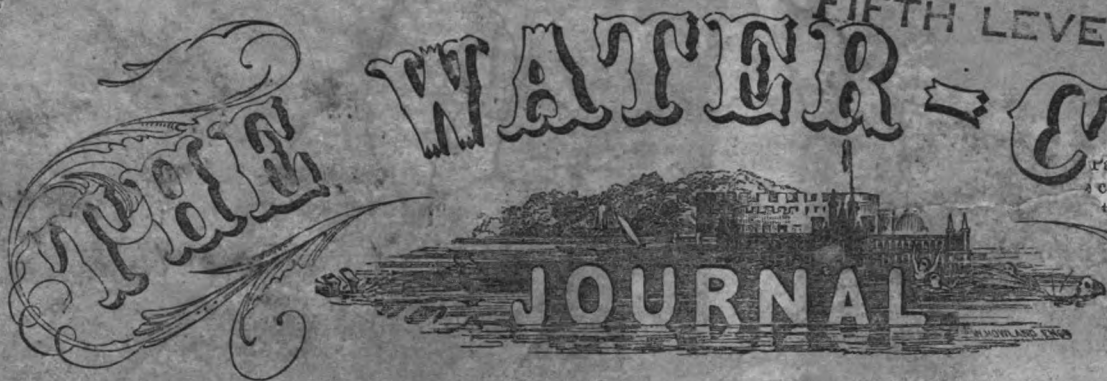


Health, Devoted to physical culture and

FIFTH LEVEL

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Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life.

VOL. XV. NO. 1.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1853.

[\$1.00 A YEAR.

PUBLISHED BY

Fowlers and Wells,

No. 131 Nassau Street, New York.

Facts and Opinions.

OUR HUMOROUS CONTRIBUTORS will answer for themselves. Each of them entertains opinions of his own. We do not endorse all we print, as all views and all systems, when properly presented, are allowed a place in the JOURNAL. We desire to "PROVE ALL THINGS," and to hold fast only "THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—PUBLISHERS.

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New Year's Address.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake—Time's ceaseless march proceeds.

WHAT avail the revolving years, if we are to be tied forever to the apron-strings of great grand-mother, Antiquity? Must the earth roll round, the seasons change, the planets wheel in their orbits, all things pass away, and all things re-appear, and yet man remain, like a mass of inert matter, stationary and immovable? Every New Year's Day should mark an epoch of progress. Each annual journey of this terrestrial orb should denote an era in humanity's advancement. So far as the cause of human amelioration and improvement has been in the keeping of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, its readers shall be judges whether that cause has prospered or receded. In the assurance that all we have thus far done is but the prelude to what we may yet be enabled to accomplish, we find the New Year's Day a happy one. For this "hope's sake," we wish our friends and patrons many years of increasing happiness. In this conviction, we pray fervently, believingly, and without ceasing, that each one of

our subscribers may prove this New Year happier than the last, bringing with it opportunities for higher enjoyment and greater usefulness.

But words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Between learning and thinking, there is, however, a difference. A sponge may imbibe to repletion without possessing a single idea. A man may be stuffed with all the facts, figures, and statistics of a respectable library, yet not be able to make any application of them. One may have a whole dictionary of pompous phrases at command, yet possess very little knowledge or wisdom.

For many a lad returns from school.
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skilled in *hic, hanc, hoc*.

The great masses of the human family can never rise high in the scale of being, until they are enabled to manufacture ideas for home consumption. Great men bodily have been often controlled by men who were mentally very weak. Why? Because the former did not think. The most useful, industrious, productive classes, all over the world, are pretty generally robbed by the dissipated and non-productive. Why? Because the former do not think.

And just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think, must govern those who toil.

TO EDITORS.—The *Water-Cure Journal* and the cause of Hydropathy owe much to THE PRESS. In all quarters have our efforts been seconded, and most heartily and efficiently too, by our editorial brethren. They have spoken out manfully in commendation or our JOURNAL and of the principles it advocates, and their influence has been felt in every nook and corner of the land. We should do in justice to our feelings did we not again thank them—would we could do more, in our own behalf and in behalf of the cause. The thousands whom we have been enabled to reach and to save from drugs and the doctors, through their influence, will bless them for their timely words.

BRETHREN OF THE PRESS, we here present to you the first number of a new volume. If you like it, as we are sure you must, please say a few words about it to your readers, who are well aware that the opinion of an intelligent editor on any subject connected with the preservation and restoration of health is worth more than that of a dozen Allopathic doctors.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

learn to reason ;
comprehend prin-
ciples, before
from infirm-
people at large
care of health
; nor their regard
ely to the lawyer ;
s of immortality al-
minister. These may
s, systems, principles, du-
; but those cannot eat, drink,
breathe, sleep, labor, economize, nor
worship by proxy. Herein nature de-
crees that all shall act for themselves ;
and that each shall be held to individ-
ual accountability.

Nature is man's teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart ;
An influence breathes from all the sights and
sounds
Of her existence.

But to appreciate her teachings, we
must *think*. A dog may bay the moon
forever, without becoming wiser. The
cattle upon a thousand hills may gaze
for years upon the twinkling of the
innumerable stars, and apprehend no
cause for it. And human beings,
though endowed with reasoning organs,
may observe all the phenomena of
the visible universe, and perceive no
meaning about them—because they
do not *THINK*.

Our doctor thus, with stuffed sufficiency
Of all omnigenous omniscency,

can easily overwhelm and confound
the unthinking herd ; and, because of
this utter thoughtlessness in relation
to the nature and causes of health and
disease, on the part of the great mass-
es of the people, it has become an
adage, that "It is easier to cheat a
man out of his life than out of a shil-
ling." Yes, the man whose extreme
sagacity will not purchase the cloth
for a coat, without closely scrutinizing
the colors, to assure himself that no
deleterious drug or dye-stuff has weak-
ened or injured the texture of the fa-
bric—who will not purchase a pair of
shoes without a careful examination
to discover whether any poisonous in-

gredient has rotted the leather—who
will not eat his dinner without taking
particular notice that no speck of dirt
or impurity has perchance stuck to
his knife, or bowl, or spoon—who will
not swallow a glass of water without
filtering it in view of any possible ad-
mixture of extraneous ingredients, is
often at the mercy of

Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks, whose skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

He is ready, without thinking, to take
into his stomach a hundred gnawing
corroding, eating, decomposing, rot-
ting, disorganizing, death-dealing poi-
sons, under the name of medicines,
and swallow, without questioning, a
hundred monstrous absurdities under
the name of medical science—all be-
cause he does not *think*.

We would not apply harsh epithets
to medical men of the drug-system.
Many of them, indeed most of them,
are innocent, because they are igno-
rant, and ignorant because they, too,
do not think. They honestly and con-
scientiously assent to a system or as-
semblage of dogmas and theories, which
nobody can explain, and which no one
pretends to comprehend ; and practise
accordingly, because they have been
so educated. They must not accord-
ing to their light, though that light be
"darkness visible."

Our work is to enlighten, not a pro-
fession, but the whole people, in rela-
tion to a few simple truths which in-
volve the whole philosophy of life.
We regard the popular medical system
of the present day as one of the chief
obstacles in the way of the progress,
welfare, and happiness of our race.
Human beings must have health and
strength, and know how to preserve
them ; they must be assured of a nat-
ural life, from natural causes, before
they can go forward in hope, and
power, and confidence, in achieving
a glorious destiny. Does any one
marvel that we oppose such a sys-
tem ? Can any one deem it strange
that we enlist in a zealous crusade,
having in view and in prospect its ut-

ter annihilation ? Friends of health,
of reform, and of humanity, study this
subject as we have studied it, and you
will wonder no longer. You will think
as we think. Submit these matters
to the proof of patient observation and
personal experiment—to the demon-
stration of half a lifetime, as we have
done—and you will at least cease to
wonder that we are in earnest, that
we are enthusiastic in this cause ; nor
will you then deem it otherwise than a
law of necessity that we strive to in-
spire you with some degree of the en-
thusiasm we feel ourselves.

On such a theme 'twere impious to be calm ;
Passion is reason, transport, temper, here.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY JAMES C. JACKSON.

YEARS are like men. They are born, grow, mature,
and die like men. The beginning of a year in Jan-
uary, when snow and ice are everywhere, is a sorry
affair as a matter of taste. A year should come to its
birth when the birds sing, the violet and adder-tongue
peep out of earth's bosom : when the leaves send forth
sweet music as the wind sighs through them ; not when
the brow of Creation is shaggy with hoar-frost. The
harmony of Time and of Nature should be complete.
April is a sunny month. January is sullen. April
gathers into her lap sweet sunbeams. January fills
his lap with heaps of snow. April's breath is balmy
and sweet as a maiden's. January breathes forth
threatening and slaughter. January is never welcome.
April always is. No reason can be given why the
year should commence in January. A thousand could
be given why it should commence in April. But the
arrangement is fixed. December ends, January begins
the year. So winter is king, and the other seasons
follow him.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO is dead. It
has been an important year, scarcely having its
equal in the nineteenth century. During it great
events have transpired. The first two months of it
were marked by severer cold over larger territorial
space, than was ever known to take place at the same
time on the American Continent. Snow fell in New
Orleans, and young children thought it was sugar.
Snow also fell in South Carolina and Florida, and the
thermometer fell below zero ten degrees in the heart
of Mississippi. At the North, in hundreds of places,
the mercury sunk to 17, 20, 25 degrees below zero. It
was well into April before spring could fill her apron
with flowers, and weave of them wreaths for the brows
of her loved and loving ones. The farmer had his oats
to sow, his corn to plant, and his potatoes to get in
simultaneously. Horses and oxen for weeks, from
dawn

"to dewy eve,"

moved their legs like a weaver's shuttle, noiselessly
and steadily, till summer came. I shall not soon for-
get last spring. Its cold dripping, drenching rains,
making the farmers look sour, as if they had been
dunned by merchants for store debts.

The summer has been less warm, but dryer than
usual. Portions of New England, New York, and the
West, have suffered much. The scarcity of feed de-

preciated greatly the price of cattle, offering them in market at such rates as to make their owners weep. Many are the cows which have changed owners, for a price not higher than \$10, though thrice that money had been paid for them in the spring. But whilst the value of stock was greatly lessened by the want of feed, the article of butter was more than doubled in price. Think of butter at twenty-five cents, wholesale, and thirty to forty cents, retail, per pound. It has made more than one poor laboring man wince, as his wife and daughters eat two-thirds of his daily wages in butter alone. The anti-butter eaters have evidently had the advantage this summer past.

There is one of earth's products which has become a staple of human sustenance, the crop of which has, I understand, answered for the most part the expectations of the farmer or cultivator, and that is the potato. This esculent has matured, and bids fair to be plentiful this winter and the coming spring. It is at this date in the market at twenty-five cents per bushel. At no time for three years previous could it be bought for less than thirty-seven and a half cents, and in the spring prices ranged from fifty to eighty-eight cents per bushel.

This year has also been better for all fruits than any within the previous five years. Apples are quite plentiful—the very best kinds bringing not over thirty-one cents, and lots of fine grafts are purchasable at twenty-five cents. All kinds of grain are low, cloths are low, wages are high. Money is in the market seeking borrowers at very low rates, on unexceptionable security. So that, on the whole, the means of livelihood are abundant, and the new year opens with bright prospects to the industrious, the honest, and the healthy.

Death has been unusually busy the past year. The bills of mortality have been more than commonly large in our cities, villages, and towns. Even the "rural districts" have not been exempt. Of many distinguished men who have passed onward, the most distinguished were John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. At first thought it would seem remarkable that these gentlemen should have died within twelve months of each other. But they were old men, and had spent their strength unduly. Either might have lived longer but for

"fierce ambition,"—

an ambition in itself honorable, but not always kept within due bounds, by those men. They were all great and good men after the worldly model, and will live long in the esteem of their countrymen. They had, while living, warm friends and bitter enemies. It is to be hoped that now they are dead only friends to their memories will be found.

They partook greatly of the sentiments of the age in which they lived, and were all marked by qualities which followed rather than led or formed public opinion. There are men now living less intellectually great than either of them who will outlive them in the reverence and love of the people of this nation, and simply because they have had the sagacity to make their efforts tell for the good of the whole, and the shrewdness to make the people believe that the issues they have created are vital to the perpetuity of this Republic. A lasting issue gives its advocate and defender more character than an issue which is transient.

These men are gone. Their eloquence, their logic, their sophistry, their pathos will live only in the past. Much that they have uttered will be reverentially remembered. Some will be remembered only with regret.

The year which is dead, has been a year in which much progress has been made for the WATER-CURE. Believers in it have trebled, readers of its philosophy and polity have increased tenfold. The different Establishments have had unusual patronage, and their conductors have had, as far as I am able to learn, creditable success. During this year, more has been

done to give shape and symmetry to Hydropathic literature, than at any previous period. Several valuable books have been contributed by different gentlemen, and quite a number of pamphlets. The Journal, the only Water-Cure publication in the United States, is each month bearing itself more gallantly, and adding to the general reputation of the enterprise. It mows a wide swath, and cuts clean. Its proprietors have (I judge from its neatness and typographical correctness) spared no pains to make it all that the cause needs, and I hope that, the coming year, it will double its number of readers.

At midnight, with the stars for watchers, the Old Year died. Time immediately proclaimed Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three its successor. We are under a new dispensation. To millions this reign will be the knell of all hope that is earthly. They will squander their substance on riotous living, and die like foolish ones. To others, the year will bring Health over their sick couches, with healing in her wings, and where now sits sadness and sorrow shall the Graces play. Would God the Water-Cure Journal could enter every sick chamber, the grave whose maw is insatiable, would be cheated of many of its victims. Let the good and true-hearted pray for the incoming of the day when LIFE shall be cherished for nobler uses than it is put to now, when doctors, and fresh, green graves, shall not have such close copartnership, when the infant shall die an hundred years old, and man shall be as God made him,

NOBLE AND GOOD.

PHYSIOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

THE proper education, of both body and mind, so as to preserve a harmonious balance in their functional relations to the end of life, and thus secure the greatest vigor and highest integrity of each, is a subject just beginning to attract, seriously, the attention of the most intelligent teachers and physiologists. In this intellectual age, when the arts are rapidly advancing, when sciences are on the wing, when schools, and books, and newspapers abound, and when "mental culture" has become the fashion as well as the passion of the world, it is not surprising that, in too many instances, the activity of the bodily and mental powers have become unbalanced, the former being worn out prematurely with excessive and restless toil, whilst the latter are suffered to rust, stagnate and decay, from mere indolence.

Several modern psychologists have traced various forms and degrees of mental alienation, and even insanity, to excessive intellectual activity, and it is the common fault of most of our public and private seminaries of learning, that they are better calculated to force the brain and stuff the mind, than to enlarge the mental capacity, or develop the thinking faculties. And again, many of our best institutions for calling out the activity of the mental powers, have no method of maintaining the bodily health; and hence not unfrequently turn out very precocious children, but almost useless men.

"The evils of excessive study generally, and not simply in one exclusive direction, manifest themselves in morbid conditions of the organ of thought, which, reacting on the mind itself, disorder its manifestations. Hence, it has often been observed how narrow the bounds are between great genius and madness; how frequently the organ breaks down under the strain to which it is subjected. Hence it is that many intellectual suns have arisen in brightness, and set in clouds and darkness; have illumined the world by their morning or mid-day glory, and then have been forever eclipsed by suicide, insanity, or idiocy:—

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift becomes a driveller and a show."

On this subject the Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology remarks:—

"Amongst the causes which operate most influentially in exciting these social aberrations, one of the most potent is, undoubtedly, the over-stimulated, over-worked, irregularly developed mind. It is a law of nature that health, ease, and order shall spring from labor, or from due use of the organs according to their appointed functions. This is universal. The 'primal curse' is thus converted into a blessing. In all creation the due and regular performance of the allotted duties is rewarded by pleasing sensations, strength, and beauty; the undue and irregular, by pain, feebleness, deformity. This law holds good of the psychal as well as the physical, of the moral as well as the material. 'Through much tribulation ye shall inherit the kingdom,' is a profound truth, whether that empire be corporeal power and beauty, or mental power and virtue. Here labor, however, is not thus rewarded." It must be well-directed, in harmony with the needs and powers of the individual—general, as regards the use of the organs, and not partial. Excessive labor in one exclusive direction produces corporeal deformity and mental obliquity. Just as the nursery-maid becomes the subject of spinal curvature and deformity, from the exclusive use of the right arm in carrying her precious burden, so the man of thought, who directs the energies of his powerful intellect to one subject or class of subjects, becomes mentally deformed. His judgment becomes one-sided, to use an expressive Germanism, or even imbecile, his manners bizarre, his conduct eccentric. It is thus that the eccentricities of men of genius are manifested, even to a proverb; but when the decline of life commences, and the wear and tear of previous years shows itself, the increased vascularity is a source of danger, and lays the foundation for those diseases which depend upon congestion of the brain. Hence it is that apoplexy and palsy so frequently terminate the lives of great thinkers and writers. Hence, also, the proclivity of the literary and intellectual class to suffer fatally from those fevers and other diseases which attack the brain in preference to less important organs; and hence the distressing, sudden, and premature deaths of men of genius from causes and diseases apparently trivial. In some individuals, particularly those with coexistent disease of the heart and lungs, the vascular system gives way at once, and inflammation or apoplexy, epilepsy or acute mania, supervenes. The prime ministers of Austria and Prussia, during the recent revolutionary period, both succumbed to the overstrain of their material organ. Count Brandenburg, of Prussia, died of inflammation of the brain after only a very short illness; Prince Schwarzenburgh, of Austria, perished in a moment of apoplexy.

"Intermediately between the states of perfect vigor and complete disorganization, there are various phases of mental disorder, more distressing, perhaps, to the subject than even total extinction. No man feels more acutely than the man of letters, or the subject of prolonged intellectual labor, that state of mind in which every effort of thought is wearisome, and every object of thought is seen through a medium of gloom, anxiety, and dread. To such, existence is really a burden too heavy to be borne, and the endurance of life, under these circumstances, is probably as heroic an effort of fortitude as the endurance of a cruel martyrdom. The biographies of distinguished authors contain many touching instances of this kind.

"Another result of mental toil is seen, not in the disorganization of the fibre of the brain so much as in the wearing out of the vascular system. Every effort of thought is accompanied by an expenditure of living material. The supply of this material is through the blood; hence the blood is sent in greater quantity to the brain in thought, and when the increased demand

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is constant, an increase in the vascular capacity of the brain becomes necessary, and is provided by the adaptive reaction of the organism. During the earlier periods of life this development of the blood-vessels only ministers to the vigor of the intellectual action."

No doubt the very best system of education is that which combines mental culture, manual labor, and gymnastic sports. Mere work of body and mind will not perfectly develop the whole being. There must be a due degree of play also. Playfulness is a natural and a powerful instinct in all the higher classes of animals; and its object is to give the greatest variety and intensity of muscular exertion, for the purpose of securing their full and complete development of the motive powers. And with young persons, more especially those who are studiously inclined, it is important that a variety of playful exercises be frequently practised, so that all the muscular powers be duly cultivated.

Different kinds of gymnastic exercises have been introduced into some of our schools; and an ingenious teacher could readily suggest an almost unlimited variety. Some of the best, however, and for which the requisite machinery requires but little room—an important consideration in our densely populated cities—are exhibited in the following cuts:—



Fig. 1.

Action 1.—The feet being placed close, the hands fixed on the hips, rise on the toes, then bend the knees, and lower the body gradually till the thighs touch the heels; extend the arms in front, and fall forwards, so that the body forms a straight line from the head to the heels, and rests on the hands and toes. These motions call into powerful action nearly three hundred muscles; those of the upper and lower extremities, chest, spine, and abdomen.



Fig. 2.

Action 2, is intended to exert mainly the muscles of the lower extremities alone. The feet being placed close, the hands open, the arms straight upward, the palms in front, bend the body forward, and touch the ground with the points of the fingers. The knees are to be kept straight.



Fig. 3.

Action 3 acts particularly on the muscles of the toes, ankle-joints, and hips. The feet close, the hands on the hips, cross the legs, bend the knees gradually, sit down, and rise again.



Fig. 4.

Action 4 throws the whole effort on the muscles of one of the lower extremities. The feet close, the arms extended in front, raise the left leg in front, bend the right knee gradually, and sit down on the ground, then get up again in the same position.

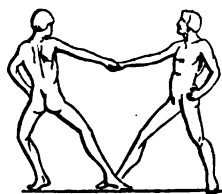


Fig. 5.

Action 5 is performed by two persons facing each other, so as to act upon the muscles of the upper and lower extremities simultaneously. The left hand on the hip, the right foot in front, lock the middle finger in each other's right hand, and pull backward.



Fig. 6.

Action 6 brings into play the muscles of the chest, shoulders, and upper portion of the back. Let the palms of the hands touch behind, fingers pointing downward, turn the fingers inward, and bring the hands as high as possible up the back, taking care to keep the palms of the hands close together.



Fig. 7.

Action 7 is calculated to give great power and flexibility to the muscles of the legs and feet. The feet close, the hands on the hips, jump up and spread out the legs, and close them alternately.



Fig. 8.

Action 8 is performed by two persons sitting down, who face each other, the soles of the feet touching, then grasping a stick and pulling against each other, first, with knees straight; secondly, bent; and thirdly, with the legs open. The principal force is exerted by the muscles of the arms, and those about the knee-joints.



Fig. 9.

Action 9 mainly exerts the muscles of the toes and legs. The hands are placed on the hips, the right foot in front, the toe pointing downward; spring or jump twice on the right toe, and twice on the left, alternately, the knees being kept straight.

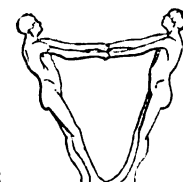


Fig. 10.

Action 10 exercises the muscles of the upper extremities, small of the back, and feet. Hook each other's hands, the toes opposite; then lean back and go round quickly.



Fig. 11.

Action 11 exercises the pectoral muscles with those around the shoulder joint. Grasp the left hand with the right, bring the arms behind the head, and move them from one side to the other.

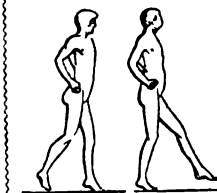


Fig. 12.

Action 12 is intended to act powerfully on the muscles of the leg and instep. Place the hands on the hips, the left leg in front, toe towards the ground; then jump forward on the right toe, both legs being kept quite straight.

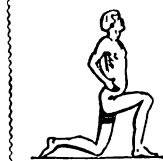


Fig. 13.

Action 13 exerts powerfully all the muscles of the leg and hip. Lift the left foot behind, bend the right knee, lower the body gradually, touch the ground with the left knee, and rise again.

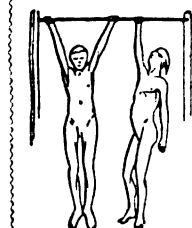


Fig. 14.

Walking by the hands along the rounds of a ladder, where there is room, is an improvement on this exercise; and a semicircular ladder on which the gymnast could ascend and descend, is better yet.

Action 14 strongly exerts the muscles of the wrist and shoulder. Hang from the pole by one hand; first, by the right, then by the left, several times alternately.

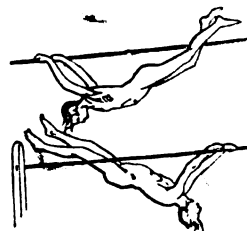


Fig. 15 and 16.

Actions 15 and 16 are methods for putting the muscles of the arm and chest to the utmost tension. The gymnast swings, and jumps as he swings back, and comes down on the pole.

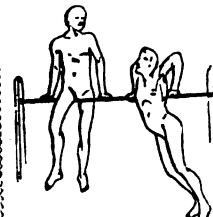


Fig. 17.

Action 17 calls the muscles of the wrists, arms and shoulders into strong contraction. First throw the right leg over the pole, then, with a spring, bring up the right elbow; lastly, by another spring, ring up both arms straight, so as to sit across the pole.

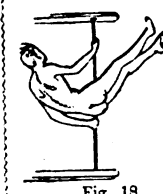


Fig. 18.

Action 18 throws nearly the whole effort upon the muscles of the wrist. Draw up the body as high as possible, and with a spring, elevate both elbows, at once, if possible, or one at a time; then rise gradually; the whole of the body being on one side of the pole; change the position of the hands, and come gradually over the pole till the feet touch the ground.

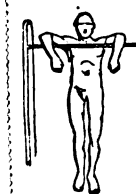


Fig. 19.

Action 19 brings the principal effect on the muscles of the elbows and shoulders. Rise up as high as possible, and throw the arms over the pole, holding firmly by them.

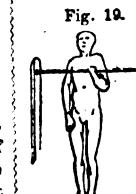


Fig. 20.

Action 20 brings the principal effort on the elbow and shoulder of each arm alternately. Rise up as in the preceding case, and try to keep up the body by the right arm only, and then with the left.



Fig. 21.

For the special purpose of expanding the chest in cases of weak lungs or malformed chests, and in persons predisposed to consumption, the following exercises are excellent:

Action 21.—Bring the arms up quickly in front, as high as the shoulders—nails turned upward—then swing them forcibly backward, at the same time turning the nails backward, keeping the body perfectly upright.

After the above exercise is mastered the next will call the respiratory muscles into still stronger play.

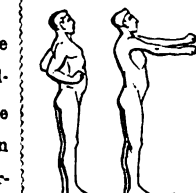


Fig. 22.

Action 22.—The elbows are to be drawn back so that the fists may be close to the sides; then throw the arms straight forward, and then back as before. When this action becomes easy and familiar, the succeeding ones are very easily acquired.

Action 23 is a circular motion of the arms, striking the wrists and palms together as the hands pass in front. It is one of the very best methods of enlarging the capacity of the air-cells of the lungs, by bringing the principal action upon the diaphragm and pectoral muscles. These exercises may be improved upon, by inflating the lungs with a



Fig. 23.

muscular exercises.

full inspiration, and then holding the breath while half a dozen circular motions are made as rapidly as possible. And the best time to practise these gymnastics forcibly is just after the morning bath, while the body is but partially dressed. All sedentary persons, and all the pent-up denizens of cities, who do not enjoy the benefit of a walk before breakfast in the open air, can find an excellent substitute in these

THE RUBBING WET SHEET.

BY JOEL SHEW, M.D.

THE rubbing wet sheet—too little appreciated, and too seldom used—is one of the most valuable of all the hydropathic resources. There is probably no other single application of water, in all the multiform modes of hydropathic medication that can be made, on the whole, so useful as this. It is a tonic, a stimulant, a sedative, an antispasmodic, a derivative, or a febrifuge, according to the circumstances under which it is applied.



We take a coarse linen sheet, although cotton answers a very good purpose, large enough to throw about the body like an Indian's blanket. It is wrung more or less, according to the demands of the case. Thereupon it is thrown quickly about the patient's body, who, if able, is in the standing posture—and then both patient and assistant set vigorously at work, rubbing over the sheet, not *with* it, as some do, three, four, or more minutes, until the surface becomes thoroughly warm. If there is fever, however, less friction is required. After the wet sheet comes a dry one, used in the same manner. Those who have sufficient reactive energy, and most have, may dry the body simply by fanning it with the dry sheet, the windows at the same time being open. This sort of "air bath" exerts a highly pleasurable and genial effect upon the skin. Instead of giving one a cold, it helps greatly to ward it off. This method of drying the body was one of Priessnitz's later improvements; and it was he who improved Water-Cure more than all the world before him combined.

The rubbing wet sheet, it should be well remembered, is not a single application, capable only of producing one effect. It is used in three different gradations, and to produce very different results. It is well wrung, or only moderately wrung, or left quite wet and dripping. If a person is fatigued, or has a low degree of reactive energy, the first form is the one to adopt; if there is not much fatigue, and good re-

active energy, the second; and if the person is feverish, and the object is to abstract heat simply, we use the sheet quite wet, dripping, as we say. We repeat it, moreover, as many times in succession as the case may need. One great advantage, too, is that we give it before or after a wet pack, when no bath is at hand; we also give it in connection with any other bath we may choose.

See how admirable a remedy the "rubbing wet sheet," properly understood, is. A patient—a child, perhaps—is so feeble in the reactive power, that almost any form of bath we can give it, sends the blood from the surface, making the lips and nails pale or blue, and the extremities cold, showing congestion of the viscera. When a bath produces such effects, it is very apt, saying the least, to do more harm than good. But we can apply the rubbing wet sheet in such a way as to cause none of those ill effects; besides, it may be repeated many times in the day, so as to give the patient the advantages of a strong treatment; that is, a light treatment, which can be easily borne, is made a strong one by the frequency of its repetition. A wet sheet, well wrung, holds perhaps a pint of water; or, at most, a quart. Now it must appear plain that a pint or quart of cold water, spread over so large a surface as the whole skin, must become very easily warmed by the body's heat. Besides, if there is a great delicacy of constitution, we may wring the sheet out of water at 70, 80, or even 90°, gradually lowering it, as the patient can bear.

The domestic availability of [this] application is also to be spoken of. In every hamlet, however humble, there is the coarse sheet, and the bucket of water. How useful, therefore, as a resort, in "home practice!"

The rubbing wet sheet, appears a trifling application—one, which is not capable of producing any great result. But when we remember the myriads of nerves of animal life spread over the skin, and derived from the brain and spinal cord, it need not surprise us that its application should so invigorate the body, take off bodily and mental depression, remove languor, fatigue, expel flatus from the bowels, remove thirst, give appetite, and cause a feeling of calmness and relief, which can be appreciated only by those who have experienced it. A preacher, for example, preaches three times on a Sunday, and gets his brain so excited that he cannot sleep. A cold bath would be too powerful for him, and opiates would only act as stimulants, making the matter worse. Two or three successive applications of the rubbing wet sheet, with powerful friction, bring the blood so much to the surface, that his brain becomes relieved, and he very soon falls into a sound and quiet sleep. So, too, if one has been long wet and drenched of a rainy day. He comes home with the surface and extremities cold, the blood pressing hard upon the brain and other viscera. The well-wrung rubbing sheet is applied with plentiful friction, and at once the oppressed organs are set free.

I should remark that in using the rubbing wet sheet, as in all other forms of general bath, it is well to wash the hands in cold water, both before and after it. I do not see any need of throwing it over the head, as some have considered it necessary to do. A patient needs to breathe freely when he takes a bath.—[See Engraving.]

NOTE.—I do not say, mark, that this application is always the most pleasant one. It does, in fact, require a good degree of moral courage to enable one to endure the first shock. To the sensations it is worse, if possible, than to plunge into cold water. I mean the first touch of the sheet to the body. Nervous ladies sometimes tell us they cannot take the rubbing wet sheet, when, at the same time, they take the cold plunge, which is far more powerful and too powerful for their case perhaps. This unpleasant feeling does no harm, for it vanishes the very instant after the sheet touches the body.

CATECHISM OF WATER-CURE.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

WHAT is the chief end of the earthly life of man? Happiness.

What is the first condition of happiness? Health.

In what does health consist?

In development, energy, and harmony.

What are the conditions of health?

A sound constitution, a pure nutrition, and a free exercise of all the organs of the body, and all the faculties and passions of the soul.

What result from a lack of these conditions?

Imperfect development, feebleness, and discordance, physical and mental.

What is this state called?

Disease.

What is the natural consequence of disease?

Misery.

What is a sound constitution?

It is one derived from a vigorous parentage, free from deformity, and hereditary predisposition to disease, and gifted with a good stock of vitality.

What is a pure nutrition?

The result of a proper diet, a good digestion, pure respiration, an active circulation, and healthy secretions.

What is a proper diet?

One which contains, in a state of purity, the right elements of nutrition, in the right quantity, and the right proportions.

What substances best answer this description?

The farinacea—as wheat, corn, rice, oats, rye, barley, &c.; fruit—as apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, berries, &c.; and vegetables—as beans, peas, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes, squashes, &c.

Why is this food to be preferred to the flesh of animals?

Because it contains the elements of nutrition in greater quantity on the average, in better proportion, and in greater purity; and because it is best adapted to the anatomical structure, physiological condition, and natural tastes of man.

What ultimate elements are required in human food?

Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, chlorine, calcium, sodium, potassium, magnesium, sulphur, phosphorus, iron.

From whence are these derived?

From vegetables.

What are the proximate elements?

Protein, in the form of gluten, fibrin, casein, albumen, or gelatin; starch, sugar, or oily matter; salt, and the phosphates, sulphates, &c.

Are these proximate elements also found in vegetables?

They are: the vegetable kingdom is a great laboratory, to supply food to the animal kingdom.

What objections are there to our eating these vegetable substances at second hand in the flesh of animals?

Flesh does not contain sufficient of the carbonaceous or heat-forming principle; it is always impure, from the presence of excrementitious matter; it is often diseased.

What the best diet?

A proper admixture of farinaceous food, such as unbolted wheat bread, corn bread, cracked wheat, hominy, oatmeal, &c.; ripe fruits—melons, &c., in their season, and vegetables, with a moderate quantity of the milk and eggs of healthy animals, and a sparing use of sugar, butter, salt and vinegar.

What quantity of food should be eaten?

A strong, active adult of middle age, requires from twelve to sixteen ounces of nutritious matter a day, which is contained in from two to four pounds of food, in an average admixture.

What is necessary to a good digestion?

A vigorous constitution, a proper diet, exercise, a pure respiration, and happy social conditions.

What are the conditions of a good respiration?

Pure air, with its full proportion of oxygen, unloaded with carbonic acid, animal emanations, or diseasing miasmas, and the full exercise of the muscles of respiration.

In what way may we promote active circulation and good secretions?

By observing the law of exercise, or the regular and habitual use of all the organs of voluntary motion and cerebral action.

What will give us happy social conditions?

Individual health, or the general prevalence of integral personal development and harmony.

In what, then, does health consist?

In energy and purity.

In what does disease consist?

In exhaustion and impurity.

In what must a cure consist?

In invigoration and purification.

How are these ends accomplished?

We invigorate by purification, and purify by invigoration.

What supplies energy?

The nervous systems of organic and animal life, and the reflux of generative power.

What are the sources of nervous energy?

Original constitution, or hereditary vitality, nutrition, and exercise, according to the laws of health?

What exhausts the nervous energy?

An impure or excessive diet, lack of healthy respiration, want of proper exercise, toil, trouble, all excesses, stimulants, poisons of every kind, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, brandy, opium, drugs taken as medicines, and all abuses of the generative function.

What causes impurity?

The introduction of foul matter into the system, through the stomach, lungs, or skin, and its retention by the inaction of the excreting organs.

How are impure and diseasing matters carried out of the system?

By the nervous energy, promoting the secretions and excretions of the lungs, skin, liver, kidneys, and intestines.

What is pain?

The warning which nature gives of exhaustion and impurity.

What is an acute disease?

A violent effort of nature to relieve the system of its impurities.

What is a chronic disease?

A weaker and more protracted struggle.

How do we best aid nature in the cure of disease?

By removing all causes of disease; by giving the patient all available conditions of health; and by assisting directly in the two great processes of purification and invigoration.

What is our chief agent in this work?

Cold water.

What are the relations of water to the human system?

It forms more than four-fifths of its bulk; it is present in every tissue; it is composed of two of its chief elements, oxygen and hydrogen; it forms over ninety per cent. of the blood; it is the indispensable solvent in digestion and secretion; it is the great detergent or purifier.

How does water act, externally, as a purifying agent?

It dissolves the foul matter deposited upon the skin, and cleanses the pores.

How internally?

It washes the mucous membrane; is absorbed into the blood; penetrates to every fibre of the body; dissolves the impure, waste and poisonous matters, and carries them out of the body in the vapor of the breath,

the perspiration from the skin, the bile from the liver, the urine from the kidneys, and the fecal discharges from the bowels.

How does water invigorate?

Directly by the shock of cold and consequent reaction, and probably by its electric life; indirectly by the removal of obstructions.

Can these results be produced by medicines?

Very imperfectly, temporarily, and at great cost to the system.

What diseases can be cured by Water-Cure?

All that are curable by any means, with the addition of the requisite surgical operations in rare cases.

What is the chief rule in the application of cold water?

To adapt its temperature, quantity, and continuance or frequency to the nervous energy, or reactive power of the patient.

Into what may the processes of Water-Cure be divided?

Into the cleansing, by washings, injections, warm water emetics, drinking—the cooling, by sponging, cold compresses, effusions, and short wet sheet packs—the stimulating, by heating compresses, long wet sheet packs, blanket packs, rubbings—the derivative, by sitz baths, foot baths, and other local applications—the invigorating, as the general cold bath, dripping sheet, douche, vaginal injections, &c. Many of these processes combine several modes of action.

How can we obtain a knowledge of these processes?

By reading various books on Water-Cure.

What will be the speedy result of a general knowledge of Water-Cure principles?

General health, prosperity and happiness.

What, then, is our duty?

To spread this knowledge by every means in our power.

[Port Chester, N. Y.]

ERYSIPELAS.

BY ROLAND S. HOUGHTON, M.D.

THE term *erysipelas* is so frequently employed—even by medical men—in a loose, vague, and contradictory manner, as to justify my attempting to give it a precise and accurate definition. The disease most commonly confounded with *erysipelas* is *erythema*, from the fact that it also is characterized by superficial redness of some portion of the skin; but, properly speaking, *erythema* is not attended (like the formidable malady of which I am about to speak) with inflammation of the tissue lying underneath the skin; nor with vesication, or blistering; nor, in general, with fever; nor is it peculiar (like *erysipelas proper*) to the face and head.

[I have said that *erythema* is not, in general, attended with fever; but there is one variety which is sometimes attended with febrile disturbance (*erythema nodosum*). This variety most frequently occurs amongst the young of the gentler sex, and is apparently connected with some species of disturbance of the menstrual function. "The eruption is commonly preceded for a few days by indisposition and some slight degree of fever. Then red, elevated spots come out on the fore part of the legs, and occasionally, but very rarely, on the arms. The redness appears in oval patches, of which the long diameter is parallel to the axis of the limb. They are pretty large patches, an inch and one-half long, and an inch broad perhaps, and they evidently project and form bumps upon the anterior surface of the leg. From their look, you would suppose abscesses were about to form; but, after lasting a few days, the red color fades, or rather changes to a blue, and the protuberances gradually subside." (Watson.) The proper treatment of this particular variety of *erythema* consists of dripping sheets and mild half

baths; enemata regularly and perseveringly employed, and an aperient diet, together with rest and quiet, and the horizontal posture.]

Erysipelas proper (in the opinion of Dr. Watson, one of the latest and best of our modern authorities) falls naturally within that group of diseases which includes small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, the plague, and continued fever. It is an inflammatory disorder, frequently attacking the integuments of the face and head, running a tolerably regular and definite course, attended by an eruption, often prevailing epidemically, and capable of being communicated, under circumstances favorable to its propagation, from one person to another.

Dr. Watson's description of an attack of *erysipelas*.

—In the sense now explained, *erysipelas*—called in Scotland the *rose*, and in England St. Anthony's fire—resembles other disorders of the same group in these points also; that the fever precedes the local inflammation; that certain premonitory symptoms frequently go before the outbreak of the disease; and that sore throat is an early, and almost a constant accompaniment of the complaint. The patient feels ill, shivery, feeble, languid, and often drowsy. The actual attack generally sets in with distinct rigors, or shiverings; and the pulse is often very frequent from the first—for many hours, perhaps, before the redness commences. Very commonly there is also manifest disturbance of the alimentary canal, marked by nausea and vomiting, and not unfrequently by diarrhoea. Then some part of the face, usually one side of the nose, or one cheek, or the rim of one of the ears, begins to feel hot, stiff, and tingling, and upon examining it, you find it to be of a deep, continuous red color, and to be swelled and hard. The redness and swelling gradually, and sometimes rapidly, extend themselves; they are defined by a distinct, elevated margin, which advances and invades progressively the neighboring healthy surface until the whole of the face, or of the scalp, or of both, is occupied by the inflammation. The lips swell enormously, the cheeks enlarge, the eyes are sealed up by their swollen and prominent lids, and all traces of the natural countenance are effaced. The inflammation frequently spreads from the face and forehead, or ears, to the hairy scalp; and from the head it travels backwards, in some cases, to the neck and the shoulders. Sometimes—and in this it exactly resembles a scald—the inflamed surface becomes covered with irregular blisters; but often there is no vesication. In many cases the inflammation is quite superficial; in others it dips, as it were, through the skin, and affects the tissue underneath; and then, and there, suppuration, and even sloughing of that tissue, are apt to take place. We find this to be the case often in the loose tissue of the eyelids; and it is more common on the scalp, perhaps, than on the face. After the redness has lasted three or four days, it fades; the swollen surface subsides, and desquamation or scaling-off ensues; and as the inflammation creeps, perhaps, gradually from one part of the surface to another, you may find the face becoming pale, and covered with patches of dead cuticle, while the scalp or the upper part of the neck is becoming red. Sometimes those parts of the inflamed surface on which blisters had formed are covered with crusts, rather than with merely dead and dry cuticle. In almost all these cases of *erysipelas* of the head and face there will be found to be redness and soreness of the throat also; although this is not always inquired into or complained of.

There is considerable variety in the intensity and complications of the symptoms. Sometimes the sufferer lies patiently still, yet apparently conscious and rational, till the tumefaction diminishes, and he is again able to open his eyes. Generally there is some wandering of the mind, especially at night; and in bad cases there is much delirium, and at length complete coma (or lethargic drowsiness), and the patient dies

at the end of a few days. In some of these cases the inflammation has extended to the encephalon; in others it is probable that the functions of the brain are disturbed through the febrile derangement of the circulation. When death takes place, and the head is examined, serous fluid is usually discovered beneath the arachnoid, and in the cerebral ventricles, and the veins of the *pia mater* are turgid.

Proximate causes of death from erysipelas.—The extension of the inflammation, and the supervention of delirium and coma, while the external inflammation continues, being of common occurrence, this, then, is one way in which erysipelas is accustomed to prove fatal; by effusion within the head, and coma. Another mode in which death is not unfrequently brought about, is by the affection of the throat. The patient sometimes dies almost unaccountably; but, on examining the throat after death, the sub-mucous tissue of the glottis and epiglottis is found to be filled with serum. The patient has consequently died of suffocation: the internal having corresponded to the external swelling, and both being due, in a great degree, to serous fluid poured out into the areolar membrane under the skin. Another, but less common mode of dying, is by gradual *asthenia*. Without any stupor or much wandering, without any marked affection of the breath, the pulse becomes weaker and weaker, the surface cold, and the heart at length ceases to pulsate.

Causes of the disease.—The causes of erysipelas are various and often obscure. Dr. Watson is a strenuous advocate of the doctrine that it is communicable by contagion; but there are others, on the contrary, who contend that this contagious property is too feebly marked to sustain the theory. There are other causes, however, which more frequently excite an attack of erysipelas; such as the application of cold, irregularity of diet, violent mental emotions, local injuries, and all circumstances that tend to debilitate the body—intemperance, insufficient nourishment, uncleanliness, foul air, &c., &c.

Treatment.—This, in the first instance, must be mainly constitutional. An emetic is generally an excellent commencement of practice; unloading the stomach, promoting the flow of bile, and usually inducing a profuse perspiration from the general surface. Next in order come enemata, which should be thoroughly and perseveringly employed until they have performed the same good office for the bowels which the emetic has done for the stomach. If the patient is of a strong and robust constitution, he should be put upon a very low diet, and in some cases starved until the inflammation has been perfectly subdued. He should also take frequent *wet-sheet packs* and *half baths* until recovery is complete, and afterwards persevere in a course of *tonic bathing* for the purpose of preventing any return of the disease. Under this simple plan of treatment, patients of good constitutions will speedily recover, if they adopt it from the start; but if they have previously been bled and antimonialized, they must expect to pay the penalty, for erysipelas is not a disease in which blood-letting and tartar-emetic appear to much advantage or contribute to bring about an early recovery. If the secretions in general, and especially those from the intestinal canal, threaten to remain of a vitiated character, it will be found necessary to persevere in the treatment, and observe a very strict diet and regimen, for the purpose of overcoming the obstinately dry tongue, arid skin, confined bowels, and scanty urine, with other signs of diminished secretion, which very commonly are found after subsidence of the acute stage of the disorder. Wet bandages, wet cloths, &c., will be found highly serviceable from the outset of the attack.

Should the patient, on the other hand, be of feeble constitution, and scrofulous habit, it will be necessary to proceed with caution, for fear of aggravating the

debility under which he will be found to labor. After the emetic and enemata, mild dripping sheets should be administered for their general effect, and wet bandages applied locally, of that particular temperature which might prove most agreeable to the feelings of the patient. But it will be, above all, necessary to watch and nurse such a patient most assiduously, to prevent his sinking into so low a state as to banish all hope of his final restoration.

There are many cases, undoubtedly, which will do well enough without any especial interference on the part of the physician; there are many, also, but fewer than the former, which will certainly prove fatal under any plan of treatment; but there are still other cases that may be saved by good treatment, but which would otherwise run on to an unfavorable termination.

In severe cases of *inflammatory erysipelas*, the interference of the surgeon may be early required. When the action runs high, so as to prevent any hope of a termination by resolution, it will be noticed that the swelling rapidly increases, and tension, with aggravation of pain ensues; *liquor sanguinis* is poured out, and the effusion rapidly degenerates into an ill-conditioned pus, which will be widely infiltrated into the surrounding defenceless texture; the cellular tissue is doomed; the existence of the integument has grown precarious; and a change is threatened to the form of constitutional irritation, of a still more alarming character—probably first showing the type of irritative fever, then that of hectic, and ultimately that of prostration and collapse. This, then, is the period for action. The effusion must be permitted to escape by means of an incision made with a scalpel or bistoury. If made sufficiently early, the dreaded degeneration will be arrested; farther effusion will be limited; and the effusion which does continue will have no opportunity to infiltrate, but will at once find a ready access to escape. At a subsequent period, when suppuration has occurred, and the deadly infiltration of purulent fluid begun, incision will be too late to save tissue and prevent disaster, but it will still be demanded, for a different object: to mitigate, and perhaps limit, destruction already done. In this case, it must be deep, so as to reach the whole of the infiltrated textures, otherwise it might almost as well be altogether omitted. (Miller.) In all cases, after an operation, the tepid water dressing, frequently renewed, will be found invaluable in promoting the recovery, as well as comfort of the patient.

HINTS TO WOMEN.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON.

"STUDY to do the duty that lies nearest thee," said the ancient sage of Cos. Looking at the world from varied points, and with dissimilar mental eyes, leads different persons to very unlike conclusions, as to the duty which lies nearest them.

We are all more or less given to hobbyism; and some poor hobbies, though the name of this class of animals is legion, get worn thread-bare, or rather bone-bare, in this age, so rife with progression, speed and enthusiasm.

While the astronomer is peering through the telescope, trying to resolve distant nebula into stars and suns, and thus read the Creator's handiwork in the heavens more perfectly; the geologist is making the most of every quarry, cavern and crevice, to learn of the internal mechanism of the earth, and with hammer and basket is gathering his specimens of animal life which existed prior to the Adamic age. While some are trying to get new spiritual light and guidance, first by rappings and now by writings, others are studying more and more closely the "Book of books," as the only needed, and only promised rule of faith and life.

While some are striving to widen the range of woman's work, others are carefully guarding the old land-marks, tightening every cord, and strengthening every stake.

While some have been engaged in these and various other ways, my efforts have been to divine the reason of woman's rapid physical deterioration, as the duty which seemingly "lay nearest me." So I own the cause and cure of woman's physical disabilities as my favorite hobby.

So long have I sojourned in the midst of a sick and suffering sisterhood, that it often seems to me as if all the women were sick save myself; but the delusion may be like that of the poor lunatic who thought all the world crazy except himself.

To correct my home impression, during the six months that I was travelling, I looked for well women in city, town and country and found only here and there one. For seven years, having followed the regular routine of a Water-Cure life, I had scarce taken a peep at the outer world to see how time had modified its fashionable movings. So during my lecturing tour, I mingled in large parties, and small societies, now making a morning call, and now an evening visit; here to dinner and there to tea, with this query ever in my mind, "What is the effect of this or that custom on the health of American women?"

Some time since a series of articles were presented in the Journal, on "Woman's Dress," in reference to its influence on health, general intelligence, independence of character, and human comfort.

Farther observation has confirmed the opinion that "the facts there presented were true," as the young gentleman said, in reference to the new novel he was recommending to the perusal of his favorite lady.

This year we propose to consider some other habits which have to do with the health, or rather the want of it among our women.

Our women are failing in strength so fast that, to save the sex, "something must be done quick," as the boy said to his companion when the lightning struck the top of the tree under which they were sitting; "for," added he, "it will be down here soon." So it is with us; those who are not smitten with sickness and suffering, have reason to fear it will soon be upon us. Many are prostrate; many more promise to be so ere long; and the remainder are only tolerably well, save here and there one in excellent health, which to the eye is cheering as a green spot in a desert.

Now, why is this? Is it severe manual labor, plain fare and a privation of life's luxuries, which we so much dread, that cause the disease, debility, and premature decay so prevalent in this age? If this were so, the women in the days of the Revolution would have been nervous, feeble, frail; while we who live in the full tide of national prosperity, should be strong in nerve, strong in body, strong in brain.

We have our carding, spinning, weaving, sewing machines; besides numerous other labor-saving fixtures; together with strong foreign hands to do what is termed kitchen drudgery; and yet our women find that their cares and labors far exceed their strength. While women one hundred years since took wool in the fleece and flax in the field, out of which, under the magic power of their strong arms and industrious fingers, grew sheets and pillow-cases, table-cloths and towels, garments under and over, for men and for women, for every-day and Sunday wear; besides performing their household duties, which I must own were less numerous then than now.

Under all these labors did they need anodynes to enable them to sleep nights; supporters, so that they could keep about days, and a yearly trip to the seaside, a mineral spring, or Water-Cure, to keep them breathing through the heat of summer?

No; far from it. To have told them of nervous pains, of bearing down pains, of depression of spirits without a cause, would have been to have talked of sensations of which they never dreamed.

Our mothers at forty have a *long list* of infirmities, scarce a twinge of which our grandmothers at eighty ever felt; our girls at sixteen can endure less labor than old women at sixty. So with the improvement of the arts in general; the art of enjoying good health seems rapidly on the retrograde.

The women, or rather "the ladies," of the present age place *too little* value upon muscular power; it being neither popular, nor pleasing. To be truly genteel, presupposes a good degree of helplessness, that is physical imbecility, to say nothing of mental weakness.

Now, we as truly need strength to *do well* our work, as man to do his. By this I do not mean to argue the equality of the sexes, as respects either body or brain. In the language of Horace Mann, "we may as well talk of the equality of knives and forks, hooks and eyes, as the equality of the sexes." Each has its physical, mental, moral and social peculiarities, adapting it to its peculiar duties, and to needs of the other. What did God say before the creation of women? That he was going to make for man a queen to rule over him? a toy to amuse him? a servant to wait upon him? No, none of these; but an *help-meet*, that is, a *suitable assistant*.

To be such an one, she needs something more than a fair face, a frail form and sensitive nerves. However pleasant a prospective husband may find it to protect the lady of "his choice," so that the winds of heaven do not visit her too roughly, the father always desires a healthy mother for his children. No matter how devoted the husband, no matter how fondly he cherishes the wife of his youth, or how earnestly he may wish to relieve her by taking upon himself double duty, he can never perfectly fulfill the office of both.

There is in the management of every household, in the rearing of every family, the need of woman's thought, woman's care, woman's work, which it requires strength to perform. There are things to be done, an influence to be exerted, which man, however intelligent, patient and gentle, cannot, from the nature of his sex, be fitted for.

Do not understand me that there is a distinct line of demarcation between the duties of each sex. In a co-partnership so intimate as that of the marriage relation, the duties of each sex intermingles with the other. Yet in the home circle, and in society at large, there is woman's work to do, which she needs physical as well as mental and moral power fully to accomplish.

Not but that we have invalid wives who are excellent wives, and invalid mothers who are excellent mothers; but with health they could be better still. Of many a one of whom it *cannot* be said "she girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms," it is still true that "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." When these qualifications are united, or *better still*, when all those, so beautifully and forcibly portrayed in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, are found in one, then may it be truly said of her, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

[*Elmira Water-Cure.*]

EYES OPENED; OR, THE HYDROPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE village Sewing Society had assembled at the residence of its First Directress, one Thursday afternoon, and while the hands of its members were busily employed in composing various articles of clothing for the benefit of the poor, the tongues of some of them, alas, were untiring in the employment of dissecting characters for the amusement of the rest. What a sad thought, and yet too true, that very few such societies ever meet without more or less of this gossiping, till

at last the very name of a "Sewing Circle" suggests the idea of slander, back-biting, and mischief-making! There is a great need of a female Luther in their midst, earnest for reform, and fearless to rebuke.

The person who seemed worthy to absorb most of that afternoon's conversation, was one who had recently taken his abode in the village, and had awakened the curiosity of his neighbors by his gilded sign, bearing the name and occupation, thus:

J. GREGORY,

HYDROPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

"Well," said old Mrs. Smith, shaking her head wisely, "the very name on his sign reminds me of a dog with the hydrophobia, and I am sure he will not see me within his doors." A murmur of assent went around the circle, and then a Mrs. Weston timidly inquired in what his practice in the healing art differed from others in the same profession. "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Templeton, "I should not *dare* to employ him. I *know* he would kill me, or my family, in a week or less. He uses water, cold water, *ice water*, for his patients, and if they do not die of their disease, he would kill them outright by his harsh treatment." "He wraps patients in a wet sheet," said another. "And makes some sit for hours in cold water," said still another. "And *never* gives any medicine," said a fourth.

How he could expect to do any good among the sick, seemed a wonder to that talkative circle, as they canvassed his method of treatment, so far as they could, whether erroneously or otherwise, they knew not, and perhaps cared less; but that he could cure his patients, and restore the disease-afflicted to the blessedness of health, without the use of time-honored means, was as veritable a mystery to them, as was the art of printing in the middle ages, or as the magnetic telegraph to many in the present century. They could not conceive it possible that a physician could swerve from the beaten track, and yet be a messenger of good tidings to the sick and suffering. They believed what their grandparents had taught them, and the faith and practice of their ancestors, in days long past, in reference to illness of any kind, seemed to them the only true and only wise, because robed in the venerableness of antiquity. In most other things they were willing to admit that the world had made progress. Light, they thought, had been thrown on many a dark passage of Scripture, and the pages of prophecy they were willing now to read as history, and yet, strange inconsistency, they could not allow that any change for the better *could* be made in the healing art, especially one where in the patient would no longer be obliged to partake of nauseous drugs, but be refreshed by copious draughts of pure water; no longer be compelled to remain in close, ill-ventilated apartments, but where the windows were opened in the sick chamber, admitting the glad light of day and the free air of heaven.

Such were the views and feelings of most, if not every one in this Sewing Circle; and such, we have reason to think, is the state of things in far too many instances. But a brighter day is dawning, "*le bon temps viendra*," and the once blind subjects and followers of the "*Materia Medica*" will have their eyes opened to the truth—the living truth, God-given and man-blessing!

Various were the surmises of some in the circle, as to the fact of Dr. Gregory's right to his title of physician. One would have supposed from the conversation that the possession of a diploma was all-important, as if conferring superior skill and wisdom on him whose name filled one of its blanks, for none of the party ever dreamed that a diploma could ever be purchased, as easily as it could be toiled for.

But "Sewing Societies," as well as other assemblies, at last reached a diverging point, and the members sought their separate homes. Mrs. Templeton hastened to her home with an anxious heart. She had

left her youngest child rather unwell, and maternal love often caused her thoughts to wander from the Society to her little Charlie. Hard-hearted Mrs. Templeton certainly was not, but ignorant on some points she surely was, and it was ignorance of hygiene and hydropathy, with a desire to pursue the beaten path, which had induced her to be one of the prominent opposers of Dr. Gregory on that afternoon.

She entered her own door, and her eldest daughter exclaimed, "Mamma, I was on the point of sending for you! Charlie is worse." Mrs. Templeton did not wait to lay aside her bonnet until she had stood by the bed-side of her darling son, and heard his hard breathing; then fearing the croup, she answered, "We must send instantly for a doctor. Go, Frank," to an older son, "go quick, before Charlie dies!" In her haste she had not mentioned any physician, and Frank darted away ere she remembered that the family physician was out of town. Frank knew this, and knew too, that Dr. Gregory was very near, and though he had heard his mother express great dislike to his mode of treatment, he thought she was in such haste now he must not pause to select.

Mrs. Templeton looked up in a very short time at the sound of footsteps, and saw with surprise Frank entering with the dreaded, the disliked Dr. Gregory. The mild, benevolent countenance of the physician was raised to her with an expression of hope, as he said, having observed the child's symptoms, "I will soon relieve him, madam!"

"I dare not use cold water and ice, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Templeton, shrinking from the thought of having anything to do with a Hydropathist. "Madam," said Dr. Gregory, solemnly, "I tell you, truly, that we must work quickly for the life of this child, and I must be allowed to do as I think best. If you love your little boy, let me cure him, if possible." The hint at Charlie's danger was enough, and the mother's heart yielded against her prejudices; around the little sufferer's throat was wrapped a cloth containing ice, his feet placed in warm water, while the surface of his body was briskly rubbed. In an incredibly short space of time the little boy was quietly sleeping in his crib, and the mother's heart was full of gratitude to God and her physician. Her eyes were opened when she saw that a disease which so often proves fatal with children, and requires such speedy remedies, could be conquered in a shorter time than she had previously known, and the child be left in a more comfortable state. Her faith in Hydropathy increased.

Her husband just then entered, and the grateful mother eagerly imparted to him the Water-Cure process, and its entire success, thus far. Mr. Templeton turned to another child, and said, "Here, Maria, show Dr. Gregory your eyes; what can we do for her, doctor? She has a bad cough, can you help her?"

"I have unbounded faith in Hydropathy," answered Dr. Gregory, with a smile. "That will cure her if anything will."

He then examined the case, and found that Maria's weak eyes and cough resulted from a want of cleansing the system after illness with the measles. He then ordered a wet sheet pack for her. No one present, beside himself, knew how to give one. He therefore took a small blanket, laid it upon Maria's bed, then wetting a cloth sufficiently large to wrap around her, in cold water, her mother removed her clothing, wrapped the wet cloth around her, laid her upon the blanket, which was then wrapped tightly around, and Dr. Gregory covered her with as many bed-clothes as he deemed fitting. The child screamed at the unwonted application of a cold sheet, but her parents had taken their resolution, and Dr. Gregory's orders were implicitly obeyed. In a very short time Maria, too, was asleep. She remained in the pack a while, was then waked, washed in cold water, and again slept, awaking no more for the night, and scarcely coughing once, which things she had not done before since having the measles.

Other Hydropathic treatment for a few days proved beyond a doubt its beneficial effect. The news "spread like wild-fire over the village, that one who was bitterly opposed to Dr. Gregory was now one of his fast friends, and not a few wondered at the sudden change.

The children were so far recovered by the next meeting of the "Sewing Society," that Mrs. Templeton was able to be present, and bore such testimony to the wonder-working power of Hydropathy, that Scripture readers were forcibly reminded of that text, "That he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."

Of course there were some who would not believe that a new system of healing could be better than the old, even after much evidence, but others who listened to the outbursts of gratitude from that loving mother's heart, and could sympathize with her in maternal affection, were inclined to think favorably of the Water-Cure. Patients multiplied, and success attended Dr. Gregory, as the eyes of the community were opened to the fact that pure water, warm or cold, given in packs, or douche, sitz-bath or plunge, as a cathartic or an emetic, was all-sufficient, with the blessing of God which always attends the faithful use of proper means, to restore to health those who were languishing amid disease. Thank God, that our eyes are opened.

WATER TREATMENT FOR BRONCHITIS.

BY F. W. GILLET.

In the spring of 1842, I was attacked with a very sore throat; my mouth and throat were very dry; and the small veins in the upper part of the throat were badly swollen, and so much inflamed that my mouth, and as far as could be seen of my throat, were literally as red as raw beef. We consulted an "Allopath," and he ordered a wash for the outside of the throat, which made a sore, then a cloth to be wet in the liniment and laid upon the sore. I followed his prescription, gradually failing, until September, when I went into Madison Co., (I was then a resident of Oneida Co., N. Y.,) to be attended by a celebrated Thomsonian physician. Upon his first visit he gave me little encouragement; said he might help me, but could not cure, for I had every symptom of bronchial consumption. I laughed at him, and asked him what these terrible symptoms were? "Why," he replied, "hectic flush, chills and fever every day, night sweats, and a distressing cough." I remained in his care six weeks, and then returned home, improved, but not well. The last words of my faithful and skilful Thomsonian physician were, "You are better! you may live *two years*." This was in October; my nervous system was all unhooked, and in a few weeks my throat was again very sore. My Allopath doctor prescribed again, and all winter I wore a band around my neck, lined with flannel, and wadded. I failed until the ninth of the next August, when I took to my room. The back of my neck, and the whole length of my spine, were so tender I could not bear them touched. My stomach would bear *nothing*; and I had a voracious appetite; and my nervous system in the worst possible state. I kept my room ten weeks, and was then down to my bed senseless. The first recollection I have after getting down to the bed, was, opening my eyes one morning and seeing my mother by the fire, my father near the darkened window, and our kind doctor, (he was a kind man, though he could not save me from my sufferings; and his beautiful wife, now an angel in the home above, was a joyous ministering spirit by the bedside of the suffering), stood between the fire and the bed with his arms folded behind him, and his calm, quiet face more calm and quiet than ever. As I opened my eyes he came to the bed and asked, "Do you know me?" It

is doctor, I answered. "Do you see this?" holding up the window-curtain at the head of the bed, upon which was a wealth of hair. My hair, I exclaimed; and putting my hand to my head, found that in place of heavy hair my cranium was covered with antimonial sores, fly blisters, cupping gashes, and my neck had been capped till it was truly as black as the stove. Oh! the blessedness, the delicious luxury of antimony, cups, blisters, bleeding, and leeches!

In the winter, my physician entered my room with a cluster of garden violets in his hand; how strange it will seem, I said, as I saw them, when I get out again. Why? was the response, flowers were in blossom when you was taken sick; "and they may be when you get well," was the answer. In April, I was lifted into a sleigh, and rode a few rods; and from that time I gradually improved, until I was able to be about the house.

I was a young girl then, only sixteen years old. But the memory of those days of wretchedness, and sleepless nights of agony, will go with me to the grave.

During the autumn of my illness, a burial ground was laid out behind our neat, white church, and as I sat by the window of my room, and I saw the laborers at work, with their bars and spades, I thought it quite likely my grave would be the first one hallowed. But a smaller bed was made—a dusty bed for azure-eyed little Georgie—the only, and beautiful child of our good doctor, and I was spared to test the *virtue* of Hydropathy. Twice, since then, I have suffered in the same way, once in the care of an "Allopath," once in the care of a "Botanic." In the summer of 1849, after a three weeks' sickness, having tried Allopathy, Homoeopathy, Thomsonians, and Botanics, I concluded to make a trial of Hydropathy. My brother wrote to Dr. Shew for advice, and I commenced with a "packing," followed by dripping sheet in the morning; dripping sheet bath at noon, followed by the dry sheet, the same at five in the afternoon; sponge bath upon going to bed; wet bandage for the neck, lungs, and side; plain diet, and exercise in the open air. When I commenced the "water treatment," I could walk *ten rods*; in five weeks, I walked *eight miles*, and made several calls, between the hours of one and five, P. M. Since then I have not suffered with my throat or lungs. When I feel any soreness in my throat, I envelop it in a wet bandage, and gurgel water in my throat, and take it into my head through my nostrils. I find, for a pain between the shoulders, a wet towel is *far more agreeable and beneficial*, than an antimonial sore or a fly blister. Yet I have practised the water treatment in opposition to the wishes of some of my nearest friends; and a few of them are so prejudiced, as to say it has injured rather than benefitted me. My husband has been a reader of your excellent Journal for several years, and since my marriage, something over a year. I have read it every month, and many works upon the same subject. But I do not feel capable of managing a severe case of sickness without the advice of the experienced. And I deeply regret that we are not favored with a Water-Cure physician. For I sincerely believe that the water treatment will cure all curable diseases. But let those who prefer the *pleasant torture* of the drug system, enjoy it. [Cottage Hill, Mich.]

WATER-CURE IN TROY.—We are happy to announce the reopening of the Troy, N. Y., Water-Cure Establishment, under the supervision of Dr. J. JENNINGS, formerly of Connecticut, recently from Oberlin, Ohio. The veteran doctor will do good service in the great cause. He is not only fully up with the improvements of the age, but quite ahead of most folks in the management of disease. We bid him a hearty welcome to the new place where he has been invited to reside. The establishment will be in readiness on the first of this January, 1853.

Dietetics.

UNDER this head we design to discuss Vegetarianism, in its various aspects and bearings—physiological, mental and moral, and to exhibit its effects in contrast with those of a mixed diet.

LUSTING FOR THE FLESH-POTS.

BY E. T. TRALL, M.D.

It is very common for the opposers of an exclusively vegetable diet to appeal to the Bible to sustain their side of the question. They are not aware, having probably never critically examined the Bible testimony on this subject at all, that this book declares in favor of vegetarianism in the plainest language possible. Nay, more. It contains many illustrations of this principle, in the way of historical narrations, admonitions, parables, &c., while there is not, between its lids, a single passage commendatory or recommendatory of the practice of flesh-eating.

One remarkable evidence of the position we here assume, found in the eleventh chapter of Numbers. In verse 3d, it is said, "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a-lusting;" and the children also wept again, and said, "Who shall give us flesh to eat?" After severely reproving the children of Israel for thus relapsing into sensuality, Moses promises them that their wishes shall be abundantly gratified; and in the fulfillment of his prophecy the lusting people experienced a fearful punishment, and we may, from the story, derive a valuable lesson. We quote verses 31, 32, 33 and 34.

"And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were, a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were, two cubits high upon the face of the earth.

"And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails: he that gathered least gathered ten homers; and they spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp.

"And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague.

"And he called the name of that place Kibroth-hattaavah; because there they buried the people that lusted."

Now, we will not dispute with the theologian, whether the above is literally or spiritually true; nor whether it is allegory, metaphor, parable, fact or fiction; nor whether it points a moral, or means anything whatever. But we contend that if there is any point, lesson, doctrine, moral or meaning, about it, it is a most powerful demonstration that flesh-eating is not pleasing to the Lord.

PASTRY.

"ALL pastry is an abomination," says Paris, with whom the majority of dietetical writers coincide. The expression is not too strong in reference to pies, as they usually come to our tables from the bakeries. Nevertheless pies may be made very good and wholesome, even much better than the majority of plain puddings. Pies, as they should be made, are but little different from bread and fruit, with an extra quantity of sugar. The crust of a baker's pie is better adapted to kill a hyena than to nourish a human stomach; and the crust of ordinary home-made or domestic pies is too full of meat-drippings, hog's lard, or butter, to be otherwise than pernicious to the stomach. But pie-crust can be made in a healthful manner. I know the majority of appetites will consider it harsh, rough, and tough, and many will turn away from it in disdain, because they cannot swallow it without masticating. But the fault is with

the wrongly-educated Appetite, not with the healthful article. It seems a sad pity that our fashionable eaters, who are so violently opposed to chewing their own victuals, cannot employ servants to perform this necessary duty for them, or invent some labor-saving masticating machine.

Excellent pie-crust can be made of wheat-meal, modified or shortened with good mealy potatoes and fresh sweet cream. Rich new milk answers very well in the place of the cream, and if the fastidious appetite insists on having the crust a little smoother, the coarsest part of the bran may be sifted out. In the absence of cream, the crust may be raised or made light with sour milk and super-carbonate of soda, an alkali much less objectionable than saleratus, and the only one that ought to be employed in cooking. Indian meal may be used in lieu of wheat-meal in forming the crust; equal parts of each may be employed.

Nearly all the mild, sub-acid, and sweet fruits may be made into pies; many kinds of pumpkins and squashes make delicious pies; some roots and leaves, as potatoes and sorrels, make very good and wholesome pies. A few specimens of the best kinds will answer the purposes of this work:

Apple pie may be made of green apples cut into thin slices, or of dried apples stewed, or of the fruit which has been preserved in its own inspissated juice. Moderately tart and very juicy apples make the best apple pie. Brown sugar or molasses is the best sweetening for all kinds of pastry.

Pears and peaches, when thoroughly ripe, make excellent pies, managed the same way as apples.

Currents, when very young, or when perfectly ripe, are not objectionable. *Gooseberries* and *cranberries* are too acid, in all stages of their growth, for this use, although I do not apprehend a sound stomach, well trained to a vegetable regimen, would experience any difficulty from their employment. Indeed, I know individuals who can and do use them without any apparent disadvantage.

Strawberries, *red raspberries*, *black raspberries*, *blackberries*, *whortleberries*, *black cherries*, and *red cherries*, all in their season, when fully ripe, make delicious pies and tarts.

Pumpkins and *squashes* are equally delicious and healthful. They are to be boiled, mashed, strained, mixed with milk or milk and water, moderately sweetened, and baked on a single crust. Of pumpkins, the *West India* is the best our market affords for pie-making, and among the best squashes for this purpose are the *cream* and the *pumpkin*.

Potato pies are not as inviting as the preceding. The sweet potato is the best. It is cut into squares, with a little sliced turnip, covered with milk or cream, and then with a crust.

I have heard *tomato pies* well spoken of, but I have had no experience in their making or tasting.

Rhubarb pie is made by stewing the cut stalks till tender, straining, sweetening, and baking on an under crust. In the usual method of pie-making, eggs are added. This pie is rather too acid for weak stomachs.

Meadow sorrel, stewed and sweetened, is much less acid, and, to my taste, more pleasant than rhubarb, when made into pies or tarts.

Custard pie is one of the best ways of eating eggs, providing the pie is made of nothing but eggs, sugar, and milk, and a crust as herein advocated.—*Hydropathic Encyclopedia*.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Cook Books—In a general sense the books on cookery, which are put into the hands of young housewives, are execrable abominations. Ninety-nine out of every hundred women would prepare a more healthful set of dishes for her household if she never saw one of them. Mrs. Hale has lately added another to the many works extant on the subject, which, we understand, has a large sale. We wish her pen could have been kept

employed in story-telling. There is brought out humanizing influences and elevating sentiments. But her cook book only teaches us what we know but too well already; how to make eating a riotous, gluttonous, sensualizing and disease-producing employment; and woman, a mixing, mingling, pounding, compounding, basting, larding, buttering, roasting, frying kitchen drudge. This literary lady gives us lengthy processes for curing pigs' cheeks, preparing calves' brains, elaborating brain sauce, garnishing cooked quadrupeds, riddling out the contents of the intestines of sucking pigs, from the snout to the tail, so as to present them on the table, with eyes, ears, nose, snout, legs, tail, &c., as natural as life, except that they are roasted! Thou refined! What horribly depraving and brutalizing lessons are these for a mother, who moves in the circles of fame, fashion and influence, to teach the rising generation!

We are happy, however, in being able to announce that the publishers of the *Water-Cure Journal* will soon put out a cook-book, whose precepts and recipes, instead of pandering to false appetites and vicious fashions, will teach people how to eat and live, instead of eating themselves into a mass of corruption.

THE POETRY OF FLESH-EATING.

The wolf, who from the nightly fold,
Pierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er ploughed for him. They, too, are tempered high,
With hunger strong and wild necessity,
Nor lodge pity in their shaggy breast.
But man, whom nature formed of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep: while from her lap,
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth; shall he, fair form,
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? THOMSON.

VEGETARIANISM AND EDUCATION.—Vegetarianism is peculiarly connected with *Education*, for its tendency is to keep constantly alive the conscientious principle. If a man abstain from a certain kind of food "for conscience sake," it reminds him every day of the connection between his outward conduct and his inward feeling—his sense of justice, of mercy, or of truth. It leads him to perceive that every action of his life, whether of eating or drinking, thinking or speaking, is continually exercising a certain degree of influence over his mind; is continually training or educating him for a worse or a better condition, physically or mentally, or both: for a worse, if these actions are performed in a careless and an imperfect manner; for a better, if performed with carefulness, and an earnest desire for greater progress. It leads him to regard the present not for itself alone, but as a preparation for the future. He learns, from daily experience, that the industry or indolence of the day prepares for "nature's best restorer, balmy sleep," or the tiresome mortification of a restless night; that the one prepares us to perform the duties of the coming day with ease and pleasure, whilst the other increases our indolence, and makes duty itself a burden: that activity in any particular direction to day prepares us for still greater activity in that direction on the morrow, whilst neglect of any kind prepares us for greater negligence in the future; that the good action of to-day expands our minds and warms our hearts for a still nobler action on the morrow, whilst the selfish, grovelling action shuts up the mind within itself, freezes all generous feeling, and unfits it for even a charitable thought on the succeeding morn; that every moment is a preparation for its successor; that the happy thought, the soul stirring sentiment, or the thrilling emotion, which comes "like a celestial sunbeam o'er the mind," widens and expands the soul for the reception of happier thought, more sublime sentiment, deeper emotion,

and what is better, and is, in fact, the substance of all these, the realization of a more useful and virtuous life.—*Vegetarian Advocate*.

VEGETARIAN AGRICULTURE.—There are 29 millions of cultivated or capable acres in England and Wales, 51.2 in Scotland, and 13 in Ireland; in all, 47 1-2 millions; and, taking the families at 4 millions, nearly 12 acres to every family. Every acre will support a family on vegetable diet; but, in flesh and vegetables, 3 acres are required to live in plenty. The United Kingdom might, therefore, support 250 millions of inhabitants on vegetables, or 80 millions on flesh and vegetables, without resorting to the 30 millions of uncultivated soil.—SIR R. PHILLIP'S *Million of Facts*.

FREE DISCUSSION.—The members of the New York Vegetarian Society would be happy to receive from all persons who feel an interest in the subject, facts, arguments, statistics, &c., for or against the principles they advocate. They are fully persuaded that these principles will bear investigation, and that all objections to them can be successfully met and refuted. Free discussion is what we desire.

SNAILS AS FOOD.—The raising and fattening of snails has of late years very much increased in France, and according to a recent calculation made at one of the Paris markets, the amount consumed annually in France is about 6,000,000. The price averages from about 50 to 70 cents per 100, and one individual is stated to make over \$1,000 per annum, by his snail beds.

Nothing is more common than for physicians to advise their patients to eat more meat, because it is the most nourishing food. This is a great mistake. Every fact in chemistry, physiology, and human experience, contradicts it.

There are, among the members of the English Vegetarian Societies, many persons who have lived without tasting flesh, fish or fowl, for twenty, thirty, forty and more years. Their uniform testimony is in favor of its superior healthfulness.

The American Vegetarian Society, organized in April, 1850, contains among its members fathers and mothers, whose parents were vegetarians, and who have not themselves ever tasted animal flesh.

There is an eating house in the city of New York, over the door of which is a large painting of a butcher knocking an ox in the head. Isn't it attractive?

Dress Reform.

LETTER FROM MRS. GOVE NICHOLS.

MY SISTERS:—Letters are continually coming to me from all parts of the United States, respecting a change in the dress of women. I append a true-hearted, devoted woman's letter as a sample of those I receive. I ask the doubtful to read it, and then say if the destiny of this reform is not onward by God's own ordination.

Some persons have thought a mere change in female apparel too small a thing to suffer for. These do not know the extent of the evil which custom fastens upon us, or they do not know the value of principle, or they are self-seekers, sure in the end, as all partial selfishness is, to be disappointed. Always when a new truth is broached, cowards and wordlings would discourage and hinder its progress. At this day, and in this land, they could as well stop the progress of light with a spread hand. I can say to these now, as I said years ago, when I was battling for another truth then as unpopular and now meeting a world-wide appreciation,

Go still the heaving ocean's roar,
Go chain the viewless wind,

Then upward with the eagle soar,
Till earth is left behind;
Pluck each bright star that shines on high,
And quench the sun in night,
Roll up the beauteous azure sky,
Then downward bend thy flight—
And when thou hast the ocean stilled,
When thou hast chained the wind,
When sun and stars are quenched in night,
Then turn and fetter mind.

A truth cannot be killed. Let the weak and timid rejoice. God will have witnesses, if you are not strong enough to testify. Nor are bold, masculine women wanted in this work, or women who will lay down their worthless lives, for worthless and wicked fashions. We want such as we have—gentle, God-trusting, heaven-seeking women—women who love the truth above all other loves.

I rejoice in every beneficial change made; I am no *ite*, and believe in no *ism* in this matter; I only wear the so-called Bloomer dress, because it combines more advantages than any other that we poor serfs of women have liberty to wear. The loosen waists, and shorten skirts, is a great work. There is no doubt a fashion that is better for the majority than all others. When this is found, we can have much uniformity. But let us have it for this reason, and not be like sheep following a leader *anywhere*. The best fashion that I have found for active life, is a dress made exactly like a morning dress, and coming to the knee, or below it, as you like, with trousers straight, or gathered around the ankle. I make mine gathered, when of thin material. I wear white pants in summer, not very full, gathered around the ankle, with a ruffle falling over the top of the foot. Tweed or broadcloth is better made straight. Many wear short skirts and sacks, and this is a good fashion. I like the blouse, or morning dress shortened, better for winter. The vest is to me a sort of affectation of masculinity, which I don't fancy. If the law allowed us to wear a frock-coat, a vest would look well with it. Till then I am disposed to leave the vest to fashionables, and those who like it.

A change of dress looks a great deal more formidable than it really is. The whole necessity is to leave the lungs and limbs free, and to be covered comfortably and tastefully. I have worn hats in summer and winter, but have little liking for them. They suit some faces, and are much worn in summer by those who wear long dresses in the country. A pretty cap made of merino or velvet, with or without a front-piece, is very comfortable for the winter. Several of my friends wear them, with and without feathers. I like the cap, the cottage bonnet, and the hood best, for myself. Many fancy the hat. To break the miserable weakness of uniformity, and wear what we like, and what suits our style of face, or figure, is of the first importance to true progress. From the first I have been pledged to no form, or fashion of dress. I will wear what I please, if the mob will allow me; if not, I will make the nearest approach to it that I can.

Fifteen years since, Water-Cure did not number a tithe of the apostles in this country, that a reform in dress does now, and yet it has gone like a purifying flood over the land in these last fifteen years.

Let all do what they find to do in this blessed change, and a few years will show a grand aggregate of work done.

I hope all those who have written me on this subject, will consider this letter an answer to theirs. I would most gladly write to each individually, and say *God bless you, my sister, as you have blest me by your cordial, appreciating, and devotional spirit*, but there is a limit to human accomplishment, and I often find it. Every day a new joy comes into my heart because of the love of truth that is growing in the world. I have sown in tears, I am reaping in joy, a happiness that is forever ascending in thanksgiving to God our Saviour. Farewell, my sisters.

MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS, *Port Chester, N. Y.*

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Mrs. R. C., Farmington, Iowa, in a letter in which she orders a copy of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's "Hint's on Dress and Beauty," says:

The book I have ordered, is not to benefit myself, but my neighbors, who are yet in the "shadow of darkness." I want to lend it to my female acquaintances, to persuade them, if possible, that there is a new and better way than that of compressing the waist and carrying about the long heavy skirts which are dragging them to their graves.

I believe that I am the only woman in this place who has had the courage (the *principle*, I should say) to adopt the reformed costume. There are some who can see its superiority, but yet they dare not adopt it, for fear of ridicule. Afraid to do right for fear of ridicule! Pshaw!

Mrs. C. shows the right spirit and adopts the true course in regard to the Dress Reform. She will not long be the only one in her vicinity to wear the new costume. Women are beginning to read and think on the subject; they will by and by find courage to act.

Voices from Home.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From Columbia, Penn.—After having received much benefit from the practice of hygienic principles, advocated with so much scientific ability in your publication, I must confess that I have been quite converted to the principles of reform, which you urge with so much zeal and energy, both physiologically and pathologically.

Having occasion to make a tour through the Western States, I feel it a duty to assist in the work of disseminating the true knowledge of life and the laws that govern it, as much as I can, therefore request you to send me a certificate of agency to solicit subscribers for your valuable journals. Should you grant my request, please send me, also, a few specimen numbers.

S. F.

[Following, in due order, we have an ample list of references, as to the reliability, efficiency, and integrity of this voluntary solicitor, to whom we cheerfully send both a certificate and sample numbers. In forming clubs, such certificates are not needed by those who are well known in the neighborhood where they reside, but by travelling agents only.]

From Bowling Green, Ohio.—A case of cholera infantum recently occurred in this neighborhood, which was treated with water with perfect success. An infant, seven months old, was suddenly attacked with this disease; in an hour it was thought to be dying. A lady was called in who is a reader of the Water-Cure Journal, and practices Water-Cure in her own family. She told them, if the child was hers, she should put it in water; they knew nothing of Water-Cure except by hearsay, and were opposed to it; but, as the child appeared to be dying, told her to do as she pleased. She immediately enveloped it in a wet sheet, wrung, I believe, from water standing in the sun. The child appeared wholly insensible, and took no notice of the wet cloth. A warm blanket was put around outside. In five minutes the cloth was re-wet. The child manifested some uneasiness at this application; but in less than five minutes it was again re-wet, and the babe made an outcry. She thus continued the applications every four or five minutes, at the same time giving it occasionally cold water with a tea-spoon, which it greedily swallowed, until it revived, and looked around for its mother; she then directed them to give it some water in a tea-cup, which it clenched with its little hand, and held to its mouth until it had drained the cup. A homeopathic physician who had been sent for, soon after arrived; he told them they had saved the child, for it could not otherwise have lived. He gave some pellets, and directed the wet cloths to be continued to its head.

The lady above mentioned, finding its feet cold, had them put in warm water, and wrapped in warm flannel. In a few days the child was as well as usual. I have been particular in giving the process in this case, as I do not recollect to have seen a similar one in the Journal.

L. B. V. T.

From Franklin College, Tenn.—[A CLERGYMAN writes us, that, while on his ministerial duties, he is frequently called on to attend the sick. He says:]

In two families, during the present month, while from home preaching, I was called on to treat five cases of fever—two of pneumonia and three of typhoid—which I succeeded in curing in about two days: in each case, to the great astonishment and joy of the families, and many others who witnessed the unparalleled effects of the water treatment. I have no doubt but much good will result from "Water-Cure practice" in Wilson county, Tenn.

S. E. J.

From Genesee, Mich.—[After commending both the Journal and subjects to which it is devoted, the writer says:] We need a Water-Cure physician. There are many here who are in favor of that practice, but who do not feel competent to go through with a course of treatment. They would employ a "Water-Cure physician." Can you not send us one? If one were to locate at FLINT, the county seat, I think he would soon find full employment.

A. B. F.

[We hope our good friend will continue his efforts in behalf of the Journal in his vicinity.]

From Coazbury, Ohio.—I intend to be a subscriber for the Journal as long as I can raise a dollar to pay for it, and I will try to get a club at the commencement of the next volume.

MRS. A. B.

From Lebanon, Ohio.—[After taking some exceptions, and expressing his convictions that there is "some good" in allopathy, our correspondent says:] But yet, taken as a whole, together with what I consider its faults, I think the "Water-Cure Journal and Herald of Reforms" is the best journal for the family circle, and the "reading of the million," that is now in existence. This is enough for me to say, and affords sufficient apology for the interest I have taken in its circulation. [With this came a list of twenty-subscribers.—ED.] I also feel it my duty to use some exertion, even at a little expense, to benefit my fellow-men: and this I deem a much greater charity than by giving the same amount of dimes to the indigent and infirm without instructing them how to live. Please receive herewith the assurance of my kind regard, and believe me to be the friend of humanity.

H. L. E.

From Brooklyn, Mich.—[We clip the closing paragraph from a business letter, by Mrs. S. P. FERRIS, who has been instrumental in introducing Hydropathy among her friends and neighbors throughout the vicinity where she resides. She has tried the Water-Cure, and knows its utility. She says:] That you may never tire, but carry on your great work of benevolence and reform, until the whole world is convinced and converted, is the sincere prayer of your friend,

S. P. F.

From Louisiana, Missouri.—[The writer informs us, that the people of this place are greatly in need of a Water-Cure physician. He says, Mr. Samuel Allen has an excellent spring which gushes out of a bluff one hundred feet high, affording an ample supply for an establishment. He then goes on to say:] Since becoming a subscriber for the Water-Cure Journal, I have had a great deal to say about hydropathy, and find it a new thing to many people. I find, also, that the majority are in favor of the system. As for myself, I cannot speak the just praises that I think it truly merits; but I say this much, it has already saved money enough for me to pay for the Journal ten or fifteen years. I have practised it in my own family with

almost *miraculous* success. I do not pretend to say that I applied it *philosophically*, but I applied it *Water-Curatively*. J. P.

From Lisbon, Iowa.—The Water-Cure has taken hold in this place, and is fast gaining ground. Tea and coffee are giving way to the pure liquid from our flowing fountains. May success attend it. H. H.

From Metamora, Illinois.—I have read your Water-Cure Journal about two years, and some four or five works on the same subject, which have induced me to lay aside drugs altogether. I will give you two cases that occurred in my family. First:—Wife was taken very sick, in August, 1851. I called my family physician. He visited her; said she had Typhoid Fever, and cautioned her to abide his directions, or "it might go very hard with her." He gave a dose of Calomel, and something else, "as usual," and left two other doses, to be taken between then (Saturday evening) and Monday morning, and enjoined upon her, that if she was not very much better on Monday morning, to send for him early. Well, when that time came, she was very much worse, but I did not send for him, but instead, sent for a bucket of cool fresh spring water, and put her in the pack, where she remained forty minutes. Then washed her down, and put her to bed in an airy room; soon she was better. I continued to treat her with water to the best of my knowledge, according to the symptoms. On Tuesday morning, the Doctor came, without invitation, to see his patient, pronounced her better, but said she would require a good deal of medicine yet, as her tongue, &c., indicated that her recovery was only partial. I told him to leave such medicine as she required, with particular directions how it should be given, and to come as often as he thought it necessary, until she got well. After he left, I placed his medicine away safely, and continued the water treatment. He came every day, for six days, when he found her sitting up, and I think, performing some needle-work, when he pronounced her well, in a remarkably short time, and left without being informed of the treatment. He is a physician of unexceptionable character and qualifications. As I have but little time at present, I will not give the second case. I am now the only subscriber to the Water-Cure Journal within five miles of here, but shall not be so when you receive the following five names, with the money, upon the receipt of which you will please send the Water-Cure Journal to the same. C. O. W.

From Platteville, Wisconsin.—Gentlemen:—Inclosed, I send you ten dollars, advance payment, for the Water-Cure Journal for one year, commencing with present Vol., for the following subscribers, all of this place. I have already started another club of twenty, which I expect to have complete in a few days. The circulation of the work cannot be made too extensive. Very truly, your obedient servant, R. H. R.

From Lincoln, Ohio.—It does my very soul good to have the privilege of occasionally sending the name of a new subscriber to either or both of the Journals. I won't take commissions, as that would curtail, in a measure, the pleasure I enjoy, in acting as "go-between"; for if I measured the price of doing my duty by sordid gold, it would supersede, or occupy the place of that sweet satisfaction, which is the reward of doing good, merely for the love of doing so. The Journals are, in my opinion, doing more good than any other two or half dozen publications in the world, and I think I shan't be without them, so long as I'm able to do a day's work. I'd rather live on parched corn for a month, in order to save money to pay for them. Yours truly, J. S. A.

From Cincinnati, Ohio.—Gentlemen:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that Hydropathy is making rapid advancement, both in the city and country, throughout this section of the United States. Hundreds

have given up the drug treatment within the last few months, and adhere rigidly to pure water, as the only remedial agent worthy of their notice. We have done a good business the past summer; have cured a number of desperate cases, that have been given up by their friends under the drug treatment. Water works wonders, when its application is wisely adapted to the case. D. A. P.

Poetry.

"UP AND ONWARD EVERMORE."

— BY HORACE.

ONWARD is our watchword ever
Keeping step with "Father Time,"
And to falter, we must never,
If the world we would sublime;
Bigotry and Superstition
Raise their hissing, hydra-head,
And to better our condition,
On the serpent we must tread.

Onward, in life's battle ever,
Marching with a giant heart,
From the right, we ne'er will sever,
From the truth, we ne'er will part;
Gleaming on our standard, Reason
Is our pole-star and our guide;
"Instant in and out of season,"
Onward with Cyclopean stride.

Armed with truth and love for others,
We a war with Error wage,
All mankind we own as brothers,
For their weal we now engage;
If to-day we fail in routing,
Shall we yield unto the foe?
Never, hear the millions shouting,
Reason, Firmness, answer, No.

Onward, o'er Parisian fashions;
Trample them into the dust,
Or we're blotted from the nations,—
Sweep them from our homes we must;
Onward, o'er Parisian letters,
Of the yellow, crimson hue
Shall we wear Delilah's fetters?
Never! we'll be free and true.

Onward, over drugs forever,
Spoil the "Serpents of the Still,"
Reason from her throne they sever,
And the land with misery fill;
Onward, o'er the weed of evil;
Hybernating* must we live?
With tobacco shall we revel,
And our souls to torpor give?

Onward, o'er the plant of Java;
Banish from us China's leaf;
Bear them not upon our navy,
Give our shattered nerves relief;
Away, too, with the "porker" kingdom;
Shall we live like Esquimaux,
Oil with lard the human system,
Sink ourselves the beasts below?

Grant a home unto the landless,
Ope to them our wide domain,
Your objections all are groundless,
The nation by the gift will gain;
Broadcast sow the seed of knowledge,
Clothe with beauty's robe the mind,
Plant the district school and college,
Delve we hidden lore to find.

Upward well the living waters,
Quaff we wisdom's precious bowl,—
We'll be nobler sons and daughters,
Ever it sublimates the soul;

* Toads, frogs, snakes, and some quadrupeds, have a peculiar way of hybernating, or passing the winter in a dormant state.

Ope to us the book of nature,
Read we its instructive page,
It exalteth ev'ry creature;
Of the ploughboy makes a sage.

God to each a work hath given,
Toil we should while it is day,
And to gain the promised haven,
Nature's laws we must obey.
Sleeping brother, wake to action,
Shake the shackles from the soul;
Of a man, ne'er be a fraction,—
Onward, till ye reach the goal.

Till the soil of human nature,
Pluck, destroy each noxious weed,
Till divinely glows each feature,
Be a "Living Soul," indeed;
Wear the mark of Cain no longer,
Brush the frown from passion's brow,
Shall the gyves of sin grow stronger?
Break them instant, rend them now.

Forward, give to thought commotion,
Onward, shrieks the "Iron Horse,"
Link the east to western ocean,
With the telegraph of Morse;
Onward, though the finger scorn,
Of derision points at thee,
Manliness thy brow adorning,
Ne'er to Mammon bend the knee.

O'er the necks of tyrants, onward,
Liberty of speech they kill,
They would plunge us ever downward,
Crush the freedom of the will;
Drive the "Bear" into his burrow,
Chain him in Siberian cave;
He has caused enough of sorrow;
Hungary from his vengeance save.

Let the organs round the apex
Of the cranium bear away,
Piloted by them, no shipwrecks
E'er will swamp us on our way;
Thus methinks, they are conversing,
And *Pro bono publico*,
List ye, while I am rehearsing
Their kind words that sweetly flow.

"If ye see a brother weary,
Faint and languid by the way,
Cheer him in his journey dreary,
Lend a helping hand alway;
If ye see a brother smitten,
By disease, by want laid low,
On whose brow is sorrow written,
Aid that brother in his woe."

"If thy brother is digressing
From the right, to wrong inclined,
All thy patience now possessing,
Lead him back with spirit kind;
That God's image in his brightness,
On the canvas of his soul,
May appear in pristine whiteness,
An unblotted moral scroll."

Rise we at the dawn each morning,
Take the air through grove and fields,
Blushes every cheek adorning,
Nature all her blessings yields;
Pour for us the sweet libation,
Welling forth from rock and hill,
Drink without intoxication,
Strength it gives to nerve and will.

Break to us the bread of Graham,
Crown the feast with golden fruit,
Hygeia serves the ale of Adam,
To sweet numbers wakes each lute;
Smoothly through life's journey moving,
Mind serene, and clear the head,
The system of Cornaro proving,
Without pain we join the dead.

Kennedyville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

The Month.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1853.

"If the people can be thoroughly indoctrinated in the general principles of HYDROPATHY, they will not err much, certainly not fatally, in their home application of the WATER-CURE APPLIANCES to the common diseases of the day. If they can go a step further, and make themselves acquainted with the LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, they will well nigh emancipate themselves from all need of doctors of any sort."—HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

MEDICAL LIQUORS.—If we are not a nation of drunkards, it is no fault of the medical profession. It is true that many prominent members of the allopathic school have been staunch temperance advocates, in the matter of intoxicating liquors; but it most unfortunately happens, that many physicians do ten times as much mischief by prescribing alcohol as a medicine, as they do good by preaching against alcohol as a beverage. There is a drunkard in this city who, a few years ago, became, by the efforts of the Washingtonians, a reformed man. He maintained his integrity for some three years, during which time he accumulated several hundred dollars. He was taken sick; not dangerously, however, but his physician thought he ought to take a little *porter*. The patient objected at first, fearing it would rekindle the once raging desire for strong drink. The physician insisted, and he took the medicine. From that moment he was a drunkard again. In three weeks his money was all spent at the grog-shops, his wife and children again reduced to beggary; and he is now one of the most abject and degraded of drunken sots.

There is a man now living in this city, who was also "a reformed drunkard," about the same time. After he had been a teetotaler about one year, he had a severe attack of the rheumatism, which, under drug-doctoring, confined him to his room for nearly a year. During this time he employed *thirteen* of our allopathic physicians, some of whom were among the most eminent, in their way. *Every one of these thirteen physicians advised the use of alcoholic medicine.* The patient peremptorily refused to touch the poison, preferring, as he said, to die sober if die he must. This man is alive now. He is also, at this time, a sober man. He is in prosperous business, and his family is well cared for, and although his muscles are somewhat paralyzed, his joints considerably stiffened, and his spine curved by the mercurials, and antimonials, and blisters he endured, his brain is comparatively sound. The doctors had their way in riddling his body with their missiles, and crippled him for life; but he had his way in refusing their grog, and saved his mind from ruin.

These remarks we offer as a familiar illustra-

tion of the effects resulting from the ordinary use of alcoholic medicines. Ten thousand such cases could be collected, but these two are enough for our purpose. In the November and December numbers we alluded to an article of Holland Gin, under the name of "Schnapps," with which an extensive liquor-dealer is endeavoring to flood the country, through the medium of the medical profession. We fear he will be but too successful. In several of the standard allopathic medical journals, and in a large number of newspapers, the proprietor is parading the testimony of medical gentlemen, and the recommendations of doctors and chemists, of the most scientific stripe, in favor of the wonderful virtues, and manifold excellences, of his gin. The New York Medical Gazette, whose editor is sometimes a loud brawler for total abstinence on the temperance rostrum, leads off in this business. We don't know, and therefore can't say, that his commendation is a paid-for puff. Although the gin-importer "very generously supplies physicians with sample bottles," it may all be for the benefit of "suffering humanity," and the "cause of medical science."

Next comes a celebrated chemist, no less a personage than David L. Mott, M.D., pharmaceutical chemist, who figures out a chemical analysis of nearly half a column to prove that Udolpho Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps ought to be extensively patronized by all physicians, and all patients, who love a *pure* Holland gin. Some of his reflections, which have been published in several of our city papers, are exceedingly entertaining. We copy a few of his most brilliant lucubrations:—

"Searching first for the oil of juniper, by distillation. I obtained an oil, from two quarts of the liquid, whose specific gravity was 0.832, and whose boiling point was 313 degrees, nor did successive re-distillations yield any oil of greater gravity, or of any other kind whatever. The same quantity of common Holland gin, so called, yielded an excessive amount, by re-distillation, of oil weighing 0.871, with the boiling point of 542 degrees; the lighter oil having previously passed over. This was conclusive as to the superiority of Mr. Wolfe's gin, in relation to the oil of juniper, upon which the aroma, flavor, and diuretic and other medicinal properties of every kind of gin essentially depend.

"As to the fousel oil, with which all inferior spirituous liquors are more or less impregnated, and which renders them poisonous in the exact ratio in which they are imbibed—which causes such liquors to intoxicate when others do not, and creates that morbid, insatiable appetite for undue indulgence, with all its deplorable consequences, of which the friends of temperance and philanthropy so justly complain, instead of that satiety and fastidiousness of taste, for which the drinkers of pure liquors are distinguished—of this fetid, acrid, asthmatical fousel oil, I found no trace in Mr. Wolfe's medicinal gin, although I repeatedly tested various quantities of it with the chloride of calcium, by the usual process, which so readily detects and obtains it, in the ordinary spirituous liquors.

"I consequently regard Mr. Wolfe's 'Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps' as a valuable accession to our pharmaceutical agents, to say nothing of its comparative innocuousness to those who use distilled liquors as a beverage. To persons travelling in the Southwest, where the best water frequently produces distressing, and sometimes even dangerous effects upon persons unaccustomed to them, I should think it would be a good precautionary provision, as a counteractive or preventive of those effects, when mixed in moderate quantities. At all events, it is the purest possible article of Holland Gin, heretofore unobtainable, and as such, may be safely prescribed by physicians."

Here we have the remarkable discovery, that the medicinal properties, of every kind, and all the aroma and flavor of every kind of gin, depend on the oil of juniper alone! Why not take the pure oil of juniper then on a little su-

gar, or in a little water, or in some other way besides being mixed with alcohol? Can anybody fail to perceive the flimsy humbuggery of this scientific trash? Again, "the drinkers of pure liquors are distinguished by a satiety and fastidiousness of taste." The person who cannot see that this is special pleading, or rather arrant lying, for the benefit of the gin trade, must be deplorably stupid. And again, "those who drink distilled liquors as a beverage will find this gin comparatively innocuous." This shows the cloven foot obviously enough. But in the next sentence the doctor announces an idea which, if true, would justify one in swallowing a whole river of gin, or that river in running up stream. It is, that the *best* water frequently produces dangerous effects, unless qualified by due proportion of the Schnapps. This idea is so thoroughly and wonderfully original, that we can only account for its inspiration, by presuming the doctor has entered on the second of the "sample bottles," which the importer had so kindly furnished him, before writing it.

It is refreshing to know, however, that there are some journals in the world, whose principles are not marketable commodities; and whose columns are never polluted with the liquor-seller's advertisements followed by editorial puffs. The Independent, under the head of "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," lately gave these gin-lauding temperance doctors a scathing rebuke, concluding as follows:—

"Our readers may be surprised at so long a notice of an advertisement. But they must know that this medical wonder is not only trumpeted abroad most vociferously, but the New York Medical Gazette has given it a most favorable notice, saying, in its closing paragraph—

'Mr. Wolfe liberally supplies physicians with a sample bottle for analysis and trial, as set forth in his circular, and stakes the reputation of the remedy upon the innocence, safety and efficiency of his Holland Gin, when used under medical advice; and pledges his own character in business that the article will not disappoint any who use it.'

"This is a conscientious gazette. It belongs, we believe, to a school which is not afraid to take the medicines which they prescribe to others; and if our article seems to Mr. Wolfe cold in its praises compared with the *Gazette's*, he must remember that we were obliged to write it on poisonous cold water, as we have not as yet been 'liberally supplied with a sample bottle for analysis and trial,' whereas the *Gazette* had the benefit of Aromatic Schnapps before writing.

"And now, if our readers would like a sober word at the end, in the way of our honest opinion, we would say that we regard this as about the most impudent attempt of a gin-seller, tricked up with a medical endorsement, to get the patronage of that large class of orphan drinkers made by the Maine Law, who desire to have all the benefits of drinking, with all

the respectability of temperance; and Mr. Wolfe is engaged in the interesting game long known under the very homely phrase of 'whipping the Devil around the stump.'"

• **ANOTHER DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.**—A writer in the Boston Journal, of November 10th, says:—

"Is there any Antidote to the Effects of Chloroform? To THE EDITOR.—The loss of an only sister a few days since, in her gestative period, from the use of chloroform, suggests the above inquiry. If it can be answered, it may be the means of saving the lives of others. When I arrived at her residence, she was evidently moribund, laboring under all the nervous insensibility usual to the use of the agent. She had taken it in a preceding labor with impunity, and she had now hastened with great confidence to its happy, but, unfortunately, fatal influence in this instance. Every means were used to stay the progress of the prostration incident to it, but all to no purpose. She breathed her last calmly and quietly, without a facial change of expression."

TYPHOID FEVER AT THE SOUTH.—It is pretty well known to physicians, that among the leading remedies for this disease, at the South and West, are large doses of quinine, occasional bleedings, and the free use of blisters. But the statement we have often made in this Journal, and elsewhere, that there is no common agreement among allopathic physicians in any place or country, as to the treatment of any disease, is corroborated by a late writer in the Southern Medical Journal, Dr. Wilburn, of Alabama, who condemns each and all of those remedies. In relation to Dr. Wilburn's article the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal remarks:

"After contrasting the symptoms of typhus and typhoid fevers, and showing the non-identity of the two diseases, Dr. W. proceeds to detail his method of treating typhoid fever. We shall sum up in a few words (as his article is too long to be inserted entire) the main points in his paper. He condemns bleeding from the arm, as it *always kills in East Alabama*. Quinine he proscribes in toto, in every stage of the disease; it has *always proved detrimental* in Dr. W.'s hands. Blisters do more harm, as a general rule, than good. He recommends us to maintain a cheerful spirit in the breast of the patient, as it assists in restoring and maintaining the powers of the system."

The fact that a "remedy" *always kills*, either in East Alabama, or elsewhere, is, we take it, a "strong circumstance" against its employment. We know a remedy which has never killed in a single instance; and more, it has not failed to cure any case of fever submitted to its influence in this city for the last ten years. The article is called *Croton Water*.

LECTURES.—The popular lecture is one of the great levers by which the moral world is being moved. The friends of Hydropathy should not fail to use it on every occasion which offers. We are glad to learn that our lecturers are in the field in various sections of the country. We shall always be happy to announce for our friends any courses of lectures which they may have in contemplation. Let us make the present "winter campaign" a memorable one in the annals of the great reform.

Review.

BY R. T. TRAIL, M.D.

HISTORY OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION, by REV. LOBBEUS ARM-STRONG. FOWLERS AND WELLS, Publishers.

This is a desirable and timely book. Though interesting to all classes of people, it is especially important to the great army of temperance reformers who are laboring to rid the world of the fashion and folly of using intoxicating beverages, and to destroy effectually and forever the abominable traffic in them. The work embraces a history of the temperance reform from the organization of the first Temperance Society in 1818, to the adoption of the Maine Law in 1851. The author was a member of this pioneer society, and has, since that period, been zealously and usefully engaged in furthering the good cause, and hence must necessarily be familiar with all the epochs and eras which have distinguished its progress. This work, however, is not confined to mere historical data. It contains much of the philosophy of the reform. The most cogent arguments derivable from nature and revelation, from science and experience, from observation and reflection, bearing upon the general theme, have been industriously collected and attractively presented. To temperance speakers and lecturers the work would be a valuable assistant; and to all inquiring and reflecting minds, a convenient reference and able monitor.

Miscellany.

DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND PHYSICIAN.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY NOOGS.

"Jef," or "Jefferson Hall," as the record of his birth has it, though I very much doubt whether "Jef." himself would think you was speaking to him, if you should "go the whole length" of his name. "Jef." was from boyhood one of those free and easy, jovial, and "devil-may-care" sort of fellows, who sought to live easily and merrily rather than what is called "very respectably."

In stature "Jef." Hall was not far from five feet ten any way, had a remarkably well-formed body, a very shrewd common-sense mind, and it was allowed on all hands, that, though "Jef." was not over much educated, yet he was one of the most intelligent men in the town.

It was no easy matter to "get round him in an argument" concerning any of the topics of the day, for though his library was not very extensive, yet he read a good deal, especially the current literature of the day, and prided himself on being "posted up" in all the new events which transpired, either side of the water.

In appearances, "Jef." was one of the Pharaoh kind, always having a lean and hungry look, with an expression about his mouth which seemed to say, give us something to swallow, no matter whether it's a joke or a meal of victuals, or a mug of cider, even, for it must be confessed, that "Jef." though a "temperance man," certainly loved a good mug of cider as often as every now and then, and, start not, gentle reader, was occasionally "open to a moderate quencher" of something stronger.

In the days of which I speak, the reader will please remember, that the "Maine law" had not been passed, and even Parson Hooper himself thought it not unbecoming to take now and then a social glass of something warming! But "Jef.'s" eyes were the crack features in his physiognomy.

They were, indeed, the lookingest eyes that ever a man looked out of withal. Small, but awful sharp, sort of half hazel and half blue. "Jef." as I have intimated, was rather fond of "half and half" and such twinklers you seldom meet, they were as busy as a young kitten when trying to catch her tail, and seemed to be similarly engaged a good deal of the time.

Add to these features, one of the handsomest set of teeth ever in the mouth of a man, each one of which looked as if they would take particular pleasure in biting off a board-nail, and a smile of independence that was evidently "backed" by an almost inexhaustible fund of wit, fun and general knowledge, and you have before you the daguerreotype of Jefferson Hall, Esq., of ———, Maine, an off-hand, quick-witted, far-sighted, generous-hearted, but somewhat reckless individual, who didn't care a wood-chuck's skin for all the professional characters in town, however black or fine their coats, and who, it must be confessed, cared more for the warblings of the birds, and the sport of hunting, fishing, &c., than he did even for Parson Hooper's preaching, or Deacon Conant's exhortations.

But don't condemn him, gentle reader, in toto, for this; you must remember that he lived in a far-off, and sparsely populated country, where schools were scarce, and game abundant; and then, again, he was born differently from other people. There are, you know, a certain few whom you can never bring into the traces of ultra civilization, who can't be chained to formulas, and won't be trained to anything, but must be "just so," or they won't be anything. "Jef." was emphatically one of these.

But, strange as it may seem to some, "Jef. Hall" was, notwithstanding, one of the best neighbors "Tauntor Green" could boast, and "everybody," though they deplored his want of "religion," and respect for those in authority, couldn't help awarding him the meed of being a right down honest, well-meaning, and exceedingly capable citizen, and very good company withal.

I asked "Jef.," one day, what made him so bitter against doctors.

"Bitter!" said he: "if you had suffered what I have in consequence of their infernal doings, you would be bitterer than aloe, aye, bitter as poverty itself."

"Suffered from sickness, you mean," said I.

"I mean just what I say," he replied, with increasing energy; "I have suffered much from sickness of various kinds, having had several turns of bilious colic, and four runs of typhoid fever, and any quantity of rheumatics, every twinge of which, for three months at a time, was worse than the toothache, but all of it boiled down and concentrated on a single joint at one time wouldn't begin to compare with the agony doctors, and their accursed drugs, have caused me."

I suppose I looked rather incredulous, as he immediately seized my arm, and said, with a great deal of emotion, "Look here, Pillicody, you are a young man, and as yet haven't had much experience in the world, and as I believe you have a generous heart, and don't feel above poor folks, I will, if you care to hear it, tell you the experience I have had in drugs and doctors, and then you can judge for yourself whether I have reason to curse them both or not. Come to my house this evening, if you will, and I will relate it."

At early candle light I was true to my appointment, as there was a sort of fascination about "Jef.'s" earnestness that made me anxious to know more of his history.

First giving me the best chair, nearest the fire, in the rude but scrupulously neat apartment, "Jef." drew his chair near to mine and began as follows:

"Eighteen years ago I married one of the loveliest girls — ever knew: she was as fair as the brightest morning, and as rosy as a summer's sunset, her spirits were as lively as the blithest lark, and the music of her voice was as the sound of the murmuring brook in the ears of the tired and thirsty hunter."

"The very hills around my humble cottage seemed pleased to echo back the sound of her enchanting music as she sung the rural melodies her angel mother taught her; and her merry laugh filled every nook and cranny thereof with merriment and joy, and, as you will suppose, we were as happy as the days were long."

"Well, as luck would have it, 'Hetty' — her name was Henrietta — but I always called her 'Hetty,' took cold one night after being violently heated at a dance in the neighborhood, by imprudently sitting down by an open window, and the next day was badly stuffed up and hoarse, and I, in my eagerness to see her well again — for without the sweet music of her voice I seemed almost in my miserable bachelorhood again — went immediately for the nearest doctor, who was considered good. I got the best, in fact, there was anywhere about, and little did I dream when I ushered him into my poor cot, but that he would soon re-

move the trouble, and make the idol of my heart herself again, and by so doing make me so too; but alas, I little knew what I was doing, and a worse piece of work I never did than that since I was born into this troublesome world. The first thing the 'doctor' did was to give her an emetic, which she was very loath to take, but which I, in my accursed ignorance, urged her to take, but which, had I have known its nature, I would have seen all the doctors in Maine as far out of it as they were in it, before I would have listened to any such thing.

"Oh! my God, the agony that my poor wife had to suffer in consequence of that villainous puke, I never, never can forget. What was in it God only knows, at least, I don't, but such retching and vomiting, such cramps, and such deathly paleness, I never saw before, and I pray God I never may again. For six long hours she vomited more or less, and for six more the cramps followed her, every one of which seemed as if it must kill her; but she lived through them all: aye, that was but a drop in the bucket, compared with what she had to suffer afterwards.

"Inflammation of the stomach, of the worst kind, followed, and for fourteen days the least thing would set her vomiting again, even water, cold water, she begged for like a dog for a bone; but the doctor said she mustn't taste of it, till at last delirium set in, and then for the first time did I look upon that loved countenance without getting well recompensed by a loving look in return.

"Oh! my God, who shall describe the agony I suffered when I found my angel wife knew me not? But I will not dwell upon this agonizing scene, but hasten on—out of evil cometh good, sometimes.

"I found out afterwards, that the doctor had been giving her opium to quiet the stomach, as he said, and this she could never bear; and it was this, as much as the suffering caused by the cramps and thirst, that caused her insanity. 'Good is educes from evil,' I've heard Parson Hooper say, and I found it so in my wife's case, for during a paroxysm of insanity she stole out of bed when the watcher slept, and helped herself to a plentiful supply of cold water, and from that moment she began to improve, having for the first time since her sickness gone into a quiet slumber and perspiration.

"The next morning when the doctor came he was very much surprised to find her so much better, and said that the last powders he left went to the right place. I thought so too, for I burned every one of them up, but he didn't know it.

"I took the management of my wife into my own hands after this, and let her have as much water as she wanted, and as cold as she pleased to have it, and all the powders, pills, and potions, liquids, liniments, and lotions, I was very careful to see, 'went to the right place' just as those did just alluded to!

"Well, to hurry on, my wife recovered, in a measure, of this terrible sickness, and the doctor boasted all round the village of the wonderful cure his medicines had effected! When, God knows, if she had not stopped taking them, and got hold of the cold water, she would never have got up again. She recovered in a measure, I say, but alas, she was no more like her former self than a dried alewife is like a live mackerel. She went moping about the house for all the world like an old woman of fifty, who had never known health; and instead of singing so as to be heard for nearly a half mile, as of yore, she could scarcely speak above a whisper; and as for laughing, she was seldom able to get up even the ghost of a smile, so horribly did her head ache all the time, and so dreadfully did her stomach feel. And yet the doctor kept on bragging of the wonderful cure he had made on my wife! 'Cure,' my God! If you call *that* a curing, I should like to know what killing is.

"Well, my wife went on in this way for about three months, everything she eat hurting her, till it was out of her stomach, when, one day, I was summoned to the house in great haste to go for the doctor, as she was bleeding from the stomach at a fearful rate. She bled nearly a pint the first time, and I know not how much afterwards, but a great deal. When the doctor arrived, she had nearly ceased bleeding, but he insisted upon her being bled at the arm, as that would lessen the flow of blood to the stomach, he said, and then commenced giving her aqua forti, or fifty, I don't remember which, 'twas thundering stuff any way, and she said it seemed to eat into her very vitals, and begged of them not to give her any more; but the doctor said it was necessary, and brought a great big book to prove it, and wanted me to read the chapter on 'Hæmor-

rhages,' I think it was called, which means bleeding, I 'pose, but I told him I didn't care what the book said, my wife wasn't agoing to take stuff that evidently hurt her every time she took it, if all the books in America said she ought to. Upon this the doctor got up, took his hat and said, as I knew so much more than he did, he would take his leave. I told him I didn't think of anything in the house I should rather he'd take, and so he took it.

"But even *that* couldn't save her. And, O, how can I describe her sufferings? There she lay on the bed, helpless as a child just born, almost afraid to move a finger for fear of bleeding, and scarcely able to from what she had already bled; and her stomach so irritable by the taking of the accursed acids, &c., that nothing but the blandest possible gruel, such as slippery elm and the like, would stay down a moment. And such pains, at times, in her stomach and bowels, that it seemed as if she must die; but even that was denied her, for her constitution being strong she held out wonderfully, but only to suffer the more. It was months, and dreary enough were those months, before she got so as to leave her bed, and be able to eat common food again.

"But I began to hope that she would once more be well; but, alas, I knew not the deadly ravages that had been made upon her constitution, by the pukings and bleedings, and 'stiptics,' and all the other nonsense, which she had taken. The first time she rode out, she took cold, and almost every day, however careful, she seemed to take more cold, and soon she was obliged to take to her bed again; and I, O stupid fool that I was, consented to her having another doctor called from a far-off town, who was said to be 'famous for curing consumptions.'

"You'll wonder at my yielding, after all I had seen of doctoring, to having another called in, but you must remember that she was dearer to me than my own life, and that, like a drowning man, I was ready to clutch at anything; and I didn't know, then, but what he might save her, they told such marvellous stories about him, and so I let him commence, though I warned him of her weakness, and of my doubts of drugs doing her any good.

"Doubts! O stupid dunce that I was, I ought not to have had any doubts about it; I ought to have known that no poisonous drugs—prussic acid and opium were his chief reliances—could minister to wants like hers. Yes, I let him try his 'experiments' on her, my darling wife, who had already been cut, and hacked, and drenched, and puked almost to death. I, in my senses, too! so eager was I to save her, let them do what they pleased, under the solemn promise of the doctor, that he could cure her! Cure a woman of consumption who has been torn to pieces by drugs and dyestuffs, by the hair of the same dog that bit her! It seems to me now to be so supremely ridiculous that I feel mad enough with myself to blow my brains out—having first put a bullet where the doctor's brains ought to be—for ever being made accessory to any such gum-game, but I was young and green then.

"Well, I will not tire your patience any longer. Suffice it to say, that my wife, after being made to suffer everything that the ingenuity of the doctor could invent—and I will give him the credit of being very ingenious, for there seemed to be no end to his contrivances to keep up a counter-irritation, as he expressed it, poultices, liniments, tartar emetic, and croton oil, sores, blisters, one a-top of t'other, for weeks at a time, issues, swabbings with lunar caustic, &c., &c., to say nothing of the terrible deathly sickness constantly kept up by the medicines—'gentle nausea,' the doctor said, was necessary to promote expectoration, and make her perspire a little! *promote* expectoration, &c., forsooth, when she was raising of her own accord at least a pint a day! and sweating a gallon every night! Well, Pillicody, the short of it is, my wife died, died in agony, not to be described, and these two doctors are still at large! aye, they are every day going about seeking whom they may cure! in this same beautiful way! Don't say this ain't a free country!

"Now I ask you, my young friend, if you wonder any longer that I hate doctors and drugs, worse than I do cider! Haven't I had enough to make me hate them—look at it, a simple cold, such as I have had hundreds of times, and cured with a simple sweat and a plentiful draught of cold water—*provoked* into an inflammation of the stomach, and that hurried into a lesion, or ulceration of the same, and finally consumption, by the very ones that professed to cure her. And then they had the impudence to bring in a bill, both of 'em, one for beginning, the other for finishing, my wife's case! and I was fool enough to pay 'em.'

But, said I, Mr. HALL, you don't mean to say that the

doctors didn't understand your wife's case, and that they didn't do their best to cure her?

"Well," he replied, "about understanding it, I don't doubt but they did; they must be stupid fools if they didn't, for they made it themselves, every bit of it, except a little cold. As for trying their best to cure it, I don't doubt that either; but their best, what was it? it was simply robbing Peter to pay Paul, like telling one lie to hide another, all the way through, tearing her to pieces with a puke, and then physicking her to death to cure the effects of the puking; they worked hard enough, and did work enough, to earn their money, I admit, but the quality of the work more than the quantity is what I look at."

But "the laborer is worthy of his hire," said I, if he means well, is he not?

"Well, sometimes he is," he replied, "and then again he isn't. For instance, supposing you had got a little spot on your nice coat, and you should get a man who professed to be a cleanser of garments, and promised you to make it as good as new, and that man, not really knowing what he was about, though all the time thinking he did, should put on strong acids and take all the color out, and then put on powerful alkalies to turn it back again, and thereby eat a hole in it, and then by trying experiments with hot irons, &c., should finally destroy the coat for all practical purposes, would that laborer be worthy of his hire? Not by a 'jug full,' and that is the way the case stands with regard to my wife, only more so, for as a woman is to a coat, so is the heinousness of the wrong done. It is a poor excuse for wrong-doing, this meaning well, at least I think so, and I guess you would if a man should kill your wife or brother, and say he meant to kill your pig. I see no reason why doctors shouldn't know what they're about as well as other folks; nor why they shouldn't be responsible for their evil deeds as well other people, but the best way is to keep clear of 'em, I say."

As it was now nearly ten o'clock I left poor "Jef." to his solitary couch and went home to mine, musing as I went upon his soul-touching narrative, for it was delivered with so much real pathos and deep feeling, that I could not help being deeply moved, and I lay awake a long while wondering in my mind if it was really as "Jef." asserted, that the medicines caused all the diseased action his wife was afflicted with, and finally dropped asleep while trying ineffectually to reconcile the terrible treatment "Jef.'s" wife had to undergo, with her necessities. And such a dream as I had that night: I dreamed I had a patient who was bleeding at the lungs, or from his stomach, I didn't know which, and I made him believe that the only way I could stop it was to take out the blood entirely from his arm, and then, of course, he couldn't bleed at the mouth; and how delighted I was when he stopped spitting the vital fluid, and to see how calm his pulse was, and how little feverish he looked, and how I started when I found he was dead; and then, again, how I was experimenting on poultry, and chuckled in my sleep to think what an excellent way I had found out of preventing the death of hens by the pip: namely, to cut the jugular veins off; and how indignant I felt when some one exclaimed, "You might as well let anybody die as to bleed them to death."

THE WATER-CURE IN GEORGIA.—[Our correspondent M. F. R., Covington, Ga., writes as follows:]

"The Water-Cure is now attracting great attention in this State, and if it does not succeed, it will be owing to a want of fidelity in its professed friends. 1st. Dr. P. Coyle, it is said is about moving to Mississippi; and 2d. I am informed that Dr. —, from whom I had hoped much, is only a partial Hydropath. It is said his table presents the invalid with everything usually found at fashionable tables; even to tea, coffee, and swine's flesh; and that the Dr. leads the way in the intolerable habit of using that loathsome and disgusting article, TOBACCO.

Dr. Irvine, four miles east of Jonesboro', in Henry Co., is practising the system on a small scale, and is a Hydropath of the right stamp, and from the cheap plan of his arrangements, is taking patients at about one-fourth the expense of some other establishments. His success has been truly wonderful. He should, by all means, enlarge his accommodations.

I should be glad to see several good Water-Cure physicians set up establishments in Georgia."

A DREAM THAT WAS NO DREAM.

BY H. C. HECKER.

A HYDRO DRUGGIST sat upon the ground,
And viewed with endless pride possessions round;
The earth with all her fatness filled his store,
And sacks and bins were made to hold the more.
The doctor as he sat smoothed o'er his chin,
Composedly he smiled as if to win:
The fumes of a cigar gently arose,
As our own hero fell into a doze.
He dreamed, and as he dreamed he saw
The doctors here engaged as in a law:
Revolutions and confusion here did reign,
And as he dreamed, he looked and saw again.
His stores and revenues of old were gone,
And most of all his staff swept with the throng.
The practice of his youth was gone, and all support,
He gnashed his teeth, and clenched to seize the throat
Of him who would despoil his crown and rob of every groat.
He paused in agony, and in his dream
He saw with horror and amazement a gentle stream,
Bounding along towards him with brave majestic stride—
Its course was in his wake and by his side.
He struggled and he cried, but all in vain,
'Twas Hydropath that swept all in its train.
The fearful element did onward glide,
And drugs and dram-shops on its bosom ride.
Our hero's form rose gradually to view,
When all at once he did awake,
And, lo! it was too true!!!

[Collamer, Ohio.]

WATER-CURE IN THE FAMILY.—MESSRS. PUBLISHERS:—For the better encouragement of "home industry" in the matter of "every man his own physician," I hand over for publication the following letter, selected from a large number, all bearing similar testimony. I will add also, in this introduction, that the \$5 fee mentioned by Mr. Harris, is all the money he has had occasion to pay any doctor for the last four years; having satisfied himself by experience that money invested in good books and periodicals for supplying the family circle with wholesome, intellectual food, was rather preferable to paying the same amount for pernicious drugs to poison their stomachs. If all fathers of families will take the same pains to inform themselves, all families may be equally benefited.

GRAND DETOUR, OGLE CO., ILLINOIS.—R. T. TRALL, M. D.—Dear Sir, you may recollect me when I state that I called at your establishment on the first day of September for advice, in regard to my leg, which was then much inflamed and breaking out in several places. You gave me written directions, with your circular, for which I paid you \$5.

It gave me a good deal of trouble, and was very sore and painful for a month or so, but by following the directions you gave me, I succeeded in curing them all up, and now take this occasion to return my warmest thanks to you and to all those who have been instrumental in diffusing a knowledge of the Water-Cure as a remedy for disease. I feel thankful, because I have adopted the Water-Cure in my family for nearly four years, and am satisfied, from experience, that it is the best and most rational system now used, as a protection against being *bled* to death, let the Calomel and Cod Liver Oil and Co. men say what they please to the contrary. Since adopting the Water-cure I have cured one of my boys of a bad case of the dysentery, when others have gone to their long home from attacks of the same disease after having the *advantage* of the best system of drugging that could be procured. The other boy, older, has been entirely cured of an enlargement of the tonsils in his throat, by the simple application of cold water, who, a few years since, had to suffer the extremest pain, by having them cut out, at an expense of ten dollars.

Other members of my family have been cured of constipation of the bowels, dysentery, head-ache, ear-

ache, sprains, bruises, cuts, and so forth. Since my return home, I have been attacked with the piles, which have entirely disappeared by the use of the sitz bath and injections, all without the aid of the "regulars."—J. M. HARRIS.

THE VICTIM.

BY A. S. A., OF MORRIS, N. Y.

Oh dear! such a headache, I scarcely can see,
I've such a bad cold, and my lungs are not free;
I am sick, no mistake, pray tell me the cause,
For I am ignorant of Physical laws.

I've a pain in my back, and a pain in my breast,
I believe I was born to live in distress;
I always was weakly, I've heard Mamma say:
Can it be Physical laws that I disobey?

My dress is in fashion, of course it is right;
But I cannot look it, though 'tis not tight!
And to take a long breath, tho' often I've tried,
I cannot do it, for the pain in my side.

The whalebones are few that hold me together,
My long dragging skirts are bound round with leather;
The quilts are large, and the fashion is plenty,
And weigh a few pounds, say—some less than twenty.

Thus live I along, a fashionable beauty;
Ignorant of myself, of my rights and my duty.
Diseased and deformed;—to fashion a slave,
Called early by God to an untimely grave.

Say not "tis my dresses" that cause me to pine;
To alter the fashion, from her prescribed line,
Would call down a giggle, a slur, or a sneer,
From a few vulgar folks, which I never can bear.

Nay, let me die of the dreadful consumption,
A victim to fashion, as thousands have done:
Never let it be said, oh! no—never told,
That I wore a "Bloomer," and was therefore thought bold.

Oh! no, never. But you've got to pay for this excess of modesty and lack of dignity, so you had better "come out." Headache, side-ache, back-ache, and heart-ache may by most folks be avoided. But if they will have them, why they must not complain. Is it not clear that "They give themselves the pain they feel?"

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.—MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am not ambitious of newspaper notoriety, but I wish to bear testimony to the good effects of *good pure water*. On the first of the last month my wife was attacked with congestion of the lungs. (So the Dr. called it.) The case was so bad, the pain so severe, that the little breath she could get, was expended in screams. I had been absent a few hours, and on my return, found her in this state, with bags of hot hops at her side and on her stomach. I called a cold-water doctor, who gave her a few packs, and behold! the trouble vanished, and—the Doctor too. He only came twice, and then told me to treat her myself, for I could do it as well as he could, as I had Dr. Trall's Encyclopædia. The pecuniary result of the story is the difference between *four* dollars and *twenty-five*, which I should probably have had to pay, if I had employed one of the regulars; and what's *better*, the patient *stays* cured. The Water-Cure doctor I have introduced is a converted regular, and since his change of practice, has great success. Yours with respect, T. B. S.

THE DIFFERENCE.—[A correspondent writing from Payson, Illinois, draws the following comparisons and questions, which will "speak for themselves."—We hope all our readers will give us the results of their experience, in this new "Life preserver."]

"Let us take this county for the last three years and look at the number of cases and deaths by barely two diseases, cholera and flux. The population of Adams

County, Illinois, is nearly 40,000. The cases are to the population as one to fourteen, the deaths as 1 to 29, showing a loss of nearly 50 per cent., all treated (or nearly all) by Allopathic Physicians. The population of the city of Quincy, Illinois, is to the county, nearly as one to five, the deaths to the present population, as 1 to 8, in the balance of the county, as 1 to 60. One thing these statistics show, viz., that in a case of this kind, there is a small chance for hope. I see by the recent card of Doctor R. POTTER, formerly of New York, that the citizens of Quincy can in future have the benefit of Water-Cure, by one who is willing to ascribe the cure to the true agent. I am yet to learn the first death by the two diseases above named—by your patrons, who form a respectable proportion of our population. Who can say that they have enjoyed good health for the past year, whereas before they were hypochondriacs? Who can say that they are mainly indebted to the Water-Cure Journal for these results and many more? I can answer, *I have*. I have obtained a few subscribers, and there are "a few more left" who will come in for a full share next vol. You will hear from me ANON."

A FEARFUL PERIL.—TWO MEN RESCUED FROM DEATH IN A WELL.—REMEMBER THE REMEDY.—COLD WATER.—The Fon du Lac (Wisconsin) Journal relates the following wonderful preservation of two lives by the application of water. The remedy is something new.

On the 19th, while driving a team on the Sheboygan road, about one half mile east of Little's Tavern, Mr. Chapman's attention was attracted by the hasty approach of a woman, who informed him that a man had been suffocated by the "damp" in the bottom of a well close by. When he approached the place, to his amazement, he saw the man, a German, apparently lifeless, at the depth of some thirty-six feet, in a new well. In a moment the owner of the well, Mr. H. Pierce, came in from the field, and prepared to descend and tie a rope around the body, to haul it up. Before he could tie it, he too fell senseless. Here was a dilemma. No help near, and two men perishing, while he had the greatest difficulty in keeping the distracted wife and a young lady from going down also. Mr. C. then started off for help, but on passing into the road bethought himself of trying the effect of throwing cold water into the well, which being continued, soon had the effect of reviving the German, so as to enable him to put the rope around the body of Mr. Pierce, a large, fleshy man. He was drawn up, but exhibited no signs of life, being black in the face and about the limbs. By a constant rubbing and drenching with water, he was restored, though slowly and painfully. To the energy and presence of mind of Mr. Chapman, these men are indebted for their lives. We have been thus particular in detail, to impress upon the memory of the reader the remedy in such cases—water thrown into the well.

FAITH AND WORKS.—[T. A., Smith's Mills, N. Y., who has for some time been accustomed to apply water in "special cases," but who has rejected Hydropathy as a system, thus confesses his final and complete conversion to the Water-Cure:]

"Reflecting upon the principles of hydropathy, the reported cases of your numerous correspondents, and my own little experience, has wrought an entire change in my mind. New light in the healing art, through the medium of your Journal, is breaking forth to bless all the people and the 'rest of mankind.'

Nostrum-pathy, Cure-all-pathy, and Patent-pathy, (these three, though contrary to arithmetic, are one,) are, in my opinion, more destructive to health and life than all other pathies combined, probably from the fact that they are better patronized, which circumstance clearly shows that the people have confi-

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dence in their ability to apply remedy for disease. When they have become thoroughly acquainted with Hydropathy, this will prove most emphatically true."

[Our correspondent shows his faith by his works, (the only true way to show it,) and sends us the names of twenty new subscribers.]

MODE-MEDICUS-MEDICINE.

BY FLETCHER.

PART FIRST.

'Tis "the fashion" to follow the *Fashion*,
And stoop to her despotic laws;
And if queries arise why we do it,
The ready reply is, "Because!"

Because 'tis the fashion to do it!"
In the out of a coat or a shirt,
We must don the apparel fantastic
Of a fop, a coquette, or a flirt.

'Tis the fashion to be always ailing
Of the spleen, lungs, liver, or spine;
To guzzle the doctor's specifics—
And pay for them too, I opine.

'Tis the fashion to eat without chewing,
And *raft down the cargo with drink*,
Till the system is crammed to repletion
And the poor jaded energies sink.

How dearly the humans love eating!—
Three-fourths of humanity's woes
That rack and destroy the poor body,
Are shovelled in under the nose.

Thus colics, and cursed inflammations,
(And *pill-bags* and *due-bills* & co.)
Are hung to the tail of our fashions,
To make up our quantum of woe.

Or that essence of mortal damnation,
They call "indigestion," ensues,
To harrow the nerves to distraction,
And whelm the poor life in the "blues."

PART SECOND.

Dame Fashion says: "Send for the doctor!"
For whatever ill may appear,
On pain of her woful displeasure,
That few have the courage to bear.

Along struts the "regular" student,
Right from allopathic schools,
And sporting an ample diploma,
The award of a conclave of fools.

His manhood is lost in the doctor,
But the scheme gives him raiment and food,
And peoples his pockets with "castings,"
And hence he pronounces it good.

The doctor, kind soul! stands awaiting
To slacken our perilous *gripe*,
With ratabane and calomel freighted,
All ready for dressing our *tripe*.

As we'd physic an old musket-barrel,
Neglected—most ruined with rust;—
He knows nothing more of his calling
Than to stuff us with villainous dust;—

Or, like a foul steam engine boiler,
With sediment choking the flues,
He thinks to restore us to order,
By evacuations profuse:

Thus physicking, blistering, bleeding,
And victualling with the blue pill,
He doctors disease from our body
As we doctor rats from a mill.

Alas, for the horrible sequel,
Death closes the infamous plot;
Our carcase is borne to its resting,
Thus leavened with poison to rot!

Kendall Co., Ill.

A CALIFORNIA BILL OF FARE.—The following manifest from a San Francisco paper, shows how much more troublesome and expensive it is to pamper and sensualize, and disease the human body with every unclean thing, than it is to feed it on pure, wholesome, life-sustaining aliment. After announcing his eating place, the proprietor adds, "One of the most popular *drinking saloons* in the city is connected with the establishment." Such eating very naturally leads to such *drinking*.

The following is the list of prices by the plate:

Beef Steak and Potatoes,	37 1-2	TOAST	12 1-2
Pork Steak,	37 1-2	Dipped Toast,	12 1-2
Mutton Chops,	37 1-2	Dry Toast,	12 1-2
Veal Cutlets and Potatoes,	37 1-2	Hot Cakes,	12 1-2
Fish Balls,	25	Mush and Milk,	27 1-2
Fried Fish and Potatoes,	27 1-2	Rice and Milk,	27 1-2
Broiled Fish,	37 1-2	Hot Rolls,	12 1-2
Cold Meats,	25	Brown Bread,	12 1-2
Broiled Ham and Potatoes,	37 1-2	Milk Toast,	12 1-2
Hash,	25	Brown Bread Toast,	12 1-2
Fried Sausage and Potatoes,	37 1-2	Graham Bread,	12 1-2
Broiled Mackerel,	37 1-2	White Bread,	12 1-2
Broiled Tripe,	37 1-2	Coffee,	12 1-2
Fried Liver,	37 1-2	Tea,	12 1-2
Salmon Steak,	37 1-2	Chocolate,	12 1-2
Pork and Beans,	25		
Porter House Steak and Potatoes to order,	50	By the Week, three meals, (in advance,) \$12	
Elk and Venison Steak, with Potatoes,	50	By the Week, three meals, with Lodging, \$20 to \$22	
Fried Eggs and Omelette, three for	50	Fourteen Tickets, (single meals,) \$12	

DEFECTIVE VISION.—A CURIOUS FACT IN PHYSIOLOGY.—In the course of last summer, I met with a gentleman who had a peculiarity of vision of a very remarkable kind, and one of which I believe there is no other example. While hunting, he fell from his horse, and received such a severe blow upon his head as to deprive him entirely of the sight of one eye, and to a great extent of the sight of the other. Neither of the eyes had suffered the slightest local injury from the blow, and therefore the total blindness in one eye, and the partial blindness in the other, arose from the insensibility of the retina, caused by the disorganization of the part of the brain more immediately connected with the origin of the optic nerves. The degree of vision which remained in one eye, was such as to enable its possessor to recognize any friend at the distance of 400 or 500 yards, or more generally speaking, at a considerable distance; but in society he could not recognize his most intimate acquaintance. He could only see the eye or the mouth of his friend; and he was not able to obtain, from the duration of the impression of light, and the rapid transference of his eye from one feature to another, such a combination of the separate impressions as to give the likeness which they composed.—*Sir David Brewster.*

AMERICAN LONGEVITY.—One volume of *Valentine's Manual of the Corporation of the city of New York for 1852*, has the following paragraph:

"Mr. Frederick Depyster furnishes an account of the Tontine Association, the holders of a valuable site in Wall street. This profitable 'life annuity, with benefit to survivorship,' dates from the year 1795, when 203 shares were subscribed for at \$200 each, the rights of each subscriber or his representatives in the investment depending upon the life of a certain nominee selected at the outset. Its history is remarkable for the unusually high average of human life of the nominees, of whom last year, there were sixty survivors—a longevity about one-third greater than the average of European estimates. This is worth noticing, as it is not an uncommon notion with foreigners, that the duration of life is shorter in America than abroad. A further fact stated in this connection by the *Journal of Commerce*, will refute this notion. 'About fifteen years ago a President of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company addressed 5,000 circulars with tabular forms to as many families. Of these about 3,000 were returned completed, showing an average longevity greater than was ever before exhibited in an actual compilation since the days of men were shortened. The papers were forwarded to London, and excited universal astonishment. The list embraced all professions and occupations.'

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

BY MRS. F. W. GILLET.

The slanting beams of the departing sun
Lay on the glittering spires of old
Jerusalem—and the shade grew deeper
'Neath the olive tree,—and the loud hum of
Voices, and hurried tread of passing feet,
Were dying on the air,—when Jesus threw
The foldings of his robe aside, and with
His sandal-shoon unlac'd, and the soft light
Of his large eye, dimm'd with the weariness
Of toil, passed quickly from the temple door,
And, all unseen by those who sought his life,
Trod silently the narrow path that led
Away to mountain quietness: when a
Light touch was on his robe, and by his side
He saw a youth of noble mien and sweet,
Fair face, but o'er his eyes a *shade* that shut
Out all the glory of the world. And then
The master laid upon the weak, dark orbs,
The moisten'd clay, and said, "Go now, and wash
In Siloam's water."—and as he came once
More upon the pebbly shore, and shook the
Crystal drops from out his curling hair, the
Dappled shadows of the eve, and the clear
Light of stars, and the light waving of the
Leaves, broke clear upon the eye so dark
Before.
[Cottage Hill, Mich.]

PLANTING THE GOOD SEED.—[Our correspondent "Horace," of Kennedyville, Steuben Co., N. Y., who has done good service in the cause of Water-Cure, Phrenology, and kindred reforms, by "circulating the documents," as well as by personal advocacy of their principles, writes as follows:]

"You recollect, perhaps, that a short time since I sent to you for a few copies of your Journals for 'Seed.' I sent them West, with a letter stating my opinion of them. They have brought forth the fruit, and here come *eight dollars* and *sixteen names* for your Journals. The gentleman who obtained these subscribers is rather a public man in this county, (Williams Co., Ohio,) and acquainted with most of the inhabitants. He writes that he will use his influence for the circulation of your publications."

[Here is an example worthy of imitation. Only give us and our friends, the friends of health, purity, and happiness, an opportunity to sow the "seed," and we have no fears in regard to the result. The harvest cannot fail.]

A REVOLUTION.—[J. A., of Chelsea, Will County, Ill., writes that our Water-Cure publications are effecting a complete *revolution* in his vicinity. Glad to hear it. Similar dispatches come to us from all quarters. The reign of the Allopathic dynasty draws to a close. Everywhere the revolutionists are victorious over the disciplined, but terrified hosts of the "regulars." "Truth is mighty and must prevail." J. A. says:—]

"A severe case of Erysipelas occurred in this neighborhood a short time since. The poison doctor was called, and gave his drugs a fair trial. But the disease continued to gain ground, and the life of the patient (a fine little girl) was despaired of. The mother became alarmed, as she had already lost one child by the same disorder, dismissed the drug doctor, and called, by the advice of her friends, a Water-Cure physician. The result, as usual in such cases, was the speedy recovery of the child, to the surprise and joy of its friends, and the confusion and mortification of the Allopath."

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.—Dr. Garretson, of New Richmond, O., under date of Nov. 2, 1852, writes:—
"I have been a reader of the Water-Cure Journal for many years, and have practised the great principles of Water-Cure in my own family for fifteen years, and I have found by experience in my own family that

water, judiciously used, has the power of removing all abnormal difficulties of the human organism. My experience, as a vegetarian, has extended to over fifteen years; in all that time I have not suffered with one hour's pain."

Our Exchanges.

In looking over our numerous and valued EXCHANGES, we frequently make MARKS, and sometimes REMARKS. Here we give, as far as our limited space will permit, the results.—EDITORS.

THE MISCHIEF WE HAVE DONE; or, THE LAMENTATIONS OF THE DOCTORS. [In the Sept. No., page 74, of the Water-Cure Journal, we published an extract, showing the great "falling off" in the number of students at our "regular" "old school" Medical Colleges of New York, which was, in round numbers, for the two past years, no less than ONE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY-EIGHT, in New York City alone. We now quote a paragraph from the New York Daily Times, which shows pretty conclusively that the services of old school doctors are not in demand hereabouts. The editor remarks:]

"For a dollar a day you can hire any quantity of regularly graduated doctors to write paragraphs for the newspapers, fill any political offices in the City, do any sort of head-work, or hand-work either, for that matter, since the call for their professional services has not been heard since paying the last thirty dollars for a diploma."

[Now, when it is considered that the expense for food and lodging in New York costs from one to three dollars a day according to the quality of food and room occupied—it will be seen that many of the "regular" graduates must fare poorly indeed. But, while nobody "sends for these allopathic doctors," they manage to busy themselves in order to "turn a penny" in other employments; such, for example, as compounding patent medicines, manufacturing body braces, inventing bed-bug poison, rat-killers, and vermin exterminators generally. Some turn horse doctors, cow doctors, sheep doctors, pig doctors, chicken doctors, and doctors of dogs. Unless some favorable change takes place, such as a "cholera epidemic," we may soon expect to have cat doctors. A new interest has arisen within a year or two past, which has given a lucrative employment to the more venturesome graduates; we allude to that of "cod-fishing." Many small vessels, and some gun-ships, have been sent out to the banks of Newfoundland, while others have gone on more distant voyages in search of another kind of fish-oil. Thus, it will be seen, that many of our surplus allopathic doctors have gone into other than their legitimate business.

The sale of patent medicine has declined in this country just in proportion to the circulation of the Water-Cure Journal. Wherever this is known that departs, or remains dead stock, in the hands, or on the shelves, of the druggists and vendors. Let us rejoice in our triumphant achievements. But keep the water running.]

THE DRESS REFORM.—The following remarks, which appeared originally in the *Boston Courier*, come to us endorsed by the *Cincinnati Commercial* and the *Richmond (Ky.) Weekly Messenger*. The former says: "We greatly like the tone of the following paragraph from the *Boston Courier*. It is replete with good sense, and we hope will carry conviction to the mind of every reader who sanctions, directly or indirectly, the abominable fashions referred to:

"NATURE'S DRESS IS LOVELINESS."—Washington street presented a gay spectacle yesterday. There was quite a display of blooming young women and healthy children on the sidewalks during the afternoon; but the cherub innocence of the one, and the natural beauty of the other, were much disfigured and marred by the custom which is now all the rage among promenading ladies and walking babies, viz: the extremes of long and short dresses. The trails of the women, and the naked legs of the half perishing children, were only equal in absurdity. Large feet are no excuse—the scoffs and gaze of dandyism are no excuse—"fashion" itself, potent as it is in the manners of dress, is no excuse for tolerating bare-legged children and long-trailed women in the streets. Health and economy are against the system, and the sooner it is abandoned the better. This is the opinion of real friends and true admirers of the ladies, and the babies of ladies, too."

LECTURES ON WATER-CURE.—We copy the following from the *Waukegan Democrat*, Wisconsin:

DR. C. B. BARRETT has just closed a course of lectures, in this village, upon the Water-Cure system, to a class of ladies, and also a course to a class of gentlemen. Upon leaving our place, the following testimonial was presented to him:

"We, the undersigned, having attended a course of Lectures, given in this place, by C. B. Barrett, M.D., take great pleasure in certifying, that we highly approve of Dr. Barrett's theory, and believe it superior to any other.

Diseases of the most delicate nature, to which our sex are liable, are explained and treated with such delicacy of expression, and purity of language, as not to offend the most fastidious.

We most cheerfully and heartily recommend Dr. Barrett to the patronage of the public, as a scientific lecturer and skillful physician.

Mrs. E. D. Clinton,
Mrs. C. C. Olin,
Mrs. T. H. Olin,
Miss Jennett Stewart,
Miss Amarett Clinton,
Mrs. C. M. Hill,
Mrs. W. Babcock,
Mrs. A. Aitkin,
Miss S. Blackwell,
Mrs. F. Canfield,
Mrs. H. Brommel,

Mrs. A. Miner,
Mrs. Sarah Vankirk,
Mrs. E. Hawkins,
Miss Mary Hawkins,
Mrs. Olive Short,
Mrs. A. Mervin,
Mrs. Frances Peck,
Miss M. Bacon,
Mrs. P. Prame,
Mrs. Lydia Holbrook,
Mrs. L. M. Cole,

Mrs. S. Slawson.

[We hope to hear of the further success of this, and all other lecturers, who may engage publicly in the dissemination of this subject. Lecturers, go forth—you are wanted.—Let your light shine.]

CAUSE OF THE DUKE'S DEATH.—It is now intimated that the cause of the death of the Duke of Wellington was an over indulgence in venison steaks. The *London Times* says, the day previous to his death he exhibited his usual bodily activity. He took his customary walk in the grounds attached to the Castle, inspected the stables, made many minute inquiries there, and gave directions with reference to a journey to Dover on the following day. His appetite was observed to be keener than usual, and he dined heartily of venison. The next day, when his valet went to awaken him, he refused to rise, and sent for the apothecary. A surgeon came and found the Duke, to all appearance, suffering from indigestion, and complaining of pains in the chest and stomach. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and described his ailment very clearly. But though emetics were administered, his death ensued speedily. Alas, that the conqueror of Napoleon should be conquered at last by an overplus of the flesh of a deer. *Exchange.*

[Many a man has died speedily after the administration of an antimonial emetic; so it is not yet certain whether venison or antimony was the death of the distinguished Duke.—EDS.]

HORTICULTURAL.—We have recently seen a "mammoth" pumpkin, raised in the garden of Reuben Hallett, of this town, which far exceeds anything that we have ever seen, though somewhat familiar with farming operations. It is a Peruvian species, and measures 5 1-2 feet in circumference, and weighs 95 pounds! If our neighbors of the Continent have a larger one, we should be happy to receive it, preparatory to the approaching "Thanksgiving."—*Nantucket Mirror.*

[Hurrah for old Nantucket. Kind-hearted women and pumpkin pies! Wish our friend Dr. Hanneford, editor of the *Mirror*, would beg, buy, or borrow a couple of seeds out of that big pumpkin, from Mr. Hallett, and send to us by mail. We will plant, cultivate, and, if we have good luck, divide with our neighbors next year. We have a nice little garden near the city, just right for pumpkins, squashes, cabbages and water-melons! Will you send us some seeds, directed to the WATER-CURE JOURNAL?]

BABY FAIRS.—A contemporary suggests, that while so much pains is taken to improve cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, that some little attention should be given to a certain biped called man, and recommends fairs for the exhibition of children of certain ages, the premiums to be awarded to those parents who produce, for examination, the most perfect specimens of humanity. The father and mother who can show the handsomest, healthiest, neatest, proudest, civilised bery of curly-headed children, should be entitled to the first premium.

THE ROCHESTER UNION says that two children, whose parents reside in that city, lost their lives, a day or two since, from the gross carelessness of their parents. The particulars are about as follows:—The father had become somewhat excited about cholera, and imagined that his children did not look well, although they had not complained or manifested any symptoms of disease. He accordingly gave them large doses of some kind of cholera medicine, without exercising any judgment as to quantity, which soon caused vomiting, general prostration, and finally all the attendant symptoms of cholera, which terminated in death. This instance should serve as a caution to all, not to use medicine as a preventive of cholera.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A HANDSOME SPECULATION.—The U. S. M. steamship *Arctic* took out as freight, twenty-five hundred barrels of apples. Her predecessor in the same line had two thousand barrels, and the *Pacific* on a late trip had a large number, which brought, in Liverpool, twenty-eight shillings per bushel, or seventeen dollars per barrel. They were the best Newtown pippins, costing here about \$5 per barrel. The freight charged is \$1.20 per barrel,—leaving a handsome profit for the owner. The expedition with which perishable merchandise of this description can be delivered ensuring its good order, has given rise, this season, to quite an extensive traffic.—*All the papers.*

And yet in the face of all this, some of our farmers in the fruit-growing regions of the Middle and Northern States "are afraid it won't pay" to set out orchards and cultivate fruit! But the "wise ones" are on the move, and will plant a few millions of trees while the Fogies are a-dozing. Good fruit will soon become a staple article, instead of a mere luxury, as now.

PORTRAY OF DRINKING.—The *Linden (Ala.) Free Press* publishes the following specimen of native verse. That *Linden* is unquestionably a great place. Our private opinion, however, of the lines quoted below is, that they contain "more truth than poetry."

POETRY.

Reuben Red Rat is my name,
America my nation,
Linden is my dwelling place,
And brandy my damnation.

STYRA.

PROLIFIC.—A lady Liege, Belgium, thirty-three years old, who has been married nine years, is the mother of twenty-four female children, who are all in good health! Triplets was the rule with this Liege lady. They came to her by threes like the clover leaves, but whether the father feels himself in clover under the dispensation, our informant, the *London Lancet*, doesn't say. "Say, ye severest, what would ye have done?" under like circumstances?

THE WINE TRADE.—We clip from the *Commercial Records* of one of our exchanges the following announcement:

SALE OF WINES AT BALTIMORE.—At the sale of the late Josiah Lee's wines, some were sold as high as \$39 per gallon, and others at \$16 per bottle, equal to \$80 per gallon, or \$1.25 per glass.

Verily, "wine is a mocker."

EDITORIAL GRANDILOQUENCE.—A medical semi-monthly has recently been started in this city, of the speckled kind, called the *Anti-Mercurial*. The "editorial bow" begins in a strain of unexampled sublimity, thus:

"EDITOR'S GREETING.—Hail! kind Patrons of the *Anti-Mercurial*, how like you 'the cut of our jib?' But ere you answer, permit us to give you, agreeably to customary usages, some explanation of the motives which induce us to launch our little 'craft.'"

What "cut of a jib" can be more expressively expressed than "customary usages," except usual customs? Ere you answer, please inform us.

MAINE LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The *Commonwealth*, speaking of their recent State election, says, "Out of Boston there are scarcely ten men chosen for any station, who are in favor of its repeal or essential modification."

WATER IN CHOLERA.—It is stated in the *London prints*, that during the prevalence of the cholera in the Polish town of Koval, the worst cases were quickly cured, by giving the patients copious draughts of cold spring water.

COFFEE DRINKERS, BEWARE.—The *Sun* says:—The family of Mr. Chambloss Hancock, of Salem, N. J., were poisoned a few days since, by using the "Essence of Coffee." One of the children is dead, the rest of the family have so far recovered as to be out of danger.

Varieties.

A YANKEE SPEECH.—We clip from the *Aberdeen Herald* the following speech, which was delivered by an annexationist at the recent election for Toronto:

"**FELLER CITIZENS** and horses, hurrah! There's got to be a war. I'm for whipping Great Britain right off without stopping for compliments. We must hustle the British lion heels over head out of the everlasting borders of this here western Continent. Hurrah for the annexation of Canada! We must have the critter, neck and heels, if we have to wade in blood to our knees to pull it from the horns of John Bull. We must do it. Where's the 'possum whose little soul don't echo them sentiments? He aint nowhere and never was. Can't you, and I, and every one of us rouse up the wolf of human nature till he'll paw the whole of Old England clear down below low water-mark! Yes, air-ee. Every citizen of the tail land, from the owl on the hemlock tub to the President in his great arm-chair, is in favor of this all-thundering and liberty-spreading measure. Just let them glorious ideas pop into the United States' cranium rarely, and see if an earthquake shout from twenty-six millions of India-rubber lungs don't shake the whole earth, crack the zenith, and knock the very poles over? I tell you there is nothing on this side of the millennium like our own everlasting institution; nor you can't scrape up a flock of civilized beings on the face of the universal *terra firma*, who know so well to defend and spread them. Where's the Yankee who won't vote for his country within three quarters of an inch of his life, if it tries his soul—yes and his upper leather, too? What's England? Why, it aint anything at all, scarcely. Uncle Sam will take it yet for a handkerchief to blow his nose upon when he gets a cold. We are bound to wake up snakes, and no mistake. Let us once get hold of the job in right earnest, with all of Uncle Sam's boys, and if we don't dig a hole as deep as eternity with the spades of Yankee pluck, and scum the grease spots off the face of the world and pitch them clear to the bottom of it, then I am no two-legged crocodile. When this is done you will set the great roaring eagle of liberty like a big rooster crowing on the top of a barrel. Why, you are all ready and primed for the onset—all you want is a live coal or two of fire dropped on devoted heads to touch you off. Methinks the flashes of fire in your eyes to-day forbode blood and thunder—only mind you don't flash in the pan! If you all do your bounden duty in this crisis, you'll spit the tobacco-juice of determination in John Bull's eyes till he has the blind staggers, when you can take him by the tail and swing him beyond all recollection! Rouse ye, rouse ye—to the rescue—let the shout penetrate every nook and cranny in North America—from the tiptop of the Arctic regions clear to the Straits of Gibraltar. Canada and the United States for ever! begot in a war-whoop, born in blood, cradled in thunder, and brought up in glory!"

The above bit of eloquence is going the rounds of the English press, doubtless to the great amusement of "John Bull." Time will determine how much truth or how much poetry the oration contains. We believe in letting every body annex themselves when it can be done by mutual consent. We have a fellow-feeling towards fair Canada.

STRANGE CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES.—Our Consul at Liverpool, F. B. Ordén, Esq., writing to a friend in Washington, relates some extraordinary experiments which he witnessed at the residence of a well-known chemist named Crosce. This ingenious gentleman has a wire extended around his house, and supported at the height of sixty or seventy feet by poles. At intervals of about an inch, there are metallic points to receive the electric fluid, and when it is discharged from one to another, the sound is as loud, he says, as the report of a pistol, and strong enough to kill an ox. But when the balls are brought close to one another, then the fluid slightly passes along the conductor, and is conveyed to his laboratory, where it is used for many experiments; one of which is the divesting putrescence, another the formation of crystals, &c. But more astonishing than any thing we have heard of, is his discovery of the process of insect development; and as it may be interesting to the curious, we will just give a sketch of the process as we read it. A tubulated retort, with its long end plunged in a glass dish of mercury, has a platinum wire passing through it, connected with the negative pole of a weak galvanic battery. Through a neck in the retort, hermetically sealed, another platinum wire immersed in the caustic solution, communicates with the positive pole. The bulb of the retort is two-thirds filled with a caustic solution of silicic acid and potash. Fine black flints and caustic soda, after being subjected to a white heat, were pulverized and melted into a glass which is soluble in distilled water. The whole was then laid aside, and a gelatinous substance was first observed to form around the bottom of the positive wire; by degrees a curve was formed, and increased, until at the expiration of 140 days, a perfect living insect actually crawled up the wire, with hundreds after him. The insect is now known as the *Acaurus Croscei*. Whoever believes this must say it is wonderful, and our philosopher asserts that there is not the slightest delusion in it.

[QUERY.]—Insects must have been hatched from eggs deposited in the cork, and brought into life by the electricity (?)—Eds.]

YOUNG MAN!—Are you stepping on the threshold of life? Secure a good moral character—and subscribe for the *Transcript*.

script. Without the one you can never be respected in the world, and without the other can never know that happiness which is imparted by instructive reading.—*Portland Transcript*.

[Now we should like to know why the editor didn't include young women and THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL in that notice. Does he suppose a young man can secure a good character without them or it? No, indeed!! But, then, we think just as much of the YOUNG WOMEN as we do of the "YOUNG MEN," and we don't know but a little more. Guess, on reflection, we'll let the young men take the *Transcript*, and the YOUNG WOMEN the Water-Cure Journal. What do you say to that, Mr. Transcript? or, will you split the difference?]

DRUNKARDS FOR THE MAINE LAW.—A gentleman, writing from Springfield, Mass., says:—It was my privilege to-day to accompany a lady, an almoner of the charity of the Ladies' Guardian Society of this place, to the house of a drunkard. And such a house! Shivering, shoeless children, a disconsolate, but still struggling wife—a cold and cheerless room, with scanty and broken furniture, and in short, such a place, and such tenements, as too many of us have seen scores of times.

As the lady presented the gifts of the Society to the wife, the drunkard, now sober, turned to me, and with evident emotion, said:—

"Sir, this is most humiliating to me. With God's help, it shall never occur again. I have been ill and could not provide for my family, and what is more, by my own act, have unfitted myself to be what a husband and father should be, and made beggars of those I love. At my business, I have earned one hundred and forty dollars a month, and might have a comfortable home, but for my love of rum. I cannot resist the temptation to drink when the liquor is before me. Last week," continued he, "I signed the petition for the Maine Law, and God grant we may get it. It is my only hope."

Said he, "Twelve out of sixteen of my companions, who are called incorrigible drunkards, had, to my knowledge, signed the petition the Friday before it went to Boston, and I do not know but that they all signed it."—*Massachusetts Catalogue*.

[This is doubtless the voice of all habitual drunkards, when sane and sober, and we undertake to say that it is the God-imposed duty of those not bereft of religion and reason, to grant the passage of a law which will protect the weak and helpless, and shield the yielding inebriate. The weeping and wailing of countless thousands demand the passage of THE LAW. The prayers of all good Christian women ascend to heaven, supplicating and imploring the Almighty to deliver them, their husbands, sons and brothers, from this temptation. The moral sentiment of our people, and the honest judgment of the civilized world, are combined on this question, and ask for THE LAW. Then let us have THE LAW, and, if need be, an army, manned and equipped, to defend it. But it will be obeyed without military force. Let us do our duty. May God defend the right.]

SUIT FOR PHYSICIAN'S BILL.—By a physician and surgeon to recover \$98 for services in attending a child. It appeared that plaintiff visited the child a number of times, but the precise number was not shown; also, that he used his lancet on one occasion, which he claimed was an operation for empyema, for which physicians testified he would be entitled to \$25 to \$100; but if it was a mere abscess, a fair charge would be \$5 to \$10. It was not satisfactorily shown which disease it was. The plaintiff, on one occasion, had presented his bill for \$46. The Court considered that about thirty visits had been made, for which it allowed \$1 per visit, and \$10 for other services. Judgment for plaintiff, \$40.—*N. Y. Sun*.

[Had the parents of this child been familiar with the symptoms of disease, and its management, they might, perhaps, have saved both the life of the patient and the expense of that sort of medical treatment. But, thanks be to Hydropathy, the WATER-CURE JOURNAL is abroad, and all this will be done away with.]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Boston Museum supplies the following highly important item; whether received by telegraph or balloon express we are not advised:

"For the benefit of that portion of our readers who, under the iron rule of fashion, have been obliged to pass food to the mouth with a silver fork in their right hand, and a crust of bread in the left, we will state that the English nobility have lately decided that knives may be used for that purpose, if the knives are silver. Now this is a very important item, especially to those who are not so

greedy as to be afraid of cutting their mouths if they use knives instead of forks.

"This news will undoubtedly prove astounding to the upper ten-dom, and perhaps so shatter the foundations of fashionable society as to split it into two middle *five-doms*, or perhaps even four lower *two-and-a-half-doms*."

"We hope that some reform will now be effected that will enable poor people, who are unable to own silver ware, to pass food to their mouths with some other article than a fork, especially while eating bean soup or chowder."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—At Haverhill, Mass., last week, Mr. Timothy George, a bachelor of the mature age of 74, espoused Miss Anna Ordway, who had lived in a state of single blessedness for 91 years.

[Not much better, neither, as the result will prove. That's putting it off a little too long, to go according to the Scriptures.]

WATER-CURE ENIGMA.

BY S. A.

I AM composed of thirty-seven letters.

My 4, 18, 6, 12, 8, is a celebrated remedy for diseases.

My 20, 37, 1, 23, 36, 26, is a very troublesome disease.

My 28, 14, 15, 9, 23, 3, is the name of a bath.

My 4, 32, 6, 37, 2, 12, 24, 1, is used in Water-Cure.

My 13, 29, 24, 19, 37, 2, 7, 4, is the name of a popular author of Water-Cure works.

My 2, 18, 27, 30, is the name of a bath.

My 16, 6, 1, 11, 5, 19, 27, is a distinguished Water-Cure physician.

My 33, 5, 1, 36, 3, 18, 6, is excluded from Water-Cure diet.

My 2, 32, 35, 26, 19, 22, is the bearer of important information.

My 13, 34, 10, 31, 17, 26, 19, is a name given to various publications.

My 36, 18, 25, 37, 23, 26, 19, 27, is the name of a little boy who has never known any cure but Water-Cure.

My 30, 34, 4, 27, 3, 25, 37, 20, 21, 28, 4, 12, 19, 37, 37, are the names of a celebrated firm of publishers, in New York.

My whole should be found in every family.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—Old gentleman—Now, Augustus, you have had all the advantages of a good education. You have been well brought up, and, as I believe you to be a well-disposed boy, I should wish you to choose your own profession. Come, what would you like to be?

Augustus—I know what I should like, but you wouldn't let me.

Old Gent.—What is that—a lawyer?

Aug.—No, it ain't a lawyer.

Old Gent.—A doctor, or a surgeon?

Aug.—No.

Old Gent.—A clergyman?

Aug.—No.

Old Gent.—A soldier?

Aug.—No.

Old Gent.—What then?

Aug.—Why—a clown at the circus.—*Investigator*.

[Fun, or pleasure at home, is such a rarity with some children, that when they do enjoy it, they become quite fascinated, and hence would make it a life pursuit.]

We would suggest, that parents should indulge in innocent recreations with their children; and, at the same time, impress them with a useful lesson. By this means, a higher ambition than to become a clown, might be implanted.]

THE REASON WHY.—Among all the good reasons for bad orthography, why we have ever seen or heard of, the following beats all. It was given by the first officer of a ship, as an excuse for the bad spelling in his log-book. He said, "the ship pitched about so like thunder when I wrote it, that Noah Webster himself couldn't have spelled right."

A RUINOUS INHERITANCE.—A distinguished gourmand, upon being reproached about the large sums of money he spent on the pleasure of the table, excused himself by saying, "It's no fault of mine! My father was a great eater, my mother was a great drinker, and I inherited largely from both."

CORTES, in a letter to Charles V., in illustration of the advanced state of society among the Indians of Mexico, says that "they begged in the streets like civilized people."

"ALL'S WELL."

"Twelve o'clock at night, and all is well."

FALSE Prophet!—Still and statue-like, at yonder window, stands the wife. The clock has tolled the small hours: yet her face is prest closely against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing; she *hears* nothing—but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist!—there is an unsteady step in the hall; she *knows* it! Many a time and oft, it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her, and, in maudlin tones, pronounces a name he has long since forgotten to honor. Oh! all-enduring power of woman's love!—no reproach, no upbraiding—the slight arm passed around that reeling figure, (once erect in "God's own image.") With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the performance of a vow, with a heroism and patient endurance *too common* and every day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above!

"All's well!"

False Prophet!—In yonder luxurious room sits one whose curse it was, to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was, when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a gray-haired father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own, in heart-music around that happy hearth. Oh! where are they now? Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen—"Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more!" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it because man is less merciful than God?

"All's well!"

False Prophet!—There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where the lonely dove could fold its wings, when the parent birds had flown. The brooding wing was gone, that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. *Love* was its life; and so—it drooped!

"All's well!"

False Prophet!—Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bedewed face, hungers, and shivers and thirsts, "while the publican stands afar off!" The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for "justice;" and, *unpunished of Heaven*, the human tiger crouches in his lair, and springs upon his helpless prey!

"All's well!"

Ah, yes, all is well!—for He who "seeth the end from the beginning" holds *evenly* the scales of justice. "*Dives*" shall yet beg of "*Lazarus*!" Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our *hedge of thorns* has fenced us in! and, in the maturity of our faith, we shall righteously say—"Father, not as I will, but as *Thou* wilt!"—*Musical World*.

SCENES FROM MOLIERE.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF LEGITIMATE MEDICINE.

ALLOPATHIC PREVENTIVES.

Dr. Spanarelle.—Let me be candid with you, Miss. I do not like that robust health of yours. It is a bad system to be too robust. In such cases, it is always good to take a little blood away. A nice little bleeding, with a gentle lavement or two, will sweeten the humors amazingly.

M. Gerome.—Heaven bless us! Do you actually bleed and purge when there is no complaint?

Dr. Spanarelle.—Why not? What measures can be so proper, or so salutary? If we drink to keep off thirst, wherefore object to keep off disease by a little gentle bleeding and purging? You will admit, at least, that prevention is better than cure.

Mad'le Jacqueline.—Ah, doctor! what it is to be a philosopher! But—but—

Dr. Spanarelle.—But what?

Mad'le Jacqueline.—Why—only—that—that *you*—will not very easily catch me making an apothecary's shop of my carcass—that's all.—*Le Medecin Malgre Lui*.

DIED OF FOUR DOCTORS.

Lisette.—What do you intend, sir, by having four doctors to your daughter? Is not one man-slayer enough for one person?

Dr. Spanarelle.—Be silent, minx! Four opinions are better than one, any day.

Lisette.—Then you will not let the poor child die in peace, but must needs let the doctors worry her to death.

Dr. Spanarelle.—Do you think these gentlemen will really put her to death?

Lisette.—No doubt at all of that. The other day, a friend of mine, by the best reasoning in the world, proved to me how a person, of her acquaintance, who was thought to have died of fever and a fluxion of the lungs, died, on the contrary, of four doctors and two apothecaries!

Dr. Spanarelle.—Hush! hush! You will offend the gentlemen in attendance.

Lisette.—Well, listen to me, sir. Our cat has just recovered from a fall she had from the top of the house into the street below. For three days, she ate nothing, and all that time she could not stir a paw; but, luckily for her, there are no cat-doctors here. If there had been, they would have bled and purged the poor thing's life out, to a certainty.—*L'Amour Medecin, Acte 2, Scene 1*.

NOT IN THE BLOOD.

First Physician.—How many times has he been bled?

Peasant.—Fifteen times in twenty days.

First Physician.—Fifteen times bled?

Peasant.—Yes, sir.

First Physician.—And he is not cured yet?

Peasant.—No, sir.

First Physician.—Then we may be sure the disease is not in the blood. We must purge him the same number of times, to see if it is not in the *humors*. If that don't answer, we can but send him to the baths.—*M. de Pourcaugnac, Acte 1, Scene 8*.

FOR A FIT OF PASSION.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the wind, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

IMPOSITION.—Dr. Dixon, editor of the *Scalpel*, says: "There is a humbug now going the rounds of the newspapers, said to be prepared from the digestive fluid obtained from animals' stomachs; it is an artificial compound of chlorine and soda, and has as distant acquaintance with the stomach, as the brain of the inventor has with honesty."

THE difference between a good physician and a bad physician is truly very great; but the difference between a good physician and *none at all* is *VERY* LITTLE.

STUFFING.—If there be any one feature which above all others characterizes this age, it is that of stuffing. Is not life with us a system of stuffing from beginning to end? As soon as the infant man makes his appearance, we begin by stuffing him with bread and milk, pap and other stuff. As soon as he can well toddle, having stuffed his little "dinner-basket" with mince-pie and other stuff, we send him off to school, with spelling-book, &c., to a teacher, who forthwith begins to stuff him with what he calls *education*!

Next comes college education, which, on the principle of its predecessors, proceeds with the system of stuffing, and we are thus *forced* to swallow Livy, Homer, &c., till we feel fully satisfied that "dead men kill the living." Our education being now completed, with mouth stuffed with cigar and head with nonsense, we are prepared to "start."

We turn to enjoy our social institutions, as parties, picnics, &c. Stuffing again! Thanksgiving, for instance. For weeks before the time we stuff *turkeys*, pigs, and other *sweetmeats*, to fat them. We next kill them—provided they survive their stuffing—and stuff them again to cook them. Now, thinking that we have stuffed the animals enough for *their* good, we next stuff ourselves with them, then go to hear a stuffed minister preach a stuffed sermon

in thanks to God for the high privilege of thus stuffing ourselves.

Returning home, we tumble into a stuffed feather bed, to spend a miserable night, dreaming of stuffings. But it is not yet done, for such conduct usually engenders disease, to cure which, we call a physician—Allopathic, of course—who straightway stuffs us with calomel and other stuff, till we "die dead!" We are finally stuffed into a stuffed coffin, which is stuffed into a grave! But, oh! what becomes of the poor stuffed soul?

Here I sigh in agony, drop my pen, and with moistened eye turn to my wife, that I may rest my wearied head upon her bosom; when lo! the dress of that bosom is stuffed—stuffed with cotton! I have done. A. O. L.

Greene, Chenango Co., N. Y.

MORE TESTIMONY FOR THE BLOOMERS.—I have long desired to cast my mite in favor of the dress reform. I have worn the short dress over a year, and I can testify to its utility. About eight months since, I dispensed with whalebones, and I have taken the liberty to give room for a full expansion of my lungs, for which I am subject to a great many ungenerous, low, vulgar remarks, not only from those who are commonly termed "rowdies," but from those who were formerly my warmest friends. Women who have adopted the reform dress purely from principle, not only find a freedom of body, but of mind; consequently, their feelings and desires are of a higher cast; and I fancy this is the reason why the scoffs and sneers of the rabble do not affect them. I wish to ask a few questions. Why are so many struck with such "Holy Horror" at the sight of a Bloomer? Why are they filled to running over with wrath, because some persons persist in dressing as they please? Why is the character of a woman so suddenly changed, when a few inches from the length of her skirt disappear? Has not an AMERICAN WOMAN a right to make her own patterns, and to originate her own style of dress? By what law or authority is she bound to follow the fashions which a few French women please to introduce? Will some one please to answer? A WELL-WISHER.

MEDICAL LITERATURE, WITH A BILL.—The following literary curiosity, and prescription, says the Port Hope *Watchman*, is the genuine copy of a letter sent last November, to a lady in Cobourg, who has permitted a friend to furnish us with a true copy of the original, and which we lay before our readers as a rich specimen of the brilliant literary attainments and the ever afterwards to be renowned Dr. Smith, M.D.

Rochester Nover 18

Mr C—

Respected Sir. By the request of Miss F— I send you some medosin with this letter Jwdging as acorately of your presant Condition as I can from your letter I send Medosin Marked upon the stople 1. 2. 3. I wish you to take 20 Drops of No 1 as soon after you get up as you can 20 Drops No. 2 Just before Dinner 20 Drops No 3 Just before retiring at night to Be taken in or table spoon but of water Let your Diet be vegetables Morning and Night yousing some meats at Dinner Obtain from tea and Coffey if you can, if not yous Black tea only if you want a Book and a Case of Medosin pleas to Inform Me a book and case of medosin such as you need will be worth ten Dollars pleas to Inform me what your wishes are in reference to taking a course medosin, If you conclude to do so Inform me manwtely of all your bad feelings I Remain your humble servant Dr H E Smith M. D.

State Street 1,64.

M C — Dr
to Dr H E Smith
for 3 vials medosin
\$2.00

The above will compare favorably with much of the "bad Latin" now in use among the "regulars," except in the matter of charges, which are vastly higher. Only think of it. Three "vials of medosin" (colored water) for \$2.00!! Why, that's cheaper than cod liver *whail* oil! though not so good to "greese harness."

SOME wag has started a story for the benefit of those who doctor themselves, to the effect, that a slice of fat bacon rubbed over a person having scarlet fever, will produce a wonderful effect, and cure the disease. A friend, who has been abroad some, suggests, that the most astonishing effects may be produced by rubbing a pole with fat bacon, and then requesting a juvenile to climb it.

MR. COLBY perpetrated a humorous sally in Taunton, the other day, on moving for the dismissal of the witnesses in the Spencer liquor case until Wednesday. He said most of them were physicians in large practice in New Bedford, and if they staid in Taunton much longer the patients would all get well, whereby the doctors would suffer great pecuniary loss.—*N. Y. Times*.

MERCANTILE QUESTIONS.

- Q. What is double entry?
 A. Charging the same thing twice.
 Q. What is single entry?
 A. Charging a man with goods, but not crediting the cash he pays for them.
 Q. What is a blotter?
 A. An editor.
 Q. What is a ledger?
 A. A counting-house companion, upon which people often spend their entire fortune.
 Q. What is a banker?
 A. The man that has the deal.
 Q. What is the business of a banker?
 A. Catching suckers.
 Q. What is an inland draft?
 A. An easterly wind.
 Q. What is a foreign draft?
 A. A glass of something to drink.
 Q. What is a promissory note?
 A. Acceptance of an invitation.
 Q. What is a negotiable note?
 A. Don't know—never could make one.
 Q. What is the chief end of man?
 A. To count coppers, and look out for No. 1.

P's AND PEA SOUP.—Some lover of Pea Soup has perpetrated the following alliterative stanzas:

PEA SOUP.

Of all the P's in Johnson's Dictionary,
 Pe-tard, Pe-ruse, Pe-ruke, Pe-titionary,
 Pea-cock, Pe-culiar, Pe-dant, and Penal,
 Pe-remptory, Pe-nates, and Pe-tal;
 Pe-cuniary, Pe-riphery, and Per-ish;
 Pe-rennial, Pe-trescent, and Pee-vish;
 The P I most approve of all the group,
 Is Pea, the son of Pod, and sire of Soup!

- WANTED TO KNOW.—1. The soundings of a bishop's "see," and whether it is navigable for large ships.
 2. If it is profane to "dam" a river.
 3. If "currents" of the ocean are suitable for making plum-cakes.
 4. If the "tale" (tail) which the ghost of Hamlet's father could unfold, was like the tail of a yellow dog; and if not, whether it was in the style of "Hogg's Tales."
 5. If an editor is under obligations to please those subscribers who do not "pay up;" and if it is not better always to "pay down" than to pay up.

HIBERNIAN BULLS.—One of the queerest animals known to the naturalist, is the Irish bull. The following advertisement is supposed to have appeared in the *Emerald Police Gazette*. In this case the bull happens to be a cow:

STRAYED OR STOLEN, a cow very difficult to milk, and of no use to any but the owner, who has one horn much longer than the other.

In the same paper, Toney Gowan is advertised as having lost "a pig with a very long tail, and a black spot on the top of his snout, that curls up behind!"

CONFESSION.—From the *French*.—A young man who was about being married, presented himself to the priest for confession. As he appeared rather embarrassed, and did not seem to know how to proceed to enumerate his errors: "Come," said the father kindly, "do you ever tell falsehoods?"

"Father, I am not a lawyer," proudly replied the young man.

"Did you ever steal?"

"Father, I am not a merchant."

"You have not committed murder?"

"I am a doctor," conscientiously replied the penitent, casting down his eyes.

A GERMAN author gives the following advice to his daughter. Converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female companions were present.

THERE are now nine Artesian wells at Cahawda, Alabama, which together throw out 20,000 gallons of water per minute.

"I AM glad to find you are better," said John Hunter, the famous surgeon, to Foote, the equally famous droll actor, upon paying him a professional visit one morning; "you followed my prescription, of course?"
 "Indeed, I did not, doctor," retorted Sam, "or I should have broken my neck."
 "Broken your neck?" exclaimed Hunter, in amazement.
 "Yes," said Foote, "for I threw your prescription out of a three story window."

WHAT THE DEVIL SAW.

He saw a 'pothecary, on a white horse,
 Ride by, on his vocation;
 "Oh!" says the devil, "there's my old friend,
 DEATH in the REVELATION." [The Devil's Walk.

A FRIEND wishes to know if the Water-Cure is adapted to relieve the *panes* (pains) of a window. Of course it is. Any housemaid knows that.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—When a lady is crossing the street, a muddy street, it is entirely out of order for a male biped to look at her. It is rude—nay, it is impudent, unless she is a Bloomer.—*Williamsburgh Times*.

A LAZY fellow was sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

A GOOD ONE.—An Irishman, on being asked which was the oldest, he or his brother," replied, "I am the oldest, but if my brother lives three years, we shall be both of an age."

CURIOSITY.—Looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking your own.

"JEKES" propounds the following question: When a traveller is delayed in his journey by frequent obstructions on a railroad, is the misfortune owing to a train of circumstances, or the circumstances of a train?

A MAN in love is a man who wishes to be more agreeable than he can be; and this is the reason why almost all men in love appear ridiculous.

AN old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families supplied," over the door of an oyster shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

COQUETTE.—A woman without heart, who dupes men without head.

WHY are kisses like the creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and very good. So says the Portland Advertiser.

To Correspondents.

GIVE us your facts, in brief. Spin no "long yarns." Where so many desire a hearing, we can give but little space to each. Give us only the gist. Let others philosophize.—EDITORS.

Professional Matters.

QUESTIONS which come under this head should be written on a separate slip of paper, and will be answered by Dr. TRALL.

DIABETES.—C. C., Chittenden, Vt.—This disease is curable in many, perhaps a majority of cases, although it generally is an obstinate one. The leading indication in the treatment is to restore a vigorous action to the skin. Every means which can conduce to this result should be perseveringly employed. The wet sheet, a dry sheet pack, half baths, and dripping sheet must be skillfully adapted to the susceptibility of the patient, and the temperature of the body. Usually the wet sheet pack, with hot bottles to the feet, followed by a half bath at about 75°, is the leading bath in the treatment. The patient must avoid salt, vinegar, sugar, and hard water, and use but very little milk.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS.—W. H., Beaver, Pa.—This is a bad case—probably incurable. But he may be made more comfortable, and regain partially the use of his limbs. He should have a tepid sponge bath daily, and one or two hip-baths, for ten minutes, at about 60° Fahr. He must particularly avoid all constipating food, and use injections of tepid water if the bowels are not free.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF COFFEE.—A correspondent, writing from Orange Co., Ind., informs us that, aided by the teachings of the Water-Cure Journal, he has induced his family to discontinue the use of coffee; but that an article has lately appeared in the papers in which scientific physicians certify that coffee possesses "important medical properties," and his family use this as an argument in favor of its dietetic employment. Our correspondent's family only need a "second sober thought" to detect the fallacy of such logic. In the allopathic sense, diet and medicine are antagonistic ideas; calomel, cod-liver oil, assafoetida, ratsbane, and castane possess important medical properties, while bread, potatoes, cabbage, and apple dumplings possess no medicinal properties whatever. These are simply food. Whenever an article is represented as medicinal, that is presumptive evidence, at least, that it is not dietetic; neither food nor drink.

INJURY OF THE BACK.—M. R. B., Chillicothe, O.—"One year since I was carrying a deer on my back in the woods during a storm, when the lightning struck so close to me, that it brought me almost to my knees, and in regaining my position I strained my back badly (in the small of the back). This still troubles me at times. Will wet compresses or wet bandages do any good, if worn on the spot?" Yes; a moderate douche, and occasional sitz baths would also be serviceable.

VEGETABLE DIET, &c.—E. A., South Reading, Mass.

"Has Smith's 'Fruits and Farinacea, the Proper Food of Man,' an English work, been republished in this country? If so, what is its retail price? If it has not been republished in this country, what is the best work upon the subject, excepting 'Graham's Lectures'?"

Have you ever known a person, in ordinary health, to be injured by abstaining from flesh, and using an entire vegetable diet? The reason of my making the last inquiry is, that I have used but little animal food, or rather flesh, (for I have used honey, milk, butter, and cheese,) for some 12 or 15 years, and about 3 years ago I was taken down with what was called inflammatory rheumatism, from which I have not recovered, and am now troubled with rheumatic pains, tetanus and general debility.

My friends all tell me that my ailments are the consequences of my vegetable diet, or want of flesh, doctors and all. I am not satisfied that their opinions are correct."

[Smith's work has not been republished in this country. You may gain some information, in addition to what is contained in Graham's Lectures, in Alcott's Vegetable Diet, Hydropathic Encyclopedia, Hydropathy for the People, The Organic Laws, all for sale by Fowlers and Wells. We have known persons decline in health on abandoning flesh-meat, and employing a *bad* vegetable diet; but never when the vegetable food was physiologically "got up." Herein there is great ignorance abroad, few persons really knowing what a proper vegetable diet consists in. It is pretty well known that rheumatism, in all its worse forms, is very common among flesh-eaters, hence that objection can have no weight. If you knew exactly what your food was, we could judge something of its probable effects.]

EPILEPTIC FITS, &c.—J. A., Rocky Narrows, O.—It is possible your fits are occasioned by some organic affection of the brain; but we incline to the opinion that the cause is in the digestive organs. In addition to your present management, be extremely careful of your diet. Let it be plain, entirely vegetable, and the farinaceous part of it unbolted flour or meal, so as to secure a perfectly free action of the bowels at all times.

PLEURISY, &c.—A. B. P. W., Dallas, Polk Co., Oregon.—The disease you designate as "pleuritic," is *pleuralgia*, a rheumatic muscular affection of the intercostal muscles, complicated with, and probably caused by a diseased liver. Apply the chest wrapper half of each day; give a half bath at 75°, five minutes daily, if practicable; if not, the sponge bath at 70°; and a hip-bath once a day at 70°, for ten minutes. This plan must be conjoined with a plain, unconcentrated vegetable diet.

Business Matters.

TO PREVENT MISCELLANEOUS, 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.

C. E. P., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Your records of experience in Home Practice are interesting, and very acceptable, but must "bide their time," with a large mass of excellent matter, for which we have no room in this number. We hope that you will be, not almost, but quite persuaded to obtain "a thorough hydropathic education at the Institute," (if your heart is truly with the cause, as we believe,) "and then go about doing good." Accept our thanks for your efforts in our behalf.

STUDENT.—J. B. M. Griffin: The Water-Cure Library and Hydropathic Encyclopedia are essential to you. Others are valuable, but as economy seems to be at present important, you can do a while with those. They contain as much reading as you can thoroughly master in one year, allowing you to be above mediocrity in scholarship.

GENERAL NOTICE.—We must again beg our correspondents to exercise the virtue of *patience*. We have a large number of communications on various topics, on file for insertion, for all of which we hope to find room in due time.

S. C. B., CLINTON, MISS.—We cannot inform you as to the present whereabouts of Dr. S., formerly of Philadelphia.

J. M., PONTIAC, MICH.—If you will give us your views more briefly, we shall be very glad to publish them.

WHEN LARGE AMOUNTS are to be remitted to the Publishers for Journals or Books, it should be sent in Drafts or Checks on New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, properly endorsed, and made payable to FOWLERS AND WELLS, or order.

OUR JOURNALS will be sent in clubs, to one or one hundred different post-offices in the United States, as may be desired. It will be all the same to the publishers.

CLUBS OF TWENTY may be made up of subscribers to either or both THE PERIENOLOGICAL and WATER-CURE JOURNALS. It will be all the same to the publishers. Many subscribers take both journals on these terms.

FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS in the advancement of HYDRO-PATHY will see to it, that EVERY FAMILY is provided with a copy of the Water-Cure Journal for 1853. Now is the time!!

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All letters and other communications relating to this Journal should be POST-PAID, and directed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, No. 131 Nassau Street, New York.

Talk and Copies.

We feel that our readers, however distant, are not STRANGERS, but FRIENDS, with whom we may sit down and have a quiet, familiar TALK.—EDITORS.

OUR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.—THE HISTORY OF WATER-CURE IN AMERICA to the present time, is contained in the published volumes of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. This is the only complete record that will descend the stream of time to posterity, of the greatest reform known to civilized man.

THE PRESENT CONDITION of Water-Cure is in the most progressive and hopeful state. In the rapidity of its world-wide extension and hearty adoption by the people, it has no parallel in the history of reform. All who examine, adopt it, and bless God that a "Pool of Siloam" is opened in their midst, and rejoice in its healing, refreshing, and invigorating qualities.

THE FUTURE of our glorious cause is yet to be revealed and recorded. May we not in respect to that future prophesy? "Are the prophets all dead?" Have we at this age of light and progress no data from which to infer the probable advancements and reforms of coming time? We are not of the stand-still school, nor do we apprehend that all wisdom and improvement slumbers in the tomb of the Past. We have FAITH in truth, and in a glorious future; and in the language of our pious cotemporary of the *American Messenger*, we are grateful to God and our friends for the en-

couragement we receive in pushing forward that incomparable reform which embraces the principles of "LIFE, HEALTH, AND HAPPINESS."

OUR CO-WORKERS are living men and living women, in spired with a holy ardor and a Christian zeal to do good to their fellows. They are not of the hopeless, dependent sort, but have a wish and a will of their own. They would help the helpless, direct the strong, and make the world the better for having lived in it.

PHILANTHROPISTS are those who help their neighbors, provide for the needy, secure the real comforts of life for their families, their friends, and themselves—who develop mind and matter, body and brain, and by living in accordance with all the laws of the Creator, render themselves acceptable to God, and useful to humanity.

"WIDOWS' MITEs" are not solicited, nor do we ask "alms," or "special favors." We prefer to give an honest equivalent for that which we receive. It is by co-operation and the principles of reciprocity that this great work is to be carried forward. We will print—others who feel "called," may circulate to save "the perishing," what we print. Our mission is clearly defined, and we are consecrated. In the great social sphere, each individual has a place—let him find and fill it. Then let us now combine our efforts and move the world; or rather the ideas, opinions and practices of mankind. We surely have a great truth to impart to countless thousands. Let us be placed in communication with them, that we may impart and impress it. Each well-organized brain is a fountain of light, and when filled with knowledge diffuses its rays throughout the spheres. Our lamps shall be trimmed, and set in a blaze. Will our patrons supply the fuel? Cod liver oil won't do.

If the "spirits" of all the victims of the flesh-craving appetites of men are to be arrayed as witness against them, beyond the grave, as some have supposed, our "good livers" will be likely to stand aghast. M. Soyer, the celebrated cook, has made out a list of the "poor innocent animals, birds and fishes," which are slain that one "gentleman who dines well," may feed for twenty years. Think, O ye gourmands! (if any such happen to be among our readers) of the following array of victims:

No less than 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs; in poultry, 1200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 150 geese, 400 ducklings, 283 pigeons; 1400 partridges, pheasants, and grouse; 600 woodcocks and snipes; 600 wild ducks, widgeon and teal; 450 plovers, ruffs and reeves; 800 quails, ortolans and dotterels, and a few guillemots and other foreign birds; also, 500 hares and rabbits, 40 deer, 120 Guinea fowl, 10 peacocks, and 360 wild fowl. In the way of fish, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 120 cod, 260 trout, 400 mackerel, 300 whiting, 800 soles and slips, 400 flounders, 400 red mullet, 200 eels, 150 haddocks, 400 herrings, 5000 smelts, and some hundred thousand of those delicious silvery whitebait, besides a few hundred species of freshwater fishes. In shell-fish, 20 turtle, 30,000 oysters, 1500 lobsters or crabs, 300,000 prawns, shrimps, sardines, and anchovies!!!

FRIENDS of humanity, put forth a little exertion, and do it at once; for now is the time to get subscribers for the present volume. It will be but a small work, if each one of us will take hold, manfully and boldly, to redeem poor suffering humanity from the scourge of disease, "regulars" and "quacks," and restore men and women to health, reason, and common sense. E. B. R. G.

[Thank you, friend "G," in behalf of "suffering humanity," as well as in our own. We should be glad to make further extracts from your communication, but have no room at present. Reader, the above appeal is addressed to you! The friend who makes it, is doing all that he exhorts others to do. Four years ago there were but three subscribers to the Journal in his town (South Hanson, Mass.) Last year there were about one hundred and forty.]

IN the November number of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL I observe that you propose publishing a Vegetarian Department, in the forthcoming volume, if acceptable to your subscribers. As an individual subscriber and reader of the Journal, I would say, publish it certainly. In my judgment there is no subject connected with our physical or mental well-being on which there is more need of light than on that dietetics. PLOUGHBOY.

[You will find the proposed Vegetarian Department opened in this number of the JOURNAL, under the head of *Dietetics*. We hope you will be pleased with it. If you have any important facts bearing on the subject, give them to us in a condensed form, as the space which we can devote to that department is necessarily limited.]

D. K., of Brownville, Pa., thinks he can sell a great many Water-Cure books, when the people in his section have become a little better acquainted with the system they advocate, but wishes to "begin moderately, for fear the people will think they are all going to be drowned." You are right, no doubt, friend D. K. The good hydropath always uses due discretion in his first applications of water to those who have been all their lives accustomed to wet only the ends of their fingers, and the tips of their noses. But if we are not mistaken, even these people will find neither the books nor the water so "hard to take" as they may have anticipated.

PARENTS and teachers, read the following paragraph, and do not disregard the solemn truth it embodies. How often are the noblest and holiest feelings and instincts of childhood thus crushed in the bud:

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go up stairs till I send for you." And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered temptation, to tell a falsehood to screen her fault? With disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh! what were a thousand vases in comparison!

WISHING to make the JOURNAL useful in as many ways as possible to our readers, in all sections of the country, we shall publish in our next number, and keep standing, under the head of "TRAVELLER'S GUIDE," a table of distances, fares, &c., on the principal railway and steamboat routes which, radiating from this great city, as a common centre, traverse the country towards the East, West, North, and South, and connect us with all the large cities and towns of the continent.

We have several new and interesting features, improvements and topics of discussion, in contemplation, of which more hereafter.

We are happy to learn and to announce that Dr. and Mrs. Gleason will lecture during the winter, on the Water-Cure and kindred reforms, in various parts of Western Pennsylvania and New York. This will be good news to our friends in the places they may visit. We cannot have too many preachers of the gospel of health and physical and moral purity. Thousands are earnestly inquiring "What shall I do to be saved?" from those dire evils, disease, drugs, and—the doctors?"

HERE is a brief paragraph from Addison, which those who have entered, or design to enter the holy state of marriage, will do well to ponder:

"Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

PUNCH, who spares nobody, and is no respecter of persons, thus "hits" the tobacco chewers. He don't hit any of our readers, of course, for Water-Cure folks never use the weed. He says, "A man who goes to church to chew tobacco and spit upon the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels and used as a mop."

We have found no room for *Book Notices* in the present number, but shall not neglect that department hereafter. We desire to keep our readers "posted up" in regard to all important new publications, and especially those devoted to the various reforms.

M. F. R.—We have made an extract from your communication in another column. Your interesting "Home Experience" shall have a place in our next number. The sources of discouragement to which you allude will soon disappear. Build up the Truth. Error will tumble down of its own rottenness.

"VOICES FROM HOME," numerous and most cheering, continue to reach us from all parts of the country. An interesting article under this head will be found in the present number, and we shall endeavor to give one each month hereafter.

GOOD BOOKS FOR EVERY BODY.

Books

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In order to accommodate "the people," residing in all parts of the United States, the undersigned publishers will forward by return of the first mail, any book named in the following list. The postage will be pre-paid by them, at the New York Office. By this arrangement of pre-paying postage in advance, fifty per cent. is saved to the purchasers. The price of each work, including postage, is given, so that the exact amount may be remitted. All letters containing orders, should be post-paid, and directed as follows: FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau-Street, New York.

The 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; Dietetics 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. By R. T. Trall, M.D. Two large volumes, with a copious index, substantially bound in library style, with nearly one thousand pages. Price, pre-paid by mail, to any post-office, \$3 00.

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THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

Our
NEW PROSPECTUS
For



[The beneficence of Water, which refreshes plants, quenches thirst, restores vigor.]

The
FIFTEENTH VOLUME,
1853.

HEALTH REFORM is emphatically the **GREAT DEMAND OF THE AGE**. Disease and infirmity hang like deadly incubuses on the cause of human progress, marring the happiness of mankind, and paralyzing the best energies of the human race.

THE **WATER-CURE JOURNAL** has undertaken to educate the people in a knowledge of the **LAW OF HEALTH**; and in fulfilling this great mission, it has attained a circulation and influence unprecedented in the annals of medical literature. Wherever its doctrines are thoroughly examined, they are approved in principle; wherever they are intelligently tested, they are adopted in practice.

THE **PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE** will be unfolded in all its **PHYSIOLOGICAL, SOCIAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL RELATIONS**. Believing that "sound minds in sound bodies" must be the general rule in the community, instead of the exception, as at present, before humanity can work out the glorious destiny of which it is capable, the natural and perfect integrity of the **WHOLE HUMAN BEING** will continue to be the leading theme of the Journal.

THE **PRESERVATION OF HEALTH** will involve a consideration of the relations of **AIR, LIGHT, FOOD, DRINK, BATHING, TEMPERATURE, EXERCISE, CLOTHING, OCCUPATION, the FASHIONS, &c.**, as well as of every other hygienic influence which concerns the growth and development of the human organism.

THE **TRUE HEALING ART**, which may be resolved into the two general processes of **PURIFICATION** and **INVIGORATION**, will be taught by scientific discussions, and illustrated by examples in **Hydropathic**

practice, excluding all drug-medication, and all other destructive or injurious agents or processes.

UNIVERSAL REFORM.—Under our sub-title of **HERALD OF REFORMS**, we shall not be unmindful of any scheme which contemplates accomplishing much or little for the improvement, elevation, and happiness of the human family.

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