

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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Literary Department.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.
OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY, 1869.

BY JOS. HAZEN.

Our National Independence day,
Once more has come and passed away,
But, oh, how it was slighted!
It happened on the Sabbath day,
And the mantle to preach and pray,
Our patriotism blighted.

The glowing thought of valiant deed—
Of tyrant crushed and people freed,
Fill'd every patriot's breast;
But "Sunday saints" have grown so warm,
Slaves into a different form,
These thoughts were all suppressed.

No holier subject could we find—
No better theme to fill the mind,
Than that of Freedom's name;
And not a day in all the seven
Could be too good, even in Heaven,
To celebrate the same.

And yet the patriotic zeal,
That Freedom's lovers always feel,
And gladly would display,
Is thought to be a wicked crime,
If shown upon a certain time,
Namely, the Sabbath day!

Oh, is that spirit of '76,
That fought and bled to firmly fix,
The nation's liberty,
Become so much a slave, indeed,
By ancient doctrine and creed,
That Sunday is not free?

These honored fathers true and bold,
Who fought and bled in days of old,
Are still the nation's pride;
And they would not from duty flee
No matter what the day might be,
And God was on their side.

The glorious Fourth day of July
Should not be heedlessly passed by,
Because it falls on Sunday;
Our nation's greatness and display,
Ought to be honored on that day,
As well as on a Monday.

The happy boon of liberty—
The glorious thought of being free!
Should not become a crime;
No other theme can so inspire
The good and great with holy fire,
At any place or time.

If our Sunday-men should be
Interested with our liberty,
We still should be enslaved;
'Tis honest, manly, right and right,
On Sunday, week day, day and night,
That has our country saved!

Some did attempt, as I have heard,
To celebrate upon the third,
But that was not the deed;
Others, again, tried on the fifth,
But that was just as poor a shift,
And there was no display.

Another class, who are not slaves,
To hackneyed creeds and pious knaves,
Honored the glorious day,
And tho' it on a Sunday came,
They celebrated it the same,
And made a fine display.

Vain, empty pride, that would postpone,
Deeds that are better than their own,
Because the day was Sunday!
Whatever of virtue they may claim,
Mock modesty must be their name,
Or the old Mrs. Grundy.

Chesham, Illinois, July 6th 1869.

The Literature of Dreams.

The very interesting article we give below is from Bentley's Miscellany.

Dreams must always be a subject of interest, stimulating as they do two of the most powerful motives of the human mind, curiosity and superstition, which again, are the parents of knowledge and also of those religious which spring from the classification of natural phenomena when these are clouded the sagacity of the earlier denizens of this world.

Moreover, "in the youth of this world it suited the purposes of God to show His power of appropriation and sanctification of all nature and of all human activity. Thus it pleased Him early in the history of the second mundane generation to illustrate and to dignify the dream by manifestations therein either of Himself or His angelic ministers."

The Literature and Curiosities of dreams sets before the reader, clear and elegantly, all that has been said on the subject in time past, and contains the evidences of such extensive scholarship that there can be but one opinion of the zeal and ability of the author. The task was compassed with the great difficulties not only of compilation, but of management and in some respects reminds one of the *History of Fiction* [Dunlop] in style, and of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* in its erudition. In other respects it is different from both, and takes up its station in the ranks of literature with a dignity which its title might misrepresent to the casual observer, accustomed only to the vulgar works professing to give a key to the future.

In the classification of materials we find chapters more or less interesting on the Place of Dreams, Biblical Dreams, Dreams of Divine Origin, Ancient and Modern Interpretations, Opinions, Arguments for Immortality, Responsibility and Moral Uses of Dreams, Analogies of Dreaming and Insanity, Dreams of Animals, Remarkable Dreams Ancient and Modern, and a Dictionary of Interpretations.

It will thus be seen that the range of the work is very extensive, and embraces, within a comparatively small space a *resumé* of so many curious and abstruse theories, lucidly illustrated, that it is difficult, where the author so carefully reserves his own opinions to make a selection. There are one or two points, however, of primary importance which cannot fail to strike the reader. For instance, it is clear that memory must be regarded as the test of dreams, that general interpretations will not suit individual cases, and in this respect, present the same obstacle as the inapplicability of fixed or standard readings or laws of judicial astrology. One law does not govern the interpretation alike for all, but, on the contrary we constantly find that while, with one, dreams of horses presage a certain class of events, they may be followed in the case of another by invariably a totally dissimilar fulfillment.

"The stars incline but not enforce," may be said likewise of certain dreams, and especially of those of an allegorical or symbolic character, which, when vivid, will often arrest a man in the prosecution of some favorite but perhaps unwise undertaking. They are therefore, un substantial messengers in one sense, even although the pure materialist may argue their origin in some disturbance of the organic frame. Such dream messengers are akin to and not less remarkable, perhaps, than those angels whose bodies, and the food which they ate when their mission ended, resolved themselves, "into nothing, or the pre-existing elements." The mission and object are in such cases the reality, the medium of communication being to a certain extent, unimportant.

There is absolutely no limit to the belief in the divine nature of dreams. From the earliest dawn of history, as our author shows, dreams have been considered sufficiently important to be recorded, when events generally regarded as of more material consequence at the present day have perhaps been passed over in silence; and this importance attached to dreams in the ancient world may have been the evidence of that innate hope of immortality, or a spiritual existence hereafter, which has always been so sad and so dear a speculation. By dreams, which reduce absolutely to nothing the rules of time and space, men recognize, and even unwilling to deny, that life is twofold, with incidents alike pleasing and pathetic, tragic and comic, in sleep as when waking.

Ideas, and a knowledge of words or language, says a well known theorist, keep pace; consequently, he whose command of language is limited, has not the means of forming extended ideas, and without these latter, his dreams must be comparatively few and uninteresting. There may be a class of words unknown to us, the absence of which prevents our forming precise ideas of the wondrous phenomena about us, and of comprehending the mystery even of our own being. Perhaps in dreams such ideas may occasionally be dimly shadowed forth, and were there any psychological art analogous to that of photography by arresting the passing shadows in our dreams, and comparing them with the daily incidents of life, we might be enabled to span that gulf which now abstrusely divides the material from the spiritual.

There was published some years ago in India a tale—if tale it could be called—in which a chronological consistency or continuity was given by the author to a series of actual dreams. The phantom *dramatis personae* were reduced in number and from them was selected a *biological* heroine. The whole was cemented by descriptions of natural scenery, and suggestive quotations at the heads of the various chapters, which produced a grotesque effect. The object seemed to be to show the contrast between the adventures of a person during sleep and awake. But the most curious part of the whole is that some years later, in a book styled *Hindu Mythology*, in which the visions narrated were produced by the *drug* in question, a very striking similarity may be recognized to the ephemeral production of the Delhi press.

There seem to be three kinds of dreams,—the terrestrial, the spiritual and the celestial. Of the first are dreams essentially of the physical nature, and such as may be referred to physical causes, and whose grand type is the incubus, or nightmare. Of the second are those dreams which convey warnings from the dead,—and which are supposed partly of the incidents of ordinary life, with such as are termed supernatural. To this class belong most of the portentous dreams of which we read in profane history, and those phenomena which form a link between things purely material and those spiritual. The third class of dreams is in many respects entirely different from the former, appears to betray a higher origin, inasmuch as it must be evident that is independent not only of physical conditions, but even of mental, so far as regards a normal condition of the brain. Moreover, these (so to speak) celestial dreams are, for the most part, generally typical or analogous to something else,—are more distinctly even in this respect approaching to the nature of a vision—and are of an abstract character. In these, too, the transitions from beauty to deformity, may so rapidly alternate as to satisfy one that no derangement and restoration of the digestive organs could in the short space of time, produce such vicissitudes in the world of dreams. Here too, we wander in regions unknown to our waking perceptions or past experiences,—may, even to imagination, incidents are connected, and, instead of the comparisons of our waking hours, we are either alone among pregnant symbolism or among wishes and longings, such as we call angels, the fogs of the material world no doubt enter into these phantasms or visions, and the result, on waking, is an indelible impression, which does not fade with years, but leaves the mystic streets and squares of the spiritual cities which we may

have visited quite as distinct as the recollection—nay, more, so those of this terrestrial sphere which are familiar to us.

Sometimes, however, there may, in a higher state of oratorical exaltation, occur forms such as are to be described by words, and whose appearance can only be expressed by similitudes. Thus—"as it were the likeness of a man's hand"—not that the form was in very fact a hand,—but rather a something analogous to it; "as it were the voice of a man"—yet not that exact sound, but its archetypal effect,—intelligence conveyed by a sense analogous to that of hearing, and yet not referable to any of our corporeal senses—just as we say the "voice of conscience" for want of a better analogue. "The terror by night," some have supposed to mean "phantom"—that strange influence to which the warlike Roma is offered propitiatory sacrifices—and others "nightmare"; but may we not rather assume that it means that class of dreams which impinges on the sphere of visions of a denunciatory character?

At the present day, however convenient it may be for the practical man of the world to ignore the supernatural, there are few who, if ingenious, would not admit the effect, more or less, of dreams on their waking thoughts—not perhaps to the extent of influencing their actions, but certainly of attracting their attention to the subject of what are called "coincidences."

History shows that dreams have at all times been the prognostics of some of the most memorable events on record, and that they have even been taken advantage of by diplomacy; sharing, however, the fate in many respects of phrenology, a science, as is suspected, often dispraised by those who desire to monopolize the means which it offers of studying human nature. On the subject of the moral influence of dreams, our author justly remarks, that our success in our efforts after self-government may be estimated partly by our *dreams*—*corruptness* or *depravation*. And again he touches on the delicate subject that dreams are "a sort of safety-valve for deep impressions."

"The great question, The depth and not the taste of the soul!" and accordingly, to such, who under a stoical or epicurean mask conceal their inward suffering, dreams may be vouchsafed, to restore in some measure the balance of good and evil. These are they who occupy that position which gives an opportunity of demonstrating, under fierce and chronic temptation, the recalcitrant character."

During mental suffering, there is generally a key note controlling or directing the sufferer's grief.

In her pathetic lament, Andromache alludes to that kind of thought, which forms the initial of so many dreams.

And Wordsworth thus expresses the divine beneficence in alleviating human sorrow:

"Yet tears to human suffering are due,
And mortal hopes, defeated and o'erthrown,
Are mourned by man, and not by his alone."

It is impossible to say what are the limits of dreams in their influence on the moral world.

Some of the most intelligent and practical of our countrymen are believers in the spiritual nature of dreams, with an either acting upon their inspirations or otherwise concerning themselves about them. Some shun, while they recognize, their pretentious character, and seem to say, "What have we to do with these?"

But men holding the highest places in the roll of fame, have dream-dreams, and experience proves that, as a rule, non-dreamers are non-thinkers.

We knew a case, where a man who, owing to almost insurmountable worldly obstacles, was debarred to a great extent, the society of one whom he loved with the utmost passion and tenderness. Found a solace in traversing the world of sleep with her, and who felt that had not been for this strange boon, his life would have been unendurable. When they met in reality,—he often felt embarrassed at her engagement, for she, in truth, felt no reciprocity. The responsibility of the dreamer is a question of much interest, and seems to have been decided in the affirmative; for we are told, that as the result of "evil waking desire or speculation," some dreams can not be "a nothingness."

This may be conceded in a general way, but in most cases, the judge, we believe, would sanction a recommendation to mercy.

In the case of unhappy royal marriages, for example, a difficult point would arise, for it would be hard to charge with evil waking desires and speculations the prince who should prefer his natural to his political or accidental wife.

We can not strike the just balance between true affection set at liberty in the land of dreams and conventional affection—the Akeros of every-day life,—and that the former are by far the more numerous we must take on Shakespearean warranty:

"Those that love best shall not their love enjoy."
Memory, as we have said, is the gate or test of dreams, but in another part of the same volume, memory is interchanged for the soul.

"That which so vividly remembers, is the soul; and if in sleep, which refreshes our organic nature, it utters its recollections brokenly and indistinctly, it will abundantly compensate itself when the material vesture, which clings it shall be cast away. Much of the indistinctness of dreams probably arises from physical unhealthiness."

Lamartine argues that when in sleep without dreaming, there is always some slight perception. Kant says that "those who fancy they have had dreams, have only forgotten their dreams." Another thought sleep the antagonism of the animal and organic functions. Burckhardt calls sleep the "primordial state of the soul, where it finds itself when it awakes to life."
"Doubtless the majority of dreams are what Macnish asserts all to be, 'the resuscitation of

thoughts which in some shape or other have previously occupied the mind." But, as another author justly remarks, "Experience and revelation attest, however, that at times the struggles of the chained spirit to employ and thus to enjoy itself amid the glories of its proper clime are not in vain."

"The transporthive or imaginative faculty that causes others to appear to us in our dreams," the faculty of flying and other phenomena, are discussed at considerable length and with judgment; but these questions, after all, appear to have baffled the acumen of physiologists and metaphysicians, and partake of the obscurity which involves the secret of life and the existence of the soul. The veil of the immaterial seem to be absolutely unpenetrable, argue as we may, and dreams must be taken as they are; for, until we hit upon an infallible mode of dream interpretation, or are able to communicate particular dreams by administering diversities of food, we must admit that our grasp has been eluded.

The author of the present volume, however, has fructified a vast amount of thought on this singular and interesting subject, and may be said to have restored it to the position which it held before the diffusion of cheap oracles of fate and the charity of modern professors of astrology, had brought it into undesired disrepute.

From the American Wesleyan.
The Devil Jubilant.

The Kingdom of Christ is a vast power, in spirit and purpose, in direct opposition to the powers of darkness; and that much antagonistic feeling and earnest action should exist between the two menacing elements is both a natural and philosophical sequence. This warfare, in view of facts involved,—must be aggressive; but judging from frequent manifestations, one may almost conclude that the "Princes of darkness" is mostly the attacking party. Protean in nature and occult in practice, profoundly skilled in planning, and heroic in execution, it is really no marvel that his *serenic* majesty should manifest himself in his strange achievements, among which at the present time may be reckoned *wend* manifestations of so-called *Spiritualism*. When the curious things of this master of the nineteenth century startled the public mind, wise and good men promptly pronounced it all a hoax conceived by the orms of the operators; yet such good and intelligent men have lived to see their ideas of the matter completely swept away.

The facts in the case are these; the believers and the unbelievers in the strange phenomena are, as yet, incapable of giving a reasonable solution of the thing up in any principles of science within their comprehension.

That the whole thing is to us unknown, as to the elements involved may be admitted at once, and that too, without at all lowering human intelligence; for there are a thousand other things that we do not understand; and yet we have no occasion to be ashamed of the confession.

It will be generally conceded that Psychological principles are in some way involved, but how, and to what extent, no one can at the present time tell. Progress in the science of mental Philosophy will yet solve the perplexing and exciting problem; but if time is not now and may not be in the next hundred years, but that the day will come, the fogs be swept away, and the sun-rise of mental triumph, beauty and honor—yielding effort, we entertain not the least doubt.

But the danger growing out of the matter does not consist altogether in the ignorance existing concerning the facts involved, but to a great extent in one of the natural elements of human nature: *marvelousness*. Men of sense, prompted by honest inquiry, see tables and chairs agitated and rattling about the room, contrary to the long known laws of nature, and being entirely unable to account for the singular manifestations forgetting that ignorance of a cause is no proof of its supernatural nature, readily attribute the unsolved enigmas to spiritual power.

Had men been as ignorant of the principles of electricity when Morse sent the flash of lightning through the wires, as they now are of the principles involved in so-called Spiritualism, they would have called the professor a wizard and pronounced him in league with unseen spirits. The one who first invented so simple a thing as the art of printing, was said by the astonished multitude to be in league with the devil. And so according to this natural proclivity of humanity in its present broken condition, men in their ignorance of the strange phenomena clustering around *medium circles*, readily attribute the same to supernatural powers.

Why do not men remember that they do not know everything; and why is it not understood that there are more things which the wisest man that ever lived does not know, than there are that he does know. Not until men fathom the broad deep sea of natural and mental science, and comprehend the vast range of cause and effect in the two almost infinite departments of natural and mental wonders, will it be safe to attribute the wonders of medium developments to supernatural causes. But what does the devil care, so long as these blunders are a sufficient basis on which to erect his battlements for the demolition of the important regulations of social life; the elements of truth which in many places, is being done to an alarming extent, and so no marvel that the old liar is extremely jubilant about these days. His triumphs can only be checked by remembering that inability to explain the manifestations in question is no proof that they could not be explained upon scientific principles if we only knew more of science.

Let the point once be known, that neither physical or mental science has anything to do with the thing in question, which he is assured is

no hoax, and all men must at once become Spiritualists; for if dancing chairs are not propelled by physical or mental forces, they must be by spiritual. Herein then, lies the danger, and herein the devil rejoices, and makes his great achievements; because men without proper thought, are always ready to attribute whatever seems mysterious to some supernatural agency; forgetting that more knowledge on their part would make the whole thing clear with-out troubling the spirits about the many and often nonsensical things, in reference to which they are with great gravity questioned, while the operators and witnesses are able to pitiable victims of the above named blunder.

We have said the thing was not a hoax, and so it is not, so far as anything on the part of humanity is concerned; but so far as Satan is concerned, it is a great one, and quite sufficient for his purposes; and while mortals blunder, these confessions in the Bible, live in sin, die except, and go to perdition, He with all of his dark hosts raise an extra shout of merriment, and fill all the air with their shouts of diabolical glee. Kind reader, don't forget that more knowledge will make plain what for its want seems quite mysterious.

But what if science should ultimately fail to account for these strange manifestations, are there not spiritual powers, dark and diabolical, quite sufficient for their production? Attributing to the agency of God or to human departed spirits, the things seen in the matter under consideration as a necessary fact is another blunder; for the devil aided by his angelic hosts is fully competent for the work; and besides this, the sentiments often imitated by prominent mediums, frequently remind one to say the least of a questionable origin. But these damaging effects can only be partial, and the triumphs of Satan comparatively brief; for God reigns, and the counsels of darkness shall come to naught, while diffusive and deepening knowledge shall shed her increased and coming light all around the world.

REMARKS:—Our Wesleyan Methodist Brethren are in a fever of anxiety about spirit manifestations. They frankly admit the truthfulness of the manifestations; but unlike John Wesley, the founder of their order, they pronounce it all evil.

John Wesley commended with his loved spirit friends. Spiritualists of today commune with the loved ones of the higher life. Poor Old Theology is making a desperate effort to close the avenues of spirit communication, but the greater the efforts she makes, the more her imbecility in that direction is manifested.

Department Of Arts And Sciences.

Photographs of Diseases of the Skin.

Photographs of the diseases of the skin, taken from life, under the superintendence of Howard F. Damon, M. D. First and Second Series now ready. First Series: Chronic Eczema, Herpes (Zoster), Impetigo, Erythema, Itch, Scabies, Corns, etc. Second Series: Alopecia Areata, Alopecia (Cicatrix, or scalp; Lanugin, or face). Herpes Iridis, Cicatrix of Iris, Ichthyosis congenital, (arms).

The work to be complete in Four Series, consisting of six Photographs each. Price per Number, consisting of Two Photographs, \$1.00; per Series, Six Photographs, \$3.00.

NOTICES FROM THE MEDICAL PRESS.

From the New York Medical Record, January 15th, 1869:

"The first two plates of this series which we have received are fine specimens of art."

From the Medical and Surgical Reporter, Philadelphia, February 8th, 1869:

"They are very artistically executed, and display, with unusual clearness, the various dermic lesions."

From the St. Louis Medical Journal, May 10, 1868:

"We do not hesitate to advise all who turn their attention to Skin Diseases, to procure this cheap and efficient help."

For sale by all Medical Booksellers, or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. James Campbell, Publisher, 15 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A curious physiological experiment was recently made by placing a few grams of barley before a hungry pigeon. While pecking the barley the brain of the pigeon was frozen by means of a spray of ether. The bird, being thus deprived of consciousness, ceased pecking, and remained as it died. The barley was then removed, and the ether spray having ceased, the brain was allowed to thaw. The bird soon returned to life, and its first act was to renew the pecking for a time, although no food was before it.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of general blessing; or that life, when the gift of nature and of fortune, are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched were it not elevated and delighted by the hope of something better yet to come.

Gen. Barney, of Keokuk, has the largest vineyard in Iowa. In two different localities, within two and a half miles of Keokuk, he has seventy-one acres set in grape vines, with five oak poles and wire to train them upon. He has expended in all some \$25,000 on his vineyard, and enclosing the grounds, building tenant-houses, etc.

The Posthum.

THE TRANSIENT AND ETERNAL.

A Lecture delivered at Concord, Mass., Philadelphia, December 13th, 1868, by Mrs. N. J. T. Strickland.

Concluded from last week.

All things are working in ceaseless changes. There must be something in nature mightier than this grossness, mightier than this external—a spiritual power which is eternal.

There is a beautiful country, with flowers and emerald fields, and all these things that are beautiful here on earth, and when we have asked them where that heaven is they could not tell.

Not only did spirits return, but they were able to make themselves felt and understood. It does not seem to you possible that which is impalpable can do all these things, but you must look at the causes of things.

When you think of such forces which seem to slumber, just remember the invisible are the mightiest,—they that work from the inner life outwardly, as the rose buds and blossoms.

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existence, and only live for a few short hours weeks or months, will never be known in the hereafter. We find in all the grave yards, little mounds that are deep enough to cast a shadow in which the parent souls rest through all the years of the present life journey.

Some may say I will believe in spirits when I see one. Many of these persons believe in God, but have they ever seen him? They can see God just as spirits do. They can see him through the forms of life in which the soul speaks, and so man can see spirits through the laws in which they act, and through the manifestations that they give.

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Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What is Life?

What is life? Is it a vapor, that heat may dry up, and exist no more? Is it a shadow, that, when visible, substances are removed, no longer can be? Is it a burning taper that consumes itself, and goes out forever?

We talk of life as a something that we may easily dispense with. We talk of taking the life of the beast. We talk of men losing their lives; of the whole animal kingdom dying, and being no more; of the vegetable world decaying and going to nonentity.

I want to now lay down a self-evident proposition, and will discuss the subject on the merits of this proposition; it is this: Life is an eternal principle, therefore cannot die. I care not in what grade or species you find it, it is eternal, and cannot die.

But that we may accommodate ourselves to surrounding circumstances, let us consider for a time, life in the every day acceptance of the term. We may properly consider it in a graded sense, for it is graded, from the very lowest brute to the GREAT I AM, the very eternal embodiment of all life.

But we arrive at manhood, and the busy scenes of the world open up before us. One continued bustle and shove carries us along. We leave our native fields, and push forward to Western wilds,—we build up our giant cities, piercing with their spires the upper deep,—string out the iron rail, and hasten on the long freighted engine,—unbosom the earth, and rob her of her treasured wealth,—command the electric chain and it tells our wishes to friends across the ocean,—mount up on the wings of the balloon, and the winds obeying, take us to other lands.

But as we hurry back and forth, we pause here and there, while we hide away some fallen brother. Adverse waves have long run high,—he has battled with them manfully, but the sea has been too rough and with a feeble struggle, he passes over,—he is dead.

Old age, like a wounded snake, draws its length along, and winds its chilling touch about the bending frame. The eye is dimmed, the pulse is languid, the steps infirm, and with one hand upon his staff, he staggers down the highway of life. Storm clouds have gathered often, and have emptied their laden stores upon his devoted head. The winter of winters has come at last, and has seared the leaf, and bitten the stock. One more feeble breeze, and he topples over and is dead. Might we not well ask, what is life?

Then tune our lute strings while we answer: A dew-drop on a withering flower, That passes off within an hour, And leaves decay where once was bloom, To mold in a ready tomb.

A sunbeam streaming in the air, To cheer awhile some fair young maid, 'Till cloud and gloom o'erspread, The sun-beam then, alas! is dead.

The rippling of some piny wave, That lit around a warty grave, 'Till stilled the breeze that bears it on, Its motion then, alas! is gone.

A shadow on the mountain side, Where storms and tempests ever ride, Dependent on the noon-day sun, When it has passed, then night has won.

A gild bubble on the sea, That's tossed awhile in frantic glee, When rocks are lashed and lightning plays, 'Till it passes off within the spray.

A sound of thunder pealing near, That strikes upon the startled ear, And wakes a strife a moment round, Then passes off within the sound.

The shooting of some star across, Whose vaulted millions seem to toss, Where airy heads from out the sky, Emitting gaily, yet, smiling, die.

Is this life? Ah! yes; and had I time I'd tell, An hundred forms more transient still; But while I write Fate whets his knife, To cut in twain the cord of life.

Such is life, viewed as we now do, with these short capabilities of ours; and I have thought, as I stood in the midst of weeping friends, and witnessed their sorrowings and moanings, that in this grief, we expressed a heart overflowing with unbelief in a life beyond. Yet nature, reason, God himself, all unite and give testimony that we are not dead. But in the thoughts we have offered, we have freely used the term death. We have done it, because we could find no better word to express ourselves. It is not death. He who contends for death, absolute, is a delist, just in proportion to the amount of life that he would destroy. Life is eternal, and can not die.

We began our remarks with such things as we could see with our natural eye, with such things as we could handle, and could know by the power of muscle that they had life. Let us now go one step further. No intellect made up of live, creeping life. What a thought, yet true as wondrous. Every surging wave of yonder ocean, is but the mighty breathing of animalcule life. It fills the air and unending space. The pulsating current that throbs through these bodies of ours, is but life within life. Then how dare you doubt that life is an eternal principle; when by it, all nature is kept in harmony; when it is the grand lever by which all worlds are moved? This earth that we inhabit, floats in one grand sea of animalcule life. All bodies that circle the sun are moved on by the same great power, and I don't not, that the sun itself is a living centre. Then away with this selfish idea that would make us Gods

We have come up the scale of life, until we are approximating our level,—it is nearer in sympathy and harmony with our organisms, is the reason why we know it. And yet it is only life,—nothing more, nothing less, and the same principle goes clear down the grade, but we are not down there to harmonize with it, hence our unbelief.

But we come now to speak of man. Do you remember when you were a small babe, cradled in your mother's lap? No, you have no recollection of that,—it is all a blank, and you can only see yourself as you look upon your prototype, in other arms. Yet you had life and you also had your little sorrows and delights, and, too, such infants often die.

But childhood days have gone; you remember them; they are written on your mind with a pen of fire, and will go with you to the last moment of time. The sun has never shone so brightly, nor the birds sang so sweetly, as then. You sported on the hill-side; you romped in the valley; you hedged up the laughing brook, and caused its little power to move the mill of your own construction; you chased the chipmunk and ground hog to his secret home, or worried the poor old robin as she cared for her nestlings; you bulged up your mimic cities, or trained with stately bearing for the mock battle-field; you unstrung the paper kite, or let loose the toy balloon; all flushed with glowing heat, you drank from the cool, dripping well; you skipped away to the old orchard, and eat of the ripe falling fruit. Such scenes you never can forget.

Amid all this, do you not also remember many little companions who sickened and pined, and wasted and moaned, and finally died? You must remember.

But we arrive at manhood, and the busy scenes of the world open up before us. One continued bustle and shove carries us along. We leave our native fields, and push forward to Western wilds,—we build up our giant cities, piercing with their spires the upper deep,—string out the iron rail, and hasten on the long freighted engine,—unbosom the earth, and rob her of her treasured wealth,—command the electric chain and it tells our wishes to friends across the ocean,—mount up on the wings of the balloon, and the winds obeying, take us to other lands.

But as we hurry back and forth, we pause here and there, while we hide away some fallen brother. Adverse waves have long run high,—he has battled with them manfully, but the sea has been too rough and with a feeble struggle, he passes over,—he is dead.

Old age, like a wounded snake, draws its length along, and winds its chilling touch about the bending frame. The eye is dimmed, the pulse is languid, the steps infirm, and with one hand upon his staff, he staggers down the highway of life. Storm clouds have gathered often, and have emptied their laden stores upon his devoted head. The winter of winters has come at last, and has seared the leaf, and bitten the stock. One more feeble breeze, and he topples over and is dead. Might we not well ask, what is life?

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while all else is doomed to oblivion. Can you picture to yourself an eternity that would be lovely and desirable with all else struck from the roll but yourself and a few companions, forever to roam over a vast blank, with no varied scenes or animating life? For one, I confess to you, in the honesty of my soul, I cannot.

No doubt, many of you are ready to say, well, you are the worst Universalist I ever knew. I do not know what you mean by Universalist. If you mean to say that I believe all men, aye, all life, will be alike holy and happy, I don't believe any such thing. I believe that "as one star differeth from another in glory," so we shall differ in glory. I also believe that nature's God has already done His work; and if we neglect doing ours, judgment will be cast against us. Again, I believe it is our bounden duty while here, to eradicate all the bad passions. Envyings, bickerings, backbitings, malice, dishonesties, laziness, and all such, must be harmonized with spirit life, for we are spirits, nothing more, nothing less. These organisms that bind and fetter us here, are no part of life. Like a full inflated balloon, they are only cords knotted to a heavy weight,—and when they are severed, the nobler part will arise and bound away to a fairer clime, far beyond the range of mortal vision, and when the time of our separation shall have come, Nature's God will again do her work, and do it well. Then we will have new and higher and holier obligations resting on us.

But there is a preparatory work here, and we must do it. All the rough corners and superfluities of human nature ought to be removed. Useful knowledge ought to be acquired, for without it, no man can be truly happy. Then, when the great angel shall plant one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, and swear that time shall be no more, we will not be compelled to enter the rounds of spiritual existence with intellects dwarfed and life half developed, and there begin to learn what we ought to have acquired here.

I believe in endless progression. I believe the time will come when we will be enabled with one stride, to stand on the crested Moon, the next to go to Venus, then to Mars, Jupiter and Herschel, and so continue stepping from world to world, as easily as we now pass from one mole-hill to another; and when we have reached the most distant world, with eye sight magnified, and imbued with telescopic power, we may look back to this little speck of earth, and behold living, moving men, as mere animalcule.

If you sit idly down, and wait for God Almighty to do all the work,—wait for Him to take you by the hand and lift you from the mire and gutter, and wash you pure and put purple robes on your bodies, and make you kings and potentates, you will wait in vain. "Work out your own salvation, with fear and trembling," is the fat, long since gone forth. He has spread out before us a beautiful world, adapting means to ends, and co-manded that we should go forth and eat bread by the sweat of the brow. He that is foolish enough to sit quietly down and wait for bread to come to him, must and ought to starve. The same bountiful Giver has bestowed life, and the power over will, and has sent us forth to improve that gracious gift. If we disregard all that He has done, we cannot and ought not to expect happiness.

Then, let me say, once for all, if we stubbornly wait for the waters to be troubled, wait for some miraculous power to dry us up the hill of glory, we will never go up. This principle applies as well to the temporal as spiritual affairs of life.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritualism Demolished.

BY VERITAS.

DEAR JOURNAL.—We are all "deluded"—completely victimized, according to one Doctor Rodecker who has recently held forth in the Chapel of the Methodist University, Oaarga, Ill.

A few worthy thinkers in the important town of Oaarga, conceived the humble idea of encouraging a peculiar phase of democratic or republican religion, called Spiritualism. Dr. E. C. Dunn, who is too good an Apostle to be monopolized by any narrow, bigoted, American Association of Sectarian or Partizan Spiritualists, was first encouraged to set the ball in motion right in the face of two Orthodox Seminaries,—and Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, the uncompromising Trance speaker, followed him. The consequence was that all challenges on the part of the Orthodox party were apologetically withdrawn, and no one ventured to meet either of the above speakers. The most cordial invitations and liberties were given by both of the above lecturers respectively, but no one appeared to defend the cause of Calvinistic Theology, till Dr. Rodecker came to the rescue. Then, great flaming bills announced that the very eminent Doctor would "expose Spiritualism." Two evenings, in the absence of the regular speaker, Mrs. Wilcoxson, the Doctor having the floor to himself, held forth in loud professions of his faith and power. He could show them the whole "deception"—it was all "easily explained." He could "mesmerize, psychologize, or biologize his subjects, and make them do all that mediums and Spiritualists did." He would show it all up, and "next evening," the ubiquitous "next evening," the revelation would be made complete! Sunday evening in the Spiritual Hall, he made himself "present" at a soathing and logical exposition of "Spiritualism, in its variety of phases," in which it was most incontrovertibly proven that so infinite and various are the phases of phenomenal Spiritualism, so prolific, and truthful to the pentecostal parable, that no one illusion or counterfeit can possibly resemble the whole, or even represent the genuine. The startling intelligence, be it what it may, speaking through the lips and organism of a frail, uneducated woman, boldly challenged all dissenters, most generously demanding of Spiritualists present, that the opposing gentleman (if he deems the name), have every opportunity to question! Certainly, then, neither the "emi-

They have dentists in Japan, who evidently do not enjoy the benefits of Dental Associations and journals. Their manner of extracting a tooth seems to be tempting to their patients, and reminds one of the method of removing a rusty screw. The tooth is tapped with a mallet, until it can be extracted with the fingers; pleasantly suggestive of an amount of malleability, which we should think would not commend Japanese dentistry.

Amusements.

The season of Amusements in our city is about over. At

MOVICKER'S THEATRE.

The renowned Minstrels, known as the Duprez and Benedict Troupe, opened for a short season on Monday the 26th of July. Their troupe is said to be large, and comprises many of the best performers in their line...

CREWRY'S OPERA HOUSE.

After giving Manager Hess and Treasurer Warren a benefit, has closed up for the heated term.

ARKEN'S DEARBORN THEATRE.

The Emerson and Manning Minstrels, who have done a big thing at this theatre, for the past few weeks, are on their last week. They go from here to Milwaukee...

WOOD'S MUSEUM.

"The Willow Copse" was on the boards at this theatre up to our latest advices at date of writing. The curtain also drops at the Museum, with the close of the month...

THAYER'S CIRCUS.

Thayer's great combination circus and animal exhibition, which has been so well patronized and given such general satisfaction, at the corner of Randolph and Elizabeth streets...

BAILEY & CO'S CIRCUS.

On Monday, August 2nd, Geo. F. Bailey & Co's grand Quadruple Combination Show will plant their mammoth pavillion at the foot of Madison street...

LAKE EXCURSIONS.

The beautiful little Steamer, Sarah Van Epps, is now engaged in making daily excursions from her dock at Clark street bridge at 11 A. M. for the crib, also at 3 P. M. for Hyde Park...

WRITINGS OF OMAHA.

Chicago, S. S. Jones, Publisher, Religio Philosophical Publishing Association.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Spiritualists of Boone county, Ill., will be held in Belvidere, commencing Friday, August 20th, and continue to Sunday evening, 22nd.

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The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Spiritualists of Boone county, Ill., will be held in Belvidere, commencing Friday, August 20th, and continue to Sunday evening, 22nd.

Call for a State Convention in Maryland.

The undersigned believing that a more intimate association and co-operation of the Spiritualists of the State will be beneficial to ourselves and to the community...

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAYLOR'S BED SPRINGS. ARE FREE FROM EVERY FAULT AND ANNOYANCE

BENNETT COLLEGE

OF ECLECTIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY. This College offers facilities to students for acquiring a MEDICAL EDUCATION

LADIES ADMITTED

to ALL THE LECTURES ON PERFECT EQUALITY WITH MEN.

RETURN OF MR. WEST.

FREE WEST, the Medium, has again returned to this city, and has taken rooms at 138 S. Clark St. Rooms 12 and 13, where he will be glad to see all his friends and form the acquaintance of new ones.

A FORTUNARY STATE-Sights for Sale

How patent article for every family. Sample St. Address BOSTON, P. O. Box 100, N. Y.

Sixth National Convention, or the American Association of Spiritualists.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD: The Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists have made arrangements for holding the Sixth Annual Meeting at Krumpholtz Hall, in the city of Buffalo, State of New York...

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted. A good reliable girl or woman to do general household work...

Remarkable Cure By Magnetism, or Keying On of Hands.

Peter Wise, No. 29, 4th Street, San Francisco, California, had his leg paralyzed so as to lose the sense of pain, and could only hobble along with difficulty.

A PLEASANT STORY.

In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along, And carelessly sang a familiar old song, While viewing the cars, horses, and men...

THE PATENT MAGIC COMB.

Beauty on the Mountain, Beauty in the vale, Beauty in the forest trees, That lend before the gale, Beauty in the Ocean, With crest of dancing foam, And BEAUTY in the special work OF PATTON'S MAGIC COMB

To Dealers and Traders.

If any of our readers or friends who are Dealers or Traders wish for the PATENT MAGIC COMB to put in market, we will furnish the Wholesale "Price List" upon application.

Dr. Clarke's Remedies.

B. S. S. JONES - I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke, spirit, who controlling prescribes for the sick through the organ of Jennie Waterman Dunforth.

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GO TO THE BEST.

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Including all these other Critical Periods: Pregnancy and Childbirth, their causes, symptoms and appropriate treatment, with hygienic rules for its prevention...

Wineolow's & Co's Hop Yeast Cakes.

MOSEBACK & HUMPHREY. GENERAL AGENTS, 34 RIVER STREET, CHICAGO.

These cakes are made from the best material, and put up in large packages, and in the best of style.

Dr. E. P. Miller's Books. Vital Force, How Wasted and How Preserved; Food, Food and Fatigue; Exhausted Vitality; Impaired Circulation.

Important Truths, Mrs. E. P. Miller; 20 cents; postage 2 cents.

My Love and I. BY MRS. FERRIS. "Read it at night, and think of it," as the Boston Inquirer says.

NERVE TONIC-A NEW REMEDY FOR ALL NERVOUS DISEASES. Sufferers from this disease, who are unable to get relief from any other remedy, will find relief from this.

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE-A NEW AND PLEASANT Cure for the habit of smoking.

Wanted in Every Family. The Disease Preventative Lamp-wick. Non explosive. Direct Albany City, 3 doors from the corner of Webster street.

DR. J. M. GRANT, Magnetic Physician, No. 192 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Office hours 9 to 12 P. M.

FOR LADIES ONLY. For an article bearing a remarkable sale, address Mrs. MORGAN, 139 Fulton St., New York. Also for sale at the Office.

WANTED-LADY AGENTS. In every Town and Village, to sell what every lady will purchase at sight.

SPIRITUALIST'S HOTEL. Board by the Day or Week, at \$1.50 per day, at 54 Broadway street, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO. Dr. J. Wilbur, Magnetic Physician, (Lecturer on the Human Mind, has been up a part of some of 66 Madison St., cor. of State, where he will hold the clock with medicine. Patients at a distance cured by Magnetism through the medium of a home from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

MORE GREAT CURES.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Asthma, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Blotted Bowels.

Prof. Spence-Dear Sir: I received a letter from you dated 1st inst. and was glad to hear that you were well.

My wife has taken your Positive and Negative Powders, and she is now well.

Yours truly, Mrs. MARY E. JENKS.

Erysipelas. Manchester, Mass., Feb. 9th, 1869.

Prof. Spence-Dear Sir: I have used your Positive and Negative Powders, and they have cured my Erysipelas.

Yours truly, Mrs. SAMUEL YOUNG.

Fits, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhea.

ADDENDUM. Of Buckport, Me., under date of Nov. 27th, 1868, writes as follows: "When I first read the people here about the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, they laughed at me, but they are getting excited about them, and the Doctors and Apothecaries want to get hold of them."

I take the following extract from a letter written by A. B. Brainard, of North Manchester, Conn., Oct. 18th, 1868: "I have used your Positive and Negative Powders, and they have cured my Chronic Diarrhea."

A woman who has the Fever and Ague all the spring and summer, cured with one box of POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, after trying almost every other remedy.

A man of Bilious Tremors. He is now a Good Templar. A woman cured of Spasms of the Stomach, from which she had suffered for five or six years.

A little boy cured of Spasms of the Stomach, from which he had suffered for five or six years.

Deafness. I have the following extract from a letter from F. W. Green, of Columbia, S. C., dated Jan. 23d, 1869: "I got half a dozen boxes of your Positive and Negative Powders, and they have cured my Deafness."

Oliver Peppard, of Kansas City, Mo., under date of Feb. 21, 1869, writes as follows: "Two months ago I got six boxes of your Positive and Negative Powders for a Deafness of three or four months standing, and I am happy to state that I am much relieved; in fact, nearly as well as ever."

Febrile and Ague, Dysentery, Coughs and Colds. Stoves, Vt., Dec. 24, 1868.

Prof. Spence-Enclosed please find \$2.00 for which send two boxes Positive Powders.

Both the Positive and Negative are needed in Chills and Fever.

Physicians are delighted with them. Agents and Druggists get ready to sell them. Price paid to Agents, 25 cents per box.

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GREAT INDUCEMENTS

MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

WE are now offering great inducements to those who wish to engage in the sale of the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D. Box 5317, New York City.

ectic, Magnetic & Clairvoyant Physicians.

By their Works ye shall know them.

S. McBride, W. Cleveland, and Mrs. P. J. CLEVELAND.

Have permanently located at 64 1/2 Madison St., Chicago, Ill. (Room 68 Popes Block, Second Floor.)

After they have fitted up a fine suite of rooms, and are now prepared to treat the sick on reasonable terms.

Special attention given to the treatment of female diseases by Mrs. Cleveland, who is clairvoyant, and can perfectly diagnose diseases either present or absent.

Consultation & Clairvoyant Examination, \$1.00

After a thorough examination given every day from one to two o'clock.

Female Regulator and Uterine Tonic, cures all diseases of the female system.

We are furnishing many eminent Physicians. A box of 25 boxes, \$2.50; of 50, \$4.00; of 100, \$6.00.

Agents to canvass for the American and Foreign Patent. The best opening ever offered to Agents for making money.

DR. JOEL C. HOWES, Clairvoyant Physician.

Dr. Howes devotes his whole time with the sick in France, and he is able to give a full and complete report on the progress of the disease.

Special attention given to Female Diseases by the Doctor and his wife.

Dr. Howes' Remedies for Female Diseases. A box of 25 boxes, \$2.50; of 50, \$4.00; of 100, \$6.00.

VITAL FORCE. How Wasted and How Preserved.

BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

This is one of the most valuable books ever published. It could be read and heeded in every family; it would do much to prevent sickness, preserve health and prolong life.

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NEW SCALE PIANOS

With Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge.

Melodions and Cabinet Organs.

Warranted for Six Years.

Pianos, Melodions and Organs at greatly reduced prices.

Melodions and Cabinet Organs.

The Waters Piano is known as among the very best.

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