

# REVENUE PHILosophical JOURNAL

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## Literary Department.

### OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY, 1869.

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 people to preach and pray,  
Our patriotism blighted.

The glowing thought of sainted dead—  
Of tyrant crushed and people freed,  
Of every patriot's breast;  
But "Sunday saints" have grown so warm,  
Blave only in a different form,  
These thoughts were all supplant.

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

And yet the patriotic soul,  
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 died to bring us,  
The nation's liberty,  
Become so much a shamed name;  
By ancient doctors and deacons,  
That Sunday is not free!

Those honored fathers true and bold,  
Who fought and died to bring us free,  
And all the nation's pride,  
And they would not from duty free  
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 glory,  
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,  
As duty on the day of time.

If our Sunday-men should be  
Infringed by our liberty,  
We'll not be so enslaved;  
We'll have our rights, right and night,  
On Sunday, week day, day and night,  
That has no country saved!

Some did attempt, as I have heard,  
To celebrate upon the third,  
But that was not the day;  
Others, again, tried on the 5th,  
But that was just as poor a shift,  
And there was nobody.

Another class, who are not slaves,  
To hockery, crowds and pious knaves,  
Honored the glorious day,  
And that it on a Sunday came,  
They celebrated it the same,  
And made a day of play.

Yea, empty pride, that would postpone,  
Desires that be 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.

Chicasso, Illinois, July 6th 1869.

It will thus be seen that the range of the work is very extensive, and embraces, within a comparatively small space a résumé of so many curious and obscure 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 some, dreams have 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, in 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 eat when their mission ended, resolved themselves; "into nothing, or the preexisting 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 mere material consequence at the present day have perhaps been passed over in silence; and this importance, ascribed 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 nonentity the rules of time and space, men recognize, and even unwilling to deny, that life is not of this world, but extends to a pleasurable, 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, the wise command of language is limited, has not the means of forming extended ideas, and without these latter, his dreams may be comparatively few and unimportant. There may be a class of words taken into 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 brought about, and we may then have any psychological art analysis as 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 clair-voyance, clair-vision, or clairvoyance was given by the author to a series of actual dreams. The phantom *dreams personae* were reduced in number and from them was selected a biological heroine. The whole was concerned by descriptions of natural scenery, and suggestive questions at the transition 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 *Ilashuk Eater*, in which the visions narrated were produced by a young man, who, in a very striking similarity may be recognized to the ephemerical production of the Delhi poet.

There seem to be three kinds of dreams,—the terrestrial, the spiritual and the celestial. Of the first are dreams essentially of the earth, earthy, and such as may be referred to physical causes, and which, again, are the incubus, or nightmare. Of the second are those dreams which convey warnings from the dead,—and which are composed partly of the incidents of ordinary life, with such as are termed supernatural. To this class belong most of the pertinent 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 it 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 analogical to something else,—and more distinct,—even in this respect approaching to the nature of visions,—and are an abstract character. In these, too, the transitions from beauty to deformity,—from pleasure to pain, from bliss to despair, may so rapidly alternate as to satisfy one that so dangerous and restoration of the digestive organs could in the short space of time, produce such vicissitudes of feeling. In these, too, we wander in regions unknown to our waking perceptions; of "past existence" may, upon imagination; incidents are connected, and instead of the companions of our waking hours, we are either alone among pregnant symbols of an "obscure visible" or "invisible" world, or we are all night, in the forms 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, as those of this terrestrial sphere which are familiar to us.

Sometimes, however, there may be in a higher state of mental 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"—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 "panic," that strange influence to which the warlike Romans are offered prophetic 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 chronology, a science, as is supposed, often discredited by those who desire to emphasize 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 well estimated partly by our *dreams*, and partly by our *actions*. And again he touches on the delicate subject that dreams are "a sort of safety-valve for the passions."

"The depth and the extent of the soul," and accordingly, to meet, who under a stoical or epicurean mask conceal their inward suffering, dreams may be witnessed, 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 arduous temptations, the real character of the mind."

In our pathetic lament, Anfroniche alludes to that kind of thought, which for as the *initial* of so many dreams.

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

"'Tis thus to human suffering to do,  
That we are made to feel, and to be true,  
As men by man, and not by not alone."

It is impossible to say what are the limits of dream in their influence on the moral world. Size of the most intelligent and practical of our countrymen are believers in the spiritual nature of dreams, and some are even upon their inspirations or otherwise concerning themselves about them. Some show, while they recognize their preterhuman character, and seem to say, "What have we to do with them?" But men holding the highest places in the roll of fame, have dreamt dreams, and experienced visions 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 the recurring of dreams, which, when he awoke, he felt that it had not been for this strange boon, his life would have been unendurable. When they met in reality, he often felt embarrassed at her estrangement, for she, in truth, felt no reciprocity. The responsibility of the dreamer is a question of moral law, 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 be "accountless."

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 an unhappy royal marriage, 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 the freedom of liberty in the land of dreams and conventional affection—the Ancestress of every-day life,—and that the former are by far the more numerous we must take on Shakespearean warranty:

"That this love best shall not the love enjoy,"

Memory, as we have said, is the gate or test of dreams; but another part of the same warranty is interchanged for the soul.

"That which so vividly remembers, is the soul; and in sleep, which refines our organic nature, it uses its recollections brokenly, and indistinctly, it will abundantly compensate itself when the material years which elaps it, shall be past away. Much the Indian, whose dreams probably arise from physical debilities.

"Spirits" argues that when in sleep without dreaming, there is always a slight perception. Kant says that "those who fancy they have had a dream, have only forgotten their dream." Metastaseus thought that the antagonism of the material and organic functions, but such sleep the "perpetual state of the soul, where it finds itself while it awakes to life."

"Doubtless the majority of dreams are what Maclean asserts all to be, the recollection of

thoughts which in some shape or other have previously occupied the mind." But, as another author justly remarks, "Experience and the struggles of the chained spirit to emancipate itself, tend to enjoy itself amid the glories of its proper cell, are not in vain."

"The transportive 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, argus 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 done 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 charytarian of modern professors of astrology, had brought it into undeserved disrepute.

From the American Waterman.

### 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 and earnest action should exist between the two moving elements, is both a natural and philosophical sequence. This warfare, in view of facts involved, must be aggressive; it may almost be said that the "Princes of darkness" are slowly the attacking party. Profane in nature and origin, in a profoundly skillful in planning, and heroic in execution, it is really no more than that his majestic soul's a-stimulus to which men with his strange achievements, among which at the present time may be reckoned *several* manifestations of so-called Spiritualism. When the errors of this present century of the nineteenth century shall be the public mind, wise and good men promptly pronounced it all but a hoax, one by one or more 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 extent of its nature, or its actual nature, and that too, without all lowering of our 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, is a question of the present time. Progress in the science of mental Philosophy will yet solve the perplexing and exciting problem; but it is not the next day or the next hundred years, but that the day will come, the eyes be swept away, and the sun-rise of mental triumph, beauty and beneficent glory, will be seen, 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 labels and characters applied and running about at random, contrary to the long known laws of nature and being entirely unable to account for the singular manifestations forgetting that ignorance, a cause is no proof of its supernatural nature, readily attribute the unsolved enigmas to spiritual power.

Why do we not remember that they do not know everything; and why do we not understand that there are more things which the wisest man that ever lived does not know, than there are that he does know. Not until man fathom the broad deep sea of natural and mental science, and comprehend the vast range of nature, and effect in the two almost infinite departments of natural and mental wonders, will it be safe to attribute the wonders of modern development to supernatural causes. But what does the devil care, so long as these blinders are a sufficient cause of his blindness, to make his batteries for the demolition of the important regulations of social life, the elements of truth and experimental piety, a fearful work which in many places, is being done to an alarming extent, and is no marvel that the old *fiat* is extremely "habitant" about these days. Efforts to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism, and the inability to explain the manifestations in question as upon scientific principles, if we only knew more of science.

Let the point once be settled, that neither physical or mental science, but the latter, with the thing in question, which is a natural

hoax, and all men must at once become Spiritualists; for it is undeniably clear that 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 without 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 almost 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 morals blunder, we are confident in the Bible, live in sin, die a curse and go to perdition. He with all his dark hoax raise an extra shout of merriment, and fill all the pit with jubilation outbreaks of dishonored. And never, 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 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 manifested by promoting mediums, frequently resort one to say the least of a questionable nature. But these damaging effects can only be partial, and the triumph 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 Waterman Mallo list 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 also the avenues of spirit communion, but the greater the efforts she makes, the more her ineffectuality in that direction is manifested.

## Department Of Arts And Sciences.

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NOTICE 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 the art of photography. From the Medical and Surgical Reporter, Philadelphia, February 8th, 1869:

"They are very artistically executed, and display with usual lucidity, the various dermic lesions."

From the St. Louis Medical Journal, May 10, 1869:

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

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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 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.

It is necessary in every condition. The absence of poverty, of sickness, of capricious, 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. Henry, of Kentucky, has the largest vineyard in Iowa. In two different instances, within two and a half miles of Keosauke, he has seventy-one acres set in grape vines, with grape-pole and wire to train them upon. He has expended in all some \$35,000 on his vineyard, and enclosing the grounds, building, roads, houses, etc.



The Postrum.

THE TRANSIENT AND ETERNAL.

Lecture delivered at Concord Hall, Philadelphia, December 31st, 1868, by Mrs. N. J. T. Bright.

(Photographically reported by Henry T. Child, M.D.)

Concluded from last week.

All things are working in ceaseless change. There must be something in nature mightier than this grosser, mightier than this exterior, material, spiritual power, which is eternal. You must look within the life of the body for the soul. The materialist cannot understand the nature of the soul. There are some natures so gross that they cannot believe in a heaven that cannot be measured and weighed...

Happiness cannot come from such a condition. We know that music is beautiful and useful, that it is a power that works from the inner nature, helps man to cast off some of the evil that would cling to him. But we do not believe that when man enters the Spirit World, all his future shall be devoted to bringing out his musical powers. We do not believe that as soon as he gets here, he will only be capable of receiving happiness by giving praises. It does not seem to us that that is the best or wisest idea that man can have of the land of the blest and the eternal. If all these souls are to be alike, if they are to be all the same, if they are to be the same, where is to be the identity of the soul? Why would not one soul be all that is necessary? It could give the praises for the whole. Why need so many thousands and millions of human beings exist to day, each one diversified and peculiar, if these diversities and peculiarities are given to them for a few years, at most? It seems to us that if we held this one idea of things, we should say that all natures after death will be blended, and there will be no separation, for all being alike, there is nothing to identify them; and so as one voice, they will all praise God together. Does not man praise God in a certain way, and is it not possible for a spirit to do something more. It certainly does here, and it will hereafter. It seems to us that the present is a prophecy of the future, that it comes to tell us what is to be when the body is laid aside as a worn out and cast off garment of the human spirit.

We find that the religious world have not had clear ideas of the after life, but we do not always find the jewel of consistency. Some have said, we believe in the immortality of the soul, but we do not dare to picture to ourselves what the after life is to be. Have you no desire to know of that land to which the spirit is going? Certainly it is natural for man to have a desire like this quick and with a thrill. If he is to journey to a distant land, he wishes to know something about the country to which he is going, something about that shore to which his life is passing out. So we say in regard to continued existence; the only satisfactory theory that has come to man, has been given through the operation of spiritualism, although spiritualists differ widely, and we regret to see any inharmonies among them because they should agree to differ, but in regard to this one idea of a hereafter, they all agree. They understand that there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and that the spiritual body goes forth from the natural which it has used as its instrument, as a counterpart of that body so much like it, that when seen by the spiritual vision, its identity is fully recognized. The natural or physical body, like all things composed of the gross elements of the materiality, is transient as a body, though its substance is immortal as the soul itself. But the great life within and around us is eternal in its identity. When man understands this, he says, if man's spirit exists as such forever, then materialism cannot add to its joy, or to its suffering, for the same reason, and by its influence, it triumphs over death, and finds its joy flowing from spiritual powers. So man comes to understand that as he is identified here, that identity of the soul was not given for nothing. There have been those who said that those who come into

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 hold a shroud in which the parent body has been through all the years of the present life journey. When you see these little graves, ask yourselves if man is not to be identified hereafter. Why was identity given at all when there is no room given for its fulfillment. There must have been a purpose in this existence, so, reasoning from the use of effort, nature has seen that to his other life, man carries his identity. He labors in his own peculiar sphere and field of action, that which he is best fitted for here, and in the spirit life, he shall do the same, and there is no mistake as to the calling after a man goes to the spirit world. Much of the trouble has come because you mistake your position. There is a law of spiritual gravitation that causes the soul to settle in its own proper sphere of existence. If you believe in immortality, you reason yourself into the light of these ideas, and you find then there comes to you a calm rest and beautiful comfort, even in the hour of death when your loved ones are taken from you; for you see that this life is the transient and the spirit life is the eternal. Here we see the shadow; in spirit life the glorified reality. On earth, we see reality; there we may see causes.

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 we see 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 of their power. Others will say you expect us to believe that spirits have power to knock, to move substances, and to inspire mediums with thought? If those who believe in their bible ask such questions, we would ask them if they have forgotten that an angel had power to walk away a stone from the mouth of the deaf and dumb? Have they forgotten that he actually did wrestle with an angel and became lame from the struggles. 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 imperishable can do all these things, but you must look at the causes of things. You will find that all life shows itself in change, in progression, an everywhere it shows you that these are powers at work that are impendable, and that you do not see, and yet you dare not deny their existence. You may not believe, perhaps, that a spirit could move a substance, because you could not see the cause. You see a tree that has grown upon the top of some hill or mountain, that has stood strong; through a century, it has stood silent in summer and winter, save as its branches swayed to and fro, and gave a greeting to the storm; but all the time it has been growing until the giant tree stands so long in its green pride and beauty, it is broken by the wind that you could not see, one of these forces in nature that is so mighty, and yet, invisible. You do not deny this power although you do not see it. We were told a short time ago that a large part of one of your cities was destroyed by the explosion of a barrel of glycerine. There was something in this substance that could not be seen; something that came viewless and smote the mighty buildings and they lay scattered in ruins.

When you think of such forces which seem to slumber, just remember the invisible are the mightiest—they that work from the earth, the clouds, the sea, the sun, the moon, the stars. Remember the laws of nature unfold to you this beautiful truth, that which seems so to you the most enduring is not so. The grosser forms and orders of nature crumble and decay, and from their ashes spring plants, higher and better forms of life. So in the world of spirits, the soul that speaks through nature, knowing that this is the real. We then learn to care more for the spirit than the body, for the food of the spirit more than of the body. Thoughts and the ideas that you gather for the spirit become food for it. It is very important that you take care for the spirit, that the ideas are the food, deeds are the clothing of the spirit. Those whose thoughts are pure, who are constantly laboring from principle, are having their spirits clothed with loveliness, light luminous robes, bright and fair as sunbeams cover such souls, and when the material element is cast aside, and the spirit steps forth into the land of the eternal, it is not ashamed of the picture it presents. We would like to show you how spirits are clothed in the higher world. There are those who have labored nobly and unselfishly for the good of humanity, men and women who have given their lives that others might be saved. When these have left their bodies and entered the spirit-world, they have stood forth clothed with luminous garments; garments fair and beautiful as the flowers of spring time and the sunbeams. There are other souls who are so fully occupied with the selfish pursuits of life, that they never take any preparation for the hereafter. They come into spirit-life, how sad, how sorrowful in their conditions. If you have seen some of the men who have come out of the battles with their clothing rent and hanging in shreds upon their bodies, you can imagine something of the appearance of these. We say to you, then, if you believe in immortality, make yourselves ready for the other life, prepare your garments by making your present lives as good as they can be.

The present cuts out the garment and every thought and act is woven into these. You are then not only making these up but you are fitting them to your spirit, and if you are not clothed upon with the garments of loveliness, remember that you must make them yourselves by your lives, remember that the real always underlies the transient. Seek ever to throw off the robes of the transient and the false, and put on the beautiful garments of truth, and when you are made up of life pure and beautiful, and you will have that religion which alone is worth anything because it speaks in all the practical relations of life. Thus opens before you the beautiful pathway to the eternal, and enabling your soul to see some of the realities of the future world before it is even while you walk among the transient and the fading.

They have dentists in Japan, who evidently do not enjoy the benefits of Dental Associations and Journals. Their manner of extracting a tooth must 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; presently suggestive of an amount of mauling, which we should think would not commend Japanese dentistry.

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? Is it a fragrance that is slowly breathed for a time, then carried off on desert air, and wasted in foreign winds? No. Vastly something more than all this, and much more than we think it is in our every day use of the term.

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 rot. Oh, stupendous error, from whence cometh thou? Let the dark ages of the past answer.

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. When we shake off this cumbersome clay, we do not die, but it is only a transition from the body to another state. 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. The sponge that clings to rocks, deeply imbedded 'neath Old Ocean's waves, possesses life, and we cannot tell but it has its emotions of sorrow and joy. Just here, let me beg of you to not rashly judge me, and say that I am fanatical in asserting that such things as these can experience pain, or enjoy delight. Do you doubt it? Then you must deny that they have life, and that they can die. But you are not ready for this. You readily admit that if life is gone, there can be no more building up or prosperity of the body; and you have to admit that the sponge, or anything else that grows, has life. Then all life, mark the thought, must have its seasons of sorrowing and rejoicing; and if it has life, it is eternal, and cannot die. Now, if you still doubt this position, follow me through and tell me when, where, and in what grade of life, these sorrowings and joys begin.

Leaving the sponge, then, to revel or sorrow in its watery world, we pass up the grade of life one step higher, and give a passing notice to the vegetable world. Here we behold the green, living grass, the shooting corn, the budding maple, the flowering buds, life developed all around us. But now the heated sun pours down his fires, the ground is parched, all vegetation is scorched, and seems to be sorrowing unto death. Behold the lily, the tulip and the daisy, how their petals are bending and drooping to earth; how the twisting corn, in anguish seems to hide away. But the distant thunders are heard as the vivid lightnings swallow up the oppressive heat; the dark cloud lingers for a moment, the cooling rain begins to trickle here and there, and now it pours out its flood, while the thirsty earth drinks and is filled. Look again. Do you see these beautiful flowers? How changed they are! How they lift up their heads, and smile to the sun! How that unfolding corn wags its joyful signal! Oh! do they sorrow, and do they rejoice? Dare you deny what your senses behold? But we follow up a little farther.

The cold November winds begin to chant their mournful dirge; and as time moves on, the frosts and ice begin to hang on the full grown vegetation; the leaf is seared, the stock topples over, and we say it is dead. Oh, is it so? Tell me not the mournful story—I cannot believe it; for when spring time comes again, and the genial sun warms mother earth, I see them bursting forth anew,—they are resurrected to life again, therefore were not dead. But we pass one grade still higher, to animal life; and here we might subdivide the grades of life, over and over again, from the lowest even to our own God like selves; for man is animal, differing only as our degrees of intelligence go up the scale of excellence. But for the sake of brevity, we make but two divisions:

- 1st. Including the creeping, crawling, flying, walking, brute creation, all in one.
2nd. Only man with his God-like attributes.

Even with this concentration, our limited time compels brevity in the extreme. Go, if you please, and learn from the cooling dove; how they love the each other's society, and will call the fondling mate to share the morsel of food; the happiness of the one seems to be dependent on the welfare of the other. But now some cruel boy casts the ill-fated stone, and smites the one unto death. Oh! do you hear the bereaved one as it calls and calls, but calls in vain? Do you see it as it lingers near the spot, pining away, until it, too, is dead?

Go again and look at that noble horse, the pride of many a man's life, and the abused of many a wicked hand. See him as he is reined for the battle charge,—with what elastic steps and proud demean he moves along. The bugle has sounded the charging signal, and on they dash to carnage and to death. Death, did we say? Yes, and his chosen companion has fallen,—one agonizing struggle and piteous moan, and he resigns his fate on the bloody field. But his surviving companion almost refuses to leave him there; and for many a day he whinnies out his sorrowing appeal. Ah! do they suffer and sorrow, and can they rejoice? Yes, is the universal response. How do you know? Because we see it in the sad countenance; we feel it in the quivering muscle, and we hear it in the deep, stirring moan. Yes, our senses of feeling, seeing and hearing, have been brought to the test, and we cannot, dare not dispute the decision.

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 bulled 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,—sting 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 he 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 with an hour, And leaves decay where once was bloom, To moulder in a ready tomb.
A sunbeam streaming in the air, That ere awhile some fancy there, 'Till clouds arise and gloom 's spread, The sun-beams then, alas! has fled.
The rippling of some puny wave, That is around a warty grave, 'Till settled 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 girdle bubble on the sea, That's raised awhile transient gleam, Whose rocks are lashed and lightning play, 'Till it passes off with the spray.
A sound of thunder pealing afar, That strikes upon the startled ear, And wakes a strife a moment round, Then passes off with the sound.
The shooting of some star across Who've vaulted millions seem to lose, Their airy heads from out the sky, Smiling away, 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 waits his knite, To cut: to 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 overdoing 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 delirium in proportion to the amount of life 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 infallible mind will deny that the water we drink, the food we eat, and the air we breathe, is literally made up of life, 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 wending 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 great lever by which all worlds are moved? This faith that we inhabit, flows in one grand sea of animalcule life. All bodies that circle the sun are moved on by the same great power, and I doubt not, that the sun itself is a living centre. Then away with this selfish idea that would make us Gods

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, ay, 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 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 fiat, long since gone forth. He has spread out before us a beautiful world, adapting means to ends, and commanding 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 drive 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 Secretaries or Partizan Spiritualists, was first encouraged to set the ball in motion right in the face of two Orthodox Seminars,—and Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, the uncompromising-Transcendentalist, 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 biologicize 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 this Spiritual Hall, he made himself "present" at a scathing and logical exposition of "Spiritualism, in its variety of phases" in which it was most incoherently proven that so infinite and various are the phases of phenomenal Spiritualism, so prolific, and truthful to the pentecostal power, 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 deserve the name), have every opportunity to question! Certainly, then, neither the "em-























