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GLIMPSSES OF POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY. WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

THE higher we rise in the scale of organization, the more difficulties we encounter in our endeavors to understand its complicated apparatus. The structure and functions of the bony skeleton, though admirable, are sufficiently evident. Cartilages, tendons, and aponeuroses, are clearly mechanical. The arrangement and contractile action of muscles present no insuperable difficulties. We can comprehend the circulation of the blood, and get some idea of the processes of secretion. But when we come to examine the structure and functions of the nervous system, we pass out of the range of mechanics; chemistry does not help us; and we come into relation with the mysterious sources and phenomena of life.



Fig. 1. The scalp turned down: the upper part of the cranium removed, and the dura mater raised, so as to show the convolutions upon the surface of the brain.

The life of man does not reside in his bones, cartilages, tendons, muscles, glandular system, nor any of the mere instruments of his being. Is a man any the less a man with his leg cut off? Amputate at the hip joint, as is frequently done, and you take away nearly one fourth of the man's body. Have you taken one fourth of his soul? Suppose you amputate both lower extremities at the hip joint, and both the upper, at the shoulder. There remain only a head and trunk; half the body is gone—but who shall say the man is at all diminished? He has lost some valuable instruments of prehension and locomotion, but this has not affected the integrity of his real existence.

What is there, then, that is really essential to the being man? Not his limbs, for they are only mechanical conveniences.

Not the bones and muscles of his trunk, for they are instruments of support and respiration. Not the organs of digestion, for their whole office is to supply the waste of organic action. Not the viscera of the thorax, for heart and lungs but finish the work, which the stomach, intestines, liver, &c., have begun. Not the spinal cord, for its functions may be interrupted without directly terminating life. Not the senses of sight, hearing &c., for we may be deprived of any or all of them.

Where then is the citadel of the soul, if these are but its outposts? Where shall we look for the centre and source of this mysterious being, which seeks to grasp infinity, and aspires to live through eternity? We have traced it back to the head, and within the cranium. What do we find there? Within a double shell of bone, of oval shape, wrapped in strong and delicate membranes, there is a mass of some four pounds of soft pulpy matter, gray without, white within, folded in curious convolutions, with ventricles, decussating fibres, branching vegetable forms; but after all, only a mass of matter which passes through our fingers, and which gives us no possible clue to its uses. Inspect these engravings, which give some definite idea of the configuration of this organ, and see if you can find in it any indication of its being the home of the soul.

The anatomy of the brain, as explained in our standard medical works, is a tissue of barbarous rignmarole, which throws not a single ray of light upon its structure or functions. The merit of first making a careful dissection of this organ belongs to Gall, and his collaborer Spurzheim, and the investigations of Phrenologists have given us the first reasonable ideas concerning the laws of cerebral action.

That the brain is the organ of the mind, or soul, the centre of sensation, will, and action, might have been inferred from many facts connected with it. So large an organ, so delicately organized, so well protected, so abundantly supplied with nourishment, and connected with all the organs of sensation and motion, could be no other than the centre of being. The whole body seems made solely to minister to the brain. The skull protects it; the neck and spinal column support it; the legs carry it and its other servants about; hands, mouth, stomach, intestines, lungs, and heart, all work to nourish it; the organs of the senses are its look-outs, sentinels, and emissaries. All communicate to the brain, all receive their impulse from the brain. It is the brain that thinks, wills, and acts through its instruments.

BETRAYING THE CONFIDENCE OF HOSPITALITY.—I there be one thing which more than another an honorable man will avoid in his intercourse with others, it is the betrayal of the confidence placed in him by a generous host, by repeating to his hurt conversations at his table or under his roof. Civilized society, by common consent, regards such conduct with abhorrence. Honorable men cannot help such a feeling. The offence is of that nature the sacredness of social and friendly intercourse requires that it be branded with infamy and pointed at with scorn, and that the door of hospitality be closed for ever against any man who employs, for purposes of public accusation, the information thus obtained.



Fig. 2. The base of the brain, when removed from the cranium; *e* is the frontal portion; opposite is the cerebellum, marked by narrow convolutions; *l* is the pons varolii, connecting the hemispheres of the brain, and *f* the medulla oblongata, or upper portion of the spinal cord.

mouth, when he fell and fractured his skull. He lay insensible for twelve days, until the vessel arrived at London. There he was taken to the hospital, and the operation of trepanning performed. The instant the depressed portion of skull was raised from his brain, he shouted "from under!" finishing the sentence he had begun at Gibraltar. For these twelve days where had been his soul? Had it lain dormant; or was it in a different kind of existence? There have been cases in which persons seemed to live two lives; passing from one to the other with surprising suddenness, and always beginning in one state, where they had left off, when in the same state before, though at ever so distant a period.

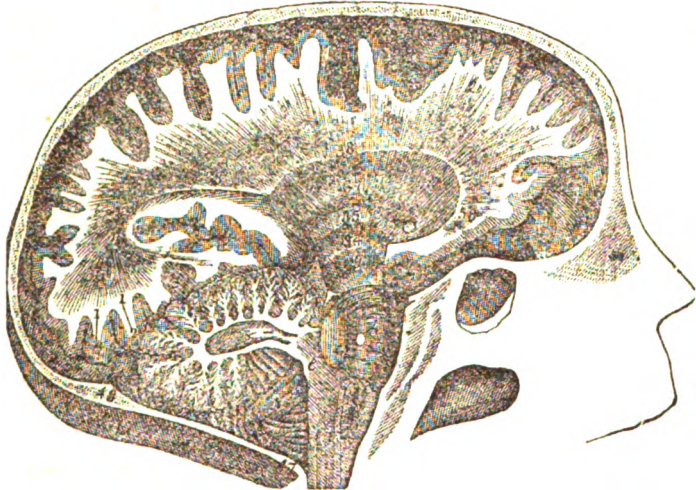


Fig. 3. Vertical section of the brain, dividing the hemispheres; showing the gray matter of the external convolutions; the arbor vitæ of the cerebellum; and the medulla oblongata.

The motion of the brain upon which thought and feeling seem to depend, is accompanied by a waste of matter. With every thought, some portion of brain substance is destroyed. The blood sent to the brain in such large quantities, through four principal arteries, constantly supplies new matter to repair this waste; and the necessity of sleep seems to arise from rest being required, that these repairs may be more perfectly performed. Vigorous thinking destroys the brain matter rapidly, makes us hungry and sleepy. But an undue excitement of the brain may destroy both appetite and sleep.

The waste matter of the brain, consisting in part, of phosphorus, passes off chiefly through the kidneys, and an analysis of the urine, after twelve hours of mental labor, and after twelve hours of repose, shows a very decided difference.

Compress the brain, either by a blow on the skull, a rush of blood, or the effusion of serum or pus, and by hindering its action, you destroy all sensation, and all appearance of mental life. It is true, that the heart continues to beat, respiration goes on, and the general functions of nutrition; for the vegetative or organic life is wisely made independent, in some degree, of the organ of thought. This proves that action is necessary to thought. A sailor, sent aloft in the Straits of Gibraltar, was about to drop something to the deck. He began to cry out, "stand from under!" but had got only the first word out of his

Thought, then, is the result of the action, and consequent destruction of the nervous matter, composing the brain. But where is its seat? Is it in the centre or the circumference: in the gray matter or the white? The prevailing opinion now is, that we exercise our mental powers by means of the gray, cineritious, or vesicular matter of the external convolutions, and that the office of the white fibrous matter is one of connection, communication, and relation. If the brain as a whole, is the organ of the mind as a whole; as the mind is composed of many and various faculties, it is but reasonable to suppose that each faculty has some portion of the brain for its special organ. Upon this doctrine, confirmed by observation, rests the science of Phrenology. Admit this, and the undisputed axiom, "size, other things being equal, is the measure of power," and you have the two pillars of the mental philosophy now most in vogue, and which is rapidly supplanting all systems or semblances of systems in the popular mind.

No dissection can show any organ of thought. No anatomist can point out any difference, except in position, between the organ of destructiveness and the organ of benevolence. No one, by microscopic examination or chemical analysis, could say, that one portion of the mass of brain gave us the faculty of causality, while another prompted us to reverence. But no more could anatomist, or chemist, tell that the liver was made to secrete bile, or the kidney urine.

How does the brain produce thought? Is it a secretion from the blood, like milk or saliva? Is it the result of chemical action, of the oxygenation of carbon or hydrogen? Or is it the result of galvanic action, as our electro-physiologists contend, who see nothing in nature but galvanic batteries and connecting wires? There is something in the production of thought analogous to all these processes; but, to my thinking, different from all. The brain seems to me a medium, where spirit and matter are united, and by which spirit manifests itself in forms. Material physiology has been supposed to be at variance with theological dogmas, especially that of the immortality of the soul. It is my opinion, that a true physiology gives us the only natural proof of it, and I believe, that aside from all supernatural revelations, science points man to an eternal destiny.

All supernatural revelations are for those who can accept, and who require them. I believe that God has manifested himself most clearly in his works, and in none that we know more wonderfully than in the structure of our bodies, and the powers of our minds.

PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY OF THE SKIN.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

(Concluded from the last Number.)

CONSUMPTION is, in medical books, generally regarded as the consequence of repeated colds, or suppressed perspiration, operating, in most cases, upon a condition of body amounting to a predisposition. But these books leave the rationale of the matter very imperfectly explained. It is very true that a lax organization, scrofulous habit, narrow chest, &c., are predisposing circumstances; but an obstructed skin constitutes a predisposition to consumption outweighing all other causes combined. Among animals, in a state of nature, man not excepted, consumption is almost unknown. With them "colds" do not settle upon the vital organs internally; perspiration is not "driven in" upon the lungs. Why? Because, the skin being vigorous, open, and porous, there is room in its capillary vessels for "reaction" to throw the irritation or inflammation upon the surface, diffuse it over the surface of seven millions of pores, and in the commotion of a superficial fever, the deep-seated viscera find their protection.

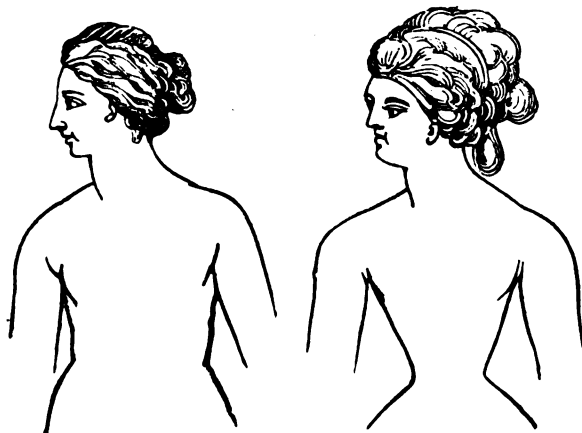


FIG. 22.—NATURAL AND CONTRACTED CHEST.

But when the skin is obstructed, whether from the positive cause of gross aliment, or the negative one, uncleanness, it is not only unable to assist the other depura-

ting organs by performing increased duty on emergencies, but is incapable of doing its own proper duty in the way of eliminating morbid matters from the body; and when its functional power is impaired, the other excretory organs must suffer in proportion to their intimate relation to the skin in the process of depuration. In civilized society, owing to the general prevalence of artificial and unphysiological habits, these organs are the lungs. But we will suppose—and, by the way, it is a lamentable reality—that in many persons, from too sedentary habits, improper bodily positions, lacing, &c., the diameter of the chest is reduced to two-thirds or one-half its natural breathing capacity, as represented in fig. 22.

Now it is perfectly certain that the person with the contracted chest will be twice or thrice as liable to consumption on exposure to extreme vicissitudes of weather, or to any of the ordinary exciting causes of the disease, as one whose lungs are well expanded. The moral of this fact is, the more feeble and imperfect the breathing apparatus, the more thoroughly unobstructed and invigorated should the skin be kept, to prevent this formidable malady.

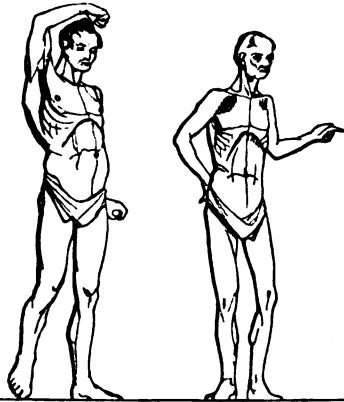


FIG. 21.—NATURAL AND CONTRACTED ABDOMEN.

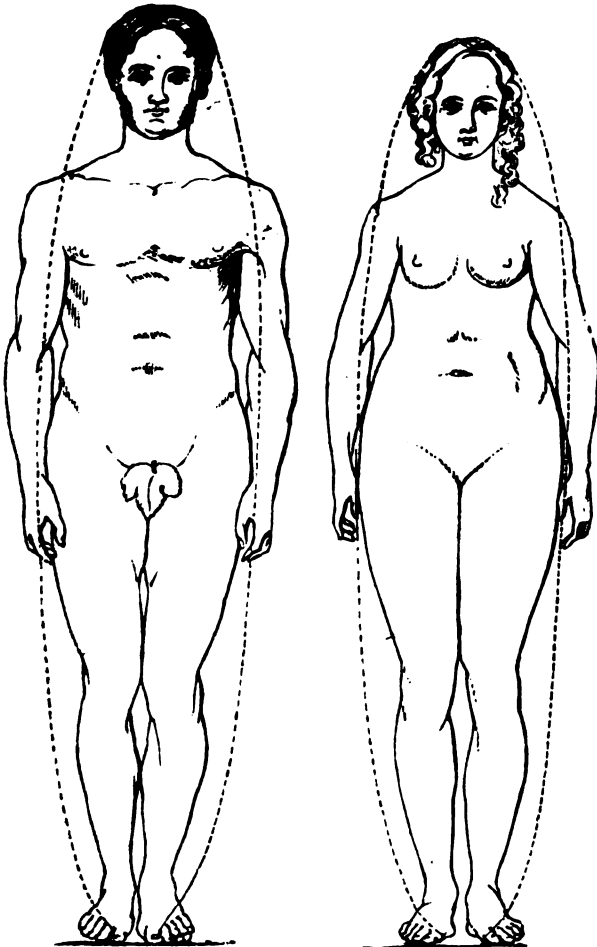


FIG. 24.—"THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE."

The same rule holds in relation to all the other excretory organs. Many persons whose livers were torpid, whose digestive powers were feeble, and whose kidneys were weak and irritable, have maintained a comfortable degree of health by the most careful attention to the cutaneous function. Those who have preternaturally contracted abdomens, whether arising from dyspepsia, bodily malpositions, or other causes, are also peculiarly liable to internal inflammations, and even consumption

itself, for the reason that the lungs are, by the contraction of the muscles of the loins and abdomen, deprived of a due degree of expansion, and "colds," or other morbid impressions made upon the surface, not being adequately resisted by the superficial capillaries, are thrown upon the lungs as the accessible point. Fig. 23 represents the condition intimated.

Now compare the preceding defects or deformities with a body in which the chest and abdomen are properly developed, fig. 24. Such an organization, in which all the vital organs have ample scope and verge enough to work easily or play healthfully, and in which the liver, kidneys, and bowels would naturally perform their functions energetically, could endure a great degree of "cold catching," before consumption would result; and could hold out against a very great amount of the causes which produce obstructions in the pores of the skin—in other words, accumulated impurities—before any internal disease would appear. The fact, however, that they can endure thus, is no reason why they *should*. Nobody can be so healthy nor so vigorous that a severe and permanent obstruction of either one of its excretory organs may not destroy the whole system.

Should any of our worthy friends, the allopaths, take it upon themselves to consider these illustrations as "far-fetched," in relation to the subject announced at the head of this article, I would beg leave to remind them, very respectfully, of course, that the physician who contemplates the functions or the diseases of any one organ without reference to all the rest of the functions and organs, commits a very grave error. And in this view the whole allopathic system of pathology and practice amounts to "one grand mistake." According to that system the part or organ that manifests the abnormal symptoms must be doctored. If the skin is sick it must be dosed; if the kidneys are disturbed they must be drugged; if the lungs do not breathe properly something must be done to them; and if the stomach appears troubled its trouble must be doubled, &c., &c. Now the skin is often disordered because it has some part of the functional duty of the liver or kidneys to perform; the kidneys are often diseased because they have been obliged to do the skin's proper work; and the liver or stomach are often oppressed because neither skin nor kidneys do their own duty perfectly, &c., &c., and accordingly the intelligent physiologist must look to the whole man whenever he undertakes to medicate the abnormal manifestations of any particular part.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.—Medical writers have enumerated and described more than three hundred specific diseases of the skin, which modern authors and teachers usually group into ten or a dozen classes. But so far as the usual drug-medication is concerned, they might all as well be termed, indiscriminately, leprosy, psora, itch, scalls, vermination, blain, or rash, and treated promiscuously with lead washes, mercurial ointment, sulphur fumigations, cod-liver oil greasings, neutral salts, &c., for these things are all prescribed by different practitioners, without much regard to rule or reason, and with results only differing in the relations of bad, very bad, and still worse.

I regard the ordinary drug-treatment of skin diseases as not only unphilosophical, but plainly contrary to common sense. The great majority of sores, blotches, pimples, eruptions, &c., are indicative of disorder or impurity within, which the organism is making an effort to throw upon the surface. This effort ought to be encouraged rather than suppressed. But the drug-doctor, with his "repellent" lotion, or "dis-cutient" ointment, or "detergent" wash, smooths off the skin and pronounces the patient cured. He is cured indeed, but at a most killing rate!

Such is the intimate pathological relation between the external integument—the skin—and the internal one—the mucous membrane—that it is the easiest thing imaginable to "repel," or "discuss," or "deterge" a disease from the surface to the mucous coat of the stomach and bowels, or throat and lungs; to change an external rash to an internal canker; an outside pimple to an inside ulcer.

The principal forms of skin affections proper to notice in this place may be arranged under the heads of *rashes*, *blains*, *scaly eruptions*, and *humid scalls*.

Of *cutaneous rashes* there are several varieties, as *gum rash*, which is peculiar to infancy; *rose-rash* or *roseola*, a blushing efflorescence which appears mainly in the spring and fall seasons; *millet rash*, which is confined to the face; and *lichenous* and *pruriginous rashes*, which are attended with excessive irritation, itching, or pricking.

Blains, which consist in roundish elevations of the cuticle, containing a watery fluid, are familiarly known under the various names and forms of *water-blebs*, *letters*, *heat-eruption*, *rhyphia*, &c.

Scaly eruptions comprise the affections which terminate in scaly excrescences without suppuration, as *dandruff*, *leprosy*, *fish-skin*, *rough scabies*, &c.

Humid scalls are characterized by an eruption of small pustules which harden into crustal plates. They are sometimes called *scale-skin diseases*, and include the *running scall*, or *impetigo*; the *scabby scall*, or *crustea lactea*; the *scald head*, or *tinea capitis*, and the various kinds of the true *scabies*, or common *itch*.

Special Causes.—These may all be resolved into erroneous dietetic habits; the use of stimulants, pungents and narcotics; the employment of medicinal drugs, and extreme and sudden vicissitudes of temperature. Gross foods, stale meats, old strong cheese, spices, salt, &c., often irritate or inflame the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, and this condition is sympathetically transmitted to the surface; or they may thicken and corrupt the blood, obstruct the capillary vessels, and thus produce irritation or inflammation primarily in the skin itself.

Rose rash is often produced by exposure to great extremes of temperature; and sometimes by drinking large quantities of very cold water after violent exercise. Troublesome rashes are sometimes occasioned by coarse woollen garments, or any kind of clothing which is too heating or too heavy; and some of the worst forms of the itching kind of rashes are frequently attributable to retained perspirable matter.

With the exception of dandruff, which may result from greasing or oiling the hair, too much head apparel, or excessive brain labor, scaly eruptions are commonly owing to gross food, and personal uncleanness; though some forms of scabies, known as baker's or grocer's itch, &c., may arise from some exposure to cold, or extreme alternations of temperature.

Blains, of the water-bleb kind, are mainly attributable to indigestible food, and heating or alcoholic beverages. Tetter is generally caused by acrid bile; heat-eruption may be produced by exposure to the direct rays of a hot sun, or by over-heating the body in any way; and the affection called rhyphia or rhyphia, which is mostly confined to children, is owing to drug-ging or bad nursing.

Among the causes of humid scalls, gross and irritating food, as pork, ham, sausages, fried cakes, cooked and burnt animal fats and oils, &c., are especially prominent. Hard cider, sour wines or beers, and all kinds of ardent spirits or malted liquors, and even vinegar are common sources of these forms of skin disease. In some cases they arise from absolute filthiness of the surface. Severe exposures to cold and wet produce some forms of scall, confined, however, mainly to the hands and feet.

Nursing infants are often affected with foul sores, scabs, ulcers, pustules, pimples, rashes, or some form of skin eruption, from the bad eating and drinking habits of the mother. If the mother inflames her own blood with salt, spices, vinegar, &c., or contaminates her secretions by gross, greasy, high-seasoned, or strong meat dishes, the impurity will be thrown off to a great extent through the milk, to the great disadvantage and danger of the child; and if the vital energies of the child are sufficient to repel the irritation to the surface, some form of a disease of the skin will be the result. It is not uncommon to witness an unweaned babe sucking a fried pork rind, or a piece of burnt fat bacon, while its ears, neck, or face are spotted with the foulest blotches or ulcers. What a mass of disease and deformity would the world be spared, if mothers would eat healthful food themselves, and give none other to their children. But, alas, how very few mothers have been taught to discriminate between the best and the worst alimentary materials!

TREATMENT.—In all forms and complications of skin diseases we should, first of all, look to the general health. Especially important is it to attend to the functional condition of the other excretory organs. In the majority of cases, diet is one of the leading measures of treatment, and in some cases it is the principal matter to attend to. It cannot well be too simple and plain, and it must be sufficiently coarse to secure a free action of the bowels at all times. In all cases attended with severe itching, burning or stinging sensations, especially when the general condition of the body is full or inflammatory, it should be exceedingly abstemious in quantity also. I have already indicated, as among the causes of skin diseases, those articles of food, drink, condiments, &c., which ought to be avoided. Animal food of any kind should be very sparingly used, and I believe an unexceptionable therapeutic rule in all cases is, the less the better. Those who are very dyspeptic or bilious, should use but little milk, nor should those who are disposed to acidity of the stomach, or any considerable degree of constipation. Mild fruits may be freely employed at meals; but unripe or very acid fruits are highly objectionable.

Water should be drunk freely by patients of a foul

or plethoric habit, and by such as possess a good degree of digestive power; while by those of spare habit, torpid skins and feeble digestion, it should only be taken according to thirst. But all water taken into the stomach must be *very pure and perfectly soft*. Hard water alone may be sufficient to defeat the cure under the best management in respect to all other parts of the remedial course. I am aware that the dirty, drugged, or medicinal waters of various iron, saline, sulphur, iodine, and other springs, are celebrated for curing diseases of the skin; but I have already given a reason why the method of curing the outer surface at the expense of the internal structures is no part of a true healing art.

The bathing processes must be regulated by the capillary circulation, general temperature of the body, and the sensibility of the part affected. There is an opportunity for the exercise of considerable tact and skill in adapting the temperature of the water to the condition of each patient. As a general rule, all affections attended with great itching, stinging, pricking, &c., without severe general fever, require tepid and cool water, but never very cold. Rashes can usually be easily cured by frequently sponging the whole body with water at about 70°.

In leprosy, and all other affections coming under the head of scaly eruptions, the wet-sheet pack for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, followed by the tepid half-bath—70° to 80°—is the best, and often the essential part of the treatment. The same is true of various eruptive, itching, or pimply appearances of the skin, unattended with general fever, and usually termed *erysipelatous* or *erythematous*. Most forms of serofulous and of syphilitic affections affecting the surface, though not technically called skin diseases, require this process perseveringly.

In all other forms of diseases of the skin, where no ulceration exists, almost any kind of washing, if repeated often enough, and conjoined with due simplicity of diet, will eventually effect a cure. When the skin is peculiarly harsh, rough, hard, or warty, as in ichthyosis or fish-skin, the long pack, from one to two hours, followed by the dripping sheet, is occasionally highly serviceable. Two or three thicknesses of wet-sheets should be employed in these cases, when the patient is inclined to the inflammatory diathesis.

When the surface is troubled with sores, cracks, watery pimples, pustules, &c., as in impetigo, scald head, &c., the affected places, when very tender, irritable, or painful, should be bathed frequently in warm water, or the parts moderately fomented with compresses. If the whole body is restless the full warm bath, occasionally, is the proper sedative. In all cases the patients will do better if kept in a pretty uniform and moderate temperature.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAP. XI.

DOGS.

WHEN I was a boy and went to school it was customary to read the American Preceptor. In it was a story of "the officer and his dog." That story made me a friend of the canine race, and laid the foundation for a partiality that has covered a multitude of their sins. However lacking in refinement it may appear, I confess that locomotive has preference with me over stationary life. I like a noble dog better than a beautiful rose. I like the sheen of his eye as he sits before me with his

"tail straight out behind him,"

better than the aroma of the tulip blossom. I like to gaze into it, trying to draw by mesmeric force his thoughts—for dogs have thought—to the surface, and make myself familiar with his inner life; far better than to examine with a magnifier the petals of a flow-

er. It seems as if I were nearer to Divinity when I do so, as if I lessened the distance which separates me from that mysterious Force which moves and directs all, and which in my inmost soul and with the profoundest reverence I acknowledge as my *master*. And verily it is so, for organized is greater in the scale of being than unorganized life, and life with locomotion is greater than stationary life, and life with thought as its propeller is greater in the scale than life with simple locomotion. The snail is greater than the coke leaf under which it lodges. The weasel is greater than the snail, the dog is greater than the weasel, and man is greater than the dog. This greatness, relative in its bearings, is strictly definable by being accounted as a *Divine* quality, that Power which we call *Deity*, has defined itself more clearly, has exhibited itself more manifestly in the creation of a Dog than he has in a rose; for, whilst one has exceeding great beauty, it has no intelligence, and the other has both. A dog thinks, reflects, draws conclusions, acts. Of this there can be no doubt: granted that the sphere is small, quite circumscribed in which his reflections play, it unsettles not at all the fact, that dogs go through regular processes of ratiocination. It detracts nothing from man's intelligence to admit a dog possesses intelligence also. The two are sufficiently separate by the degree which each possesses not to make man jealous that the dog will prove a rival. Whilst the orbs roll these specimens of Godlike architecture will not change places. Dogs will be dogs, and it is hoped that men will remain men. Man, in the struggle to develop his power, to bring forth to the light the thought that is in him, to give shape and precision to his creative force, has never seen his equal. No phase or form of life on which his eye has ever set has given him a competitor. He o'ertops them all, he calls himself the lord of Earth, yet he feels that *somewhere in the universe* resides the Being who knows more than he knows, can do what he cannot do, and create and make alive where he can only create. How beautifully and delicately, yet how distinctly, God separates the works of His hands from man's—constituting thereby the difference between nature and art, for what is the difference between them but this, that one is a creation embodying a living principle, and the other a creation lacking that principle? Two gentlemen were standing in the hall of the country-seat of the Duke of Devonshire, in England. One was a Christian, the other a skeptic. The eye of the latter fell on a painting of a grey-hound in repose, and he was in ecstasy of delight. "Beautiful! beautiful beyond expression!" exclaimed he. "I would give half of a life to be able to do a work like this." "And yet," said his friend, "you are a skeptic." "Why, what has my skepticism to do with this painting?"

"O nothing, only that skeptic as you are, you are easily satisfied with a representation of a Hound."

"You talk in riddles, you are pleased to be occult in your speech to me, my friend. Is it possible that you see nothing remarkable in this painting?"

"Why, the artist has done well, I admit, but after all he has failed in his aim."

"Failed!" "Yes, my friend, failed. His hound lacks one vital element, and it vitiates the whole work."

"Failed! vitiates his whole work! wherein has he failed? If that is not a perfect dog of his kind there is not one in broad England. Tell me, you whose opinion I value so highly, wherein has the artist failed to make a perfect hound?" "Why, my dear sir, he has failed to create a hound that can bark, his work is only a fac-simile of the great Master's. His picture wants life, and that is just what the Creator of your "perfect dog" cannot give it. Compared then with such dogs as the artist makes, of whose existence you are pleased to doubt, this dog is a poor type of his kind, and this painter a mere daub; for I can tell you, though man can make a dog, it takes a God to make him bark."

Said I not rightly that life is the Divine quality, that

this is the thing worth studying—and that it demands man's attention in the proportion it exhibits itself? It is for this life that is in a dog that I prefer communing with him eye to eye, than with a rose, nostril to calyx. But a truce to philosophy whilst I tell some anecdotes.

There lived some twenty-five to thirty years ago, on one of the most elevated heights of land in Onondaga Co., New York, a man who has figured as lawyer, farmer, and member of Congress. He at that time kept sheep—for his town was famous for its grazing properties. This man had a *dog*—large, strong, active, young, and very intelligent, which was wrongfully accused of bad habits, of which one was killing sheep. Various conjectures were had for a long time as to the dog or dogs which committed the slaughter. At length, after the gentleman had had half a dozen sheep killed of a night, he examined his dog's teeth and found them full of wood. "Ah, ha!" said he, "you, Bose, are the villain; well, well, I'll put an end to this shortly."

The dog lay under the table quiet, but with an eye open to all his master's movements; his ear was elevated to catch the least intonation, and at little intervals he would give a whine in reply to the curses his master was heaping on him, as much as to say,

"O, you ungrateful man, your profession has spoiled you: long a lawyer, you think *circumstances* are against me: I grant it; but are there not two sides to every question? And because I am a *dog* is it of no consequence that I have *justice*? The more need that you should be calm and dispassionate in your investigations, that you have a *dog* to deal with. It requires great candor to deal with me, for I am *dumb*, yet not void of understanding. O, if you would but be above passion you would see I am innocent—see!" and he arose, wagging his tail, and walked across the room and laid his nose on his master's knee.

"Get out, you scamp! I'll have a halter round your neck pretty soon. I'll learn you to kill my 'Saxon Beauty' that cost me a hundred dollars. Get out!" said the man.

The dog just parted his lips, gave a low growl, turned and erected his tail straight as a larch tree and walked across the room and in a corner, squatted on his hams. "It's of no use," said he to himself. "The conclusion is *foregone*. In my owner's eye I am guilty, he will not take pains to inquire into the facts, and I must die the death of a *faithless* cur, because I have been *faithful*. No! by all the blood of my race, I will not submit, I will leave him. Would he only send for his neighbor B. he would tell him that in trying to save his 'Saxon Beauty,' I got my teeth full of wool; for B. saw me whip the *dog* that killed him."

At this moment Peter the hired man entered, and Mr. — exclaimed, "Peter, load your fowling piece, take *Bose* out behind the barn, tie him and shoot him." The man got his gun, and whilst loading it, a hired girl opened the door, and the dog rose, walked deliberately out, turned round, looked at his master, gave a bark, and disappeared. He was not seen in the neighborhood for two years. Then he came back. Within two hours after his disappearance Mr. B. came and told the gentleman that he saw *Bose* fight like a lion for the preservation of his "Saxon Beauty," and that he had nothing to do with killing him.

When *Bose* came home he was lean and gaunt, and had evidently seen hard times; he lived to good old age and died, and had a decent burial at the hands of one who ever after trusted him. Is it not plain that the *Dog reasoned*?

It was a beautiful May-day. May—when the boys and girls are so joyous, when the brightest, prettiest girl is

"Crowned a Queen
On the village green,"

when the birds sing in the woods, and the lambskins from their mossy knolls leap from all fours into the air in ecstasy of feeling. One could hear the ploughman on the outskirts of our village urge his cattle to their tasks, could look on to the distant overhanging hill, and

see the Doctor in his *sulkey* force his pony down its steep sides as from his visit to the sick he hurried home to the embraces of his wife, the prattle of his children, and the enjoyments of the tea table. On all sides *life* was in its glory, nature had put on her most beautiful drapery—green, white, blue, purple and silver. The air was rich with aroma of blossoms, and gaiety or serene enjoyment was in every heart. Our village was happy—the tide of being flowed in gentle undulations, death's flow had ebbed, all had given themselves up to the fulfilment of the objects for which May-day was kept, save only such as were forced to forego its pleasures.

I had a little brother, an *only* brother, at that time, and I loved him very dearly. The springs of life in him were like a carbonic acid fountain. They bubbled incessantly. Play seemed to him the only method of "letting off" the exuberance of his feelings, for *tasks* he had unconquerable dislike. Ask him to go after the cows *alone*, he would have the head-ache, the stomach-ache, or the legs-ache, or some *sort of ache*. Propose to have him with some other boy go, and these symptoms of illness would vanish. The remedy was better than castor oil for a fit of indigestion. As a consequence to all this, he did the playing in the family, and I did the work such as is set apart for boys. If you wanted *him*, look in the barn on the hay-mow, or on top of the shed, or backside of the barn, you would find him making whistles, jumping on to the hay from the purlin plate, or playing barn-ball. Of the boys in our village he had selected one by the name of Richard Hunt, called Dick Hunt, as his friend. Dick was a pretty, inoffensive sort of a fellow, turned out afterwards rather shabbily, and liked my brother very well, and also like him loved play. I had often overheard them talking about *sleeping together*, and knew that they determined to do so if by any possible means they could bring it about. I heard them at one time say, that if they could "not manage it without, they intended to run away for one night either to Dick's 'uncle Richard Salmon's,' who kept the turnpike gate about three and a half miles west of 'our village,' or to my 'uncle Artemas,' who lived about one mile north of us."

When the May-day festivities broke up in the afternoon we missed my brother. I was sent over to Mr. Hunt's after him. He was not there, and had not been there. And what was worse, Dick was gone. He had not been home. So I went into the village, and made inquiries. The last I could hear of them was about three o'clock.

I returned home to tell my mother. Maternal love was alarmed. She put on her bonnet and walked down to the store to tell my father. He saw she was frightened. Night was off in the distance unwrapping her sable drapery wherewith to cover us. 'Twas such day-close as fastens itself in the memory ineffaceably. I can call up the sunset of that day so gorgeous yet so soft, as I can call up my first love. Father said he would step and inquire of the "Hotel" keeper, Mr. Morse, if he had seen the boys. He did so, but gathered nothing of value. When he came back he found Mrs. *Hunt* in the store. She had taken the alarm. "Where *are* our boys?" exclaimed the mothers. "O, I guess they will come back soon, some boyish freak of theirs." "O, no, it is not: Doctor, they are drowned," said Mrs. *Hunt*; "I know they are, their bodies are way down by Hall's Mill, I see them," and she gave a shriek and fainted. Here was a new act in the drama, an interlude in the play, yet not comic. Water was thrown in her face, hartshorn applied to her nostrils, and after a while she came to herself. It was now time to *do* something. The boys had run away, or estrayed, or were unable from casualty to come back. The *alarm* was given—men and women began to gather in the streets, twilight came, the church bells rang, and horse-back riders and men on foot were out in every direction. An hour elapsed: riders came back

from "uncle Artemas" and from "uncle Richard Salmon's," bringing no tidings, except that at neither place had the boys been seen. The creek was raked, but no bodies were fished up. Outhouses, barns, garrets, meal rooms, all places were searched where it was imagined they might be. The excitement was intense. The mothers were well nigh distracted. Night was on us. The stars shone out beautiful from the heavens; but the star of Hope to the soul of the mothers twinkled dimly. Mrs. *Hunt's* "second sight" had disturbed my mother. It had presented an ultimate view which was dreadful. The conjuration made, it was difficult to "lay" it; and as the search failed, and the night grew apace, sorrow took hold of all. Nine o'clock, and it was about being concluded to abandon the search, when a nephew of my father's rode up to the store-door. He had been off on business some twenty miles, and as he came into the village learned the facts. Hurrying up to the door, he dismounted, went in, and was met by tears and lamentations. "O, Nathan!" said mother, "our baby boy is gone;" and then as if aware that even in her sorrow she was *selfish*, she added, "and little Dick Hunt is gone with him. They are *drowned*." "Drowned! aunt, what makes you think they are drowned? They are *not* drowned. Come! come! Bull and I will find them. Here, Bull!" and a great shaggy dog, big enough to throttle a wolf as you would kill a mouse, walked up to Nathan's side. "Now tell me, some of you," said he, "who saw these boys last?" "They were seen by James O. Rockwell about three o'clock," said Bill Towsley. "Which way were they going?" "Toward your house." "Then, they are there somewhere; have you looked the house over?" "Yes, in every corner." "They are there, you may depend on it: come on, Bull, you and I will find them, come! Aunt and the girls have often said they wished you *BULL* were dead, that you were good for nothing, and I have as often told them that they would see cause to take back their hard words of you and feed you beef steak instead of pork rinds for breakfast. Come on, Bull, you and I'll do what all the Doctors, lawyers, clergy, militia and women could not do; and *you* shall do it, Bull—I want people to see once that a *dog* has a soul. The world is full of Infidels, who do not believe in dogs: we'll teach 'em a lesson to-night, Bull. We'll have 'em before light: you go ahead, Bull, and I'll follow. It shan't be said that I, who have often seen your superior inspiration, hesitate now. These people that look down on dog-hood call your knowledge *Instinct*, but they'd be puzzled to define it, I reckon. If they knew what they talked about, they'd call it *INSPIRATION*," and Nathan stalked out of the store as portly as a prophet.

Nathan had turned the current of feeling. Some laughed, some cried, some quizzed him where he was going, as he walked toward our house. "Going! to follow Bull who is going to find the children!" cried he, without looking back. The store was empty in a minute; men, women, and children at his heels. He entered our house, called to my sister Hannah to begin at the parlor and open every door in the house and every window outside and in, not to make an omission. The parlor was filled with people. She came back in about ten minutes and said it was done. Now said he, "I'll know whether these children are in this house, and if not which way they went from here; if they left here after three o'clock. I will thank you to be quiet, all of you. Bull," said the young man, "go find the boys! search the house first, and if they are not in the house and you find their track let me know before you 'skoot off' after them." The dog began his search. No deliberation could have exceeded his. He went from the parlor through the kitchen, down cellar, and was gone a few minutes, came up and searched every room in the house below, then he mounted the stairs, and entered my parents' sleeping room, and in a moment gave a loud bark. "He's found 'em!" cried Nathan; "by George! Bull, you are a genius," and he

bounded up the stairs like a panther, a dozen men after him. As he entered the bedroom with a light, there stood Bull at the side of the bed, wagging his tail. The spread was lifted from the side of the bed and a trundle-bed drawn out, and there lay my brother and Dick Hunt fast asleep in each other's arms. Such time no mortal ever saw. Women crying, men laughing, Nathan expatiating on the knowledge of Bull, church bells ringing out the blessed news of their being found, horns blowing, boys hooting, girls singing, and my brother and Dick rubbing their eyes and trying to make out what all those things meant. Bull was the "top dog" of that village, and died at full maturity and had elegant burial and appropriate ceremonies, for nobody could make Nathan think that he had no soul. In justice to his memory let me say, that this instance I have related was not the last, as it was not the first, that Bull showed an intelligence that threw man's into the shade. My brother and Dick, poor lads! their mothers separated them at that late hour, and they never slept together afterward. To make sure of their visit and sleep, they had left the playground, as James O. Rockwell stated, and entered our house by the back stairs, crawled under the large bed, undressed themselves, got up into the trundle bed and put their clothes on it, and so with the spread down on the front side hoped to defy detection till too late to remedy it, for that night. Reader, what think you of BULL? Was he not a great dog?

In the year 1825 my father sat in the door of our farm house of a sultry July afternoon. There bounded over the fence and came up to him and laid his head on my father's lap the largest dog but one I have ever seen. He was spotted, and of mastiff blood. No owner ever came for him, and he lived with us. He attached himself to all of us, but to none as to my father. He had the greatest courage imaginable in the performance of his duty. Nothing daunted him. Nothing could seduce him. He was vigilant to excess, almost. Never bit any body unless it was proper they should be bitten, and never barked. During five years that he was ours he was not known to bark half a dozen times. He did all his business on the Quaker principle of *quitt*. He saw all, knew all that was going on over the farm. His care was invaluable. We all loved him, all trusted him. I do not believe that he missed a dozen times in five years walking into my father's room of a morning and night to say in his gruff yet pretty growl, "How do you do?" and "Good night." He never attacked his species, but if attacked fought cruelly. He was the hero of a hundred fights, all in self-defence, and in all victorious. We had a cat, between which and him a most romantic friendship sprung up. He would do any little act of gallantry for her. I have more than once in my boyhood seen them walking out together—he tall, stately, dignified, with curling tail and a flapping ear—the gentleman dog. She with flipping step, erect ear, sly, coquettish eye and pretty purr, the lady-like cat. They evidently had gossip of the affairs of their superiors, men and women. I wish to state one anecdote of this dog. My father died in 1829. When he was dying, "WATER" came into the room, walked three times round his bed in the most mournful and grave manner conceivable, and putting his fore paws on the foot, looked the dying man steadily in the face, whilst tears trickled down his face as though he had been human. He then stepped down, walked away from the bed about six feet, and in a low moan howled three times and left the room. In the anecdotes I have given, I have purposely avoided instances of *sagacity*, but have chosen to give cases where they showed that they understood what was said and done. So understood as to signify thought and reflection on their part. Did time and space allow, I could increase to any amount these anecdotes, well authenticated. As it is, I forbear.

THE EMBRYON STATE. INTIMACY OF THE MATERNAL RELATION.

BY R. ROXANA.

"O Mother! in that magic word
What loves and joys combine,
What hopes, too oft, alas! deferred,
What watchings, griefs, are thine!
Yet never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls oppress'd,
Learn we to prize that holiest home,
A living mother's breast!"

SAID Gov. Briggs in his lecture upon Popular Education before the Franklin Lyceum of Providence, R. I. "I remember, twelve or fifteen years ago, I left Washington three or four weeks during the spring. While at home, I for the first time, possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams's mother and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters to her son while yet a boy of twelve years of age, then in Europe. Says she, 'I would rather see you laid in your grave, than that you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.' After I returned to Washington, I went over to Mr. Adams's seat one day, and said I, 'Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you.' 'What do you mean?' said he. I said, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother.' If I had named that dear name to some little boy, who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eye could not have flashed more brightly or his face glowed more quickly than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother." Yes, there is in the endearing name an inexpressible charm; a resistless magic potent to rouse the heart under the most inauspicious circumstances.

Mr. Abbott relates in his "*Mother at Home*," that a gentleman in one of the most populous cities of America, was once going to attend a Seamen's meeting in the Mariners' Chapel. Opposite that place there was a sailor's boarding-house. In the doorway sat a hardy, weather-beaten sailor, with arms folded, and puffing a segar, watching the people as they gradually assembled for worship. The gentleman walked up to him and said, "Well, my friend, won't you go with us to meeting?" "No," said the sailor bluntly. The gentleman, who from the appearance of the man was prepared for a repulse, mildly replied, "You look, my friend, as though you had seen hard days; have you a mother?" The sailor raised his head, looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, and made no reply. The gentleman, however, continued: "Suppose your mother were here now; what advice would she give you?" The tears rushed into the eyes of the poor sailor; he tried for a moment to conceal them, but could not, and hastily brushing them away with the back of his rough hand, he rose and said with a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, "I'll go to the meeting." He crossed the street, entered the door of the chapel, and took his seat with the assembled congregation.

The weather-beaten mariner, though far from the home of his earlier days, indifferent to the opinion and wishes of all around him, who fortifies himself against their appeals, until, apparently, he is inaccessible to the most touching remonstrance, suddenly becomes disarmed and subdued at the mere announcement of this most potent name. There may be a struggle to stifle the emotions within; but for the moment at least, the rock will be smitten, and the heart will gush, and the unbidden tear will tell of the magic power there is in the sweet name of mother.

At the mention thereof, the statesman of colossal mental greatness and political power, though in the midst of professional labor and toil, forgets the interests of a nation; his eye glistens, his cheek glows with radiance expressive of deep emotions within, at the recollection of one more intimately related to him than any other human being.

"My Mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame;
A feeling, which for years of fame,
I would not, could not crush."

The universality of this vibration of human sensibilities at the recollection of the one who gave us birth, finds its basis in the intimacy of the maternal relation. None feel but that they owe a debt of gratitude to their mother for an existence she has instrumentally given to them; if not, also, for a fostering, parental solicitude from infancy until able to care for themselves.

To argue the fact of this momentous maternal relation is superfluous; yet the amazing interests involved, which by the masses are overlooked, demand our serious consideration. It is the relation which the constitutional characteristics of the mother, both physical and mental, sustain to her off-spring, while in the embryon state, that makes her condition one so inconceivably momentous in its influence on the destiny of her posterity.

Proof is not wanting of the influence of the mother upon the constitution of her unborn child. Perhaps the popular belief has gone beyond the reality. Moles and images of objects, longed for by pregnant women, are believed to be imprinted on the skin of infants through the influence of the mother's imagination.

A clergyman of my acquaintance apologizes for his relish and use of tobacco, on the ground that his mother was not gratified in her longings for the nauseous weed, and as a consequence, he bears the impression of the article to the present day on his body, and has an inherent appetite for it, for which he is not so much culpable as otherwise he might be in the use of it. In Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, a story is told of the child of Lady Comarty being born with the mark of an axe upon its neck, from the painful apprehension under which she long labored of seeing her husband brought to the block. However, it may not be so self-evident to many that certain emotions and states of mind in the mother can affect the fetal form; yet it is an indisputable fact, that mothers agitated by distressing anxieties during pregnancy, have given birth to children who continued through life to be a prey to nervous, convulsive, or epileptic disease, and often display a morbid timidity of character which no subsequent care can counteract. The philosopher Hobbes unhesitatingly ascribed his own excessive timidity and nervous sensibility to the fright in which his mother lived before he was born, on account of the threatened invasion by the Spanish Armada, and which increased to such a pitch on the news of its actual approach, as to bring on premature delivery. James II., of England, possessed a constitutional aversion to the very sight of a drawn sword, and to every kind of danger; traceable apparently, and not without reason, to the constant anxiety and apprehension suffered by Mary during the period of gestation. It is known that a fit of passion in a nurse vitiates the quality of the milk to such a degree, as to cause colic and indigestion in the nursing infant. If in the child already born, and in so far independent of its mother, the relation between the two is so intimate, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it should be yet more intimate when the infant lies in its mother's womb, and is nourished indirectly by its mother's blood, and to all intents and purposes is a part of her own body. It is wholly dependent on its mother for life and growth, and executes no function peculiar to itself.

Can we believe then, for a moment, that if a sudden and powerful emotion of the mother's mind exerts such an influence on her stomach as to excite immediate vomiting, and upon her heart as almost to arrest its motion and induce fainting, it will have no effect on her womb and the fragile being contained within it?

While facts and reason alike confirm the reality of these influences, and communities generally assent and acknowledge its existence, how lamentable that parents generally do not better understand the conditions and extent of its operations! The proposition then plainly deducible is, *That there exists a direct and intimate relation between the general state and feelings of the mother during pregnancy, and the general constitution of her child.*

Reason, aside from experience, would lead us to expect this, for we find that whatever affects the general health and action of the system, must necessarily affect its component parts, and the child carried in its mother's womb is a part of her own body, and must be subjected to nearly the same influence as the rest of her organization. If her digestion is impaired, and the quality of her blood deteriorated by anxiety of mind, or the want of contact with the oxygen of the air from insufficient exercise, or erroneous fashionable habits of dress, how can the infant be otherwise than injured, seeing that it must be nourished by essentially the same blood which proves inadequate for her own healthy condition?

The important fact then is, to which the attention should be directed, that it is the *general* or the *habitual* state of the mind and body of the mother during pregnancy, whether it be that of excitement or inactivity, of a happy or discontented frame of mind, or of sound or broken health, which exerts a positive and constant influence on her offspring.

Hence, it is often noticeable that the temper and turn of the mind of the child is a legible transcript of the mother's state and feelings during the period she carries her offspring in embryo.

The diversity of character observed in children of the same family is traceable to the same source.

Says Andrew Combe in his admirable treatise on "The Proper Management of Children," "The extent of the modifying power exercised by the mother is shown in the fact that almost all great men descend from mothers who have been remarkable for their mental endowments and activity. Few distinguished men, on the other hand, have been blessed with talented children; partly because few of them are themselves robust, and partly because they very rarely marry women of superior talents, and still fewer of them live in such a way as the laws of health require. From the peculiar province of the mother, her influence is both more direct, and more continued than that of the father, and hence her greater share in the production of a gifted offspring." Nothing is more trite than the saying as applicable to characteristics which children exhibit, whether censurable or praiseworthy, "he" or "she" "came honestly by it."

This universally accredited saying, we suppose, implies an exemption on the part of the child from responsibility in the peculiar features which mark his character and being, and place it where it should rest, on the parents.

Of a noted divine of Connecticut, a man of ardent piety, of strong mental endowments, and possessing a mind of peculiar structure, to which may be traced his eminent usefulness as a minister of the gospel, I have heard it remarked by men of discernment, who had made the acquaintance of his mother, "that it was no wonder to those who knew her, from whence his peculiar traits of character had their origin.

A constitutional bias of an eccentric character sometimes will pervade every member of a family; and often where there is no hereditary developments of peculiar prominence, the condition of the mother while her infant is in the embryon state, has an influence on the mental character and health of her child, of which but few parents have any just conception.

M. Esquirol, quoted by Dr. Combe in his "Physiology applied to Health and Education," says "that often we are to look in the maternal womb for the true cause not only of imbecility, but also of the dif-

ferent kinds of mania." During the agitated periods of the French Revolution, many ladies then pregnant, and whose minds were kept constantly on the stretch by the anxiety and alarm inseparable from the epoch in which they lived, and whose nervous systems were thereby rendered irritable in the highest degree compatible with sanity, were afterwards delivered of infants whose brains and nervous systems had been affected to such a degree by the state of their parents, that in future life, as children they were subject to spasms, convulsions, and other nervous affections, and in youth to imbecility or dementia almost without any existing cause." Dr. Caldwell is very urgent in enforcing rational care during the period of gestation on the part of every mother who values the future health and happiness of her progeny. Among other things he insists on the necessity of mothers taking more exercise in the open air than they usually do, and cautions them against a feeling of false delicacy to keep them confined in their rooms for weeks or months. The feeling too common, especially among young prospective mothers, is, "I shall be gazed at only to be made the subject of remark by the bystander and looker-on if I show myself outside of my house or home, therefore I'll keep myself hid from their view while I am thus pregnant;" and often what is worse, fearing some one may call to see them, will abuse their constitutions and seriously injure their unborn child, by resorting to the unhallowed use of the bone, wood, and cord, that the abdomen, and the living being within, may be compressed and kept its usual size.

Wicked, cruel woman, art thou such a slave to thy pride and folly, as thus to do violence to thine own nature, and trifle with the future destiny of thine offspring? Knowest thou not that every man that is a man looks upon your condition as one vastly more interesting, more honorable, more praiseworthy, and that you while thus conditioned are entitled to profounder respect, and universal higher regard, than the would-be barren, unfruitful, lady-like wife, whose very sterility eclipses the bright radiance that otherwise might be thrown over the domestic circle?

Why are women made women? and why should they feel so repugnant to conformity to those laws which should be recognized as admirably facilitating the design of her destiny? Why should she not be taught to act more uniformly in reference to the design of her being—a woman? Why not trace the intimacy of the maternal relation to her child while in the embryon state, and act in reference to its future welfare, rather than consult the fastidious taste of crusty old maids, or the fashionable of our day?

Margravine of Anspach justly remarks, that "when a female is likely to become a mother, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper, and in particular to indulge no ideas that are not cheerful, and no sentiments that are not kind. Such is the connection between the mind and body, that the features of the face are moulded commonly into an expression of the internal disposition, and is it not natural to think that an infant before it is born may be affected by the temper of its mother? Dr. Combe remarks—

"From the moment of conception, indeed, if there is one duty more paramount than another, it is the obligation on the part of the mother to secure for herself, by every possible means, the highest state of mental and bodily health, of which her constitution is susceptible; and this is the more binding upon her, that its performance involves no sacrifice which is worthy of the name, and none which is not amply compensated to her by its favorable results."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—When manuscripts are sent to us widely and clearly written, on one side of the paper only, we read them promptly and dispose of them; when otherwise, we defer the reading to "a convenient season."

GLEN HAVEN FESTIVAL.

BY H. K. Y.

THE second annual Festival of the Glen Haven Water-Cure came off to-day. I readily comply with your request to furnish a brief report thereof, a mere bird's-eye view, for the spirit of the occasion is not transferable.

Imagine yourselves, then, on one of the loveliest mornings of this "month of roses" standing beneath propitious skies upon the western bank of this limpid sheet of water—the Skaneateles Lake—encircled in the arms of these everlasting hills. Before you is the "Cure," and just in front of it in the neat yard you see going up as if by magic a long bower. Walk up beneath its shade, and you find two tables stretching the whole length thereof. Walk into the house, pass through the bath-rooms and behold great nature's restoring agent, and the various manner in which it is applied to heal sinning mortals. Go over the house and view the nicely-carpeted and neatly-papered and well-ventilated rooms of the establishment. By this time the rustic tables are covered with snow-white spreads, and indications are fast multiplying that the wants of the physical man are to be cared for. Look about, and if you can find Mrs. Jackson, you will see the quiet mainspring which puts all these men and women you see moving about the table in clock-like motion.

Cast your eye up the valley, and what do you see winding down the hills? All sorts of carriages wending their way to the Glen. Now comes the shaking of hands—the cordial greetings—the hearty welcomes—the feasting of eyes and the warming up of hearts—and still they come, load after load; but hark! what sound is that?—the steamboat bell as she comes puffing along with her freight of humanity, with her streamer in the wind. Now she is at the wharf, and a living tide moves from her deck. An hour yet to ramble before dinner. Some go to the Falls, some to Hemlock Island, some along the lake shore—some on the lake in the row-boats—look where you will you see knots of old friends talking over the past, and expatiating on the glories of the present. There are some strolling up the hill-side alone, stopping ever and anon to drink in the beauty of the scene. And yonder they are entering the woods near the lake shore in couples, apparently more intent upon each other than the scene around. Can you guess what they are thinking and talking about? but no matter, the bell rings for dinner, and all gather to a common centre. Three hundred are seated at the table, and are giving substantial evidence (if "the proof of the pudding is in the eating") that the reputation of the Glen Haven table is well sustained. Large quantities of chickens, turkeys, lamb, veal, beef, trout, white-fish, pickerel, perch, and all the fixings of pies, puddings, and the nameless et ceteras have disappeared, and a sea of upturned faces are listening to the words of wisdom falling from the lips of Beriah Green, of Whitesboro. When he concluded, the echoes of the Glen were awakened with the call for Dr. Jackson, who gave a statement of the object of the Festival.

I send you the toasts of the occasion. The guests came from nearly all parts of the State, from the roar of Niagara to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and were made up of farmers, mechanics, lawyers, ministers, and a good sprinkling of a dozen or so physicians of the various schools, with wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts.

I know of nothing that happened to mar the pleasure of the day. All countenances beamed with gladness, and I trust all went home with their sum of happiness increased.

Numerous letters were received from individuals who were unable to attend, expressing regrets and good wishes. I have obtained permission to forward a few for the pages of the Water-Cure Journal.

For the benefit of those who are personally unacquainted with the writers, I will say a few words.

Washington Stickney is pastor of the church at Canastota, a man who for these many years has not feared to preach the whole gospel, and is ever ready for every good word and work. E. Buckingham is a minister at Trenton, Oneida Co., distinguished for his practical piety and philanthropic efforts. G. W. Perkins of Meriden, Ct., has for several years ministered to the Congregational Church in that place, and spent about a fortnight at Glen Haven last summer. A. J. Calvin is a well-known lawyer at Albany, and formerly a patient of Priessnitz at Graefenberg, in Germany. Dr. Hoyt is a distinguished surgeon residing at Syracuse, and a physician of the old school, but a liberal-minded man, as you will see by his letter. Paulina Wright Davis of Providence is widely known, and many rise up and bless her for the knowledge she has bestowed upon them in her lectures upon physiology, and the laws of life and health.

Three hearty cheers were given for Glen Haven, which made the welkin ring, and then the "good-bye" and "God bless you," and so ended the second annual Glen Haven Festival. [June 23, 1852.]

LETTER FROM PAULINA W. DAVIS.

Providence, June 15th.

DRS. J. C. AND L. E. JACKSON. MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Your cordial invitation to be present at your annual festival gave me much pleasure, for I like to be recognized as one having an interest in a work so truly humane, as is the entire reform in medical practice. I know of no festive occasion in which I should join with so much interest as the one to which you have bid me, and if circumstances permitted, I would joyfully make one of your guests.

It seems entirely suitable that the true laborer should have his season of rejoicing over those he has redeemed from suffering. "Baptism is regeneration," and the Water-Cure physician truly reforms, rebuilds, and regenerates the diseased who come to him.

When disease comes to be looked upon as sin, we shall have fewer people who will be willing to pay exorbitant prices for the privilege of "enjoying poor health."

Fewer who will worship the profoundly wise technicalities of the old time-honored institutions of medical practice, and a larger number who will seek a purer faith.

When early deaths are regarded as they should be, as mere abortions, fewer hearts will be wrung by the separation from those held most dear. Poets will not then sing of death as a revengeful and arbitrary sovereign, with unlimited power to choose "a shining mark," wearing a dark and frightful mien, and leaving only anguish in his train.

When man learns to live he will go down to the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe, and as he passes away it will be recognized as the birth, into a higher, fuller, more complete life, where the ultimate aim of creation will be comprehended.

There is a beautiful German allegory of the angel Death, and the angel of Sleep, twin brothers who went forth together to visit the haunts of men. After their work they reclined on a mossy bank, locked in each other's arms.

Said Death to Sleep, "Mankind bless you, my brother, for you give them peace. You go forth and scatter the seeds of repose, they fall alike upon the eyes of the babe in the cradle and the aged. The sick and the mourner forget their griefs, and bless you for rest. The gay and joyous close their eyes without care, but me they behold in dread dismay." "My brother," said Sleep, "me they bless on rising, will they not bless you also in the morning of the resurrection?"

I had been reading this allegory one bright summer afternoon while sitting under the shade of a wide-spreading tree; the soft air was delicious, the spirits of the flowers bore their fragrance to me full of health and freshness. It is said "that all human knowledge commences in dreams. In dreams the soul hovers over measureless space, that the first light bridge between spirit and spirit, this world and the world beyond is then formed." Be this as it may, the heart is never ignorant, because the mysteries of feeling are as full of wonder as are the discoveries of intellect.

While thus sitting sleep touched me, my eyes closed, and I dreamed;—in my dream I saw the two angels of whom I had been reading, near them were grouped several

others, but these I heeded not, for I was intent upon a conversation between Death and Sleep.

Death wore a sad, stern look, as though forced to a duty uncongenial to his nature. "Wherever I go," said he, "I hear only of the hatred of mankind to me, the voice of mourning and complaint fills my ear, I am called the thief, the destroyer of all happiness. Oh! that my task were done and I could be recalled. I had hoped that I should be less hated when I had taken my helpmate Disease, but alas! alas! it makes no difference, still the same, ever the same dread of my approach."

I turned now to look at the companion he had named Disease; close beside him lay a being in which all the ills that flesh is heir to were concentrated. Not a disease which I had ever seen but had its type in some portion of her frame. Writhing and coiling herself up, she gave utterance to her rage. "Death, you know well that you are often welcomed where I have been to obey your commands; and when I have not been able to do all necessary to make your way easy, by reason of Madam Health's labors, why our son Medicine has effected the rest."

"Look at the child which you called but now, how quietly and gently it dropped into your arms, and did not even the mother feel relieved when you had borne it away. I obeyed your behest. I touched it but lightly just to warn the parents that our sovereign nature would have its tribute; I lingered, and Medicine called in and gave the child a dose of aloes to expel me; there was no longer need of me. Medicine called again and applied a blister, and gave calomel, the nerves were in a perfect furor, Health declared she could do nothing. Nature set to work to expel us through the skin, and the perspiration poured off her. Nature called for water internally and externally. Medicine said it is an experiment, she is doing well, surely. I dare not have her bathed in clear water, rub her in alcohol, saleratus water, &c. Health was disgusted, Nature worn out, and Medicine had it all his own way; but you and I were the enemies who bore the blame, and received the curse. Well, why could you not have spared that only child a little longer? What, am I not commissioned to punish when they disobey? I did hear their prayers night and morning for health and long life, but there is no release for me from my work, if parents and friends will feed children every hour in the day with every variety of compound, I must perform my part in the great drama of life. Glad am I that our offspring Medicine shares my work with me, it is less difficult, I do not so often have to sow seeds of plague and pestilence. I loathe small-pox, cholera, and scarlatina, they give you your victims too soon, and I am robbed of my portion of the frolic." A frightful insane laugh followed.

"I will away to yon hollow where there are piles of filth, and I will turn them over with my finger, and the vapors shall rise to the hill above where stand fair palaces, and where health revels in the beauty and gracefulness of two sisters. Ah! I will send up the poisonous miasma, and the blood that now courses so gently shall run riot, and then my work for them shall be done, I leave the rest to our son. But even this will not compel the fathers of the city to believe in the solidarity of the human race, and that what affects one member affects all. I will give them some hard lessons. I will touch the fairest and most beautiful flowers that bloom around them, and they shall see them wither and droop into your cold hand, even though they do avoid my companions Sin and Pleasure. Tell me, have I not found them faithful allies? To-night I will visit with them a festive board, and as they sip, I will scatter with unsparring hand seed that in time will bring a rich harvest.

"I will go to yon school-house where are herded together crowds of children, and leave the measles, and to another the whooping-cough, and to another the scarlatina, for next winter. I will poison the fruits in the market, for they have plucked them before their time for gold. I have been in the distillery and poisoned the mush given to the cows, whose milk is to nourish their babes. I have breathed into their darkened bedrooms, and strode wildly through the aisles of their churches, and rushed from them to taverns and groceries with my sisters Sin and Pleasure. Are we not a glorious trio?"

At that moment I perceived by her side a shadowy unsubstantial being, still bright and alluring. I knew her, it was Pleasure, and close beside her was another older and coarser, blue-eyed and palsied, half clothed with tattered finery, half covered with costly, elegant drapery. I could not be mistaken, 'twas Sin. I saw that Disease needed these allies to precede her, and close the eyes of mortals to her hideous appearance.

Death spoke again. "Must I ever and forever be associated with these beings? Far better was my state, when, in order to try my unpledged powers, I beckoned forth Envy and Malice from the dim twilight, and bade them incite Cain to do violence to his brother. Then was my head circled with a chaplet of flowers, and old men came to me for rest, and an entrance into a higher life; now the babe at the breast, prattling children, and beautiful young maidens, and strong men are my victims." He turned his face from me and wept.

A young Hebe lay in the arms of Sleep, but the dream did not chase away her gladness, for the smile still lingered on her lip. The breeze played with her long golden hair, her perfumed breath came and went regularly. She rose at length, shook Sleep, and said, "Come, rouse thee, I have dreamed that the two sisters of yon palace do not rest. Come let us to our work, the sun is sinking low in the west, I have visited your favorites and can do nothing for them. Their blood leaps madly in their veins, their eyes burn and glare, and the parched tongue moans. It is pitiful to hear them, there is no longer harmony there, for you are banished; and Sleep, what has done this? Surely, Pleasure and Sin have found no welcome there, to give Disease a plea for entering there." "You forget," said Sleep, "that miasms rise, imperceptibly to the senses it may be, but they do their work none the less surely. If there is filth and pollution in the valleys, there will be sympathy on the hills. Disease seeks the fairest and most highly organized, thus your favorites are taken." "Then," said Health, despairingly, "all my efforts to promote the good of mortals are vain." "Not so; you must whisper in the ears of the proper authorities the evils arising from their sewers, their dark alleys, their cellars and alleys overcrowded with human beings. Teach them that though they may think this a good way to dispose of overplus population, they will find that diseases bred in these places spread to their proudest homes."

"Sleep, go thou and close the eyes of these sufferers, and I will come to them in dreams. I will come to them from the cool sparkling fountain, they shall hear me in the music of the running brook, they shall see me in the rippling of the wavelet, and I will lure them back to health and harmony. I will cool their fevered throbbing heads, and soothe away their pains, and will leave no remnant of poison in their systems to tell in after time against the remedial agent that I will use for them, for it shall be WATER."

Thus ended my dream, and a dreamy answer you will perhaps consider it to your joyous call. I am most happy to hear of your marked success, and shall be most happy to hear from you again. My husband joins in good wishes to you, and for the success of your institution. Yours, very truly,
P. W. DAVIS.

LETTER FROM H. HOYT, M.D.

Syracuse, June 23, 1852.

MY DEAR JACKSON: I answered your invitation to attend this anniversary of the "Glen Haven Water-Cure" some weeks since, saying "I would attend." I am sorry that circumstances beyond my control, and those not looked for, deny to me this pleasure.

I am informed that you this day hold your second anniversary, and as it was with the Jews at Jerusalem in former times, so it is now, water (in my opinion) offers, as an agent of cure, abundant reasons for such rejoicings. It was in the ancient city, "where were gathered multitudes of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered—waiting for the movement of the water,"—now it is at Glen Haven. God help you.

At this particular point of the sun's journey in its annual round in the heavens, when our atmosphere is so highly heated and our streets so dusty, when everything you put your fingers upon burns like Whig politics, we cannot help thinking what a delightful thing it would be, aside from all religious rites there may be attached to it, to make a few plunges—sides first—feet next—head last—in your Bethesda.

"Honor a physician," says the son of Sirach, "with the honor due unto him, for the uses ye may have of him." This must have been said of a Hydropathic physician, and about this time of the year it is thought.

The honor due unto you, my friend Jackson, we intended to have paid in person, and at the same time received, if not imparted some knowledge of water cures.

Most—indeed for that much—all the knowledge we possess of the remedial virtues of water, save our own experience, is gathered from one of our own profession—Dr. James Currie, who wrote a treatise on its curative powers a little over half a century ago. Why water since that time

has not been more generally resorted to as a remedy, is a query.

The profession have always understood and taught the extensive and very intimate relations the skin holds to disease in other tissues, especially in the mucosa. They have long known, too, what a field the skin offers to the action of curative agents, and the great number of complaints that commence in and end here; its sympathy with the mind, &c., and that there is no other remedy so eligible for these as water. None whatever.

There is a whole class of diseases called eruptive (*Idiopathic*); there are others originating in very remote situations of the body, that spend their force on the skin, and others that *sympathetically* affect it, and in return, it them. Water is, if not a sovereign, a powerful remedy for them all.

How, suppose ye, patients used to recover from fever some twenty-five years ago and under, when the physicians with such cruel hands suffered them to burn, and consoling them only with the thought that there was a greater torment than fever? Well, sir, they did not recover. *Then* water was thought to be a powerful agent of human destruction; now it is clearly demonstrated by practice, in fevers and a thousand-and-one other diseases, to be an efficient remedy to cure.

The celebrated Liston used nothing else hardly to wounds, and the most successful surgeons in this country follow his precepts and example. It is now used not as the *coadjutor*, the *adjutant* in the cure of diseases, but as the *principal*—the remedy.

Some say it is faith that cures, combined with hygienic rules, at your *Water-Cure*. We know the power of faith is great, but we also know from experience the direct agency water has upon our constitutions. We know of lives preserved where the mind was *oblivious*—where there was no faith, because no manifestations of mind were visible.

It seems, that to Priessnitz, the present state, or reputation water has in the cure of diseases is to be ascribed. This is an error. I first, and many of the older branch of the profession will remember, how they drew their first principles in the use of water, from the writings of Dr. James Currie. Currie in medicine has done everything for water, and is the world-renowned in the profession as the author of one of the most valuable treatises ever published upon the effects of "cold and hot water in the cure of disease." Indeed, it may be said, he is the only person who has written upon the subject at all, methodically.* Have you this work? If you have not, be sure to get it.

But, friend Jackson, they do say that if water had no power whatever to cure diseases, so attractive, picturesque, and *marvellously* beautiful is the spot you have chosen for your RETREAT, that almost any form of complaint would relinquish its grasp upon us, if this agent was left out of the reckoning.

Around you are gathered some of the loftiest hills, and all clothed with luxuriant verdure; just on one side lies that beautiful sheet of pure, limpid water, the Skaneateles Lake, and to its very edge it is walled in, not with a *murad*, but a *rural escarpment*; and to crown all, there comes nightly peering into your winding, shaded Glen, the soft silvery light of the

"Orient orb of the round full moon."

Your air, too, is balmy, and free from those noxious vapors which so much poison the inhabitants of cities. In this retired spot there is no *noisome noisances* at midnight as here, of the barking of dogs, the *caterwauling* of cats, and the frightening screams of *dispered* infants to disturb one's rest, or give to the visions of sleep hideous forms and things unspeakable.

Who could not under such a sky offered to invalids get rid of blue devils, the very *Incubus* that so torments our souls? Friend Jackson, I see reasons such as are pregnant with meaning in the sentence quoted of the son of Sirach, "It is best to honor a physician the uses ye [we] may have of him."

If our dust and heated atmosphere, our dogs and cats, our pigs and babies do not quickly change or be modified in some way, I shall have need of you.

Now, friend Jackson, this is my opinion of Hydropathy, and without *crotchets* I state it; that "it is a part of a great design, appropriate to the development of a great

* Our friend Dr. Hoyt evidently, is not booked upon this subject. He has not found out that we have a hydropathic literature richer and more voluminous by far than any that Dr. Currie gave to the world. But he will find it out, for a liberal mind does not grope in darkness forever.

end," and after having thanked you for your very kind invitation to visit your Water-Cure institution at this time, at Glen Haven, on the borders of the Skaneateles Lake, I close by offering you the sentiment of the ducq,

"Hydropathy and Priessnitz forever."

Yours truly,
H. HOTT.

LETTER FROM E. BUCKINGHAM.

Trenton, Oneida Co., May 14, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: I have been favored with your letter of the 4th inst., conveying to me an invitation for myself and a friend to unite with you in a Hydropathic festival at Glen Haven, on the 23d of June. I am under great obligations to you for your politeness and cordiality. Two reasons will prevent my acceptance of the invitation; first, that I shall probably be absent from the state at that time; and secondly, that I am not worthy to be honored with a place among the believers in Hydropathy, because I am not myself a believer in that peculiar system of medical treatment. I do not mean that I am a disbeliever in it. But having had such opportunities only as may fall to every man of common intelligence, to make inquiry concerning the various medical systems prevailing through the civilized world, but still having read and observed something concerning all the more prominent ones, I have come to this conclusion:

That all the tendencies of nature are to health, not to disease; that, through the wonderful beneficence of the Great Author of nature, the moment disease commences, that moment all the powers of nature, the vital force, the intellectual, the moral powers, when in a moderately healthy condition, the air we breathe, the sun in the sky, the universe, in a word, all conspire to restore the body to its state of health; and that whoso can remove the obstructions, physical, or moral, that prevent the healthy operations of nature, is the best physician, let his theory or his pathy be what it may. I abhor "drugs," and, generally speaking, do not believe them the means designed for the cure of disease. I have little confidence in medical theories—not that they do not often embody the results of the most patient and careful observation and inquiry, extended through ages—but, in a sphere of life devoted to pursuits which have no reference to the healing art, I have had no ability to investigate them, a ability to apply a sufficient test to them. We can scarcely imagine a theory so absurd that it may not have its earnest and devoted advocates, its books of explanation and definer, and its multitudinous array of proofs. The body is too curious a piece of mechanism—its forces are too subtle—its connection with the mind, and heart, and character is too mysterious, as it seems to me, to make the community more than poorly able to judge of medical theories; and the students of medicine themselves, however meritorious, ought only to pronounce themselves observers and inquirers. As an individual, I would trust myself in sickness, under God, to a wise and faithful friend, to a man of intelligence and experience, to a man whose moral principles are such that I may believe the interest of the patient is superior, in his mind, to his theory and his fee: what class of physicians he might belong to, would then be a matter of small interest to me.

As you are devoting yourselves, publicly, to the cure of disease, I hope, among your efforts, it will not escape you to urge upon the public mind, as one of the first necessities in education at school, and at home, that the study of physiology, and anatomy, of medical theory, and medical botany, and of the relationship of the mind and character upon health, should be attended to with interest and faithfulness. Whoever, by so doing, will relieve us from the follies and dishonesties that too often degrade the medical profession, and destroy each year unnumbered lives, and sow misery broadcast through the community, will be worthy to take rank among the greatest benefactors of the world.

Hoping that in the practice of hydropathy you will still be inquirers, and not enslaved by a theory; hoping that you will find yourselves successful in a course of treatment that I have every reason to believe is, in very many instances, most beneficial; and that you will receive the rewards of those whose lives are blessings to their fellow men, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your obliged friend,

E. BUCKINGHAM.

LETTER FROM W. STICKNEY.

Casastota, June 3d, 1852.

JAMES C. JACKSON AND COMPANY.—Gentlemen:—I received your very kind invitation to attend your Water-Cure Festival on the 23d of this month, and it is with sincere regret that I am obliged to forego the pleasure it would afford me, and also my wife, to do so. Would circumstances allow, rest assured nothing could afford us greater gratification than to join you

and a host of kindred spirits in the festivities of the occasion. Hardly anything, I imagine, can afford a greater source for thankfulness and rejoicing, than the great reform which is being effected, throughout this country and the world, through the introduction and establishment of the Water-Cure system. Even the most ardent and wise of our reformers, it is to be feared, have scarcely begun to comprehend the very intimate connection that exists between the laws of the physical economy and the true system of Therapeutics, and all the interests embraced in our varied reforms and universal progress. The truth is too palpable to be denied, that the great mass of men, and even the greater mass that profess to have arrived at an elevation somewhat above their fellows, have turned the parlor, the upper rooms of the sanatorium of the soul, into greasy besotted kitchens. Their souls have run into their stomachs, and they have become sufficiently capacious to take in countries and continents, and even God himself must bow and worship at their fleshy altar. You may think it a strange sentiment of mine, gentlemen, but I am of the opinion that one of the grand means, and most powerful auxiliaries in the promotion of intellectual (and consequently of spiritual) advancement, will be found in the propagation and establishment of principles like those practised in your Institution. With that preponderance of the animal nature which is induced and constantly fed by the present mode of living, and the present modes of medical treatment, it will be very difficult to get the great mass to comprehend (much less attain to) what belongs to our proper humanity, our divine personality. A greasy stomach, filled with all manner of unclean things, and "indigestible molar," is a very natural ally of a greasy theology and a greasy priesthood, always ready to furnish the article by the quantity to suit purchasers, to keep oiled every system of little devil worship, or the big wheels of an organic sin Philosophy. Looking at this subject in this light, I take great pleasure in the increasing prosperity of your institution. Please to remember me to Mrs. Jackson, Gen. Chaplin and lady, and believe me, Truly yours, W. STICKNEY.

LETTER FROM G. W. PERKINS.

Meriden, Ct., June 1st, 1852.

DEAR SIR:—Your welcome note, informing me of the date of your designed "festival," reached me in due season. Having made such engagements as will occupy me just at that time, I shall be compelled to deny myself the pleasure of visiting your beautiful "Glen," on the occasion alluded to. My brief residence in your establishment last year was so pleasant, I enjoyed so highly the society of yourself and your guests, the scenery by land and water was so enchanting, that no spot would have stronger attractions than Glen Haven. But the stern demands of duty must force me to resist these attractions.

Should one ever be sick, he could find no place where sickness would find more alleviations: and if any thing would reconcile one to disease, it would be the company and comforts of Glen Haven. Yours truly,
G. W. PERKINS.

LETTER FROM A. J. COLVIN.

Albany, June 4, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—It would afford me sincere pleasure to accept your invitation, to partake of a Hydropathic dinner on the 23d inst., but my engagements will be such as to prevent.

I have heard your institution well spoken of, and it will certainly continue to be, in my judgment, and must become eminently prosperous, if you shall perseveringly refuse to employ drugs in connection with the water treatment. Depend upon it the system of Hydropathy, and that of administering the deadliest poisons are as opposite and antagonistic as the poles, and cannot co-exist.

It was remarked by the lamented Priessnitz—I heard him utter it with a sigh—that the Water-Cure would die with him—after I am gone, said he, the faculty, as they style themselves, will adopt just enough of the water practice, in connection with their drugs, to render it hurtful and unpopular, and thus it will gradually be displaced, and the old will resume its accustomed position.

I trust and believe this prediction of Priessnitz is not to be verified, and it will not, if the many Water-Cure institutions, like your own, shall sternly and steadily refuse to admit the accursed connection.

Wishing you the greatest possible success in your laudable efforts to promote the true Hydropathic system, suffer me to take my leave, by offering the following sentiment:

The Hydropathic and Drug medication practices—the one the regenerator of the human system, the other its destroyer. May God, in his infinite mercy, help us to preserve the one, and annihilate the other. Your obd't serv't,
A. J. COLVIN.

TOASTS AT GLEN HAVEN FESTIVAL.

By H. HOYT, M. D., of Syracuse:—

The sentiment of the Duck, "Hydropathy and Priesnitz forever."

By A. J. COLVIN, of Albany:—

The Hydropathic and Drug medication practice;—the one, the regenerator of the human system; the other, its destroyer. May God in his infinite mercy help us to preserve the one, and annihilate the other.

By C. T. GARTON, of Chicago:—

Water, the emblem of truth, which alone is able to make us free. May it be applied to wash away our physical maladies, and thus, by giving us free bodies, prepare for the indwelling of free spirits.

By REV. A. PINNEY, of Syracuse:—

Cold Water, the emblem of freedom; a "good and perfect gift" coming "down from the Father of lights" to all his children. May the time soon come when all the obstacles to the full and universal enjoyment of the blessing shall be taken out of the way, and all the members of the family rejoice in the possession of their long lost but inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

By W. L. CRANDALL, of Syracuse:—

The Water-Cure Doctors, sturdy and successful opponents of the death penalty.

By W. P. GIBSON, of Skaneateles:—

The Ladies of New York, lovely in a thousand graces, reformers by intuition. May it be theirs to weave the standards and to wreath the victors, while their husbands and brothers press to the *World's Reform*.

By REV. J. R. JOHNSON, of Syracuse:

The Harmony of Reforms. If you help one, you help all. Daniel Webster once said, "Every truth in the universe agrees with every other truth in the universe." This doctrine is none the less important because he who proclaimed it fails in being in harmony with FREEDOM and COLD WATER.

WATER-CURE AT HOME.

A CASE OF DYSENTERY.]

A DESIRE to make known to suffering humanity the benefits to be derived from the "water cure" induces me to make public through your valuable Journal a cure that was recently effected in my family.

About the 1st of August last my wife was attacked with a violent dysentery, accompanied with much fever and inflammation, and in three weeks was reduced to a state of such extreme weakness that her life was despaired of; but under the administration of powerful stimulants she rallied, and during two or three weeks seemed slowly recovering, although her disease was only held in check by the constant use of laudanum. Her attending physician was of the *old school*, and her medicine had been principally calomel and opium. In the seventh week of her illness she became worse, her disease assumed a chronic form, and considerable ulceration of the bowels became manifest. A bronchial affection attended with a bad cough and hectic fever now set in. Other physicians were called, and the usual course of remedies administered for six weeks longer. At the close of this time, three months from the commencement of her illness, her condition was most alarming. All hope of recovery had been for some time abandoned. Her feet and face now commenced swelling, together with other symptoms of approaching dissolution. Her dysentery and the ulceration of the bowels proceeded rapidly, attended with much pain, and violent vomiting and cramps in the stomach had for 48 hours prevented the retention of any medicines or drinks; great inflammation of the bowels now became apparent, her pulse ran from 110 to 160. At this stage of her disease, when life seemed hanging on the feeblest breath, I was advised by several friends to send for Rev. Mr. Bray, Pastor of the Baptist church of this place, who was acquainted with the practice of Hydropathy, and had treated successfully several cases in our vicinity. I

will confess I had formed no favorable opinion of water as a remedy for disease, and especially after the science and skill of our best physicians had been unavailing. However, I was willing to make the trial, and Mr. B. was brought to my house, and after some hesitancy consented to undertake her case. The extreme weakness and emaciation to which she was reduced prevented at first a very thorough treatment, but the various ways in which water could be applied produced on the third day favorable symptoms, and on the seventh day she was pronounced convalescent. She went through a thorough water-cure treatment for six weeks, at which time she was able to ride in her carriage, and continued rapidly to recover her strength, her health being soon permanently restored. In closing this communication I would again advert not only to the superior excellence of *water* above everything else as a remedial agent in curing diseases, but desire to express publicly, my gratitude and obligation to the christian minister and physician for his skill, attention, and sympathy, and who in imitation of his Divine Master most emphatically "went about doing good."

W. M. MCCONNELL, Pontiac, Mich.

[Here, we have an example which should be followed by the "half a million" of clergymen who *ought* to become acquainted with Hydropathy. But let us be thankful for this, and such other glorious examples as we have. Ebs.]

PHYSIOLOGY—SCHOOL TEACHERS, NO. III.

BY LETSON,

THE BACKWOODS TEACHER.

As an illustration of the fact that many teachers do not put into practice what knowledge they possess of the principles of Hygiene, I wish to present the outline of a dialogue between two young teachers, who chanced to meet in the highway, not long since:

John. Good morning, William!

William. Good morning, John! I am happy to see you. How are you? and how have you been?

J. Oh! I'm sorry to say that I am not in very good health, and have not been for some time.

W. Ah! Indeed I am sorry to hear it. I noticed that you look pale and feeble. But let us sit down on this log and talk it over. What do you think is the matter with you?

J. I do not know. Sometimes I think it is the consumption (*squirts out a lot of tobacco juice.*)

W. Well, John, I suppose you are teaching school yet? Let me see, how long have you been engaged in the profession?

J. About four years. Yes, I am still *trying* to teach; but my health is so indifferent that I fear I shall soon have to give it up.

W. You studied Physiology, I believe, in the same class I did, at the academy. Do you teach it?

J. I do. I believe I have one of the best classes in that science, in the county. They can answer almost every question in the book. (*Spits out the old "cud" of tobacco, and takes a new one.*)

W. (*smiling.*) I am glad to hear it. What author do you use?

J. Cutter. His work is the best I know of.

W. It is very good. Now, John, as an old friend and schoolmate, let me ask you a few questions?

J. With all my heart; and I will answer them to the best of my ability.

W. Oh, they will not be difficult. I suppose you *bathe* every morning?

J. No: it is too much trouble; besides, in winter it is too cold. In fact, I am not prepared with the facilities to do it.

W. Can't you use the sponge bath?

J. To tell you the truth, I do not have time to attend to it.

W. Do not have time? Why, I hope you have

given up your old habit of lying in bed so late in the morning?

J. Why, no, not altogether. My health is such that I find it absolutely necessary for me to take my rest in the morning. (*Out goes more tobacco juice.*)

W. Well, then, you have refrained from being up so late at night, as you used to do?

J. Ah, William, you know I was always very fond of the society of girls, and as I grow older I become more and more so. Last night, I sparked one of the sweetest girls in the state, until two o'clock, (!) and then walked three miles to where I board. Oh, I do love the dear little creatures so much!

W. I do not doubt it! You have abandoned the use of coffee and tea, I presume?

J. Oh, no: however, as to tea, I do not care much about it, but coffee I *must* have or I should die. I am so feeble, and my appetite is so poor, that I cannot do without coffee. Why, some mornings, I can only eat a few bites of biscuit and butter, and drink a cup or two of coffee, (*more tobacco juice.*)

W. You and I, when out together, used to indulge, occasionally, in a glass of wine or brandy. I quit it four or five years ago; and I presume you did the same when you commenced teaching?

J. I can't say that I did, entirely; though I don't drink much, and never drink any only for the benefit of my health. When I feel so very weak and feeble, I sometimes take a little gin or brandy to stimulate and strengthen me; for which purpose, I generally keep a little by me.

W. One more question I intended to ask, but from the appearance of your teeth, lips and shirt-bosom, I suppose it is not necessary. It was in regard to using tobacco, I see you still use that.

J. Yes, a little. (*Squirts out about a gill of juice.*) I cannot get along without it. I have tried to quit it, but found it impossible, as I could not teach or do any thing. In fact I am a perfect fool without it. But I do not think it hurts me much, as I need stimulans, and a good chew of tobacco stimulates me, and makes me stronger, and feel better.

W. Now, John, look at me. You see I am in first-rate health, strong and hearty.

J. I noticed when I first saw you, this morning, that you looked in better health, fresher and fleshier, than you used to be. Oh! I would give \$500 dollars if *my* health was as good as yours!

W. You can have as good health for less money, I assure you. Now, John, as a friend, and with the design of benefiting you, suffer me to speak plainly, and tell you that it is your own fault that you do not enjoy good health.

J. How so?

W. Why you violate almost every law of health which governs your physical system, and you must not be surprised if you suffer the consequences; nor should you complain, for you do it with your eyes open.

I will review our dialogue: you neglect to bathe, and wash yourself when you know it is necessary to do so, to keep the pores of the skin open, that the waste matter may pass out of the system, and to revive that which may already have passed out. You remain up, and are out, late at night, and lie in bed late in the morning, when you know (or should know) that to be out late in the night, and to be broke of your rest and sleep, are very injurious; while the pure air of morning is very conducive to health. And as to *loving the girls* so much as to sit up until *two o'clock*, permit me to say, that no young man who had any proper respect for the young woman, would be guilty of such a thing; nor would any girl worth a fig, be fool enough to permit it. Believe me, John, *such "sparking"* is found only among the ignorant, and lower classes of society. Again, you drink tea and coffee, when it is well known, the direct tendency of both is to injure the nervous system; and you use tobacco, one of the most virulent poisons known to the medical world,

which destroys the nervous system, and weakens all the organs of digestion, the most important organs in the human system, destroying the salivary glands, or, by overtaxing their secretive powers, rendering the saliva impure and vitiating it, &c. &c. And, finally, you use ardent spirits "to strengthen you!" When by so doing, "you borrow strength from futurity, without the least possibility of ever being able to repay it, and with the certainty of ultimate bankruptcy" and ruin to the whole physical system. You forget that *reaction always equals action*, whenever you use tobacco, or drink tea, coffee, or ardent spirits to stimulate, or, as you say, to *strengthen* you. It is this *reaction* that now causes your ill-health and feebleness. And this *reaction*, if you do not alter your course, will soon lay you in an untimely grave. What a pity, John, that one, who might become so useful a member of society, will, in the face of all experience, and of all physiological facts, tamely allow his foolish habits and perverted appetites to murder him by degrees! No, John; I hope a happier fate awaits you! Take the *Water-Cure Journal*, read it carefully, and follow its advice; procure and carefully study Alcott's Health Tracts, use pure water as a beverage, and understandingly obey the few and simple laws of health, and I shall again see the bloom of health overspread the cheeks of my old school-mate; and side by side will we battle, manfully and *vigorously*, in the great army of Progress and Reform, and against error in all its spirit confining and soul crushing forms! *Teacher, go thou and do likewise.* New Baltimore, O.

THE SAFETY OF WATER APPLIANCES.

BY DR. J. A. HANAFORD.

THAT the water treatment, in the hands of the "common people," is infinitely safer than drug medication, no *scientific* man can for a moment doubt. On the one hand are the most virulent poisons which the vegetable and mineral kingdoms can afford—the fearful array of calomel, antimony, prussic acid, corrosive sublimate, quinine &c. &c.—and on the other, pure soft water, a pure diet, exercise, a regard to temperature, light, &c., a knowledge of all of which may be acquired, to some extent at least, to the masses. And that large numbers are treating themselves from the knowledge obtained by reading the *Journal* and kindred publications, far more successfully than their neighbors are treated by Allopathy, is equally certain. The system, and such it claims to be, boasting of more consistency and philosophy than all other systems combined, commends itself to the attention of the *thinking* and *reading* portions of the community. Its agents are of a *friendly* character, possessing more power for *good* and less for *evil* than the usual remedial (?) agents.

But, after all, is the employment of *water* as entirely safe, in the hands of the ignorant, as it is sometimes represented? All persons, it is true, may use it as a beverage, far more safely than any other, yet an indiscriminate and immoderate use may often prove injurious. All may use the sponge bath with great advantage, but there are circumstances which should modify even so simple an application as this may seem. The wet-sheet pack may be employed for too long a time, and its temperature may render its use injurious under certain circumstances. The same is still more evident if the sitz-bath and douche are employed: congestion of a debilitated organ may result, though the instances seldom occur, when compared with drugging.

Andrew Combe, in speaking of bathing, says, "The warm, tepid, cold shower bath, as a means of *preserving* health, ought to be in as common use as a change of apparel, for it is equally a measure of necessary cleanliness. Many, no doubt, neglect this and enjoy health notwithstanding; but many, very many suffer from its omission, and even the former would be bene-

fited by employing it." Of *cold* bathing he says, where the health is good and the bodily powers are sufficiently vigorous, the cold bath during the summer and the shower bath in the winter, may serve every purpose required of them. But it should never be forgotten, that they are too powerful in their agency to be used with safety by *every one*, especially in cold weather. In proportion as *cold* bathing is influential in the *restoration* of health when *JUDICIOUSLY* applied, it is hurtful when used without *DISCRIMINATION*; invalids, therefore, ought never to use it without the sanction of their medical advisers, or, which would be equivalent, possess a sufficient knowledge of the human system and the results of such appliances in its diseased state.

That errors in water treatment have occurred, is too evident to admit of a single doubt. Some of these have occurred among experimenters, often among our opposers, which has brought the system into disrepute among the incredulous and skeptical, while some of its friends have ventured far beyond their knowledge, and suffered the natural consequences.

I would not discourage the use of water by those who cannot obtain advice, or cannot become well informed, but it will be well for all such to avoid *heroic* treatment; too cold applications on the part of those of nervous prostration or irritability and organic debility, on the one hand, and the debilitating effects of *warm* water, especially long continued applications, on the other. If we must err, it is well to err on the "safe side," avoiding all extremes, even if recovery is more remote. Accidents will rarely occur from too much caution, while the over zealous are very likely to become "heroic." None ever fear too much *science* connected with this system. "*Learned* quackery," as it generally exists, is the most dangerous, but *unlearned* "quackery" in water-cure is not without its evils.

EVERY-DAY CASES.

BY E. A. KITTREDGE, M.D.

TYPHOID FEVER.

Typhoid Fever:—Nothing is more common than this kind of fever. It is the "slow fever" of the ancients, and of a good many of the moderns.

It is not very definite, for generally it depends upon the who, the when and the where, and how treated.

I have known persons with well-marked typhoid fever, out in a week, and I have known them in for three months, flat on their backs, looking up with apparently but little hope even then. As a general thing though, we would say, that treated thoroughly and properly, they run three weeks,—allopathically, from six to twelve weeks. Their duration is of course dependent on the cause, and its *removability*.

To illustrate, a man with chronic inflammation of any of the viscera, or long continued obstructions therein, would be more likely to have a long 'run' than a man comparatively free from such—all other things being equal.

The philosophy of fevers is but little understood, though volumes have been written upon the subject.

The first thing sometimes a man knows, he has a severe chill, the next, he is burning up, and in a few hours more, he is in 'a reeking perspiration;' the whole combined makes a fever, but where it came from he knows not, though generally speaking, he would give more to know how and where he got it, and what kind of a fever it is, than he would to get rid of it!

This much, however, is pretty certain, viz., persons in good health and conditions don't have fevers.

Fevers in almost all cases observe periodical days,—that is, if allowed fair play!

Many fevers unfortunately are not suffered to arrive at a natural termination,—but are interfered with under the plea of helping nature, and brought to a sud-

den and fatal crisis in a very few days from their commencement.

If, however, they are not thwarted by medicines, they will regularly put on a critical action.

The seventh day is the great day with fevers,—they are better or worse every seventh day.

Common 'Lung Fevers' generally terminate in seven days; 'continued fever' in fourteen; Typhoid in twenty-one, if properly treated, and so on.

Typhoid fever is very apt to be mistaken, by the uninitiated, for consumption, as it puts on all the symptoms of that dread malady—such as the quick pulse, the dry burning skin, the flushed cheek, and the night sweat; all of these symptoms are peculiar to hectic fever, which fever is always suggestive of organic disease.

The way to tell which is, and which is not consumption, is not so easy, even for doctors. Auscultation or "sounding the lungs," together with the constitution of the patient and his parentage, will tell the understanding physician the true state of the case.

This similarity will account for some of the wonderful cures effected by 'Cod Liver Oil' and the thousand other catch-penny panaceas in "consumption!" "The patient was cured by taking only three bottles!" that is, the fever 'run itself out' and got well in spite of the nasty stuff, in the course of some weeks!

One half of the time would probably have sufficed, if they had let the recuperative power do its own work in its own way.

As a general thing, the suddenness of the attack, the loss of appetite, the prostration of the nervous force and the strength, proclaim the unwelcome presence of "a fever."

Typhoid or 'slow fever,' as it is called, in contradistinction to other fevers (which are more severe while they last, confining the patient to the bed from the very commencement,) is oftentimes a tenant of the system without the fact being known to the possessor, the patient being often able to keep about for a week or two after its inception, providing he does not take anything "to help nature" in the way of drugs.

In fact, I have frequently had patients go through a whole fever without being obliged to keep in bed scarcely any daytimes, and in some cases go out every day, and even attend to business, under Water-Cure treatment.

But as a general thing, the strength fails them after a week or so, and they prefer being in bed a part of the time, at least daytimes.

My advice to every body is to keep about as long as you can, and feel no bad effects from it, as nothing can compensate for the loss of fresh air, and exercise.

Patients sometimes keep about, and what is worse, attend to business too long.

In most cases of Typhoid fever, the brain is at fault, having been overworked—hence, the importance of rest to this all-important organ.

The Treatment.—Very little treatment is necessary in these cases ordinarily, if the patient will only consent to live in obedience to common sense, by abstaining from all nutriment.

The allopaths treat this form of fever altogether differently from the way in which they treat other forms.

Instead of "febrifuges," depletion, &c., &c., with which they try to overcome the fever, in common continued fever and the like, they, after the first few days at least, and often from the very commencement, give 'tonics,' mild ones 'tis true, such as 'elixir vitriol,' and 'Stoughton's Elixir,' Quassia, &c., &c.

They go on the ground that it is "a fever growing out of debility;" but let it grow out of what it will, fever is fever, and nothing else continually, and if you would cure it, you must treat it as such.

Folks wonder "how great a fire so little a matter kindleth," as is seen in Typhoid fevers treated in the old-fashioned way.

They wouldn't wonder at seeing a large house burn

up entirely, if they saw folks putting on to the ignited spot, however small, a constant supply of combustible material.

What kindling wood and pine knots are to wooden conflagrations—alcoholic tinctures and irritating drugs are to human fires or fevers.

Nature fortunately possesses an innate power to rid itself of fever, in time, if no serious obstacles are thrown in the way, and when the excitement got up for the purpose of throwing out the morbid poison has effected its end, the patient will be relieved of his incubus or fever, and the medicine that is given will get all the credit of the cure!

The treatment of course will depend upon the state of the patient and the stage.

The great indication is to soothe the irritability, in other words, restore the equilibrium of the nervous system.

This is best done by the pack and drip sheets; care should be taken not to keep the patient in the pack too long at one time, as those who have slow fevers are not apt to be over strong.

Thirty minutes, as a general thing, is long enough in any fever.

The liver, which is always more or less 'out of tune,' can be regulated by sitz-baths, the temperature of which must be regulated by the state of the patient at the time.

The duration also: but to produce any considerable effect upon the liver, it must be at least fifteen minutes long.

The frequency, must be regulated according to the heat—long ones of fifteen or twenty, or twenty minutes twice a day to regulate secretions, and short ones of five or six minutes every four hours to keep down the fever.

Let the patient drink freely of cold water, not ice water, at least not ice cold, yet not flat—a medium is best.

Use much friction, and avoid all that excites in the way of company, &c., &c.

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF MAN.

BY NORMAN MOON.

BLIND man, alas! how stricken by the fall!
Deaf to his Maker's and his reason's call:
Though every beautiful thing which may be seen,
In mountain forests wild and meadows green,
Though airy voices whisper, Oh, be wise—
He passes by, unheeding all their cries.
Behold the lily, and the rose so fair,
But blinded man may see no wisdom there;
He looks unconscious at the little flower,
Sees little beauty, no creative power:
He finds no good things in this world below,
But cries it is a desert, bleak with woe;
And though 'mid wonders perfect infinite,
He knows it not, they yield him no delight.
While his own matchless frame his will obeys,
And calls on him to render ceaseless praise
To that kind Maker, whose o'erflowing hand
Has formed the rolling sea, and fruitful land,
He realizes naught of beauty there,
Nor sees a wonder, in a world so fair;
He vainly seeks for something pleasant here,
Where all was given to comfort, please, and cheer.
Oh foolish man! why, why refuse to know
You have enough of all that's good below;
More than a heart can wish, or head conceive?
The blessings God so willingly doth give,
Why not receive, when you're so fully blest?
Why not, oh, why not dwell in happiness?
But silly man, despising nature's good,
Seeks something better than a wholesome food;
Desires something more than healthy bliss;
Wades through disease, in search of happiness.
He seeks the vilest weed that may be found,
To appease his taste, and keep his teeth all sound:

Disgusting habit, health destroying weed,
How soon thy servants' grinders go to seed!
Go see them drinking, spitting as they go,
See there tobacco hypochondria, woe.
From mountain top to cavern's dirty hole,
The earth has been explored from pole to pole,
In search of poison; strange, yet it is true,
To give him health, and make the sick man new.
He scorns the law of health, so wisely given,
The law of nature, and the law of heaven;
Depraves his taste, makes earth a scene of strife,
Perverts the law of health, destroys his life.
Oh, foolish man, where is thy reason gone?
To what excesses doth thy folly run!
Why, when thou hast destroyed thy strength and health,
Thy manly vigor, and thy vital wealth;
Diseased thyself, by scorning nature's good,
Why insult heaven, and charge thy death to God?
Why, when thy sins have sent thy children hence,
Call early death an unseen providence?
Oh, man! sad is thy lot, to folly given,
Deep is the darkness that o'erhangs thy heaven:
Dark clouds deceive, and depths of ignorance blind,
Thy guide is lost, nor can thy pathway find;
Oh, heavenly light, dispel this earthly gloom,
Snatch the blind mortal from an early tomb:
Thrice happy day, when all their peace shall find,
And Water-Cure be learnt, by all mankind.

AUDIATUR, ALTRA PARS.

THE right of self-defence, which every civilized state will concede, where circumstances and necessity command it, is indeed a fine thing, whether it exercise its influence at the bar or by way of publicity.

"Thou shalt not steal, nor appropriate to thyself the merit of others," has become a scriptural saying, and will ever be faithfully observed by everybody, that has a correct notion of honor and justice.

The undersigned commits these lines to his numerous friends, acquaintances, and all those who love truth, with no other view but for the maintenance of what he exposed to the public as TRUTH and FACT in the year 1850. There he literally said:

CROUP CURED BY COLD WATER.

The following case shows the curative effects of cold water in a very remarkable form. Our only son, six years of age, was taken with croup. A skilful allopathic physician was called, and we do not doubt he was attended in the most approved way. Yet the child continued to grow worse, until all gave him up to die. In this our extremity we sent for Dr. Schiefeldecker, a cold water physician, but as he was obliged to return to his establishment in the country, and the child not being any better, we sent for Dr. Weder, also a hydropathic physician, who applied cold water in such a manner as insured the most astonishing success. For after a few hours the child was out of danger, and in a few days entirely recovered. We and our friends, as well as many strangers who called upon us, were greatly surprised at this wonderful cure of an apparently hopeless case, and it created quite an excitement among our friends and neighbors, who knew of the severity of the disease. Since then we have used cold water in other diseases in our family, under the supervision of Dr. Weder, with the most marked success. We think it our duty to give this case to the public, that other parents, similarly situated, may find relief for their children when ill with so distressing a disease, and also as a simple act of justice, and an acknowledgment of gratitude to Dr. Weder, for his skilful treatment and humane attention to our suffering child. A. E. LOVELL, 176 North Third st.

The above case is by far the most dangerous of the many I have had the fortune to cure by hydrography. When I first saw the handsome and sensible child at 9 o'clock in the morning, he was lying in the arms of his weeping mother, and a daguerreotypist was about to take the likeness of him whom all expected to lose a few minutes after. His whistling respiration and staring looks spoke loudly enough to the attentive observer. One of the relations present said it would be better to allow the patient to die in peace, than to torment him with water, when a happy result was beyond reach.

Although I had myself only one glimpse of hope, I resolved upon venturing my reputation and the credit of the system, in order to save, if possible, a life so dear to many. THE CURE consisted in thick fomentations of ice-water on the head and neck, which were changed every two to four minutes, and another wet linen (fourfold) on the chest and belly, which was also often repeated. The feet and legs, which were icy cold, were rubbed with dry hands for seven hours, by four strong persons; the patient had several injections of 60 degrees, and water of the same tem-

perature for drink. It was not before 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after seven painful hours, that I was able to announce to the sad parents the restoration to life of their beloved child. I shall never forget the impression of my words upon them. Next day, at 4 o'clock in the morning (for I stood all the time, except one hour, with the patient), the skin began to become moist, and one hour after the child was washed down with tepid water. At 1 o'clock the patient wished to eat something, which was granted. The rest of the cure was continued about the same way, only somewhat milder. On the seventh day the patient went strong and healthy out of doors.

Philadelphia, 1849.

DR. WEDER.

Mr. Lovell thought it prudent to publish the case in question by his own accord, in three Philadelphia papers, with the express motive to direct the attention of the public to the efficacy of cold water, and bear indirect testimony to the truth.

I find that Mr. C. C. Schiefeldecker, in his *Short Guide* for the rational treatment of children, Philadelphia, 1852, p. 126, not only calls in question my own statement and Mr. L.'s testimony, but even denies the fact as downright falsehood.

In order to prove the accuracy of my statement still more satisfactorily, I give a *short* extract, as following, from my daybook, p. 106, which everybody is at liberty to peruse if deemed necessary:

1849. Dec. 6; A.M. 9 o'clock. Patient is six years of age, of florid constitution, has been suffering from croup since the 26th of Nov.; he is at present in the 3d or last state.

Treatment. Cold fomentations on the head, neck, chest and abdomen, frequent friction of the extremities, 3 injections.

P.M. 5 o'clock. Extremities sufficiently warm; patient may be considered as safe.

Dec. 7th, 4 o'clock A.M. The skin is covered with a gentle moisture over the whole body.

Treatment. Ablution with tepid water; fomentations on the neck, chest and abdomen; injection.

8 o'clock, P.M. Breathes more freely; expectorates small, hard and yellow colored mucus; voice stronger.

Dec. 8th. Patient feels much better, appetite good.

9. Perspired copiously last night (without pack.)

10, 11, 12. Is fast improving.

13. Is perfectly well.

Still it must be added, and I refer to Mr. L.'s family, that Mr. Sch... accompanied by a gentleman from New York, saw the patient last on the sixth of Dec., at 7 at night, and, in his presumptuous wisdom, ordered to repeat those ablutions, alleging, that a German physician had used them with advantage, and finding this assertion of no avail, he drew a piece of paper out of his pocket, which he produced for evidence. On my declaring positively, that I, as ordaining physician, would not by any means be induced to an alteration in the treatment, I appealed to Mr. L. to decide which of us should in future have to prescribe, and when I was repeatedly appointed physician, Mr. Sch. withdrew, and returned no more.

What, now, can justify Mr. Sch.'s impudence, in exhibiting this case of croup, both verbally and in his book, before a respectable public, as one cured by himself and encroaching boldly upon truth and the honor due to another man? Is this the only case of croup Mr. Sch. can boast of in his fourteen years' practice? Poor man!

According to Mr. Lovell's deposition, he never consented to Mr. Sch.'s publication, which would likewise be contradictory to all truth.

I reserve to myself, for some future occasion, a few hints on the value of his Guide.

Anybody desirous of some additional information on the subject, is politely requested to apply to Mr. L. or myself.

May this be considered as justification of my honor and the repulse of Mr. Sch. . .

J. A. WEDER, M.D., Resident Physician of the Orange Mountain Water-Cure, N. J., June 1852.

New-York, Aug. 1852.

IT WILL BE OUR AIM to adapt the Journal to the wants of "THE PEOPLE" EVERYWHERE. It is not, as some have supposed, designed for medical men only, but for ALL MEN and ALL WOMEN.—PUBLISHERS.

TO PREVENT MISARRIAGE, DELAYS OR OMISSIONS, all letters and other communications relating to this Journal should, in ALL CASES, be post-paid, and directed to the publishers as follows:

FOWLERS AND WELLS,
No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

ECLECTICS FOR AUGUST.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

GREEN THINGS.—Much has been and may be justly said about "green trash" at this season of the year. Yet all that is green is not trash. Unripe fruits and half-grown vegetables crowd our markets, and are eagerly devoured by our infantile population, and in many instances by "children of a larger growth." Many adults and hundreds of children annually lose their lives in this city from this cause. Small, hard, sour, or bitter apples, not much larger than walnuts, are sold "two for a penny" at every corner; and potatoes not one-third grown are common at the groceries and provision shops. And what is yet stranger, the traffic in them is permitted to the fullest extent, notwithstanding the general sentiment of the community pronounces them pernicious and even deathful.

But, to use and not abuse green things of the eatable kind, some judgment is necessary. Because many articles are injurious, our medical men generally have got in a way of denouncing "fruits and vegetables" so indiscriminately, that as much sickness and death have resulted from abandoning the good as from employing the bad. Now many green vegetables are more or less nutritious at all stages of growth, besides being not only innocuous but even salutary. In this list are spinach, asparagus, peas, and beans, green corn, cabbage, &c. Others, including the more nutritive roots, as potatoes, turnips, parsnips, &c., undergo great changes of proximate composition in the process of development, and are not fit alimentary substances until full-grown and quite ripe.

Very few fruits are truly alimentary in the green state. There are, however, some exceptions, of which the currant is an example; and the principle objection to foreign fruits, oranges, pine-apples, &c., is, they are picked long before ripening. Many persons suffer exceedingly, and some actually die, because, in ignorance of the true dietetic nature of the various fruits and vegetables, they imbibe a prejudice against all in the warm season, and subsist mainly on animal food and farinaceous preparations.

There is a very simple rule for guidance in this matter. Always select ripe full-grown roots, and mild-flavored, well ripened fruits, and then eat them freely, at meal times of course. If this is done the only restrictions necessary to impose on the quantity concern the purse rather than the stomach. The best anticholera, anti-dysentery, anti-diarrhoea, anti-bilious, anti-fever, and anti-all-kinds of summer complaint specific on earth, is an abundance of good fruit.

OVERDOING IT.—Too much doctoring is a common fault with all dabblers in medicine, and all new beginners in the practice of the healing art. Excessive doses administered homoeopathically may not do any irreparable mischief, save in *imagination!* but in the water-cure way they amount to a mischievous reality; while allopathically, if we may credit our own eyes and believe the daily newspapers, they kill outright. There is here a golden rule which all doctors, home-made or college-bred, might follow to advantage. And it is not difficult to remember. Do, on all occasions,

no more than is clearly indicated; and whenever there is doubt as to what should be done, do nothing, thus giving the patient "the benefit of the doubt."

We have, within a year or two, received several communications from persons who have undertaken home-treatment, and failed simply by doing too much—taking baths too cold, too long, too frequently, or too forcibly, or all together, and over-exercising at the same time. In this way they became more nervous, restless, irritable, sleepless, and debilitated, &c., effects which immediately ceased or abated on reducing the amount of treatment one or two hundred per cent. The following extract from a letter written by a patient in a distant State—making due allowance for some bad habits—will afford a profitable hint to the class of invalids who have more zeal than knowledge.

"Unhappily for myself I cannot advocate the superiority of the water-cure system just now with much advantage. I have been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last year, and have aggravated the disease, by the imprudent and excessive use of cold water and exercise. I bathed nearly every morning throughout the winter in the river, with the thermometer at or near zero, at the same time taking exercise morning and night of so violent a kind, that my feet would often become cold and my mouth dry, and all this at a time when my nervous system was exhausted by close application to business during the day. My occupation was that of book-keeper.

I am confident that the use of water too cold aggravated my disease and caused it to assume a nervous type. Often after my bath during my walk, my mouth would become quite dry, the salivary secretion would completely stop: my extremities would become cold, and an exceedingly nervous feeling supervene. Still I persisted in bathing, thinking that it could not be the cause; as regular cold bathing twice a day had cured me once before, of a very bad dyspepsia, while I resided in New Orleans, the previous summer. At last I diminished the number of my baths to one each week. Still I persisted in cutting wood every morning for an hour before breakfast, so violently, that my nervousness continued as bad as ever. I could not imagine the cause. I foolishly thought that I could not take too much exercise, and that it could not, by any means, aggravate my disease.

I got so bad, that I got only three or four hours sleep at night, and the least noise would prevent me from sleeping or awake me during the night. Finally, I became so weak from the effects of this mode of living and of strong stimulating medicine, brandy, recommended by M.D.'s here, that I had to cease taking exercise. The brandy and other things I used, (wine and porter,) caused inflammation of the bowels, and induced extreme physical prostration. I had to give up smoking, which I must confess, I could not do before.

I lived on mush and boiled rice almost exclusively, still I had a most craving appetite,—could eat heartily and never feel satisfied.

After giving up smoking, excessive exercise, and bathing in water too cold, I began to sleep better. I applied to no Doctor, but took cold water glisters for my bowels, which in time, cured the inflammation, which indeed, was very severe, took a towel bath in my room and am gradually recovering."

WOMAN AS A REFORMER.—The world hereabouts has heard much about "woman as she was, is, and should be." All ages have sung the praises of woman as a baby-tender; woman as a pudding-maker; woman as a stocking-darner; woman as a rent-stitcher; woman as a help, aid, auxiliary, appendage, comfort, and convenience to man; woman as a gift to masculinity, whereby he becomes the *owner*, and she the *fee-female*, &c., &c. Woman as a doctor, is an older idea than Methuselah; but the idea was doctored to death, as soon as the male medical profession acquired due dignity. Recently it has been resuscitated, and now woman doctors appear to be among the prospective fixed facts of the future. Our worthy contemporaries, the allopathic journals, are striving hard to crush this rising heresy in the bud; and even one of the journals which displays the *reform* sign to the world—The Southern Medical Reformer—denounces the project of making doctors of feminine timber in a really grandiloquent flourish, of which we extract a few gem-sentences. Some of the italicising is ours:

WOMAN DOCTORS AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The nineteenth century is truly and indeed an era of wonders—an age of marvellous developments. The brain of the world is now being tortured to discover some hitherto hidden law, analogy or aptitude, by which to effectually revolutionize society as it has existed for centuries.

So fierce is the struggle of the parties concerned in this great *fermentation of science, art, religion, morals, politics, &c.*, that woman is brought upon the theatre of action in not the least ridiculous character of Madam M. D.

But, in this age of hot haste, *bustle*, Bloomerism and electricity, why should not she, also, become tired of the old way of doing things, throw aside her *petticoat*, head dress and prunellas, regularly walk into the nearest male shirt, trowsers and boots, that will fit her, (it does not matter if they should bag a little, so she can get them on,) and roll up her sleeves for the onslaught in defence of woman's rights?

But we intended to speak of woman as a reformer in a special, yet emphatic sense. In all ages, and in all countries, when and where intemperance has existed and ravaged, woman has been a prominent and most efficient advocate for temperance reform. And it is but a few weeks since the discovery was made, that she was out of her proper sphere in so acting. In the month of June last, in the enlightened city of Syracuse, N. Y., the following is recorded as a part of the second day's proceedings of the New York State Temperance Society.

The greater portion of the afternoon session was consumed in consideration of a proposition made by Dr. Mandeville, of Albany, to strike out the sentence in the report of the Executive Committee, complimentary to the Women's State Temperance Society, and substituting a sentence indorsing the efforts of woman in her proper sphere—the social and domestic circles. The debate was very interesting, speeches pro and con being made by a large number of the members. The proposition was adopted by a vote of 62 to 59.

Such a retrograde proposition could come from no person with so characteristic a grace as from an old school M.D. What earthly or unearthly motive he could have had for refusing the cheap recognition of a complimentary notice we cannot divine, unless it was to put such a construction on woman's "proper sphere," as to keep her off the track that runs into the medical profession. "Out of sight, out of mind," peradventure.

But what was this complimentary sentence which Dr. M. was offended at, and which caused half a day's debate? Its whole length and breadth is expressed in the following words. "The State Temperance Alliance, and Woman's State Temperance Society, which have been organized since the last meeting, will prove useful auxiliaries to this society." This is all. Not another syllable in the whole report about woman! Yet for this a large body of intelligent men from all parts of the Empire State, must take it upon themselves to remind woman that her proper sphere is "down stairs." As temperance men we feel thoroughly disgusted with the action, and heartily ashamed of the company of the sixty-two whose votes constituted the majority in that convention.

AN ALLOPATHIC'S IDEA OF PURE WATER.—A medical correspondent of the Boston Medical Journal thus discourses of the water in Illinois:—

"The most crystal waters of the Green Mountains do not exceed the limpid, clear, cool, delicious waters of Illinois. The country in all its broken portions abounds with springs in quality and quantity not to be surpassed in the world; and in the middle of the largest prairies the same delicious beverage, cold almost as ice, may be obtained by making a well a few feet beneath the surface. It is true that all the waters of the West are strongly impregnated with *lime*, which renders them somewhat hard; but one soon becomes so accustomed to it as not to notice it. It is also not to be denied that it acts medicinally on the emigrant. But this is far more salutary than injurious, if it be not too freely indulged, and it soon ceases to exert any undue influence on the system. I did not hesitate to indulge freely in its use, after the first fortnight, and I have never experienced the slightest inconvenience therefrom. Indeed, I do not believe so large a tract

in New England, or the Middle States, can be found, in the same extent with Illinois, which produces so much pure water and so easily obtained."

Here is a regular practitioner of the school we oppose, telling us that *water strongly impregnated with lime*, is still pure water. How many doctors are there in the orthodox ranks who know what pure water is?

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.—We republish the following, for the purpose of pointing out what we consider an important physiological error:—

TEMPERANCE—HARVESTING.

To the Editor of the *New York Tribune*.

You are an advocate of the Maine Law, and it is fair to infer a total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. Your paper is *everywhere* read, and everywhere has influence. Haying and harvest are upon us, and there are many laborers who think stimulus indispensable at this season. Please give us, in *The Tribune*, an article on the propriety of farmers substituting good Coffee or Tea (or both), sent forenoon and afternoon into their fields, accompanied by some of their wives' good bread and butter, and hint to Temperance men the propriety of thus removing the ground for the charge of stinginess, which is very frequently made against them just now.

SANS NOM.

Remarks.—Our opinion of Tea and Coffee would not suit our correspondent; though since their evil effects are almost wholly physical, and confined to the imbibitor in person, we deem them greatly preferable to alcoholic potations. But we know well that laborers working and sweating in the fields from six or seven to twelve or one o'clock, and again from two to seven or later, want some refreshment between meals. A hasty lunch at half-past ten, and another at five, are excellent appliances to sustain a workman's strength and spirits. Bread, butter, milk, buttermilk, syrup, with a fresh jug of pure cold water, will do far more good, if amply and seasonably administered, than any amount of stimulants, whether alcoholic or narcotic.

There can be no question that wholesome food and drink are vastly preferable to stimulants or narcotics at any time. But we believe that, just in proportion as men labor severely, either in body or mind, should their habits of eating be regular, with a due interval between meals. The nervous influence cannot be duly supplied to the stomach to perfect digestion, as this is not a constant but a periodical functional action—and, at the same time, freely directed to the muscular system. The harder, therefore, a man's labors, the longer period of rest should his stomach have between meals, within certain limits, and the more perfect and prolonged should be his bodily rest at the regular hours for eating. The "substitute" we would suggest to invigorate and sustain the muscular system, is a longer "nooning," instead of shorter lunches.

BEAUTIES OF DRUGGING.—The following paragraph, copied from the *Boston Domestic Journal of Medicine*, which, by the way, goes for eclecticism, and don't deal in anything in the least injurious to the constitution, shows the intrinsic nature and character of the whole drugging system:—

CORRECTION.—In the last issue of the *Journal*, on page 105, the reader will notice that the receipt would, if administered according to direction, certainly produce death. It would be well for all who do not understand the nature of that prescription to mark it, so that it may not be heedlessly taken. The dose should have been one *tea-spoonful*, once in six hours, and not one ounce. The error originated in the *Eclectic Medical Journal of Cincinnati*.

This is very consoling, certainly. The *Eclectic Medical Journal*, from which the prescription was taken blunderingly and without examination, is an advocate for "selecting the good," and "rejecting the bad," of all systems, while it repudiates poisons altogether; and yet if an over-dose of its innocent medicine is taken, it produces death, just as the awful poisons of the allopaths would! Such are the consequences of building houses without foundations.

HEALTH is the greatest of blessings, because it includes all others; it is also the simplest and most easily attained.

WHY I AM A HYDROPATHIST.

BY O. W. MAY, M.D.

OVER twenty years ago, while engaged in the practice of medicine, (Allopathic of course,) in one of the most sickly districts in western New York, where we expected the sickly season and prevalence of bilious Fevers as regularly as they do the Yellow Fever in New Orleans; I had a patient, who each day from about 5 to 7 P. M., during the exacerbation was deranged, or what is generally termed light-headed, which would wear off as the fever grew lighter. This is a very common occurrence in the bilious fevers of the west. In one of these paroxysms he arose from the bed, ran out of the door and across the towing path of the Erie canal, and plunged in to get away from some imaginary evil. The coolness of the water reduced his fever and cured his temporary derangement, he came to himself when about midway the canal, saw where he was, turned and swam back again. When he got into the house, they took off his wet shirt, wiped him dry, put on a clean one, and he went to bed again. In about 20 to 30 minutes a fine sweat broke out and cured his fever in spite of his doctor.

Finding him convalescent the next day, I was told what had taken place, and of course saw the results. This set me thinking on the subject, and there was no dodging the conclusion that it had been cured by getting into the water.

In reasoning upon the subject for several days my mind was fully made up, that water was the appropriate remedy for fever, and a determination to try the experiment as soon as an opportunity occurred of testing it without the use of medicines.

Within two weeks an opportunity occurred in the case of a little boy three years of age, fat and chubby, who had lain three days in a perfectly stupid comatose state and burning up with fever. Taking him out of the cradle, I poured gradually upon him nearly two pails of cold spring water before he showed any signs of feeling, when he opened his eyes and asked, "what are you pouring water on me for?" The father who had been frightened on seeing me pour the cold water upon his child, fearing it would kill him, seeing this result, laughed outright, and said that it "was the first words he had spoken in three days." Wiping him dry, he was placed in a cradle, and I sat by him to watch the effect. In the course of half an hour he began to show a little moisture under the eyes, and on the neck just above the clavicles, and in a few minutes more was in a fine perspiration, which ended his fever. If this first experiment had failed me, I should probably never have tried it again, but the complete success of this confirmed my previous conclusions; and from that time forth, I treated fevers with water. Neighbors and Doctors would sometimes say, "he will kill his patients," but he never did, and what is more, they were cured sooner than by possibility they could have been in any other way, and there is reason to believe that some of them would have died under the Allopathic treatment. Another advantage was, that when cured by water they were cured, and had a short convalescence or recovered strength quickly, without leaving the system in a chronic state of disease from medication. I soon began to treat inflammations with water, not daring however, in some severe cases to trust entirely to it, or to omit bleeding, but the patients got well. Several years afterwards when the doings of Priessnitz began to be told and noised about in this country—he had reduced it to a system, I had not—I was prepared to believe it a glorious reality; it corresponded to my previous experience. Under these circumstances is it a marvel, that I should be a Hydropathist? My friends think me enthusiastic on the subject. Why should I not be, when I see the system doing so much good, and relieving suffering humanity, when the old school of practice under which I took my degree, fails—I may say, utterly fails. When

some of my old brother physicians say to me, "but do you not really believe, that Hydropathy is one of the humbugs of the day?—a system of quackery to make money by?"—and are answered that I most sincerely believe in its truth and value; they seem to be astonished, or to think me laboring under a delusion. But the time is soon coming, when they must adopt the delusion or stand aside for others, whose prejudices will not prevent their studying into and adopting the truth; or who will not from professional pride or bigotry condemn off-hand every thing, not in accordance with the assumed wisdom of the schools.

Higland Home Water-Cure, July, 1852.

WATER-CURE IN THE WEST.

BY J. H. COOK.

I HAVE for the past six months been an attentive observer of the dietetic habits, the *physiological* ignorance, and the quack-employing, drug-devouring of the people of "prairie land," and I feel as though the Water-Cure if it could be understood and appreciated by the people of the mighty West, would be a mighty saviour to this, too often, health-forsaken people. I find that wherever the *Journal* is read their confidence in the doctors very sensibly diminishes. I am not a hydropathic M. D., professionally, but I often prescribe and administer under that system and advise in regard to habits. I can assure you that water-cure is destined to prevail in this part of the country, rapidly and extensively. O, what a paradise this western world would present, if every family understood and practised the principles of our glorious system. However efficient water alone may be in the prevention and removal of disease, it is perfectly obvious to my mind that hydropathists are doing more for public health by their attempts to keep out of the human stomach all improper food and beverages than water can, however timely and judiciously applied without reference to habits. Doctors flourish and grow rich the world over, and especially in the West, because of *pork, whisky, tobacco, tea, and coffee*, in connection with the almost universal neglect of daily ablutions and proper ventilation. As unhealthy as the West in many parts has been, and now is, comparatively, yet if its inhabitants would live upon its best food, breathe its air not more vitiated than it comes from the prairies, and drink as a beverage only its purest waters, they might bid defiance to nine-tenths of the diseases and doctors with which they are now infested. There are many places in the State of Illinois, where water-cure establishments might be opened with profit to the proprietor, and salvation to suffering humanity. The water in many places is, I think, as good as it is at some of the eastern establishments. The only obstruction is the want of capital and the right kind of men. Perhaps in no way could a man *properly qualified*, benefit this great State more than in the promulgation and practice of this heaven-born system. Ye philanthropic *hydropathists* of the East, if you want a wide field in which to do good come to the West, not because doctors are so scarce here—no, no, but because "fishers of men," *saviours of men*, are. I have long since abandoned the idea of trying to reform men morally until they were reformed physically, or to build, enlarge and beautify the *upper story* of the "House I Live In," before its basement or its soul's encasement has become strong, healthful, and pure. God speed the day when water shall be considered, not by the religious advocates of immersion alone, but by all religious sects far more indispensable to *present* salvation than to future, for "If the spring put forth no blossom in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit." "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," is a text which, though often preached from by learned divines, has not yet been fully unfolded,

explained or applied. Many think that the doors of ingress and egress into the human body are few and easily numbered, but I wish they might speedily learn that every one of the millions of pores of the body are but so many passages into and out of it, for the elements and processes of human life and organization, and that by keeping these passages unobstructed, by the judicious, safe, and cheap application of water, would save millions from untimely graves.

Monmouth, Ill.

PURITY OF RESPIRED AIR.—Equal in importance with the quantity of the air we breathe is its purity. It is melancholy to reflect on the hard necessity which compels multitudes to live, or rather stay, in the sweltering garrets and infectious cellars of cities, or on the cupidity of landlords who provide such tenements, or on that dereliction of duty in municipal authorities which permits their existence. Much of the evil, however, may have its origin in ignorance.

THE COLD PLUNGE BATH IN HYDROPHOBIA.

BY J. H. STEDMAN, M.D.

THE season of the year having arrived when we are to expect more or less of that most terrible of all diseases, Hydrophobia, permit me to lay before the readers of the Water-Cure Journal the testimony of an allopathic doctor in favor of cold water.

In the autumn of 1834, while practising medicine in the town of Durham, N. Y., I received from the lips of Dr. Dale, a very intelligent and enterprising young physician, then residing at a place called "Head of the Delaware," the following account:

A young man who had been bitten by a small dog some time previously, was attacked with the usual symptoms of hydrophobia. Dr. Dale was sent for, and I believe, one or two other physicians. As no suspicions had been previously excited in the mind of any one, that the dog was mad, no fears had been entertained concerning the effects of the wound, which was very slight; and consequently, no prophylactic measures had been used. In this state of the case, what was to be done? Preventives were out of the question; and as to curatives, nothing had ever been recommended, in which confidence could reasonably be placed. As doctors and friends stood gazing upon the awful spectacle before them, alike powerless for good, the patient, meantime, suffering to his utmost capacity, the question was started by some one present, in view of the terrible spasms occasioned by the sight of fluids, "What will be the probable effect of immersing the sufferer in a tub of water?" This inquiry was discussed by the friends, the proposition being strongly favored by my friend Dr. D., and the decision finally made, that the water should be tried. The excitement and heat of the system being great, it was agreed that the water should be cold. A large trough was obtained from a blacksmith's forge near by, and filled with water from a spring or well, in which the patient was completely immersed. The spasms were truly frightful, for a short time; but soon they were less severe, and finally ceased altogether. The patient was then taken out, wiped dry, and enveloped in woollen blankets. This process was repeated, but how many times, I do not remember. **THE MAN WAS CURED!**

The above story I repeat as it was told me by Dr. Dale, nearly eighteen years ago; and I have never doubted its truthfulness. The doctor was a man whose candor and veracity were beyond question. He died a few years after in the city of New York, where he was fast securing that extensive patronage

to which from his character and attainments he was eminently entitled. He died before the introduction of hydropathy into America; but had he lived a few years longer, I doubt not he would have been one of the first to cast off the errors and delusions of the past, and embrace the truths of the New Dispensation.

At the time I received the above statement from Dr. Dale, I was groping my way amid the darkness of allopathy, nothing dreaming of the beauties of hydropathy; yet, so great was my confidence in the doctor, and so philosophical appeared the treatment adopted, that I then resolved that if I ever should be called upon to manage a case of hydrophobia, I would give cold water a trial. I have not yet met a case, but should one come within the sphere of my operations, I should employ the plunge, shallow, shower, or douche bath, the wet-sheet pack, sweating blanket, &c., according to the circumstances of the particular case, with the utmost confidence of success.

Ashland, N. Y., July, 1852.

BROTHER'S ADVICE TO A SISTER.

BY A ROVER.

Ridge Prairie, June 26th, 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER: While I ramble over these fertile prairies, and behold them clothed in all the beauties of the vegetable and floral kingdoms, permit me to breathe you a few thoughts in relation to some of the duties of life. I entertain great confidence in your own knowledge and conduct in regard to these subjects, but cannot let an opportunity pass without expressing my views to one whose social amusements and communications have ever cheered me on from the days of my infancy.

You tell me so little about those Bloomer Costumes, that I almost fear you have abandoned their use. At all events, I hope you will never again submit to the horrible calamities which result from the use of "consumption strings." How can you suffer the crampings and pinchings of a cotton vice, when you know you are kindling a fire of disease, whose oppressive flames shall continue to prey upon you throughout your future life? Moreover, have you not seen sickness and suffering enough among the older members of the family, to prevent you from such outrageous violations? Think of the misery they have entailed upon themselves by the violation of these and kindred physiological laws, and decide whether the "pleasures" of lacing counterbalance the pain. "Pleasures of sin!" What an absurd interpretation of human happiness! Is it, can it be a pleasure, to be thought or said to have a beautiful form, when that form is actually the reverse?

Female beauty, in my opinion, will allow a very different explanation. If anything, throughout the whole expanse of material nature, from the finest grain of crystal sand, up, through all the various kingdoms to the "image of God" himself, reflects pure un sullied beauty in its countenance, a parallel may certainly be found in the form and countenance of a young woman, whose physiological and phrenological organs are fully and evenly developed, and have not been confined in the physical "stays" of vanity and fashion, or the mental "stays" of ignorance, perverted education, and silly beaux' conversations.

I would sooner think of loving and marrying a member of the baboon tribe, than make the first attempt to select a wife among those young ladies (nuisances), whose small, depressed vital organs, slender limbs, perverted minds, and supremely delicate features, are pictured and described by many of the popular novelists of the age. But enough of this. If your present position in regard to these things demands my counsel in any way, it is probable that you need to

be informed of the right, and encouraged in its pursuits.

It is not for me to condemn the conduct of others, or tell them what course they shall pursue. All that I can do, all that I wish to do, is, to convey to others what I believe to be truth, and let them settle the matter for themselves. It is a duty which I owe to you, and to every other individual whom that truth may have a tendency to instruct, and may God help me that duty to perform.

"Knowledge lies at the foundation of all reform." If you would know how to be useful and beautiful, and live in obedience to the laws of your being, study the writings of some modern Physiologists. Read all the publications of Fowlers and Wells, and other instructive books and journals which you have access to.

I believe you have long been convinced the Bloomer dress is the most convenient and healthful in its tendency, of any dress you can wear. If your love of approbation is so strong, you cannot bear the hisses of the "offscourings" of society constantly, you could wear the old costume a part of the time, until your fluctuating vanity can be overcome.

Your wounded pride would then have times to heal, and the oppression of long skirts would be made so clear to you, every time they were worn, that the Bloomer would continue to become more and more attractive.

Young men are met with the same difficulty in wearing their beards, that ladies are in wearing the Bloomer Costume. I am acquainted with several, who openly avow their belief that it is wrong to shave, and would abandon the use of the razor at once, were it not for the persecutions it would bring upon them from society. I can sympathize with you in this respect. And perhaps the course which I take may not be uninteresting to you. I have not had a razor to my face since February last, but how much longer I shall continue so, I cannot tell. Nature tells me it is wrong, and every time I have shaved, I have felt the effects of that wrong. But if the time ever comes when the scorns of society are harder to bear than the inflictions of Nature, I may commit the "unpardonable sin" again. My motto, however, will be onward, and I hope ere long that the world will permit me and all others who wish, to rid ourselves of the contemptible practice.

The great error has been with reformers, in their attempting to get rid of too many sins, or too great a sin at once. In consequence of their being unable to remove the whole load at once, they despair of moving any part of it.

I have seen individuals and families (some in the West) who tell me they "once practised bathing once a day, drank no tea or coffee, eat very little animal food, and lived principally upon choice vegetables and fruits, and Graham bread. But now they can live from one week to six months without even bathing, and anything that human beings are known to eat, from green cucumbers to old 'salt pork,' may be considered a part of their diet. Their pantries would also make good substitutes for drug-shops. They say water may be very good for some folks and in some cases, but I think it hurt me. Animal food may injure some, but I think I need a little. Medicines may injure in some cases, but sometimes I have a very severe attack of an old chronic disease, and am obliged to take very powerful medicines to throw it off. Tea and coffee may be injurious to some, but I should have the headache all the time if I did not drink them."

Now what was the real, the awful difficulty with these persons? Is their conclusion the only one that any reasonable individual could possibly arrive at? Most assuredly not. Their neighbors and friends about them, were not prepared for such a dose of radicalism, and soon commenced "pointing their fingers at them." They (neighbors) told them, they were depriving themselves of the "necessaries of life," and

the influence of a strong popular current in connection with their appetites, which had not then become unperturbed, induced them to believe it. If their aim had been to improve gradually and "keep it up" constantly, no such result would ever have ensued.

Let the man who uses ardent spirits freely and constantly, "break off" using them at once, and what would be the result? No doubt he would have the head-ache, and various other aches, which these *experienced* reformers complained of. But yet, that would not prove that ardent spirits "might injure some," and he always "needed a little." It never should be supposed, that the devil can be taken in his wild state, and killed in an instant. He must first be deliberately pursued, and "worked" into a corner—a large rope must be thrown over him and tied, and when he is so confined as not to be able to endanger any one's life in his dying deliriums, *then* is the time to strike the fatal blow. I would not for a moment wish to cripple the progress of reform. Let each and every individual attack such sins as he can master, and when he has subdued *them*, attack others. Whether it be in the adoption of an improved costume,—an improved diet—an improved system of curing disease, or any of the numerous reform movements of the age, let us all,

"Go ahead, look backward never,
Onward be the cry;
Fight truth's battles—never, never,
From the contest fly."

"Care not for the world's applauding,
Think of something higher,
Strive to serve the heavenly Father;
Preach, with holy fire."

YOUR BROTHER.

A TRUE PROPHET.

An eminent member of the legal profession writing from a western state, says:—"I wish to say to you that the water-cure treatment of diseases is, in my opinion, destined to come into general repute; and finally, to supersede the use of drugs."

For many years past, I have been a pretty liberal patron of the medical fraternity—having a pretty large family—and believing in the skill of medical men, and much away from home—a lawyer by profession and practice—my plan has been, to have the *doctor* called in, whenever the disease seemed to be assuming an aspect beyond our skill—and the more especially have I been prompted to this course, from the fact that we have medical men occupying high standing in their profession. The physician who has regularly attended my family for a series of years, is a gentleman of high character in his profession; and though I have, by no means, lost any degree of confidence in *him*, I must confess I have lost much in what is called *medical science*, as embracing the drug system.

I subscribed for your Journal last spring, and at the same time sent East by one of our merchants and procured a Water-Cure Library. These I have been reading, as leisure would permit, and the result, most unexpectedly to myself, is, that I am thoroughly convinced of the decided superiority of the water-treatment of diseases over that of the drug system—in fact, my mind has come to the conclusion, true or false, that all diseases of a curable character, can be best remedied by the water-treatment—and *I shall act accordingly*. I neither calculate to take, or suffer to be taken in my own family, another dose of strong medicine. I have already, for the last four weeks, been experimenting in, perhaps, a dozen cases among my own household, including bowel complaints, chronic rheumatism, &c., &c., with the most unbounded success—and have not failed in a single instance. Success attend the cause and its hasty and wide diffusion throughout the inhabited globe."

WATER IN TYPHOID FEVER.

WHILE I was residing in St. Johnsbury, Vt., the following circumstance occurred:

In the same neighborhood where I was living, a gentleman was dangerously sick of typhoid fever. As is usual in this disease, he was a great deal of the time deranged; and in one of his fits of insanity, while the watcher was out of the room for a few moments, jumped out of bed, ran to a pond near the house, and plunged into it without so much as saying to his physician, "If you please, sir!" It was probably ten or fifteen minutes before his friends succeeded in getting him back to the house. They were almost frightened to death, supposing he could not live an hour. Two allopaths were immediately sent for, and notwithstanding what they did for him, his plunge-bath was soon followed by a turn of the fever, convincing some, at least, that it was far more efficacious than the prescriptions of the two or three weeks attendance of a celebrated allopath of the place. I believe the above is substantially correct, and among thousands of incidents of the same kind, ought it not to open our eyes to the worth of one of the best medicines in the world? And yet there are those who will feed on pills and calomel and quack panaceas for many years to come. Nothing so simple, as to wash and be clean is equal to the quarter and half hour doses of which they are wholly ignorant. They love the mysterious medicine. The dark sayings and ominous nods of the family doctor are too weighty to give place to plain truth. I verily believe that if the penalty was death for killing in the administration of medicine and the dead could testify, (and who knows what light may be gained through the agency of spiritual rappings?) that one half of the disciples of the old school would have to make an earlier exit than would suit their moral preparations for such a change.

S. G. T.

Reviews.

By R. T. TRALL, M. D.

HINTS ON THE REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS; THEIR DISEASES, CAUSES, AND CURE, ON HYDROPATHIC PRINCIPLES. BY JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D. New York: FOWLER and WELLS, Publishers.

There is no subject within the compass of human knowledge more intrinsically important, nor more intimately connected with the health, happiness, reformation and progress of the human family, than the uses and abuses of the sexual functions. It is true, much has been written on this theme by the medical profession; but, unfortunately, most of it has been written for the profession, and the people are but little better or wiser in consequence.

"Hydropathic writers"—I quote substantially from the newspapers of the day—"constitute a new era in medical literature." Believing that all things are according to law and order—that ignorance is the evil, and knowledge the remedy for the multitudinous infractions of the laws of order which everywhere prevail, they, unlike the technical jargon of the "old school," deal in plain, direct, straightforward language, adapted to the common understanding, and comprehensible by all who are willing to think. They are peculiar in telling precisely what they think, and in such a way as to be understood.

Dr. Jackson is widely known as one of the most earnest and eloquent advocates of the "new system," and for "plainness of speech" he is not surpassed; hence the public will expect, when he sends forth a book, to find its contents useful and instructive. They will not be disappointed; and the subject chosen, though not well calculated for a display of authorship, is precisely

that on which information is most needed; for herein emphatically are the people perishing for lack of knowledge.

Though limited to forty-eight pages, its "hints" embrace a wider range of topics than most persons would suspect from its title. Manhood and womanhood, in regard to their relations, rights and duties, are considered; the doctor, in relation to his qualifications and character, is discussed; and even the *clergyman* receives a chapter of wholesome advice and well-pointed instruction, relative to *his* particular duty and position in the world as a reformer.

The Water-Cure brotherhood will hail this little work as a valuable accession to their stock of "good books;" and the people at large will find each of its many "hints" to be the true corner-stones whereon they may build substantially the Temple of Life.

Miscellany.

GOSSIP FROM BOSTON.

By NOGGS.

QUITE a *cat-astrophe* happened in Providence to one of your subscribers, a gentleman of some celebrity in the law, and of exceeding great usefulness in the medical world; he being, without exception, the most competent practical physician in the whole of that doctor-ridden city—albeit he makes no particular pretensions to being a doctor—but, being one of the first to embrace the principles of the Water-Cure, his philanthropy has caused him to be ever ready to lend a helping hand to his suffering neighbors;—and many and many are the lame, the halt, and the sick unto death almost, that live to bless him for a renewed lease of life and health, long after they had given up ever being anybody again, victims of licensed quackery.

And many are the curses annually bestowed upon him by the "faculty," who think that a man has no right to cure even his own son, unless he has a "diploma!" God forgive them for their wilful persistence in evil-doing, when the examples of such as I am describing are constantly before them, showing those who will see that the simplest way in doctoring, as in everything else, is best. But, speaking of the *cat-trophy*, the case was this:—Mr. A.'s cat got wedged in under a door; and Mr. A., in the same spirit that prompted the democratic nominee when he invested a cent for candy to give a poor destitute boy, went to her relief; and she (more like a human than a dumb critter) up and bit him—and severely, too!

Dr. K. says he came very near having the hook-jaw, the wound being deep, and in among the tendons; but he thinks he had got over the worst of it when he was there, although, when they sent for him, his friends thought he would die; and his wife insists upon it—and I know of no better judge—that he would inevitably have perished, had it not been for the prompt and faithful application of the Water-Cure.—"Oh, woman! (one with brains, more especially) a ministering angel thou! What should we poor men do without you!—Don't attempt to answer.

Mr. A. suffered most from a sense of burning at the pit of the stomach, and spasmodic action of the muscles.

Query: Was the cat's bite any worse for being mad to think she couldn't get away?

And which would have been best, hot water or cold, to immerse the hand in at the time it first happened?

I am happy to say there is a very liberal spirit in the city here towards Hydropaths among the faculty, though they still despise, as heartily as ever, the Homeopaths.

The "Medical and Surgical Journal" of this city, (which, in Dr. Smith's hands, means something,) lately published, without comment, an able and most excellently well written article on enteritis, by Dr. Hoyt, the Hydropathist, and one of the tallest doctors,

physically and metaphorically, met with. Dr. K., in consultation, the other day, in a very bad case of inflammation of the eye, had the magnanimity (which sticks in Dr. K.'s crop yet!) to advise a continuance of the Water-Cure, and nothing else, or next to nothing.

(The patient is nearly well of it now.)

There are some of the old school, though, who are way back in the dark ages, and won't try to see or know anything, only just what is in accordance with the doctrines taught years ago, when they were educated.

One of these old-fashioned fellows lately salivated an extremely delicate young man, of this city, within the first three days, in a case of typhoid fever, so badly, that he could not speak the truth for a week, without saying his mouth and tongue, &c., were awful sore!—this, too, without the slightest provocation on the patient's part!

The man was simply worn down with business, the heat and carelessness, errors in diet, &c., and nature "hauled him up for repairs;" and all he wanted was a fair chance and time enough, and she would have recruited his energies, and brought him out as good as new. But this dear, delightful dealer in pills and pukes couldn't forbear bringing his mercurial battery to bear on his poor devoted system. But out of evil came good; for his friends—who were folks!—insisted upon his having some kind of decent treatment, and persuaded him to send for a Hydropath, after writing the Allopathic mercury man a polite note, explaining matters. He, however, was "as mad as a hatter;" and any one would have thought, if they had heard him talk to the poor fellow after he had got into the pack, that the doctor was the one that had been maltreated, instead of the patient!

Talk about "assault and battery!" If this did not come under that head, I don't know the meaning of the term. Forever admitting the truth of Allopathy! it was a wicked waste of a man's comfort and energies, to say nothing of poisoning his system forever, just because the poor man had a simple fever.

One thing, though, the doctor proved himself—a prophet, and he ought to have the praise of it. He told the patient, after he had vented his spleen, that he "would find out which system was best by the time he got through." And he did!—in less than twenty-four hours, too; for the wet sheets, &c., compared with the treatment he had been receiving, was as the scratching of a pig's back to the cutting off of his head! This comparison is rather low, I'll admit; but the subject of which I speak is very suggestive, to say the least, of low comparisons; in fact, the practice of such an old ignoramus as I have referred to ought to be ridiculed in every way.

Query: Does a man, 60 years old, know better than to practice thus? If so, the Lord be with him; if not, it is no matter who's with him. He is not fit to have the lives of his fellow-beings in his hands.

ANOTHER CONVERT FROM ALLOPATHY.—"Having been, for nearly two years past, a reader of your valuable journal, *The Water-Cure*, I now consider myself a life subscriber. I notice, in almost every number of the journal, cases of home treatment reported, and thought perhaps it might not be amiss to contribute my mite in that department. On the 5th of September, 1845, I gave birth to my first and only child, having for months previous suffered everything (I might have said) but death itself. For the space of one week, nothing occurred, as I recollect of, worthy of note. Then taking a sudden cold, together with over exertion, I was seized with a most violent inflammation of the uterus; the soreness being so great, that a slight pressure of the hand seemed intolerable. The physician was sent for, came, examined the pulse, and found it some over 130—pressure upon the lungs very great. He immediately ordered a mustard-seed poultice,

which covered nearly over the whole chest and abdomen. In the next place, I was bled; but how much, I cannot tell. I then took three potions of jalap, and was then told to try and get some rest. I should as soon think of sleeping in the midst of a burning fiery furnace as the place I was then in. By some accident or other, the bandage came off from my arm; and how much I suffered from loss of blood, the Lord only knows. Suffice it to say, I fainted; but how long I lay in this condition, I cannot tell. For three days I lay unable to move or be moved; my life was despaired of by my friends; and I myself saw no relief but in death. My child lived but five weeks. At the time of its death, I was carried down stairs to attend the funeral, but was so weak that I could scarcely walk across the room without fainting. While up stairs, water and air were kept almost wholly from me: after getting down stairs, I had all the water I wished to drink, together with plenty of good fresh air, as I was where I could help myself: I requested no favors of any one in that respect. I soon became better; but instead of being cured, my disease took upon itself the chronic form, which lasted about four years. I will not undertake to say what medicines, or how much, I took in the time; I tried all kinds. Two years ago, last winter, I was taken with a severe cold upon my lungs, which tended to aggravate all my former difficulties. The inflammatory pains were very great, and the physician was again sent for; but, instead of being bled, blistered and physicked, as in the former case, he ordered the coldest water that could be found; to have cloths wet in it, and changed as often as once in every three or five minutes. In less than half an hour, all pain had ceased. I still continued the use of water, in its various forms, for the space of six weeks; I wore the wet jacket, together with the wet girdle, night and day; taking sitz baths and a wet sheet pack, as often as the case required. I had the same physician that I had four years before; but in that time he had become a hopeful convert to Hydropathy. I will only add, that what drugs could not do in four years, the Water-Cure did in six weeks. Although I am far from well yet, I trust that I am now rid of that most distressing complaint, inflammation of the uterus. m."—[*Athol, Mass.*]

CAUSES OF THE PREMATURE DEATH OF METHODIST MINISTERS.—In the *Water-Cure Journal* for June there is an article, headed "Methodist Ministers Shortlived." Since my arrival in this country, three years since, I have frequently, in my own mind, been led to draw a comparison between the health of Methodist ministers here and in England. Having been a local minister for several years, I have had good opportunities for observation, and I have at length come to the conclusion, that many ministers in this country do not live out "half their days." I have only met with one or two ministers in America who appear to enjoy good health. They appear, almost to a man, to be affected with bronchitis, bilious disarrangements, or incipient consumption. To myself, this is no difficult problem to solve. The causes I conceive to be the following:

1st. Living on too highly concentrated food, dishes fried in fat, fine flour, &c., &c. Methodist ministers live probably full half their time at the houses of their members and friends, who always prepare for the occasion (what the good people ignorantly suppose) "the best diet;" and the ministers, in such cases, must either eat highly indigestible food or none; and ministers generally would rather partake of such food than give a hint to their friends that they would prefer something plainer. Besides, the majority of families are so fixed in their dietetic habits, that, for a minister especially, to give any hint upon the subject, would, in many cases, be taken as an insult. Such is the force of habit and ignorance with which ministers in most places have to contend.

2nd. INDISCRETION.—Under this head I class long and loud preaching—in many cases, "screaming."—Mr. Wesley (whom no person ever thinks was deficient in zeal) remarks: "I never scream; I dare not; it would be a sin against God and my own soul." And why? Because he knew it would injure his health, and consequently shorten life. When I hear a minister screaming during the whole of a long sermon, I put him down as a person whose education for a minister is rather deficient; who has, in fact, more heat than light; whereas every true minister ought to possess both "light and heat." Preaching in crowded school houses, which have no means of ventilation, and the atmosphere being rendered more impure still by stoves heated nearly red hot—protracted meetings, continued until midnight—studying by night, instead of day—neglect of early rising, &c.

3rd. NEGLECT OF PHYSICAL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.—Few ministers think they can reach a congregation, even at the distance of only a mile, at any season of the year, without a horse and buggy. A carriage has its uses, no doubt; but to see a minister require a carriage to reach every appointment, appears to me "rather effeminate." Walking or riding on horseback, in a majority of cases, would be far better. The latter, Mr. Wesley (who spoke from personal experience) says, "is one of the most healthful exercises in the world; and, in many cases, if continued for several weeks together, will cure a true pulmonary consumption. I could add much more, but prefer "multum in parvo." Yours, &c., THOS. L. NORTH.

Middleton, Dane Co., Wisconsin.

WASHING OUT THE DRUGS.—An Illinois correspondent writes:—I herewith send you sixteen subscribers for the "*Water-Cure Journal*," five for the "*Phrenological Journal*," and one for the "*Student*;" also, the amount of their subscriptions.

I notice, in your *June* number of the "*Water-Cure Journal*," that you offer one dollar's worth of books for a club of the above size, as a *premium*. You can mail me for this, "*Hydropathy*," or "*Water-Cure*." I also send you *two dollars fifty cents*, for which you will be so kind as to put up and mail with the above book, the "*Water-Cure Manual*;" "*Experience in Water-Cure*," by *Mrs. Gore Nichols*; "*Water-Cure for Women in Pregnancy*, and *Lectures on Hygiene and Hydropathy*, by *Houghton*. Prepay the postage with the balance; and if there is any left, send me some small work to make the change, as near as convenient. Three years ago, Messrs. Publishers, I commenced reading some numbers of the "*Water-Cure Journal*," which were loaned to me by a friend. Two years ago, I *bought out* one of the old subscribers to the *Journal*; and last year, I subscribed for it myself, and must say that it is the *most welcome* of any periodical that visits *my house*. I have been married but one year and a half; and early in our outset in the married life, my wife and self put in practice the principles, not only in bathing, but in eating. This course kept us both well, and carried my wife through her first confinement, last autumn, without the aid of a "*man midwife*," with but little pain, and found her the happy mother of a fine, healthy, *whole* son. In two or three days she was up again, without sore breasts or impaired health, in any form. We both feel under a thousand obligations to the knowledge which we have received from your *Journal* for almost all this. It is really heart-sickening to see the cases of drugging which are perpetrated in this region. Poor little specimens of humanity, *drugged* into life, upon which they enter with a low, piping wail of despair, *drugged* through life, and finally, in a few months, *drugged* out of life into another and a better, where *drugging* is unknown, there to live in immortal beauty and health, beside those crystal streams which flow fast by the throne of God; while the poor bed-ridden mother languishes for months, and at last, when re-

stored to the world, bears upon her constitution the terrible and lasting evidences of the trial through which she has passed. The bright eye of her girlhood is gone; the rosy cheek and buoyant step have disappeared forever.

As neighbors and citizens, I admire and welcome many of the regular faculty to my family circle; but in their *professional* capacity, with the help of cold water, proper diet, and the smiles of a kind Providence, they shall never enter my doors. The principles advocated by you in the *Water-Cure Journal* are fast gaining ground here. Next year we will send you *fifty subscribers*, note it.

REPLY TO REBECCA ROXANA.—May a working woman be allowed to say a word in behalf of the right? I am a reader of the *Water-Cure Journal*, and prize it far above any other reading I have, not excepting even the "Book of Books;" I would rather go without my breakfast every morning a week in each month than give up the *Journal*. In our June number I find an article by Rebecca Roxana; I commenced reading, and read on calling it *capital*, it was so good and true, till I came to where she speaks of destroying offspring in the embryo state. This hurt my feelings, though I do not pretend to say that women have not done this wholly of their own accord, yet I could not help thinking that, while she was denouncing with such unmeasured bitterness some unfortunate women, and sending them to Botany Bay, she had better send some of the men along too, for it is well known that many men are anxious, and do as much towards destroying their offspring in that way, as any women. She shows by her own teachings that ignorance causes the feelings which drive them to do such deeds, that we inherit bad organizations from our parents, and mothers neglect to instruct their daughters as they should, consequently many enter the matrimonial state wholly unprepared for its trials; then says, could they only see these things in their true light, they would change their course. Yet, after showing the causes, when she comes to talk of the effects, she seems to feel as though the commission of such a crime sunk a woman so low as to be unworthy a more virtuous person stooping to spread the cloak of charity over her. I am, as women sometimes say, "a woman's rights man" to the very heart's core, and I think the women have borne the great burden of public scorn, in relation to all wrong doings in the intercourse of the sexes long enough—moreover, we are all sisters and frail enough at the best; we have not all been tempted and tried under like circumstances. No doubt sister Rebecca has large conscientiousness, consequently a great horror of such crimes. But let us all be careful how we hold up the fault of an erring sister to the withering blast of public scorn, lest we drive her to lower depths than she yet has found. Rather say, let her that is *without sin* cast the first stone.

I will not trouble you farther, hoping some one qualified to do the subject justice (if they have not already) will take it in hand, and show it up in its true light. I send this expecting you will do with it as may seem to you good; knowing it is imperfect, I shall not feel at all abused if it never appears in the *Journal*.
Respectfully,
A SUBSCRIBER.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—La Porte, June, 1852. A friend of humanity takes this occasion to express his firm belief in the virtues of water, as directed to be used in the *Water-Cure Journal*. I have reason to bless God for the wonderful and speedy cure of several severe cases in my own family. In 1851 I commenced taking the *Water-Cure Journal*, and the more I perused it the greater was my faith in its remedial virtues. In April, 1851, three persons in our vicinity were attacked with Erysipelas, and were attended by a celebrated Allopathic physician. Two soon died, the other barely escaping death after several weeks of se-

vere suffering, during which time a young man of the same family was taken down at my house, and treated in the same way with the same result; next I was taken myself, and while suffering severely, applied the wet girdle, my first experiment in *Water-Cure*, and that being more than I should have dared to do for any other person at that time. Astonished at the relief obtained by that simple appliance, and wetting the head, I had the treatment for my case looked up in the *Journal*, and applied as there directed, and was well in three days from the attack. Next my wife and two boys were attacked with it, all in one night. The boys were promptly treated with pack sheet, followed by the shower, bandages to the neck and head, the wet girdle, &c.; they were soon relieved, and in three or four days as well as ever without any medicine. My wife was rather opposed to much of the water treatment for herself, and grew worse for two or three days, when I persuaded her to more thorough treatment; from that time the disease was checked, and in about a week she was about her usual business. We also treated our girl, five years old, in a severe attack of scarlet fever last week with perfect success.

M. NEVINS.

APHYXIA FROM LIGHTNING, HIGHLAND MILLS.—GENTLEMEN:—Your time and space are valuable, I therefore commence without introduction or apology. On the 17th of this month, my two little daughters were coming from school, one aged 11, the other 8; they saw a shower coming and went into the house of a neighbor to get out of the rain, and while there the lightning struck and tore off a part of one end of the house, went through the chimney, and struck the youngest girl, dead as they thought, for she was stiff as marble; but happily for the cause of truth, she fell into the hands of one who was acquainted with, and not afraid of cold water, and he continued to apply it faithfully, by douche and friction, for a half hour, when she began to show some little sign of life, and before the hour was up she vomited freely, and could say, the cold water felt good; she continued to have distressed turns through the night, but by the free use of cold water externally, and warm water internally, she soon recovered, except the use of her right eye, which I fear she never will have. Please drop a word in the *Water-Cure Journal*, if anything suggests itself to you concerning it. Had it not been for your *invaluable Herald of Reforms*, I should have sent for an Allopath with horse race speed. That you may through a long life continue to *prepare the way of the Lord* and make *His paths* straight, is the fervent prayer of a mother.
L. S.

WATER-CURE IN MISSISSIPPI.—F. B. writes us from Ripley, Tippah county, Miss., when renewing his subscription for the *Journal*. He says:—I have now been taking the *Journal* 12 months, and have got all the numbers, except that for February, 1852, which you will be so kind as to forward at your earliest convenience, as I would not be without it for five times its value: I consider the *Journal* of inestimable value to us. By the judicious use of water, under the directions of the *Journal*, we have kept free from sickness. We have a fine shower bath, and it is freely used by the whole family. By the by, we have the best location for a *Water-Cure* establishment in the State of Mississippi. A fine spring of the softest water gushes out from beneath the highest ridge in North Mississippi. Within one hundred yards of the fountain, is the bath-house, the water being conveyed in troughs into a box, the bottom of which is perforated with holes. Within two hundred yards of the fountain there is a mill and cotton gin, propelled by water power, with an overshot wheel of twenty-four feet; the fall is sufficient for a thirty-foot wheel. Around the spring is a beautiful grove of hickory, oak, chestnut, pine and other forest trees. There is a fine dwelling

house and other necessary improvements, embowered in a grove of hickory and oak, all within one hundred and fifty yards of the spring, which is strong enough to turn the above-mentioned mill and gin. Can't you send us an enterprising, scientific *Water-Cure* doctor? He can make a fortune in a few years. There is so much fall in the branch, that the water could with ease be conveyed anywhere that it might be desired. The place [Prospect Hill] is six miles from Ripley, Tippah county, Mississippi, an exceedingly healthy location, and one of the most desirable places to live in all the Southern country. I might give an account of some remarkable cures effected by the use of water, but suffice it to say, that Hydropathy is gaining ground rapidly in this section, and would soon be universally adopted, if the circulation of your *Journal* extended to every family.

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY OF AN ALLOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Some good old fashioned conservatives charge us with a little too much zeal "for our new cause." In defence, and by way of showing that we are sustained in our views by the honest ones of the "old school," we often take occasion to publish TESTIMONY like the following:

UNIONTOWN, Maryland, July, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed you will find your prospectus, together with \$—, for which I wish you to send the *Water-Cure Journal*, to those addresses. *Having been regularly educated an Allopathic physician*, it affords me much pleasure to add my testimony in favor of this excellent work. I look upon it as being one of the very best works now before the American people, as the only sure guide to health, temperance, and prosperity, and as a guide to the only rational and natural course of treatment in all forms of disease whatever. The powerful engines of destruction so popular among Allopathic physicians, must eventually become obsolete and disreputable before the mild, soothing, invigorating, and health imparting agents of the *Water-Cure* system. I will endeavor on some future occasion to prepare for the *Journal* my experience in the two systems of practices until which time you will believe me one of your attentive readers,
H. S.

QUARRELLING.—*Know College, Illinois*.—Messrs. Fowlers and Wells: Allow me, an humble fellow-laborer with yourselves in the work of reform, to make a single suggestion in regard to your valuable periodical, of which I have been an interested reader for a considerable length of time, and, I hope, practised upon the principles which it inculcates for three years, with great advantage to my health and comfort. But while I have been edified and instructed by what I have read, I have frequently felt sorrow that you should descend from your high calling of instructing mankind to quarrel with doctors of the "old school." *Water-Cure* has nothing to fear from them. Its advocates have only to diffuse far and wide its life-giving and life-saving principles until drugs are forgotten, or remembered only as things that were; and if there is quarrelling to be done, let that honor belong alone to the *regular practice*, and, when they die from starvation, "let the dead bury their dead."

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Drugs will never be "forgotten" until a knowledge of their dangers, and of the false philosophy of the principles on which their employment is predicated, is diffused far and wide; and until then, we shall find it among our duties to "quarrel with the doctors." We have no fear of the truth, if we can only keep the quarrel "a-going" with falsehood.]
EDS.]

SMOKING SEGARS IN THE STREETS.—This abominable nuisance was first introduced by gamblers and blacklegs, and is still followed by that class, to the annoyance of every lady that walks in Broadway:

Silly, beardless boys, and dandy exquisites, imitate the worthy examples set them, and we are sorry to say that a few of more respectable standing have permitted themselves to be degraded to a level with the fashionably dressed sharpers who parade the streets and lounge about the hotels, where they lay in wait to entrap their victims. Let every man of sense break off this odious fashion. It is not American to insult or annoy ladies, and there can be no greater annoyance to them, than whiffing tobacco smoke in their faces, and poisoning the air with the fumes of that stinking weed. If decent men will only leave it off, the blacklegs and gamblers will soon be compelled to abandon it too, for the segar would then point them out, and their vocation would be in jeopardy. As it is, honest men, by smoking in Broadway, are in danger of being mistaken for these foul and obscene harpies.—*N. Y. Herald.*

[We think when the secular press thus boldly rebukes the wicked sin of tobacco using, that all true religious preachers, editors and teachers, can do no less than to follow the good example thus set them by their worldly brethren.]

A VICTIM'S LAMENT.

BY HORACE.

THROUGH youth's bright morn till manhood's dawn,
I bounded light o'er hill and lawn,
With spirits blithe, buoyant and free,
For Hygeia * fair then roamed with me.

Her smile "was morning's brightest ray,"
It cheered my heart full many a day,
And in its light work was but play,
So joyously passed time away.

The rose upon her cheek did blush:
Reflected thence, mine caught the flush,
Which caused each nerve to thrill with joy
Ineffable, that ne'er would cloy.

My youthful rashness I bemoan,
That drove fair Hygeia from my home:
I thought with me she o'er would dwell,—
Alack the day that broke the spell!

O! Hygeia's laws then had I known,
In sunny days, ere health had flown!
Each statute strict I had obeyed,
Then ne'er from me she would have strayed.

How could I know her righteous law,
When none were taught, and none I saw,
And Fowlers' works, all o'er the land,
Then had not spread their influence bland?

To Doctor Physic quick I flew,
Who all her ways, 'twas said, well knew:
With charm of drugs, of virtues rare,
He promised to woo back my fair.

I used his charm with faith sincere;
Then o'er my mind came vapors drear,
And ev'ry nerve, of limb or brain,
Became a telegraph of pain;

Muscle and strength wasted away,
Till helpless as a child I lay,
And all I was, homely or fair,
Became the image of despair.

Dear Hygeia, all this time in view,
Now from my sight forever flew,
'Mong groves and flowers for aye to dwell,
Where purling streams their dew distil.

O, had I strength, I'd rise and go
Where Hygeia's streams forever flow,
And bathe me in their healing tide,
Come forth redeemed, and claim my bride.

By drugs exhausted, clothed in gloom,
I sink thus early in the tomb,
A sad example on my part
Of what is termed the "HEALING ART."

Kennedyville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

* Hygeia, the Goddess of Health.

WATER-CURE IN GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.—I herewith send you another list of subscribers for the Water-Cure Journal. I wish you to send me also fifteen copies of the Hydropathic Encyclopedia, by express. The people are thoroughly awake to the subject of Hydropathy here; they are sensible that they have been *drugged* long enough; they see the fatal consequences of calomel, producing as it does *death* or *chronic disease*. There are some six or eight physicians here, all of the old school, i. e., calomel Drs. One of them, however, has been a subscriber and *reader* of the Water-Cure Journal for the last four years, and has introduced the use of water in the treatment of almost all diseases with the happiest effect, particularly in the treatment of small-pox, and every other grade of fever; and what has pleased and astonished him is, he says, that under the Water treatment his patients *get right up, and are about almost immediately*, which is not the case with the drug *du*-stuff. He is doing much to convince the people that the Water-Cure is the thing, and he stands high in the estimation of the community as a citizen and physician. His influence will be felt most powerfully. The rest of them stand back, and are afraid of, if not opposed to, Water. I understand, however, that they are some of them *trying it a little*; but they must soon try it a good deal, or lose their business. This is a very intelligent community, and most of them *will think* for themselves, and will not be drugged any longer. I am very truly yours,
G. C. W., M. D.

WATER-CURE IN BROOKLYN, MICHIGAN.—A correspondent, (Wm. H. B.,) writing from this pleasant place, says:

"Owing to the industry and energy of one of our ladies (Mrs. Ferris), you have many subscribers in and near this place. She has, however, been sick—sick almost unto death, and was told by a thing called a doctor (Allopath) that she could not live four days with the complaint with which she suffered. She did not, nor *would* not, take one particle of medicine, but followed Water-Cure strictly, as she *understood it*; and, to the agreeable surprise of her friends, and the confusion of Dr. Allopath, she has entirely recovered, and is laboring hard to diffuse the principles of Water-Cure."

[We shall ever remember the most interesting visit which we once had with our good, true and zealous friend, MRS. FERRIS,—a very model of a woman, in all respects. *She* will not only live by her well-founded faith, but, when the lamp of life becomes exhausted, she will *die* by it; nor permit experimenters to practice their arts upon her. Long may she live to do good in the world.]

PROLIFIC.—A female member of Dr. S's church, having safely passed through her nineteenth accouchee, her husband sent the following note to the Rev. Dr. to be read before the congregation: "Mrs. A. having been safely delivered of her nineteenth child, she with her husband would return hearty and unfeigned thanks to Almighty God for his great favor, and humbly asks him for a continuance of his blessings."

[So much for living in obedience to the Natural Laws. Wonder if this good woman ever took any "pure genuine cod liver lard oil?"]

TOBACCO AND THE CHURCH.—The Boston Investigator says:—According to the Rev. Geo. Trask, the American church is a tobacco-chewing and smoking concern. In a circular letter which he has addressed to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he has the following among other statements: "On the authority of Dr. Coles I would add, the American church annually expends \$5,000,000 on this vile narcotic, and less than \$1,000,000 on benevolent objects, or for the conversion of the world."

WHAT IS HE RESERVED FOR?—There is a lad of only twelve years, W. H. Waddell, living at Pochontas, Arkansas, who in the spring of 1850, was stabbed, the wound thought to be mortal; the same fall was knocked senseless and cold by lightning; in the fall of '51 was run over by four mules and a wagon; last winter fell from the third story window, lighting upon a pile of stones; about six weeks since was shot, three balls entering his body. The hero of all these ugly accidents is still alive and healthy, being reserved, doubtless, for some other kind of shuffling off this mortal coil.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

[When the human system is unpolluted with noxious substances—such as tea, coffee, snuff and tobacco, rum, gin or brandy, it will not only resist disease, but will more readily recover when lacerated or otherwise injured.

TESTIMONY.—M. R. S. of Pittsfield, Ohio, says:—"I hail with joy the Water-Cure Journal, as it comes from time to time, as the bright harbinger of hope to frail nature, and although some seem to doubt the testimonies which appear on its pages, my own experience teaches me to believe them. Being myself a victim (like many others) to drug doctoring until nearly on the verge of the grave, and given up by all human probabilities, and having experienced the blessed influence of the Water-Cure, I felt constrained to write. I am practising it, as far as I am capable, in trying to gather up a shattered constitution through the directions in your Journal, and may it continue to be circulated until its pages shall make glad the heart of every individual in the land."

THE doctors of Boston have raised their charges. Sickness will soon become one of the luxuries of life which a poor man cannot afford.—*Carson Leagus.*

[Well, why should they not raise their wages? Who would do their work, and answer for it, at a low price? *We* think doctors should be paid quite as liberally as sheriffs for the same services rendered.]

Business Notices.

OUR BOOKS IN IOWA.—Western friends rejoice on the accession of every new comer from the East, who carries with him the intellectual treasures of the Atlantic States. The demand for books in the West, on moral, physical, and intellectual education—and on all the natural sciences, is just in proportion to the rapid development and resources of that vast country, the future home of unborn millions.

During the present season, several enterprising Eastern booksellers have removed to the West, and established book stores, through which much knowledge will be disseminated.

R. M. BURNETT, from Cayuga county, New York, has supplied himself with a stock of books, and opened a store in Muscatine, where our friends will find all works published by Fowler and Wells.

S. H. BURNETT, brother of R. M., has located in Peoria, Illinois. He is in a fair way to build up a very extensive, useful, and profitable business in that place.

DANIEL C. DEAN, in Pontiac, Michigan.

JOSEPH KEENE AND BROTHER, in Chicago.

LAURIE AND POWERS, in Akron, Ohio.

LA DUC AND ROHNER have opened stores in St. Paul and St. Anthony Falls, Minnesota, where we have recently shipped a new stock of books. All these we believe to be in successful operation; while the demand and necessity for similar establishments in the thousands of villages and prospective western cities is every year increasing. Young men in the East! a glorious opening awaits you in the West.

WM. H. BECKINGHAM is doing a good business in Terre-haute, Indiana.

THE WOOL GROWER—It gives us pleasure to call the reader's attention to an advertisement, in our present number, under the above title. Our Western friends, who are extensively engaged in the Wool growing and Stock Breeding interest, will find that work eminently useful. No other assurance than the name of D. D. T. MOORE, its publisher, is necessary as a guarantee for its excellence or permanent continuance.

LENDING JOURNALS—Formerly we advised benevolent subscribers, who were interested in the cause, to lend their journals to their neighbors, who had never read anything on the Water-Cure. Judging from the numerous letters which we receive from the "borrowers," in which they acknowledge their obligations to the person who placed the Journals into their hands, we infer that the practice is general; yet it is quite natural for subscribers to lend; when one has received decided benefit from any cause he desires that others may share the same blessing. Hence, the almost universal practice of generously lending the Journals from one neighbor to another. In the commencement of the reform this was right and proper, especially when the borrower returned them promptly, unsoiled, to the owner. But, we submit, now that its GREAT UTILITY has become a "FIXED FACT," and the cost of the Journal reduced (in clubs) to half the price of a bottle of *Sarsaparilla*, or *Cod Liver Oil*, and but a trifle more than is charged for a box of *patent pills*, or a pound of tea or tobacco, whether every man who can afford to employ a doctor cannot afford to subscribe, and pay for the Journal? However, when the individual is too poor to pay for it, his more fortunate neighbors should contribute a few pennies each, and have the Journal sent free. We will always send sample numbers GRATIS, and continue to furnish the Journals in clubs, at the present low price, which is as near cost as it is possible for us to make it. Old subscribers will continue to make new converts, even at the small sacrifice of lending and losing their own Journals.

NEW INVENTIONS—We are often requested, by distant friends, to give them information in regard to *machinery, inventions*, and so forth. We acknowledge a very deep interest in things mechanical, except "body braces" and "patent pill boxes." Yet we are not so well "posted up" on steam engines, flying machines, water-gas, fire-annihilators, and locomotives, as we are on MACHINES HUMAN. This department of mechanism comes legitimately within our sphere—and it will give us pleasure to impart whatever information, relating thereto, we possess. But we would most respectfully refer one and all of our mechanical friends and inventors to the publishers of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 123 Fulton-street, New York, who occupy the same relation to machinery, inventions, etc., that we do, to physiology, anatomy, and hydropathy. What a pity it is that one man can't know and do everything—but that is "impossible."

GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION—Benevolent individuals are sometimes in the habit of subscribing for large numbers of temperance, religious and other publications, for the purpose of gratuitous circulation among those who either cannot or will not, become themselves subscribers. In this way, no inconsiderable good is accomplished.

In our own work, there is a great need of the same thing. The poor should be directed to the means of preserving health, which our Journal will do. The rich should be incited to take in needy children, and should be informed where they may be referred to children requiring their aid; that our paper will do. Our subscribers are mistaken if they suppose *everybody* knows what *they* know of this movement. There are excellent people who have never heard of it. To remedy these evils our Journal needs to be more widely circulated, and large numbers to be sent forth gratuitously.—We cannot do all this ourselves. We need help. Who will extend the hand?

[We quote the above—slightly altered—from a religious paper, only adding, that each suggestion is equally applicable to our cause.—PUB. W. C. J.]

To Correspondents.

LAMENESS OF THE HIP, KNEE, &c.—G. M., Cornish, N. H.—Your vocation, which requires the standing posture all day, is against the successful treatment of your case at home. For this reason you will probably fail of a cure unless you go to an establishment for a few weeks. The bathing processes which seem to be more particularly indicated are, the wet-sheet pack followed by a moderate douche to the affected part, and tepid-half and hip-baths.

INJURED BACK—W. R., Tivoli, Ill.—"What treatment would you recommend a man who had his back injured some three years ago, and is now weak and swollen in the region of the kidneys?" The hydropathic, of course. But if you have to apply hydropathy to that particular case, you must give us a particular description of the patient's symptoms, and habits of life. No judicious physician can prescribe to the mere name of a disease.

PARTIAL PARALYSIS—J. V., Brackville, C. W.—The hip and moderate douches to the spine, with the wet sheet pack once or twice a week, are the best water processes in your case. The diet must be coarse, extremely simple, and free from grease or much salt.

DISEASE OF THE LUNGS—J. B. R., LEXINGTON.—The Encyclopædia, under the heads of Consumption and Bronchitis, will give the principles which should regulate your management. Exercising the lungs moderately by deep, full, slow inspirations and expirations would be especially useful. The diet must be exceedingly simple and rather sparing.

PILES—J. M. P., Delaware, having got better of this disease by partial water treatment, wants to know how to "drive off the disease so that it will never return." The easiest thing in the world, friend; easier in fact than to let it alone. Just live in all respects hydropathically—that is to say, healthfully. You say it is "hard" to leave off that nasty tobacco. Is it not also hard to have the piles! The ways of transgression are always hard, with the good back.

MAGNETIC INFLUENCE—N. P., Mass.—Is it possible for a magnetic influence to be left on the system of one who has been mesmerized for years, so as to cause a great amount and variety of suffering? It is possible to do much injury and cause many painful nervous affections by an excessive employment of magnetic influences, especially if combined with unphysiological habits in other respects. The best method of restoration is a thorough course of water cure, in connection with some light occupation which keeps the mind much but not fatiguingly employed upon it.

BRONCHITIS—Somebody whose name is withheld, requests, "Please name in the August number of Water-Cure Journal, the best diet for bronchitis?" Whoever the writer may be, he can find all the information he seeks in the Hydropathic Encyclopædia.

ASTHMA—A. W., Bristol.—The wet-sheet pack, followed by the half-bath, dripping sheet, or douche, is undoubtedly the leading measure of treatment in your case. The diet must be strictly abstemious and very plain.

SACCHARIN—S. H. R., Clarksville, N. Y.—"Will you inform me which is best as an article of diet, molasses, Muscovado sugar, maple sugar, or loaf sugar? Will not compresses applied to the bottom of the feet, derive the blood from the head and lungs, and help equalize the circulation?" There is but little difference between the first three sweets named; the last is the most objectionable. Compresses to the feet will act as derivations to some extent, if well managed—so as to secure reaction.

FALLING OF THE BOWEL—A. A. B., Fayetteville.—The hip-bath, pretty cold, once or twice a day, is the principal local appliance in the case of your child. When you do not have plenty of fruits and vegetables, your children must eat coarse bread or be sick; there is no alternative.

GOOD HEALTH—J. S., Rockton, Ill.—"Will you be so good as to give me directions how to get and keep good health?" Certainly, and with great pleasure. Get the Hydropathic Encyclopædia, study it attentively and follow its teachings faithfully.

HAIR IN MOLES—MARY T., Indiana.—"Will the extraction of the hair in moles produce more hair in the vicinity; and can it be prevented from growing?" It is the same with the hair of a mole as with that of the head. If pulled out or cut off it will grow again as it does elsewhere; unless pulled out by the roots, which is rarely possible. There are no harmless methods of preventing its growth.

"A CONSTANT READER" will find all needful advice in the works on Pregnancy and Childbirth, and the Parent's Guide, both of which will be sent, post paid, for one dollar.

Varieties.

OBJECTIONS TO THE NEW COSTUME.

BY A BLOOMER IN PRAIRIE LAND.

HAVING experienced something of the opposition in regard to the new costume, and become somewhat familiar with many of the objections which it meets, as we mingle in society, we find a variety of opinions among the different classes of individuals who are its objectors, first among which we shall place persons of intelligence and refinement, "ladies and gentlemen" in the true sense of the word, who meet us on fair and even ground, and assign various reasons for their objections; conscientiously believing that their opinions respecting this costume are right, and that we, the Bloomers, are in error. Such opposers we respect; we even love them better for their frank, open-hearted avowal of their opinion;

but we have a conscience of our own to settle with, and though we regret to differ from them, yet we must necessarily do so in this respect. Next in order we place those of good and honest hearts, of intelligent and cultivated minds, yet ignorant in regard to the reasons for adopting this style of dress. They look upon it as a mere caprice of fashion, and oppose it violently. They have ever indulged a prejudice against what they term "the extremes of fashion," and they regard this as such; and not being aware that it involves principles of the last importance to the welfare of the human family, they regard it as ridiculous and absurd. Among this class we find many of high standing in society, and many of all professions and employments, who, when they become thoroughly acquainted with the cause of this reform, will award it their favor, and become its warmest advocates.

As the two classes above mentioned comprise nearly all whom we are under the necessity of meeting with arguments, we consider that they bring all the objections to which a woman of elevated mind and independent principles need pay the least attention. But for the benefit of those who approve this style of dress, yet dare not adopt it for fear of the ridicule to which it may subject them, we will present the other side of community. We will not omit to say, however, that we regard the little detestable spirit of ridicule in such a light that we do not even consider it an opposer in any shape whatever. It is not the great and noble spirits of our world that brace their opinions with ridicule and jeers; these have arguments to defend their principles, have reasoning faculties to call into action, when they wish to overthrow evil, or perpetuate right and noble enterprises. But, for the other objections.

First—the do-nothing part of community; those who have nothing else to do but to kill time in the most fashionable and frivolous manner. Those ladies who have nothing else to do but to carry their clothes, may trail long skirts, endure whale-bones, and budget cotton-batting, if they please; at least, some of us have no objections. We know they can afford to do it if any ladies can. If they do sweep the streets, they do not have to wash their clothes; if they spoil a costly dress every day, their husbands or their pa's are able to buy more; and if whale-bones do cause them to faint sometimes, a servant is ready to scatter cologne, camphor, lavender, or whatever may be most agreeable, and endeavor gracefully to bring Madam or Miss out of a genteel swoon. If they shorten their lives by voluntary suicide, the welfare of society will not be affected by their exit. They are only drones in the world's great beehive; and when their transitory life is ended, their memory will pass away with their gaudy attire and costly equipage. Why should we heed ridicule from such sources as these? How insignificant do such persons appear, compared with those noble hearts which are often found in the humbler walks of life, and even in the dark abodes of abject poverty!—that widow, toiling from early dawn till the midnight hour, to save her little ones from famine?—that wife, care-worn, and weary with watching, plying the needle with untiring assiduity by the bed-side of him who is soon to leave her without a protector in a cheerless world?—that daughter, whose only solicitude is to make the last hours of an aged parent peaceful and happy; whose thinly-clad limbs tremble before the piercing winds of winter, while she earns fuel to warm the apartment, or bread for the lips of those she best loves? Shall we suffer the nobler feelings of our hearts to be chilled into inactivity by the cold scorn of those who live for themselves alone, whose deity is gold, and whose highest aim is to fill a conspicuous place in fashion's servile throng? Shall we wear a dress that deforms our bodies, ruins our health, and paralyzes our intellects, because the gilded butterflies of a day say that no woman of respectability "will be seen in trousers?" Reflect upon this, ye fearful ones of trembling hearts, who fear to adopt a Bloomer in the place of your long robes because Mr. Aristocracy will frown upon you when you pass his mansion, and his family will blot your name from their list of respectability.

Are there any more opposers? Yes! there is the snickering part of community, whose mirthful propensities cannot be quelled when they behold these "queer-looking Bloomers." Doubtless they may often be seen gazing from their windows, or casting glances across the street, while their countenances are illuminated with a sunny grin that might sit very gracefully on the face of a baboon, but which must appear contemptible on the visage of beings capable of reason and reflection.

Then we have the street-roofer blackguard, and the gentleman-fop. Two very formidable opponents these! The low vulgarity of the former may, perhaps, disconcert our purposes about as much as the croaking of a frog would while

we were passing a mud-puddle. [Beg pardon for the comparison—the frog's pardon, though—for frogs' notes are often musical and interesting;—while for the serpent-bias of the latter we have an established rule: When we meet a viper in our path, we take the other side of the street (not out of fear, but for contempt of the creature); so, when we hear the hissing of a human animal, we deem it advisable to step aside and let his snakeship pass, conscious the while of a mournful sensation at the contemplation of the loathsomeness in which we sometimes see human nature clothed.]

We would not advise any woman to revolt from the tyranny of fashion to which she has heretofore passively submitted, without first counting the cost. Let no lady ever adopt a costume which has so generally excited the ridicule of the light-headed part of community, and sometimes the hatred of profound thinkers, as this, without first making it a matter of conscience. Let her first settle it in her own heart, and remember that for all her doings, all her influences upon society, she will be held accountable at the bar of a just God. If all will do this, they will have no misgivings of heart with regard to what others may say about their course of conduct. They will seldom reflect upon the puny opposition that crosses their path, while they possess the consciousness that they have the encouragement of many of the noblest spirits in our land; that many hearts, yearning with deep anxiety for the improvement of society, for the development of the nobler faculties of woman's nature, and for the glorious triumph of Truth over Error, are encouraging them with generous sympathy, and by their example bidding them never falter in the cause of this great reform.

Mrs SWISSELM is opposed to any separate female organization upon the temperance question. She thinks all can be accomplished by uniting with the men in their conventions. —*Cayuga Chief.*

[No doubt of it. So do we. We believe in uniting with the women in all good reforms. No exclusive or separate organizations. We shall defend the "Union."]

GARDENING.—As gardening has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the favorite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and profession for which no man is too high or too low.—*Temple.*

[Women may—*should engage heartily*—in this most healthful, useful, and interesting, of out-door employments. Here she may strengthen her muscles, inflate her lungs, and at the same time produce that which will aid in sustaining human life—the choicest of fruits and vegetables. Let all good men prepare a spot of ground to be managed by women. Let them plant, cultivate, and harvest, each year, a garden crop. It will repay in health more than it will cost in pleasant labor.]

BUSINESS COURTESY.—Nothing more certainly marks the gentleman, than the observance of a uniform courtesy and kindness in the business of life. Such a bearing toward all men should be cultivated, till it grows to be a habit. Surely kind words are as abundant and cost no more than harsh ones. Many a man has robbed himself of success by an austere and haughty manner. Such an address chills those whom interest attracts, and it impairs a confidence, that might become almost fond. There is nothing like a gentle, quiet and polite manner in business. Petulance and passion grow worse by indulgence, and utterly unfit their possessor for pleasant intercourse with his fellows. But every gentleman has a right to demand and receive courteous treatment at the hands of those with whom he may deal. He is worse than a boor, who purposely and coolly refuses to extend it. *Boston Investigator.*

[Can any body tell, why it is, that one young man succeeds so much better in business than another? We venture the remark—that it is because of the superior affability and good manners of the one, and the boorishness, indifference, and unbending disposition of the other. Let us "study to please," and thereby add to the success and happiness of ourselves and others.]

MILD WEATHER.—A rambler in Minnesota gives us a pleasant idea of the range of the thermometer in that region in the following stanza:

The summer solstice brings its proper charm,
Though ninety-eight above is rather warm,
And in the winter we have frequent snow,
And rather cool at forty-two below.



A CONGREGATION OF TOBACCO WORSHIPPERS.

The artist here represents "THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL." The actual may be seen on close inspection; the Ladies on the right, are "going in" to the snuff, while one good mother on the left, may be seen "pulling away," "like a dog at a root," on an old fashioned "plug." The IDEAL, which we cannot illustrate by engravings, may be imagined in the shape of a general "Ai-ketch-ahoo, hi-ketch-ahoo." "Aitch-ee," when out come the pocket-hankerchiefs, spittoons, and such other necessities as usually accompany a "regular" sneeze. We are assured by one experienced in the business, that a

good "Cud" or a "big pinch," will quicken the devotional principle, and enable the worshipper to pass through "the exercises" with much more energy, than it would be possible without. Let none suppose that we would do anything to detract from the "spiritual" well being of community, by these observations. We but illustrate the IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL. If "some folks" who occupy high places, may hereby "see themselves, as others see them," our object will in part have been accomplished, and our labors not in vain.

A FABLE FOR POLITICIANS.—THE KNICKERBOCKER.—Old Knick never tires in the race for fun, novelty, wit, and news—that is to say, news in its own line!

FABULA II.—How not to get Elected to Congress.—"The Bull and the Ass were once candidates for Congress. The animals of the constituency being all assembled on election day, the Bull mounted the stump, and thus addressed them: "Horned cattle, hogs, sheep, geese, turkeys, and ducks: I ask your suffrages because I believe I can serve the public better than any of the rest of you. Congress, as you all know, has become a mighty hard congregation. Col. Wolf and Judge Fox, Captain Panther and old Gov. Grizzly, are elected members of the next House, and unless you elect somebody who can't be bullied down, your interests will suffer. Friend Horse here is a good sensible beast, but he has no talent for public bodies. He declines the nomination in my favor. As for the rest of you, there is not one who is fit for the post! Your sheep are cowards; your hogs are stupid and big-headed; your turkeys, geese, and ducks, are little better than idiots, and would die outright if Commodore Hawk should whistle at you when you took the floor. My worthy antagonist here you know just as well as I do. These old Federalists would fool him out of his ears. I can say nothing about myself. If you think I can be bullied down by the whole menagerie, don't vote for me; if otherwise, otherwise."

"The Ass then began in the most magnificent periods: "My fellow citizens! When the Ro-o-o-man Empire was at the summit of its corruption, I do not think that such insolence was ever heard. What! my courageous and heroic friend, the sheep are stigmatized as "cowards;" these intelligent and candid swine are styled "big-headed;" and these geese and turkeys, whose gigantic intellects are the admiration of the known world, are covered with a flood of obloquy and vituperation worthy of the most corrupt period of the Roman empire!"

"We cannot report the remainder of this grand harangue. Suffice it to say, that the Ass obtained the entire sheep vote, pig vote, and goose vote, and was elected.

"MORAL.—This fable teaches that candidates for office should not call pigs pigs."

MAINE LAW WANTED.—The following is an extract from the address of Judge Johnson, of Georgia, in sentencing G. D. Cornet to death, for the murder, without provocation, of W. W. Hailes, delivered on the 16th of September, 1851:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred this shedding of blood. It was in one of the thousand ante-chambers of hell, which mark like plague spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tipping shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which by spontaneous generation, breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and converted this trembling outcast into a demon. How paltry this price of two lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore, the vender committed an offence not cognizable by earthly tribunals, but in the sight of Him who is unerring wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men to anger, and violence, and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

OUR POLITICAL PLATFORM.—That the readers, voters, and patrons of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, may be "well posted up" in regard to this matter, we take this occasion to declare our views and principles. We believe in Homestead Exemption, free farms for the landless, and, "we go in for"

"INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS."

A GOLDEN MAXIM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the good old gentleman who replied, "Dear son, go a-head."

RED COLOR.—The wearing of anything red is at present prohibited in northern Italy, as indicating revolutionary tendencies. To such an extent is this carried that even a red nose is regarded as rather suspicious.

A COMPLETE FISH.—Miss Gilmore was courted by a man named Haddock. "I only want, love," said he, "one "gill more" to make me a perfect fish."

Book Notices.

BOOKS WHICH QUICKEN THE INTELLIGENCE OF YOUTH, DELIGHT AGE, DECORATE PROSPERITY, SHELTER AND SOULAGE US IN ADVERSITY, BRING ENJOYMENT AT HOME, BENEATH US OUT OF DOORS, PASS THE NIGHT WITH US, TRAVEL WITH US, GO INTO THE COUNTRY WITH US.—Cicero.

THE FUTURE OF NATIONS, in what consists its security. A LECTURE delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, June 21st, 1852. By **LOUIS KOSSUTH**, Governor of Hungary. Revised and corrected by the Author. 12mo., pp. 44. New York and Boston. **FOWLERS AND WELLS**, Publishers.

Blessed with the priceless privilege of listening to this—the consummation of oratory—of learning—and Apostolic truth, we could not refrain from presenting it to the public, in a more acceptable and durable form than that of a newspaper report. We have, therefore, under a sense of duty, and moral obligation, stereotyped, printed and published a beautiful, yet cheap edition, of that greatest production, with which the distinguished patriot exile has astonished America.

The occasion, the assembly, and all the surroundings are so well described by the *New York Daily Tribune*, of the succeeding morning, after the delivery of the lecture, that we take pleasure in presenting the same to our readers:

"Never was a more crowded or brilliant audience assembled in the Tabernacle than that which gathered on Monday night, June 21, to listen to the parting discourse of the illustrious Hungarian. The occasion was one of the deepest interest. The approaching arrival of Kossuth's aged mother and homeless sisters, the exiled victims of kindred with the noble champion of his country's rights, has called forth a profound sympathy even in many hearts which have taken little interest in the impassioned appeals of the orator for American aid to Hungary. The story of private griefs has affected them more powerfully than that of national wrongs. Not a few also who have before had no opportunity of listening to the magic eloquence of Kossuth, could not permit the last occasion to pass without hearing the tones of that persuasive voice which has touched such a deep chord of feeling wherever it has been uttered. The audience was not only immense in numbers, but imposing by the elements of which it was composed. It represented all classes of New York society. The aged were there, who seldom appear in public places. A large proportion of ladies showed their devotion to the cause, by appearing in the Tabernacle, in spite of the crush and the severe heat. The well-known faces of a host of our most respectable citizens, of every profession, were seen in the vain pursuit of a seat. A finer turn-out of the young men of New York we have never witnessed on any public occasion; while numerous strangers, many just arrived in the city, and wearing their travel-stained dress, served to complete the vast assemblage.

"Long before eight o'clock, the hour announced for the meeting, every seat was occupied. The aisles were lined with extra benches, accommodating a throng of ladies, but great numbers were obliged to stand during the whole evening. The entrance of Kossuth, who came upon the stage, accompanied by His Honor Chief Justice Jones, David D. Field, Rev. Mr. Osgood, and others, was welcomed with repeated and enthusiastic cheers by the deeply-excited audience. He was dressed in a plain suit of black. He appeared in better health than when he was in New York before. On his being introduced to the assembly, by William C. Russell, Esq., the cheers were reiterated, and it was not until after some time that silence was so far restored as to enable him to begin his address. Of the masterly vigor and melting pathos of this production, we need not speak. Our readers cannot fail to appreciate its noble eloquence. But they can form no idea of the magnetic union, the solemn earnestness, and the felicitous grace, with which the different portions of the discourse were delivered, according to the dominant tone of feeling with which the speaker was inspired. A large part of it was of a highly religious character, expressive of the sublime ideal of Christianity cherished by Kossuth, and of the profound grief with which he contemplates the defeat of its practical application to social and political affairs. His remarks on this topic evidently made a deep impression on the audience. At the close of the discourse, nine hearty cheers were given for Kossuth and the cause of Hungary, when the audience slowly broke up, as if reluctant to leave the charmed presence."

The Lecture is now printed in pamphlet form, making 44 12mo. pages, with a likeness of KOSSUTH, and is sold by the hundred or dozen copies, at cost. Single copies by mail, postage pre-paid, only twelve and a half cents.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE, from Eve of the Old, to the Marys of the New Testament. By Rev. P. C. HEADLEY. Auburn: DERBY AND MILLER.

"This beautiful book, the author tells us, has for its mission to breathe encouragement to the maternal heart, and infuse the spirit of their high destiny into the minds of the women of America." He has made no attempt to improve upon the exquisitely simple and beautiful narratives of the Scriptures, but in an easy, graceful style he links together

the events of the life of each individual. The volume contains nineteen biographical sketches, arranged in chronological order. It is not too high praise of the author to say that he has brought no blemish upon the fair fame of his brother, the gifted J. T. HEADLEY. The illustrations are from original designs, and are numerous and in good taste. It is difficult to select specimens of the author's style, when all the sketches are so nearly equal in merit. We will give one extract recording the death of Miriam:

"In the desert of Zim, Miriam died. The people in all their tents sent up the notes of wailing for the dead, till the dark deluges of girdling summits were filled with the solemn echoes, and Canaan itself seemed to have vanished for ever from the horizon of hope. The maiden-proneness was dear to her wandering and weary nation. They had heard the story of her watching with breaking heart, in her girlhood, by the flowing Nile—they had seen her by the Red Sea, beneath the roiling mist of returning blizzards, stand like a rejoicing angel, and strike her timbrel to the Lord, pouring her chorus of victory upon the ear of solitude, and over the deep grave of the on-rushing foe! They buried her at the base of a lonely height, whose tower of granite is a fit memorial of her lofty genius and singular pre-eminence as the first female ruler and prophet mentioned in the sacred record. The shadow it flings upon her grave, might remind the beholder of the blemish that darkens her memory, and its gilded top pointing heavenward, when evening has shrouded the plain, indicate the character and destiny of the illustrious sleeper."

THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND. By HENRY W. HERBERT. 12mo., pp. 426. New York: J. S. REDFIELD.

Who has not read the "SCOTTISH CHIEFS?" This work reminds us of the heroic deeds of the renowned WILLIAM WALLACE, LADY HALEN, ROBERT BRUCE, and other "noble souls," who fought and bled in "Freedom's cause," "long time ago," and who generously suffered "all things" "for the good of their country."

"Self-protection" is natural—and while mankind live as now—under different governments, whose laws are founded on the power of *physical force*—and while the great law of human progress is constantly bringing about changes, the interests of tribes and nations will clash, and *war* will be the result.

But as mankind attain a "HIGHER DEVELOPMENT," and base their laws of action and of government on the principles of CHRISTIANITY, then we shall look back with *horror* on the ages of war and blood! May God incline the hearts of men to seek the higher development—to discourage war and to establish peace among men.

The history of the English, French, and Scottish Knights is here given, in the stirring and exciting language for which this popular author is distinguished.

EQUITABLE COMMERCE: A New Development of Principles, as substitutes for law and governments, for the harmonious adjustment and regulation of the pecuniary, intellectual and moral intercourse of mankind. Proposed as Elements of New Society. By JOSHUA WARREN. Price 25 cents.—Published by FOWLERS & WELLS, No. 131 Nassau-street, New York. Postage by mail, 5 cents.

Of this very remarkable book, Mr. S. P. ANDREWS writes:

"The work itself is one of the most remarkable ever printed. It is a condensed presentation of the most fundamental principles of social science ever yet discovered. I do not hesitate to affirm that there is more scientific truth positively new to the world, and immensely important in its bearings upon the destiny of mankind, contained in it, than was ever before communicated to the same number of pages. I am conscious that I am guilty of no extravagance in predicting that such will be the estimate placed by posterity upon the discoveries of Mr. Warren."

We may, at a future time, make some extracts from this book. Yet would advise those interested in the subject to read the entire work.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION CONSIDERED WITH RELATION TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DIETETICS. By ANDREW COMBE, M. D. New York: FOWLERS AND WELLS, 131 Nassau-st.: price 25 cents; pre-paid by mail, 30 cents.

The following are some of the subjects treated:—"The Appetites of Hunger and Thirst, Mastication, Insalivation, and Deglutition, Organs of Digestion, the Gastric Juice, Theory and Laws of Digestion, Chylification, and the Organs concerned in it, Times of Eating, On the Proper Quantity of Food, of the Kinds of Food, Conditions to be observed Before and After Eating, on Drinks, on the Proper Regulation of the Bowels, and so forth." Illustrated with Engravings.

This book should be read by every body. The present edition is sold at *one-half the price* formerly charged for the same amount of matter.

Advertisements.

A limited space of this Journal will be given to advertisements, on the following terms: For a full page, one month, \$50. For one column, \$15. For half a column, \$10. For less than half a column, twenty-five cents a line.

At these rates, the smallest advertisement amounts to less than *one cent a line* for EVERY THOUSAND COPIES of the Journal, our Edition being never less than 40,000 copies.

THE ILLUSTRATED HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA: A complete system of Hydropathy and Hygiene. An illustrated work, embracing Outlines of Anatomy; Physiology of the Human Body; Hygienic Agencies, and the Preservation of Health; Dietsetics and Hydropathic Cookery; Theory and Practice of Water-Treatment; Special Pathology and Hydro-Therapeutics, including the nature, causes, symptoms, and treatment of all known diseases; Application to Surgical Diseases; Application of Hydropathy to Midwifery and the Nursery; with a complete Index. By R. T. TRAIL, M. D. Two 12mo. volumes, substantially bound, price \$2.50, just published by FOWLERS AND WELLS, New York.

For popular reference on the subjects of which it treats, we know of no work which can fill its place. Without any parade of technical terms, it is strictly scientific; the language is plain and simple; the points explained are of great importance; devoted to progress, the editor is no slave to theory; he does not shock the general reader by medical ultrasisms; while he forcibly demonstrates the benefits of modern improvements. Of all the numerous publications which have obtained such a wide popularity, as issued by Fowlers and Wells, perhaps none are more adapted to general utility than this rich, comprehensive, and well-arranged Encyclopedia.—*New York Tribune.*

DR. S. B. SMITH'S TORPEDO ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINES.—These Machines differ from all other Electro-Magnetic Machines. The inventor has made an improvement by which the primary and secondary currents are united. The cures performed by this instrument now are, in some instances, almost incredible. For proof of this I refer to my new work lately issued from the press, under the title of "The Medical Application of Electro-Magnetism." Mail edition, 25 cts. Postage, 6 cents. The Torpedo Magnetic Machines are put up in neat rosewood cases of a very portable size. Price, \$12. A discount made to agents. Post-masters, Druggists, Store-keepers, and all who are willing to be instrumental in relieving the sick, are respectfully invited to act as agents. They can be sent by Express to any part of the Union. Remittances for a single Machine may be sent by mail at my risk, if the Postmaster's receipt for the money be taken.—When several are ordered, a draft or check of deposit should be sent. All letters to be post-paid. I would inform the public that my Operating Rooms are open daily for applying the Electro-Magnetic Machine to the sick. Those who prefer it can send the pay to either of the Express Offices in Wall-street, who will procure the Machine of me for them, and forward it on. Address SAMUEL B. SMITH, 297½ Broadway, New York.

Orders for these machines received by FOWLERS AND WELLS, 131 Nassau-street, New York. Aug. 11.

BOOTH & FOSTER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CLOTHIERS, No. 27 Courtland-street, New York, have completed one of the most extensive and best arranged establishments in the United States, where they employ none but the most skillful workmen; and their own experience for years in conducting the business affords them every possible facility for supplying at the same time the best and cheapest goods in the market.

The assortment of Messrs. Booth & Foster consists of every article necessary for gentlemen's wear, to which they are almost daily adding from new importations, so that their supply presents constantly a variety of the latest and most approved fashions. They respectfully invite all who are incredulous of their assertion to call and prove its truth.—Merchants and others visiting the city should not think of purchasing elsewhere until they have called on BOOTH AND FOSTER. Strict punctuality observed in filling all orders. Aug. 11.

THE WOOL GROWER AND STOCK BREEDERS' AND GRAZIERS' REGISTER.—Volume IV, for 1852-3.—THE FOURTH VOLUME of this valuable Journal will be *materially improved* in both Contents and Appearance. No proper effort will be spared to make the work eminently worthy of extensive support throughout the Union, and especially valuable to Wool Growers, Stock Breeders, &c., by rendering every page and line USEFUL AND RELIABLE.

The volume will contain from FIFTY TO ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS, including portraits of Sheep, Cattle, Horses, &c.,—designs of Farn Buildings, figures of Implements, Fruits, Trees, Flowers, &c.,—with proper descriptions, &c. Determined to make it superior in MATTER and MANNER, we invite all interested to lend the paper their support.

A careful Review of the Wool and Cattle Markets in each No.,—and much valuable matter given in no other journal.

THE WOOL GROWER is published monthly, (16 large octavo pages,) with Index, &c., at the close of each volume. It is printed in the BEST STYLE, on New Type, and fine Book Paper, and furnished on the following exceedingly low

TERMS, IN ADVANCE—Fifty Cents a Year. Five Copies for \$2; Eight for \$3; Eleven for \$4; Twenty for \$7. The three back volumes, bound in paper, at 40 cents each,—in sheets at 35 cts., or three for \$1. Specimen Nos. sent free.

All subscriptions to commence with the volume, July 1st, 1852,—and hence, NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. Money, properly enclosed, may be mailed at our risk.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, a weekly Agricultural and Family Newspaper, (now in its third year,) has attained an extensive circulation and high reputation—and is pronounced, by its Patrons and the Press, the best journal of its class in America. Each No. contains Eight Double Quarto Pages (forty columns,) well filled, neatly printed, and illustrated with from three to six Engravings. Terms, in advance,—\$2 a year, \$1 for six months; 3 copies one year for \$5; 6 copies, and one to agent, for \$10. For \$2, previous to 1st Aug., we will send both the RURAL and the WOOL GROWER one year. Specimen numbers sent free.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.
Aug. 11.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.—Part I. The True Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the Individual. Part II. Cost the Limit of Price, a Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade. Two parts in one volume. By Stephen Pearl Andrews. Published by FOWLERS AND WELLS, New-York and Boston. Price 75 cents.

“Mr. Andrews has clearly produced ideas which sooner or later must force themselves on the attention of the public. The fairness and ability with which he has treated them are potent to the most cursory reader.”—*N. Y. Tribune*.

“This is a work by an original and vigorous thinker. His views are stated with great clearness, and argued with no little subtlety and force.”—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC TEACHER.—An inductive exposition of Phonography, intended to afford complete and thorough instruction to those who have not the assistance of an oral teacher; by E. Webster;—price 40 cents. New York: FOWLERS AND WELLS, Publishers.

A beautifully printed volume, made eminently plain. Teachers will find it a superior text-book. Phonography has now become a fixed fact. It has found a niche from which it cannot be forced. It is simple. A child learns it readily. A few days' study will make the pupil master of the principles of the science, and his facility in the art may be indefinitely increased by practices.—*New York Tribune*.

BLAKE'S PATENT FIRE-PROOF PAINT.—The original and only genuine article that can be sold or used without infringing my Patent, and which, in a few months after applied, turns to SLATE or STONE, forming a complete ENAMEL or COAT OF MAIL, over whatever covered, bidding defiance to fire, water, or weather. It has now been in use over seven years, and where first applied is now like a stone.

Look out for WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS, as scores of unprincipled persons are grinding up stone and various kinds of worthless stuff, and endeavoring to sell it as Fire-Proof Paint. I have recently commenced three suits against parties infringing my rights, and am determined to prosecute every one I can detect. The genuine, either in dry powder or ground in oil, of different colors, can at all times be had at the General Depot, 84 Pearl-street, New York, from the patentee, W.M. BLAKE. Aug. 11.

SYRINGES.—We have just received from the Manufactory of A. H. Hutchinson, Sheffield, England, an assortment of their superior Syringes, comprising various sizes and styles, among which are some of the finest ever imported. We can furnish almost any pattern desired at from three to ten dollars. We would particularly request the attention of Hydropathic Physicians to some of the more improved styles, as we are confident their superior merit will ensure their immediate adoption.

We have also all of the different styles of domestic manufacture, which we sell at prices ranging from one to four dollars. Syringes can be ordered by mail, and sent by first express. All orders will be filled with dispatch. Address, post-paid, FOWLERS AND WELLS, 131 Nassau-st. New York.

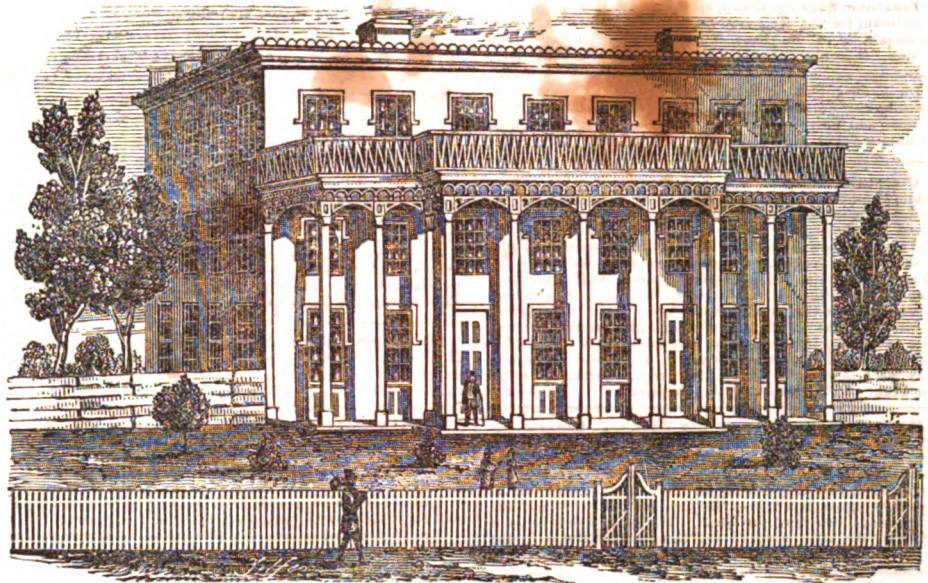
SPALDING'S IMPROVED GRAHAM FLOUR is for sale by N. H. Wolfe, No. 17 South-st., New-York, John D. Gardner & Co., flour commission merchants, Boston, Wyman K. Barrett, commission merchant, Albany, and by L. A. Spalding, Lockport, N. Y.

This flour is made of the best quality white wheat, and warranted superior to any flour hitherto known as Graham Flour. It makes a superior loaf of brown bread, Rusk, Cakes, and Pie crust—and where used is highly approved. Try it, and then judge. June, 6t.

COTTON FELT MATTRESSES.—For Private Dwellings, Hotels, Water-Cure Establishments, Steamboats, Ships, &c., &c.—The advantage these mattresses possess over all others, are as follows: They are from 25 to 50 per cent. cheaper than Hair; will not break or mat down, and will retain their elasticity, (of which there is a great deal) longer than Hair; are proof against all kinds of vermin, and are the most cleanly and healthy Bed that can be used. Manufactured by the Paris Steam Wadding Works, Brooklyn, L. I., and for sale by R. & D. M. STREIBER & Co., No. 59 Broadway, New York. Orders received as above for any sized Mattresses, together with Bolsters and Pillows. July, 3t

83 NASSAU STREET.—Boot Makers' Union Association.—Boots and Shoes at retail, for wholesale prices. Feb. 9t.

THE NEW CHEAP SPRING MATTRESS.—From \$5 to \$20.—Every Mattress warranted. Every house and person should have one of these HEALTHY Beds. For Dyspeptic and the feeble, they are a necessary article. Old Mattresses altered to Spring Beds, CHEAP. Hotels, Seminaries, and Hospitals supplied at the cost of any other kind of Beds. Iron Bedsteads of all sizes and prices. Warerooms, 553 Broadway, above Spring, west side. The public are invited to call and examine for themselves. Aug. 11.



Cincinnati Hydropathic and Water-Cure Establishment.

CINCINNATI HYDROPATHIC OR WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—The above Institution is now open for the reception of patients. It is located about five miles from the city, on the Carthage pike, and but a few rods from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, in the rear, and at the same distance from the Miami Canal, in front, rendering it easy of access to those desirous of enjoying the benefits of the Institution.

To the lover of nature, few parts of the country can furnish a more pleasing variety of scenery than spreads itself before the traveller all the way from Cincinnati to the Cure. There nature and art combine, rendering the view beautiful beyond description.

The new, large and beautiful Edifice displays the taste of the artist at a glance. The neatness and elegance of the interior, combined with the numerous attractions which present themselves to the invalid, cannot fail to render this Establishment a desirable one. The Halls are extensive, the Rooms spacious and inviting, where the invalid can range at pleasure, free from atmospheric influences, in inclement weather. The Bed Rooms are well ventilated, and neatly furnished; the Bath Rooms are ample and commodious, being convenient for the application of water, in every form. In connection with the Institution there is a Gymnasium Hall, seventy-five feet long, where patients will have an opportunity of restoring their muscular strength by healthful exercise. The Springs which furnish the water for this Establishment, are clear, pure, soft, and abundant; flowing from a gravelly bed, they send forth water both cold and delicious. The country and neighborhood are remarkable for healthfulness, purity of air, and variety of scenery. All things combined, we cannot think of a more desirable place, for those seeking health, than this Institution.

Dr. PRUSS, having had much experience in the treatment of diseases for many years, begs leave to inform the public that no pains will be spared for the restoration to health of those committed to his care. Mrs. PRUSS, who has, for several years, devoted her attention to the treatment of diseases peculiar to her sex, and being every way qualified for so important a station, will take special charge of the female department. Prolapsus Uteri, with its train of ailments, that bane of female beauty, health and happiness, which is prostrating the energies, and destroying the usefulness of a large portion of the fair sex, will be treated in this Institution, successfully, independent of pessaries or supporters of any kind. To this subject we would invite the attention of ladies, as in all cases we shall expect to perform a perfect cure.

Persons visiting the Cure by the way of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, will stop at the Carthage station. Patients are requested to bring two comfortable, two blankets, two coarse sheets, six towels, and a quantity of old linen, suitable for bandages.

TERMS.—The terms for BOARD, MEDICAL SERVICES, and all ordinary attendance will be ten dollars per week, payable weekly. Extra attendance will subject the patient to an extra charge. Some deduction will be made to those who find it necessary to spend a length of time in the Institution. Transient persons will be charged two dollars per day.

From three to five dollars will be charged for the first examination. For further particulars, address D. A. PRUSS, M.D., Proprietor and Physician.

N. B.—The Institution will be open both Summer and Winter for the reception of patients. Aug. 11.

WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENTS.

HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE.—Dr. TRALL receives patients at his commodious city establishment, 15 Laight street, New York, (the oldest city Water-cure in the United States), one door from the beautiful promenade grounds of the St. John's Park, and in the immediate vicinity of the Hoboken Ferry. The house enjoys one of the most open, airy and quiet localities in the city; and a sail of ten minutes across the Ferry brings the our-guests to the shaded walks and delightful groves of the Elysian Fields.

In addition to the usual appliances for full Water-treatment, he has with the assistance of Dr. J. L. HOSWOLD, established a department for the special management of those female diseases which are incurable without peculiar mechanical and surgical treatment. Consultations and city practice attended to as heretofore. June, 11.

DR. T. L. NICHOLS and Mrs. GOVE NICHOLS have removed their WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT to Prospect Hill, Port Chester, N. Y., one hour's ride from the city, on the New-Haven Railroad—a situation of unsurpassed beauty and salubrity.

Their City Office is at No. 45 White-st., near Broadway, where they will receive consultations every Wednesday, from 2 to 5 P. M., and on other days by appointment.

The first term of our School for the Physiological Education of Young Ladies, will open on the first Monday in June.

The third term of the American Hydropathic Institute will open on the first Monday in November. For Circulars, address T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., Port Chester N. Y.

CASTLE WATER-CURE, WYOMING COUNTY, N. Y.—This establishment, pleasantly situated in the quiet village of Castle, New York, has passed into the hands of the Subscribers, and will open for the reception of patients on the 15th of May, 1852, under the control of Dr. J. C. Whitaker, late Physician to the Greenwood Springs Water-Cure, Cuba, Alleghany county, New York. This Establishment possesses all the advantages, conveniences and facilities essential to the practical and successful administration of the varied and rational processes, which so eminently distinguish Hydratic treatment as superior to every other mode of cure. A competent female will be in charge of the Female Department, and individuals laboring under every variety and phase of Chronic disease will be received for treatment, and we promise that no efforts shall be wanting on our part to render it a pleasant home to the suffering and health-seeking invalid. In the vicinity are the celebrated Falls of the Genesee river, the grandeur and sublimity of whose scenery is probably unsurpassed in the Empire State. Also, the Railroad Bridge, being erected near these Falls, will, when completed, be the most stupendous work of the kind in the world. Facilities will be afforded patients to visit these works of Nature and Art, when desired. The Institution is accessible from every part of the country by Railroad—the Buffalo and New York City Railroad passing within one quarter of a mile, connecting the Great Central Railroad at Attica with the New York and Erie at Hornesville. Our ordinary charges per week, \$5 00, payable weekly. Each patient will provide themselves with one linen and two cotton sheets, two comfortable, one or two quilts, two woolen blankets, six towels and extra linen for bandages, &c.

July, 11 J. C. WHITAKER, H. SHORT.

ISAAC BARBITT'S CYPHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP FOR LADIES' USE.—Paranitor Shaving Cream and Shaving Powder. Also, Crindlem for the Hair and Paranitor Dentifrice. Sold wholesale by A. M. BECK & Co., 120 Washington-street, Boston. All orders promptly answered. Aug. 11.

DR. SHAW'S SUMMER WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT is at Bennington, Vermont, about one hour's railroad ride from Albany and Troy, in the very midst of the finest of Green Mountain Scenery. July—11

CLEVELAND WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—The above establishment is now commencing its fifth season. The increased accommodations and facilities which have been added from year to year, make it second to none in the Union, and enables the subscriber to say with confidence to all who wish to avail themselves of the great facilities which the Water-Cure system when rightly applied, offers to all those who are seeking restoration to health; that they can here pursue it under the most favorable auspices for the removal of disease. The very flattering patronage bestowed hitherto, by a generous public, will serve but to stimulate the proprietor to increased exertions in behalf of all those sufferers who may place themselves under his charge. Terms.—\$7 to \$8 per week. T. T. SEELYE, M.D., Proprietor. July—11

MAMMOTH WATER-CURE OF THE WEST.—C. Graham, M. D., Proprietor; Roland S. Houghton, A. M., M. D., Resident Physician. This establishment is situated on a commanding eminence adjoining the town of HARRISBURG, in Mercer Co., Kentucky; being 30 miles from Frankfort, 28 from Lexington, and 3 from the Kentucky River,—near the geographical centre of the State. The main establishment is one of the most elegant and spacious buildings in the West; capable, together with the surrounding cottages, of accommodating no less than 500 patients. Since the last season, the proprietor has erected, at a large additional expense, a spacious and commodious BATH-HOUSE, for the especial purpose of the WATER TREATMENT. This new building has been so constructed that the two departments into which it has been divided (for the exclusive use of the male and female patients, respectively,) are entirely distinct and complete. It is supplied with an abundance of excellent water from an inexhaustible spring in the vicinity of the establishment, of an average temperature of 55 degrees. Among the different baths will be found every variety which experience has shown to be suitable for the treatment:—such as the Douches of all kinds—rising, descending, and horizontal; eye, ear, and nose baths; irrigating fountains; the "snake bath;" the plunge, shower, half-bath, shallow-bath; six baths, etc., etc. In fine, the proprietor has avoided neither trouble nor expense in order to render the establishment inferior to none in Europe or America. The grounds are elevated and extensive; and the walks have been tastefully laid out, while they are perfectly shaded in the hot season. In wet weather, the spacious and extensive piazzas in front of the establishment afford a delightful and sheltered promenade of no less than 300 yards in extent. The establishment is also provided with two Bowling Saloons, and an elegant Saloon for the accommodation of patients who wish for other kinds of physical exercise. The Ball-room of the institution, which is 90 feet by 45, is one of the most tasteful and elegant rooms of the kind in the Western country.

The Medical department is filled by **ROLAND S. HOUGHTON, A. M., M. D.**, author of "Bulwer and Forbes on the Water-Treatment," "Three Lectures on Hygiene and Hydropathy," etc. etc.; and heretofore, for a number of years, a successful practitioner of the Water-Cure in the City of New-York. The proprietor is confident that Dr. HOUGHTON'S experience in the various departments of Hydropathy, will entitle him to the entire confidence of those who may stand in need of his professional services.

Patients are requested to bring two heavy comfortables, two blankets, two coarse cotton and one heavy linen sheet, six towels, and a quantity of old linen suitable for bandages; all of which should be carefully marked.

Terms.—The terms for board, medical fees, and attendance, will be TEN DOLLAR a week for each patient for the first four weeks; for each successive week, EIGHT DOLLAR. Servants who may be brought to attend on patients will be charged \$2.50 each week. For further information, address Dr. C. GRAHAM, Harrisburg, Kentucky. June, 11.

LEBANON SPRINGS WATER-CURE.—This Institution is one of the oldest in America. It is situated directly across the way from the celebrated Thermal spring, at New Lebanon, N. Y. For salubrity of air, cold, pure, and soft water, romantic and delightful scenery, and general healthfulness of climate, and every facility for successful Hydratic treatment, this place is not excelled in this part of the country.

D. Campbell and Lady, the well known proprietors of the institution for the last seven years, still continue to provide for the wants of the sick and afflicted, and hope their long experience and qualifications will enable them to give the same general satisfaction in future, that has marked their efforts in the past.

The Medical department will be under the care of Dr. B. Wilmarth and wife, who from twenty-five years' experience and observation of disease and remedies, (five of which have been Hydropathic practice,) feel confident a good degree of success will mark their efforts in all curable cases committed to their care. Mrs. W. has qualified herself for taking charge of the "Female department" of the institution, and treating that long list of painful and harassing complaints peculiar to her sex. Terms, \$5 to \$8 per week; payment weekly. Examination free. Advice by letter \$1. Patients will provide the usual articles for treatment. D. CAMPBELL & SON, Proprietors; B. WILMARTH, M.D., Physician. Jan, 11.

WORKS ON MAGNETISM, for sale at No. 131 Nassau-street, New York, and 142 Washington-street, Boston.

Philosophy of Electrical Psychology.....cents 50
Mesmerism in India. By Dr. E. dale..... 50
Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse..... 50
Fascination; or, the Philosophy of Charming..... 40
Lectures on the Philosophy of Mesmerism..... 25
The Science of the Soul; or, Psychology..... 25
Biology; or, the Principles of the Human Mind..... 25
Element of Animal Magnetism..... 12

And all works on Psychology, Mesmerism, or the Natural Sciences generally, whether published in this country or Europe.

On 50 cent works the postage is about 12 cents, and on 25 cent works 5 cents, which must be prepaid at the office of publication. All orders should be addressed to FOWLER AND WELLS, 131 Nassau street, New York.

MT. PROSPECT WATER-CURE AND INSTITUTE, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—This Institution is located in a beautiful and romantic grove at the base of Mt. Prospect, and within the corporation of the Village. Possessed of a never-failing Spring of pure soft water, an atmosphere free from miasmatic influences, of carriage and foot-walks up the mountains, "free from the noise and turmoil of busy life," with excellent rowing and sailing privileges upon the pleasant waters of the Chenango, are a few of the presentation the "Cure" offers to the invalid.

The house is new, commodious, bathing apparatus ample and convenient, well ventilated, with 250 feet piazza.

The Medical department is under the entire charge of Dr. THAYER and Wife, who have had five years' experience in Hydropathic practice, and are favorably known as successful practitioners. Courses of lectures, with full plates and illustrations, will be given throughout the season to the Students and Patients upon Anatomy, Physiology, Hydropathy and Hygiene. Terms, from \$1 to \$5 per week, according to room and attention required, payable weekly. Patients will bring the usual *trousseau*. O. V. THAYER, M.D., Resident Physician. D. W. RANNEY and H. M. RANNEY, Proprietors. May, 11.

THE FORESTVILLE WATER-CURE LOCATED AT FORESTVILLE CHATAUQUE COUNTY, N. Y., is easy of access from all directions, being on the New York and Erie Railroad, eight miles from its terminus at Dunkirk on the Lake, in a delightful village of the same name, containing several hundred inhabitants. Buildings new, pleasant and conveniently arranged, and the proprietors have had a practice of about twenty years. Terms, from \$5.50 to \$8 per week, payable weekly, and the patients will furnish the usual accommodations, viz: two large comfortable, two strong sheets, and six coarse bath towels. CHAS. PARKER, M.D., AMOS R. AYER, M.D. July, 11.

WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.—The owners of the Water-Cure Establishment, situated on "Dracut Heights" in Lowell, Mass., residing in New York, are desirous to sell the estate, and offer the same on favorable terms. The place is well and favorably known to the public as a flourishing Hydropathic Institution. It is within ten minutes' walk of the centre of business in Lowell, but possesses all the advantages of an elevated and rural residence. It will accommodate forty patients, and in its supply of pure water and bathing conveniences, it presents superior advantages. It will be sold very low if early application is made. Possession given on short notice. Address BLAKE and BROWN, New York city; or TAPPAN WESTWORTH, E. F. SHURMAN, Lowell, Mass. July, 11.

THE ELMIR WATER-CURE will be open on the First of June, 1852. The entire management will be in the hands of Dr. S. O. Gleason and Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M.D. Mrs. G. will pay especial attention to the treatment of female diseases.

Each patient (for packing purposes) is expected to furnish three comforters, one blanket, one linen sheet, and four bath towels.

Terms, Third floor, double rooms \$5, for each person per week. Second floor \$6. do. First, price according to the amount of room required. Address S. O. GLEASON, M.D., Elmira, N. Y. May, 11.

THE ROUND HILL WATER-CURE RETREAT—Established in 1847. Located at ROUND HILL, NORTHAMPTON, Mass. Accessible by Railroad from Boston, Albany, and New York, in from 4 to 5 hours. For beauty and healthfulness of location—softness and purity of water—large and well-furnished rooms, and for comforts and conveniences for patients and their friends, this establishment is unsurpassed by any in the country. Address A. RANDALL, Esq., Agent, or C. A. HALL, M.D., Physician. Feb. 11.

Dr. W. G. REED, of New York, proposes to visit the West, and give courses of Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, as connected with the Water-Cure. Friends of Hydropathy, who wish to disseminate a knowledge of the Laws of Life and Health, and would avail themselves of his teachings, may do so by organizing classes. Terms, one dollar for a course of his lectures, with a public introductory and concluding Lecture. Dr. R. will also furnish Hydropathic Works, and receive consultations. Address, as above, care of Dr. NICHOLS, Port Chester, N. Y. July, 31.

WATER-CURE—For reception and treatment of patients. Also General Practice attended to by Dr. LACHMEYER, 108 Callowhill street, Philadelphia. June—31

ATHOL WATER-CURE.—This Establishment has been liberally patronized during the past year, and is still in successful operation, under the charge of Dr. J. H. HERO, who is striving to make his place what it should be for the treatment of every variety of Chronic Disease.

Athol abounds in pure soft Water, good air, and fine scenery, and is accessible by Railroad.

Each patient requires two comfortable, two woolen blankets, three sheets, six crash towels, and old cloth for bandages. Terms, \$6 per week, unless extra room or attention is required. May, 41.

NEW GRAEFENBERG HYDROPATHIC, AND KINÆSIPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The subscriber flatters himself, that the success of his institution is already as firmly established and extensively known as any health institution in THIS COUNTRY, and would simply say that any desirous of knowing more, by writing to him will have sent them free of expense, a pamphlet of 16 pages, containing a full report of all the particulars. The institution is situated on Frankfort Hill, about 5 miles from the city of Utica. Address R. HOLLAND, M.D., New Graefenberg, N. Y.

WORCESTER WATER-CURE INSTITUTION, No. 1 GLEN STREET.—This building was erected expressly for Hydropathic purposes, and embraces all the conveniences necessary for the improvement and enjoyment of patients. The location is retired, and overlooks the city.

TERMS—For full board and treatment, \$6 to \$10 per week, according to rooms occupied.

A medical fee of \$2 for first examination will usually be required.

Patients are requested to bring two coarse cotton and one linen sheet, two woolen blankets, one comfortable, and old linen for bandages. S. ROGERS, M. D. E. F. ROGERS, Superintendent. Feb. 11.

FOREST CITY CURE, near Ithica, on the eastern bank of the lovely Cayuga, and well furnished. Health of locality, purity of water, and beauty of scenery unsurpassed. Science and experience in the Medical department. A Gymnasium and other places for exercise and amusement attached. Terms, \$5 to \$10 per week. Students accommodated. MORRIS DWIGHT, M.D. J. T. BURDICK, M.D., Proprietor. Jan. 11.

WILLOW-GROVE WATER-CURE—Is now open under the direction of Dr. HENRY F. MEIR, M.D. Letters addressed Willow-Grove, Montgomery Co., Pa., or Philadelphia, 43 South 10th street. Philadelphia City Practice personally attended to. Aug. 21.

WATER-CURE AT NEWPORT, R. I.—Dr. WM. F. REE begs leave to inform his friends, and the public at large, that he has been induced, by an urgent call, to remove to this beautiful and fashionable watering-place. Visitors will thus be able to undergo the Water-Cure treatment while residing here during the season. Letters of consultation—enclosing \$1—will be answered promptly. Aug. 11.

LOWELL WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—This old-established institution, under the medical direction of G. H. Taylor, M.D., will compare favorably in respect to location, water, fixtures, and all that constitutes a first-rate institution, with any other of the kind. Terms, from \$5 to \$8 per week.

THE LENAWEE COUNTY WATER-CURE RAISIN, is in successful operation. All letters post-paid and addressed to Dr. JOHN B. GELLY, will receive immediate attention. G. W. CARPENTER, Proprietor. July, 11.

THE BROWNVILLE WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, under the direction of Dr. C. BEAL, is open for the reception of patients. Summer and Winter. Feb. 10.

PENNSYLVANIA WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT—By EDWARD ACKER, M. D., Phillipsburgh, opposite the town of Beaver, on the Ohio river, Beaver county, Pa. Feb. 8.

MISS M. H. MOWRY, PHYSICIAN, No. 22 South Main street, Providence, Rhode Island. Feb. 14.

JOHN WEBSTER, M. D.—Water-Cure Physician at the Garden City House, Corner of Market and Madison streets, Chicago, Illinois. July, 21.

DR. BERTHOA'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT is at Saratoga Springs. Aug. 11.

E. DICKERMAN, Water-Cure Practitioner, Clarendon Springs, Vt. Aug. 11.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET contains Busts and Casts from the heads of the most distinguished men that ever lived: Skulls, both human and animal, from all quarters of the globe, including Pirates, Robbers, Murderers, and Thieves: also numerous Paintings and Drawings of celebrated individuals, living and dead: and is always open free to visitors.

PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS, with written and verbal descriptions of character, given when desired, including directions as to suitable occupations, the selection of partners in business, congenial companions for life, etc., etc., all of which will be found highly useful and exceedingly interesting.

OUR ROOMS are in Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau St., N. Y., and 142 Washington St., Boston. FOWLER & WELLS.