Albert Leffingwell, M.D., with copious and significant improvements. Proposed by Dr. F. B. Seely, of New York. 1843.

In the first of these two cases, the subject was a man of 18 years of age, who had been suffering from rheumatism for several years, and had been treated by various remedies without effect. The patient was a strong, healthy, and intelligent man, and was very anxious to be relieved from his suffering. The case was carefully examined, and the diagnosis was rheumatism. The treatment consisted of the administration of a suitable diet, exercise, and the use of a warm pack.

In the second case, the patient was a woman of 20 years of age, who had been suffering from rheumatism for several months. She was a strong, healthy, and intelligent woman, and was very anxious to be relieved from her suffering. The case was carefully examined, and the diagnosis was rheumatism. The treatment consisted of the administration of a suitable diet, exercise, and the use of a warm pack. The patient made a very satisfactory recovery, and was able to return to her usual occupation.

In both cases, the treatment was successful, and the patients were able to return to their usual occupations. The cases were published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, and were very well received.

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There is a stage of scientific inquiry, ineluctable as the calentures of youth, whose work is pure play of fancy. The wonderful molecular theory which has served our age as master-key to the arcanum of nature, would never have come into our possession if Democritus and Epicurus had not first dreamed it. Ockewiciniz had never dared his leap, the audacity of which we cannot easily appreciate, if he had not had Pythagorean fancies of a central fire to egg on his mind. Concerning a future life and the nature of spirit, we know about as much to-day as Democritus and Epicurus did about the cosmos. We are most of us hoping now that our descendants, at least, may some day find out in this world something positive about the other. Meanwhile, speculation must now its plumage for a new flight; for it is surprising how feeble all the attempts of the Dantes and the Aquinases have been—the Aquinases vainly trusting to the flappers of ratiocination to raise them from the earth; the Dantes hampered by preconceived down-dragging baggage; and both too much occupied with ideas of Hell to wing their way freely in a spiritual ether. Swedenborg might have helped us, if he had not been so positive and peremptory. Dogma weighs down; it is unsubstantial suggestions and light interrogations that are wanted to bear the mind aloft.

The author of 'Dreams of the Dead' makes no effort to persuade his reader; he insists upon nothing—he just sets forth his reveries, with an unaffected power that makes itself felt. Were the book a product of art, it would bespeak imagination not less than extraordinary; but be it the production of a true-book man, the breeding of many years, and it is none the less valuable to the public. The author quotes on his title-page those lines of young Hamlet, 'For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,' etc. He has raised the thought that the dead dream, that the disintegrating brain has its flickering consciousness, and he has clothed this idea with so vivid a form that it refuses to be exorcised or shaken off. Had he argued it scientifically, as there was every temptation to do (for, after all, what solid facts are there against it?), he would have failed to impart to it such a clutch upon the imagination as he has effected by a simplicity and unsearchfulness very seductive. What an awful variation upon the purgatorial conception it is, one must read the book to know. In fact, it is too dreadful for human belief. The attractive and elevating features of the conception (and such are by no means wanting) are the ones the book mainly dwells upon; but surely no subsequent paradise could indemnify the soul for such fearful bondage to the flesh. For that reason, not many readers will be inclined to accept the theory as true. Besides, Calvinism is in ebbing favor, nowadays—some persons will call it an unsavory shrub. How this book exhibits curious vestiges of the Calvinistic, or rather the old theological philosophy, though these are softened down till barely perceptible. Stanton does not, for instance, hold, with St. Augustine, that the honor and glory of God demand that the great majority of mankind should be predestined to everlasting fires; but he does tell with theologick glee of the misery of two old hide-bound Puritans prolonged throughout two centuries. He has faith in the radical reprehensibleness of certain created spirits, which to some minds has always seemed vile blasphemy. Above all, he cannot free