various periods, were more or less closely connected with them, it is not to be wondered at if these proverbial sayings, occasionally have so Turkish an air, that they might pass muster, even as the product of Stamboul.

But yesterday, and thou atest the water-melon; to-day, eating melons, thou hast already forgotten the water-melon's taste.

He who will pass the ford, must not mind wading. What cares the sick man for mare's milk? What cares he who is parched for *osra*, (beer made of malt) when he is drinking the spring?

Allah allows the crop to fall him who leaves nothing for the birds to glean. Lamb, go not to the wolf's dwelling; cock, go not to the abode of the kite.

The house of the Sultan lives in the mouth of him who has cast but a glance at Stamboul. Desirest thou the hurricane? then praise the calm.

He who has suffered shipwreck, speaks no longer of the beauty of the sea. We first fell the plautain, and then praise its shade.

Do not though the hawk be, yet puffeth himself up. The lass with the black locks lost the comb; the old woman with the bald head found it.

When you have no pole to knock down the peach from the tree, you say "it is sour." Every fir is not a cedar, but each thinks itself one.

When the poor man is made judge, it is time for the rich man to quit the community. The neighborhood of the palm, near which the mushroom grows, is relationship in the eyes of the latter.

The man bores into the turpentine tree with his knife; whether drops the oil in the stone jar. For the first wish, a single camel sufficeth; for the second, not the whole herd were enough.

If the fish did not snap at the worm, Allah would not let him bite the draw-net. It is not always a lovely female face that is covered with a veil.

It is dishonor to be bent, not to bend. Though the drone suck the jasmine, it makes no honey. Violets do not grow so high as nettles.

The satiated tiger worries sheep. From the lovely maiden, not even the hurricane removes the veil from the ugly old crane, the gentlest breeze takes the turban off her head.

We praise the turf, and do not know how soon it will cover us. Put not thy secret into the mouth of the Bosphorus, or it will betray it to the ears of the Black Sea.

The block of marble calls the sculptor "Brother." Fragrance rises from the chalice of the trampled rose. Do not utter velvet words, if thou intendest to accomplish stout deeds.

After the Ramadan, comes the Beiram. Darest thou open the doors of another's harem, if thou desirest thine own to remain unconquered. There is no higher in the gulf than in the ocean.

There is more fuss made about the *shepta* (bulrush-mat) of the rich man, than about the *kis* (woollen carpet) of the poor. When the poor man attains to the kis, he does not know how to stretch himself upon it.

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

We again resume our pen, to drop a few remarks, in the way of interchange of views and sentiments. We hope that our remarks will commend the candid and unbiased attention of your readers, under the free exercise of their several and individual powers of reason.

There is a great deal written and spoken on the subject of moral and social reform in the present age; and the world is seemingly full of individuals who are holding out their smooth, soft, glossy and highly polished theories, to bring about what they term moral reforms.

As far as our own judgments serve us in the matter, it is nothing but the blind leading the blind, and the result is and has been that both the leaders and their followers fall into the ditch of disappointment.

It has been a universal custom with reformers, to exhibit the flowery side of the picture to public view, and say nothing of the thorns and brambles that are strewn in the path, and only way to the achievement of the desired enjoyments; which are exhibited on Mount Victory in the most captivating and grotesque manner that fancy could paint and desire.

But scarcely ever a hint is given relating to the true cause of such trouble; and moreover it should be remembered that when a desired prize is too dearly bought, it is very apt to be overjoyed by the possessor; especially by those who suffer the desires of their animal propensities to swerve their reasoning faculties.

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CONNECTION BETWEEN PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

In Cousin's recently Translated Lectures, entitled "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," we find the following just remarks, (commencing on p. 242), in regard to the relation which exists between true Philosophy and true Religion:—

"But philosophy does not think of trespassing on the ground of theology; it wishes to remain faithful to itself, and also to follow its true mission, which is to love and favor every thing that tends to elevate man, since it heartily applauds the awakening of religious and Christian sentiment in all noble souls, after the ravages that have been made on every hand, for more than a century by a false and sad philosophy. What, in fact, would not have been the joy of a Socrates and a Plato if they had found the human race in the arms of Christianity! How happy would Plato—who was so evidently embarrassed between his beautiful doc-

trines and the religion of his times, who made so carefully with that religion even when he was forced to take from it the best possible part, in order to aid a favorable interpretation of his doctrine—have been, if he had had to do with a religion which presents to man, as at our times, of whom he had an extraordinary sentiment, whom he almost described in the person of a just man dying on the cross; a religion which came to announce, or, at least, to consecrate and expand the idea of the unity of God and that of the unity of the human race; which proclaims the equality of all souls before the Divine law, which thereby has prepared and maintains civil equality, which prescribes charity still more than justice, which teaches man that he does not live by bread alone, that he is not wholly contained in his senses and his body, that he has a soul, a free soul, whose value is infinite, above the value of all worlds, the life is a trial, that its true object is not pleasure, fortune, rank, none of those things that do not pertain to our real destiny, and are often more dangerous than useful, but is that alone which is always in our power, in all situations and all conditions, from end to end of the earth, to wit: the improvements of the soul by itself, in the hope of becoming from day to day less unworthy of the regard of the Father of men, of the examples given by him, and of his promises. If the greatest moralist that ever lived could have seen these admirable teachings, which in germ were already at the foundation of his spirit, of which more than one trait can be found in his works, it is to be seen them consecrated, maintained, continually recalled to the heart and imagination of man by sublime and touching institutions, which would have been his tender and grateful sympathy for such a religion! If he had come in our own age, to see revolutions, in which the best souls were affected by the breath of skepticism, in default of the faith of an Augustine, of an Anselm, of a Thomas, of a Bossuet, he would have had, we doubt not, the sentiment at least of a Montesquieu, of a Turgot, of a Franklin, and very far from putting the Christian religion and a good philosophy at war with each other, he would have been forced to unite them to elucidate and fortify them by each other. That great mind, that great heart, that great Republic, would also have taught him that the books are made for a few eyes, that there is needed for the human race a philosophy at once similar and different, that this philosophy is a religion, and that this desirable and necessary religion is the Gospel. We do not hesitate to say that without religion, philosophy, reduced to what can laboriously draw from a perfected natural reason, addresses itself to a very small number, runs the risk of remaining without much influence on manners and life; and that, without philosophy, the purest religion is no security against many superstitions, which little by little bring all the nations and for that reason it may be said, the last months of the nineteenth century. The alliance between true religion and true philosophy is, then, at once natural and necessary; natural by the common basis of truth, which they acknowledge; necessary for the better service of humanity. Philosophy and religion differ only in the forms that distinguish, without separating them. Another auditory, other forms, and another language. When St. Augustine speaks to all the faithful in the church of Hippone, do not seek in him the subtle and profound metaphysics which combated the Arianism and the Manicheism, who supports himself on the Platonic theory of ideas, in order to explain the creation. In the treatise *De la Connaissance de Dieu*, *De la Trinité*, is no longer, and at the same time he is in all ways, the author of the *Sermoes*, of the *sermons*, and the incomparable *Catechisme de Hippone*. To separate religion and philosophy has always been, on one side or the other, the pretension of small, exclusive, and fanatical minds; the duty, more imperative now than ever, of whomsoever has either a serious and enlightened love, is to unite together and unite, instead of dividing and waiting the powers of the mind and the soul, in the interest of the common cause, and the great object which the Christian religion and philosophy pursue, each in its own way—I mean the moral grandeur of humanity.

FREE LOVE—"OPEN CONFESSION" IS GOOD FOR SOCIETY.

The Times and the Tribune have got into a squabble about the "Free Love" theory. The Tribune charges the Times with having been indirectly and indirectly advocate and bring this doctrine into notice, whereas the Tribune grows indignant and denounces the charge in its choicest of strong adjectives. The subject is scarcely worth quarreling about—"Free Love" has been advocated from the days of the patriarchs up to the present time, and it will probably continue to be advocated, by many people, "while grass grows and water runs." Love, as instinct, and it cannot be prevented from taking root in the heart of the voluntary. We have had ordained laws to prevent its being carried into effect, but they have never succeeded in establishing a barrier by which the promptings of the passions can be smothered. The fallacy that nobody loves but once, exploded long ago. Our likes and dislikes change with our ages. The toy that delighted in childhood is regarded with contempt at the period of maturity, and that from which we would have flown in disgust during the sunny years of fancy, we heartily embrace when Time's busy fingers have sprinkled snow through the sable of our curling locks. We may feel these changes of taste; but we have no right to let these changes seek their gratification at the expense of the sworn before God's altar. We say we have no right to give way to these fancies. Neither have we a right to steal, or bear false witness, or kill, or burn dwellings; and yet someone is constantly doing all these things. "Free Lovers," then, those who prefer yielding without a struggle, to the impulsive imaginings of their amatory brains, in behaving themselves with propriety, in obedience to the wholesome laws of the statute books and of society.

It is good for those who wish to live respectably that these hot-blooded, immoral individuals should herd together. The sooner they form "communities" and retire away into the territories and the woods, to practice their licentiousness, the better. If they were of the world, they would not be a whit more virtuous than they are, banded together socially, like the beasts of the field, and the reptiles of the cavern. We say that they should be encouraged in conglomerating their filthy carcasses together. It would be a blessed thing if all persons who practice their creed could be weeded from the garden of respectable humanity, and transplanted into some which would know no occupants but themselves.

Let all "Free Lovers" have the courage to withdraw from the general community and found an empire of their own. Candor in confessing crime is often admirable. It is not the *avowed* Free Lovers who merit especial castigation—it is the *secret* ones who deserve exposure and exhortation. We can pity a man who has the itch, and warns his fellow-beings, who have no relish for such an affliction, to avoid his touch; but we heartily despise and reprobate the wretch who shakes hands with us, knowing, while he does so, that he is contaminating the healthful current of our blood.

Acknowledging the Free Love mission which our but its antithesis is in the open confession which our New York harems, converts wives into devils, husbands into lying knaves, and young women, who ought to be virtuous, into flaunting, brazen courtesans, that is the Free Love we are afraid of.—N. J. Sunday Atlas.