

Health, Devoted to physical culture and out-door life.

WATER-CURE

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JOURNAL



AND HERALD OF REFORMS, DEVOTED TO

Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life.

VOL. XVI. NO. 6.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1853. [\$1.00 A YEAR.

PUBLISHED BY
Fowlers and Wells,
 No. 131 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

Water-Cure Essays.

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ST. VITUS'S DANCE—CHOREA.*

BY JOEL SHEW, M.D.

CHOREA (from a Greek word, signifying "a dance,") consists in "an alternately tremulous and jerking motion of the face, legs, and arms, especially when called into action, resembling the grimaces and gestures of buffoons, and usually appearing before puberty." In common English, the disease is called *St. Vitus's Dance*; in French, *Dance de St. Guy*, in consequence of the cure performed on certain women of disordered mind, upon their paying a visit to the chapel of St. Vitus, near Ulm, in Swabia, and exercising themselves in dancing from morning till night, or till they became exhausted. It is said that in those cases the disease returned annually, and was annually cured in the same way.

The accounts of this dance, as given by some the ablest medical writers, are, at least amusing. The paroxysm of dancing, we are told, must be kept up, whatever be the length of time, till the patient is either cured or killed; and this also whether she be young or old, in a state of virginity or of parturition; and in the growing energy of the action, we are further informed, stools, fences, and tables were leaped over without difficulty if they happened to be in the way. Felix Plater tells us that he knew a woman of Basle, afflicted with this complaint, who, on one occasion, danced for a month together. In this exercise it was found necessary to have musicians play in rotation, as well as various strong, sturdy companions to dance with the patients till they could stir neither hand nor foot. Perhaps the most remarkable case of this kind on record was given by Dr. Watt, in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, in which a girl, ten years of age, kept up the most extraordinary movements and exercises for five weeks, sometimes for fifteen hours a day.

Dr. Good mentions a singular case of this disease that was cured in something the same way as the French women above referred to. The morbid movements were in measured time, and constituted a sort of

regular dance, as soon as music was struck up, but ceased instantly upon a change from one tune to another, or upon a more rapid roll of the drum (which was the instrument employed on the occasion) than the morbid movements could keep up with. Advantage was taken of the last part of this very singular influence and the disease was cured by a perseverance in discordant or too rapid music.

Symptoms, cause, &c.—Usually the disease commences with convulsive movements of the face or one of the limbs, and then gradually extends until it affects the whole frame. The features take on all sorts of ridiculous forms, the patient appearing as if she were "making up faces." These are, however, convulsions, because there is neither mirth nor mockery in them. These motions alternate with an apparent quiet and vacant look, in some cases. It is often impossible for the patient to feed herself while the fit is upon her, and it may require two or three persons to give nourishment or medicine, one or two to hold the arms, and the third to seize upon the favorable opportunity for putting the spoon into the mouth. If one wishes to look at the tongue, the patient may have to make several attempts before she can open her mouth; the tongue darts out suddenly, and is drawn back as quickly; the jaws snapping together in the same way. If the patient attempts to walk, she will very likely have to run, the same as happens in *paralysis agitans*. If one part is held, other parts are affected the more. Any mental agitation is almost sure to increase the difficulty; the presence of the physician, in particular, is apt to make trouble, on account, probably, of the fact that a doctor is always expected to do something of a revolting kind. Sometimes the skin of the chin and breast is rubbed off by the friction of one upon the other.

Usually, the convulsions of chorea are suspended during sleep; but this is not always the case. In those instances in which the paroxysms keep on in the night, they are much less than during the day. But Dr. Elliotson informs us that he has seen cases so severe that the patient could not maintain herself on the bed, but would roll off, if she were not well strapped down upon it.

Chorea is, for the most part, a disease of youth. Some say it may happen to a child as early as the fourth year, others in infancy even. It is most common from the sixth to the fifteenth or sixteenth year. Usually it occurs before puberty, and the change that takes place in the system at this period, is very apt to put an end to it. Now and then, it begins in adult life or old age; but these cases are not common.

In duration it may last for a few days only, or for weeks, months or years, and in some few cases through

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*From the "HYDROPATHIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN," a new and elaborate work, by JOEL SHEW, M.D. Now in press of FOWLERS AND WELLS, NEW YORK. Price \$2. Postage pre-paid, 50 Cents.

adult life. Much will, of course, depend upon the treatment and general management of the case. The disease has a strong tendency to cure itself. When it continues for a long time, it is thought to weaken the mental powers, causing also, in some instances, imbecility, epilepsy, paralysis, and other nervous diseases. At all events, it is found in connection with these in some cases. In adults, it is seldom cured, if allowed to go on to any considerable time.

The disease occurs more frequently in girls than boys; some have said in the proportion of five to one, others, four to one. Others still have made out their tables a little different from this; but four to one may be safely stated, as being near the truth.

Causes.—Terror is, beyond all comparison, the most frequent exciting cause of chorea. Not unfrequently have parents and others been the cause of an attack, by purposely frightening the child. It is sometimes connected with worms and other disturbances in the stomach and bowels. The irritation of second dentition sometimes causes it. It has been attributed, in some cases, to solitary vice, and no doubt truly, for that practice tends powerfully to derange the nervous system. Sometimes it is connected with painful menstruation. It has been known to follow a blow or fall on the head, caused in some of these cases probably by the injury done the brain, in others by the fright.

The predisposing causes of chorea, are as numerous as the influences that act to deteriorate the general health. "Whatever tends to debilitate the system generally, and to impoverish the blood," Dr. Wood well observes, "may be considered, in connection with age and sex, as predisposing to chorea, through the frequent disturbance which such a state of system occasions in the nervous centers." Hereditary predisposition is also to be mentioned as one of the causes of this disease.

Treatment.—In this disease, as all others of any importance, the most powerful drugs of all kinds have been tried. Patients have been bled, salivated, narcotized, and purged without measure or stint. If we read the best of medical works up to the present time, what do we find in regard to the treatment of this disease? Precisely what we might expect—that the authorities are as contradictory on the subject as can be well conceived of; there is nothing fixed, showing the whole matter to be one of empiricism and doubt. In saying this, however, I do not assert that medical men have never cured chorea; nor do I say it is not possible for a drug to cure it. The cures doubtless have far oftener arisen from the diet, air and exercise recommended than from any other cause.

Dr. Watson speaks of chorea as belonging to that class of diseases which a variety of drugs are supposed capable of curing—those, namely, which tend to terminate in health. "I believe that many cases of chorea—most cases," says Dr. Watson, "would at length get well without any aid from physic: I believe also that many of the boasted specifics have been quite innocent of any share in the recovery of the patients to whom they were administered."

The great principle of treating this disease is to improve the system at large, and particularly to fortify the nerves. The nerves are always weak in the disease; that is, the patient is nervous. Says our author, in speaking of chorea, "the instrument is not broken any where, but it is slackened, jangling, and out of tune; and we often can restore its harmony by bracing it up again."

Now, in order to cure this disease, we have, in the hydropathic method, a great variety of resources. The rubbing wet-sheet, and wet frictions generally, are to be highly recommended for their antispasmodic and tonic effects. The wet-pack, properly managed, is valuable for its soothing effects. There is, in fact, no hydropathic process which cannot be brought to bear in this disease, as we find it in different cases.

The cold shower bath has been highly recommended

by authors generally, in this disease; but the advice thus given, is, in most cases, altogether too indefinite. The cold shower bath is one of the most severe of the hydropathic measures, and is always a powerful engine for harm or good accordingly as it is used. In some cases, it is certain to make the patient worse; in others, it cures. The general rule for employing it is, to see that the patient has a good and permanent reaction after it. Sometimes the patient becomes warm soon after it, and then afterwards becomes cold; in which case it is liable to do more harm than good. If the shower is decided upon, a safe method is to commence with it at 70 or 80 degrees.

Acute chorea, according to Dr. Bell, may be promptly subdued by sea bathing. The chronic stage, although not removed, is greatly ameliorated by this means, in conjunction with suitable exercises, common and gymnastic, including swimming. Dr. Wood, and various other authors also, mention the good effects of sea-bathing. It should be managed, of course, upon scientific principles, according to the nature of the case. As with other potent remedies, what might be valuable for one, might, in the case of another, produce only harm, perhaps dangerous effects.

It is important that the state of the digestive organs be well looked after in treating these cases. Sometimes, the appetite is voracious; in other cases, fickle; and in still others, it is quite lost; all these things should be attended to in the proper way. If there is costiveness, it should be cured in the quickest and most effectual manner. If menstruation has occurred, and the function be deranged, the treatment should be directed in such a manner as to correct it.

It is said that electro magnetism has cured cases of chorea; but in this kind of treatment I have had no experience as to applying it in this disease.

HYGIENE AND THE MINISTRY.

Glen Haven Water-Cure, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1853.

TO CLERGYMEN: If there is a sight good to see, it is that of a man foregoing those pursuits whose chief end is to benefit him only, and turning himself heroically and calmly to an avocation whose chief merit is that it will enable him to do good to others.

Such, gentlemen, is your calling. You can never rise above the excellence which belongs to it, the innate dignity that springs from it. It is a noble calling, that of a minister of Him who was pre-eminently known for his love of Man. As you honor your profession, from my inmost soul I honor you. To attain its loftiest heights, is ambition enough for any man.

Will you pardon me, as a physician, if I venture to call your attention to some considerations, heed to which, in my judgment, will largely add to your capacities for usefulness, and to your personal comfort?

1st. One obstacle to your success, as Preachers and as Pastors, is the excessive sedentariness in which you indulge. Students, by the necessities of your profession, you must be sedentary. But you push the matter to extremes, and it results in prostration of muscular force, and a muscular weakness is a great cause of disease. By reason of its digestion, circulation, secretion, and excretion are made faulty. For want of a healthful performance of these and other functions, power to think, and especially power to think logically, and correctly, and continuously is lost. So weakness of body induces weakness of mind. Neither physically nor mentally are you what you ought to be, what your congregations expect you to be, what most certainly you would be, if a fair proportion of your time was spent in active bodily employment.

Let me trace this out a little more minutely; for though it will be readily admitted that you are good theologians, I do not mistake the fact when I affirm that you are not good physiologists. On what depends one's power to think? To think usefully, I mean

Given a good brain, a fine temperament, excellent culture, does it not depend on the state or condition of the physical organization? As the brain is dependent for its power on the quality and quantity of blood which flows to it, and as the circulation of the blood, for its evenness and energy, is dependent in a good degree on the vigor of muscular contractions, which, in a given instance, can be put forth, so it is certain that other things being equal, the man who is the most muscularly developed will, and *must* be the best thinker. Want of thought, viewed from this point, is owing to lack of muscular strength; and want of this is owing to your close confinement.

2d. Your dietetic habits are an obstacle in your way. More than of most; for it is necessary that you be exemplars of your faith. Such philosophy as Christ taught needs—as it is worthy to have, men to represent it of unspotted personal lives—men whose habits for their correctness, their simplicity, their complete accordance with their principles, are the theme of universal commendation. Of the most of you, these things are not to be truthfully said. You do not live simply. You indulge in the pleasures of the table. You drink vile, poisonous, unhealthy beverages, such as tea and coffee. You eat bad food, such as richly cooked meats dressed in rich gravies, and made indigestible by admixture of spices. You eat badly, but partially chewing your food, swallowing it hastily, and inducing indigestion, unequal circulation, constipation, heat in the head, and coldness of the feet. You move from the table to the study, and indulge in a cigar, or if not the slave of that disgusting habit, you proceed to read, reflect, digest thought, when to digest food is your first duty. All this is true of you as a class, with the interspersal of those exceptional cases which are useful to prove the truth of a general statement; and, brothers, it is as humiliating as it is true.

From my earliest conception of the worth to the world of the Christian religion, and of the very high calling of a Christian minister, it has been a matter of great surprise how one who has been consecrated to the special work of illustrating this Divine philosophy could consent to depend for his illuminations on the tea and coffee-pot. Tea and coffee have no elements by and through which to elevate your thoughts, quicken your emotions, or consecrate your hearts. They can serve no purpose but to create a flash of excitement, as factitious as it is superficial, ending surely in making you ill-tempered, and at last stupid. In my professional pursuits, I have witnessed scenes in the lives of ministers, which I pray God I may never witness more!—instances where men have lived long enough themselves to see the all-strengthening hand withdrawn from them in their attempted ministrations at His altar, and, in its stead, the indistinct and shadowy, the tremulous and uncertain force which tea and coffee bestow. This is a horrible result for Christ's ministers to see wrought out on themselves, and yet it *must* be so, if they depart from the laws which underlie their being. For it may undoubtedly be said, that to no one does the Omnipotent Spirit appear intimately, except to such as are capable of appreciating His visitations. To such, whether consecrated or not, as indulge in habits which obtund the moral sense, which keep down crushingly their spiritual discernment, which inevitably lead to the substitution of sham strength for real strength from above, Divine impulses, acute, powerful, all-guiding, cannot come. The law of self-respect prevents, for God never forgets the dignity of His character. They find themselves at worship hours, not in the inner sanctuary, with Heaven's azure light playing round their brows like a halo of glory, but in the out-grounds of the temple, wandering lonely, as mourners wander among graves.

Gentlemen, you gain nothing in the way of enabling you better to write, or speak, when of a morning, before hiding yourselves in your chambers, you fill your stomachs with tea or coffee. They may temporarily

give to your thinking power exalted action, but this is nothing worth. Depend on it, that each man, in the chirography he traces, or the ideas he elaborates, only so far vitalizes them as he is vitalized, and that brilliant conceptions and magnificent thoughts, if the product of your morning beverages, will fall still-born on the couches you spread at their birth, and your hearers will be no better for them.

It remains to be shown, that the truth, when vivified by tea and coffee, converts men; but it does not remain to be shown that it converts them when the breath of God passes over it.

Gentlemen, you gain nothing in your preparation for your public devotions of a Sabbath morning by partaking of tea and coffee. They serve no purpose on such occasions, but to cheat you most egregiously, awaking in you emotions that are not less lively because they are entirely shallow, and surrounding you with illusions of the most pleasing and fatal character. Fatal, because they destroy all chances of success. For who can succeed in the ministry, in any sense worthy of the term, when the devotion he shows, the fervor he exhibits, the unction that he receives, the eloquence he displays, the power in prayer he manifests, are all the offspring of his dram-drinking of tea or coffee at the breakfast table, before his feet trod the altar? Surely, to persons in such spiritual condition, though they are overshadowed by the cherubim, and wear the drapery of the anointed, the Holy One makes no such condescension as was witnessed when John baptized Jesus. No dove with folded wing sits serenely on their heads. No voice out of the ineffable glory breathes on their hearers the welcome words, "these are my beloved, hear ye them." But, stimulated by the beverages drunk, they go through prayer and preaching with eloquent declamation, while the Angel of Redemption turns to the wall and weeps, and the truth drops on soil that is barren. Oh! sirs there is much of the piety current among us that radiates from the stomach instead of the heart.

3d. Those of you who use tobacco must find its use a great obstacle to your successful ministrations. A greater and more devoted man than you or myself has said, that cleanliness is next to godliness. Now, tobacco cannot be used without making the user unclean. It poisons him, to begin with. It pollutes his secretions, making them filthy in their character, and rendering their effluvia unpleasant, and their taste disgusting. Who of refined habit can bear a tobacco-chewer or smoker's breath? What of sweetness is there in it?

You lay your nostril at the mouth of a healthy infant, its breath is as inodorous as the vapor of pure water. You come in contact with the expirings of your tobacco-chewer, and your instincts, if unperverted by the same cursed practice, revolt instantly. What sort of revolution think you would pass over your ideal of the Saviour if you were to conjure up the practice of tobacco chewing as pertaining to his personal habits? A tobacco-chewing Saviour! A cigar-smoking Redeemer! The mere supposition creates horrible reactions in a pure man's mind. Well, well! what is your sanction, ye consecrated ones, for so far forgetting that you are "not your own, but are bought with a price, and are, therefore, to glorify God in your bodies and your spirits, which are His."

Tobacco ruins the quality of your brain, narcotizing it, and, through it, the whole nervous system, making those who use it habitually—and all who do use it will use it habitually—practically drunk. There are tens of thousands in the State of New York, hundreds of thousands in the United States—lawyers, physicians, preachers, merchants, mechanics, farmers, operatives—who, from the hour when the Angelic Choir sing the birth of a new year till they chant the requiem at its burial, never see a minute in which they are not drunk. They have not a natural thought, a sober reflection, they know not a healthy emotion, they feel not a legitimate passion, they gratify no pure idealism, they

are not controlled and moulded by a well-directed enthusiasm. They are either in that state where the stimulus of it exalts their vital force, and so lifts them above their natural level, or in that state when it acts as a powerful depressant, and so creates doubt, despondency, or despair. They are drunk with excitement, or drunk with stupefaction. Do you doubt, Reverend Sirs? Take it from them, and see! Three days would not pass over their heads before they would howl like hungry wolves. The lawyer would lose the plainest case ever recorded on a justice's docket; the minister would stutter in the pulpit, like the thief caught with the stolen goods on his person; the merchant would say, a dozen times running, that 4 and 3 made 11; the mechanic could not tell a saddle from a boot-jack. Take it away suddenly, and neuralgia, and headache, and nausea, and pain in the bones, catarrh, and sore throat, dizziness of the head, sleeplessness, irascibility, fault-finding, jealousy, distrust, and every evil passion riot through their bodies and souls like so many rampant devils. Give them it, and Nature resumes her "pian of accommodation." They are themselves. The excitement subsides, and the reign of drunkenness commences anew. They are not the less drunk because they do not show its alcoholic phase. Tobacco has its own way of showing its deleterious and deadly influences on those who use it; but it is not the less certain that it is a path trodden by a drunkard, just such drunkard as God classes with those who shall not see his kingdom. Neither you nor I are to suppose that the drunkard—of whom it may be said that his sentence of damnation has gone out beforehand—is a man drunk with wine, or beer, or cider, or some alcoholic mixture. That's not the idea! It is that he who, of his own free will, puts himself into such bodily conditions that he cannot discriminate clearly, that he cannot reason correctly, that he cannot appreciate properly, that he cannot feel fully, the truth or falsity of any subject to which he or others may bear intimate relations for weal or woe, he shall not see God's kingdom. He may be so excited as to over estimate it; he may be so despondent as to under estimate it; it matters not. He sees through fog, mist, haze; he sees illuively, and he cannot enter. He has closed the entrance against himself, for he has unfitted himself. Your Tobacco drunkard, by the law of moral gravitation, sinks as certainly as the rum drunkard. You and I may make the distinction, but it is clear that Heaven does not, for it cannot; and so it is useless for us to make it.

There is a disease which many of you suffer, which is called ministers' sore throat. This has crippled the influence of many of you. Great numbers of you have sought relief at the hands of physicians unavailingly. Except in the last stages, when the disease has spread itself along the mucous linings to the substance of the lungs, establishing consumption, the disease is curable. It is generally believed that the disease is generated by your pulpit vocal efforts; but this is a mistake. No man has disease of the throat from talking. This produces the reverse effect. The plough-boy, who drives stolid oxen day after day, hallooing whoa! haw! gee! at the top of his voice five hundred times a day, has no soreness of throat. Your captain, or mate of a vessel, who screams vociferously mid wind and storm howlings, is not in the hands of the physicians. Your auctioneer, who for hours peddles his wares under incessant and rapid vocal effort, is not consumptive. It is a mistake, that you bring on the disease by preaching. That only has an aggravative influence, when the disease has established itself. Generally, the disease originates in the stomach, and the seat of it is the mucous coat. It is caused by taking improper food and drinks, whose direct and necessary tendency is to inflame the mucous membrane. Nature, who is wise, after a while, either removes this inflammation by sending it to the throat, and so saves the stomach; or, if she cannot do this,

extends the inflammation along the oesophagus to the throat. The membrane that lines the stomach is continuous with that which lines the throat, just as the skin which lines your hand is continuous with that which covers your face. Now, nothing uncommon is shown when, by a process called metastasis, irritation of the stomach suddenly ceases, and irritation of the throat immediately appears. To seek a cure of the difficulty by applying to the membrane of the throat caustic, commonly called lunar caustic, is useless. No irritation is cured; it is only transferred. This disease is curable, but in no way which does not involve the sufferer in a most rigidly simple diet, freedom from public speaking, judicious hydropathic treatment, and abundant muscular, vigorous exercise. If evidence is wanting that this view is the correct one, it may be seen in the general giving way of the strength of the subject. The symptoms it puts out are almost exactly such as dyspepsia gives forth. In fact, it is in most cases neither more nor less than dyspepsia, whose focal point is in the throat. Just as far as this disease exists in your ranks, it cripples your strength, and is an obstacle in your way. Could you be induced to investigate the Water-Cure, and apply its teachings, those of you who have the disease only in its early stages, would find relief in home applications; others would be relieved at Water-Cures.

Having called your attention to some of the obstacles which hinder your success, and which lie chiefly and mainly in your personal habits, permit me to present some obstacles which have their resisting force chiefly in the habits of the people, whose welfare you have at heart. This latter class of obstacles, it is seemingly to me as much your duty to remove out of the way, as those which are in yourselves. For to you the people look up, and when they look, you should be prompt and competent to teach.

Is there the distinction which the people draw between the sacredness of moral and physical law? The former they regard with reverence; the latter they violate without compunction. The distinction is a false one. Physical law, in its relation to moral beings, is as truly a moral law as that which is usually termed so. That which regulates my relations to my neighbor is no more a moral statute than that which regulates my relations to myself. I am as sacredly and divinely enjoined to be true to myself as to my neighbor; to respect myself as him; to attend to my health as to his. What, then, becomes of this distinction, the moral and the physical laws of one's being, that to the one great heed is to be paid, to the other, contempt? This view acquires importance, as it is looked at in detail. Take the false notions held by thousands as to physical exercise. Parents train their children badly, or not at all. There are muscles in the human body which in such persons lie dormant for years, losing their elasticity and their use. As pedestrians, as dancers, as players at all manly games, they should be expert; and as Christian ministers, who would that men and women should "keep their bodies in subjection," you should set the example. It is not enough that you fulfil the functions of the priest well. Christianity demands that you also unite with it that of the physician. This was the original idea. Jesus preached and healed. The Apostles preached and healed. Their successors, down to the days of Luther, did the same. The monk was not only a priest, but a physician, and, in being such, acted philosophically. Now it is not necessary that the minister of our day should take upon himself the office of curing the sick; but he should so far recognize as his right this obligation to be a physician, as intelligently to instruct those in health, as to all those means which are diversified, yet very simple, and essential to its preservation. He should see that the temple in which they worship has Heaven's air in it. He should see that the seats they sit on are not calculated to make crooked spines. He should feel bound to press on them those hygienic considerations, with-

out which they cannot have health, because without health they cannot serve God acceptably.

WOMAN'S DRESS. Is this a matter of indifference to you?

Graves, fresh and yawning, daily furnish testimonials to the folly of women who sell themselves to Fashion, as slaves are sold in the market. Monuments are seen in every house, in feeble, sickly, ill-formed children, to attest their wickedness. Marble stones are full of inscriptions setting forth how human hearts have bled and broken because women would enter the service of this veiled priestess—FASHION, bartering away the joys of Home, the caresses of their husbands, the society of their children, opportunities of doing good, and of holding high social intercourse, for the smiles of a withered witch, who, early in life, abandons them to the *causa* of the invalid, or to the sufferings and agonies of the dying. And you have nothing to do with it? O! brothers, would to God that consecrated hands had been laid on me, so that at my utterance of the *sesame*, church and pulpit doors would swing, and the Everlasting Angel would bid me enter and preach. I would satisfy myself what honest, heartfelt utterances would do towards working up woman to consciousness of her worth, and to a *conscience* in maintaining it. But alas! men of my cloth are not supposed to have anything to do with the *consciences* of the suffering. And this evil and its rectification lie within the *domain* of conscience. To you, by general consent, is given the handling of this matter. Yet you keep silent. Do you not, can you not see, that to your *theological* there needs to be added a *physiological* department? That instead of discussing splendid abstractions, you should be well informed, and courageous to grapple with practical evils, which subvert health, depress spirit, make thousands shiver in sunshine, and burn up in shade, who ought to be active members of your churches and congregations, "going about doing good."

There is a great reform just fairly begun. It is called the **DRESS REFORM**. I beg you to believe that it has for its advocates, not bold, masculine, self-conceited, brazen-faced women, who, forsaking their homes, their appropriate spheres of duty, their husbands and their children, clothe themselves in their new dresses, and traverse the country for a show. It is not so. A large majority of them are quiet, unpretending females, studiously devoted at home, assiduous in all their duties, who have *lost health* by the burdens (of clothing) which they have been compelled by our remorseless tyranny to carry, and who, becoming enlightened by the study of their own bodies, and the laws which govern them, have seized this new, this magnificent idea, and by it, and through it, have saved themselves. How any human being, with a heart of flesh, can do else than rejoice at the prospect of woman's deliverance from a vassalage worse than that of a harem, I cannot imagine. How any man with the least pretension to cultivated taste, can affirm that the present fashionable dress of woman is *artistic* is a wonder to me. How any mortal, who admires a beautifully developed human body, with its round, full-swelling bust, its broad hips, its vigorous, yet finely turned limbs, its well formed feet supporting the whole with grace and ease, giving to it *breadth of base* and consequent firmness, can be other than outraged at the wasp-like, flat-chested, narrow-hipped, slim-limbed, cramp-footed women of our day, surprises me. Is not all good taste violated by such horrible deviations from Nature? Most certainly it is; and the proof that it is, is found in the fact that just where they are defective in person, women seek to rectify the defect by dress. Is a woman flat-chested? She will give herself roundness by cotton batting. Has she a crooked spine, one shoulder being lower than the other, she pads the low shoulder, and makes it as high as the other. Is she narrow-hipped, and defective in the large muscles which hang on the pelvic

bones, she binds about her a bustle of bran. Have her ribs been compressed by the waists she has worn, so that her dress, properly made, would touch only at her shoulders, and abdomen, and hips, she quilts into her dress crooked whalebones, so as to make it fit her. Her legs, she clothes in heavy skirts, and in long stockings, kept in their place by garters, whose compression on the veins checks the circulation, making her, of necessity, have cold feet, and gradually wasting the muscle of the calf of the leg till it is as straight as a broom-handle from the knee to the ankle: more than this, producing in very, very many cases varicose, or enlarged veins, which deform the limb, making it weak, and sometimes endangering life. O! sirs, if you knew as much of this matter as I do, you would not think a bad type of our women, the man's wife, who on retiring to their bridal bed, began to undress by first taking off her hair, then taking out her teeth, then unscrewing her left hand at the wrist, then dislocating her right leg at the knee, till at last, with bristling hair and eyes wild as a hyena's, he cried out, "Hold, madam! for my sake, hold! if you go on there will be nothing left of you but your clothes." Gentlemen, there is not much of American women but clothes. If you had a "realizing sense" of the ravage which dress is making among women, you, I am sure, would lift up your voices trumpet-tongued against the despoilment of the beautiful *Temples* made for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. You would welcome the Dress Reform with enthusiasm.

Since Mrs. Jackson has worn the new costume, her form has changed remarkably. She is straiter, broader in the chest, walks more gracefully, breathes more freely, and so can exercise more. Patients who visit me, and who wear it, all admit its superiority over the present mode, and often say "that were it not for the persecution they have to suffer, would never put on a long-skirted dress again." I have known women in six months' time, at Glen Haven, to increase in the circumference of the waist 1 3/4 to 2 1/2 inches, without gaining a pound of flesh.

When made of neat material, simply and modestly worn, a woman looks sweeter in it by far than in the long dress. Gentlemen generally commend it, women and clergymen condemn it: the first, because they are afraid; the last, because they think it trenches on the prerogatives of the other sex, not stopping to think that the question is more easily asked than answered, by what authority men presume to claim monopoly in any style of dress? If by the law of natural propriety, it may be said that rudimentally the sexes are alike, women having legs as well as men, and therefore needing to use them, and to do this to any advantage, need less length of skirt than is at present worn. If by the law of *custom*, then if they can change it, the right is theirs. But I must close. I ask of you to be *men*, noble minded, generous men, who, living above prejudice, can do justice to your calling; who, seeking to do good, will not lack courage or heart; who, determined to illustrate the precepts of Christ, will give your influence to the growth of such simple habits among the people as will gradually tend to quicken their perceptions, and so add to the probabilities that, under God's blessing, the truth will make them free.

Yours, truly,

J. C. JACKSON.

CLOTHING.

BY S. O. GLEASON, M.D.

In treating this subject, two important points present themselves to our consideration, each claiming a large share of attention. The question involving the cut, fit, shape, length, shades of color, latest style, &c., we shall leave for tailors, mantaumakers, dandies, and fashionables, to dispose of as best may suit their taste; not having any special wisdom in this department, we think we might as well keep silence,

and let wiser mouths speak. Still, we are willing to admit that much of real interest and practical utility might be said on this point.

The question of *protection against the elements which surround us*, will at this time claim our notice, and engage our thoughts. We regard this of so much importance, that we venture to make a few suggestions on the subject, which, we trust, will not be destitute of interest and utility to the invalid, whose eye may fall upon this article.

The human system has the ability to manufacture a given amount of heat daily. According to the experiments of physiologists and chemists, a person of the usual size, and in good health, consumes nearly 14 ounces of carbon in twenty-four hours. The oxygen taken into the lungs by respiration unites with the carbon of the food, and the result is, that sufficient heat is thereby generated to raise the temperature of *one hundred and thirty-six pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point*, in twenty-four hours. Thus the amount of heat evolved from the working of the beautiful and elaborate machinery we call our bodies, would boil *one half barrel of water daily*, in one year; the temperature of *one hundred and eighty-two barrels* would be raised to the boiling point.

What is now to be done, during the cold and changeable parts of the year in this climate, to prevent the generated heat from passing off too rapidly from the surface of the body? We have shown that heat is generated within; that it does not come from without; hence if we manage to retain the warmth furnished by nature's generator of caloric, we shall need but little artificial heat. The object of clothing is not to keep out cold, but to retain heat in contact with the body.

There are many articles used as clothing which have different degrees of conducting power, and that power varies with quality and color of material used. Linsens are good radiators of heat; hence they are the most comfortable and appropriate during the warm season, when the temperature of the air is high. Cotton goods radiate less rapidly than linen, and are better adapted to persons in a feeble state of health, or to those who possess naturally but a limited power to generate heat. Woollens are the most imperfect radiators of any of the ordinary articles in use as clothing. Hence they are better adapted to the great majority of persons during the colder parts of the year, and should constitute the main part of our wardrobe. Something depends on color. Light shades but poorly radiate caloric, or animal heat. The converse of this law is true. Hence, nature gives the ermine, the hare, and some birds that do not migrate, a robe that changes with the year. In Summer they wear brown or grey, but during the Winter, that a due amount of warmth may be preserved, they are clothed with a robe of immaculate and snowy whiteness. In this we see manifested the tender care of our Heavenly Father even toward the lower species of animated nature. It would be well, perhaps, to follow the teachings of nature, so far, at least, as the color of under garments is concerned.

We would lay down this general rule, that no more clothing should be worn than barely to maintain a comfortable temperature of body, *after giving the system full and perfect use of its powers to generate heat*. If we put on more dress than is necessary to accomplish this object, we actually diminish the efforts of the system to manufacture heat. If we do this, the chemical changes in the body are not so perfectly performed. Waste material is retained, which should be eliminated, while the power to generate warmth is lessened in the system. Organic energy is thus diminished, while the system is poisoned to a greater or less extent by the useless material retained within the tissues of the body. This question magnifies in importance, as we see how much injury may be done by the use of a superabundance of clothing.

We should aim to keep up a due amount of circulation at the surface of the body, or else the internal organs will be compelled to carry more than their share, and become liable to congestions. To do this successfully requires some knowledge and more care, on the part of invalids especially. The great danger with most is, that they will put on too much, rather than too little, and thereby render the skin sensitive, and subject themselves to the slavery of close confinement, fearing that they shall *take cold*, and induce some form of incurable disease. The greater the amount of clothing worn night and day the greater the artificial heat in which we remain, compatible with a tolerable existence; the less food we consume, the less carbon we furnish, the less oxygen is introduced into the system, and consequently we generate a less amount of vitality, while the system is rendered more liable to disease, and suffers more keenly from atmospheric changes. This we have many times seen verified. Patients come to us often with an extra amount of clothing for the season, with poor appetites, while they are sensitive as infants to the slightest breeze. After giving them a few baths, and removing a share of their extra clothing, their appetites put on an amount of vigor that surprises them, and ask, like Oliver Twist, "for more."

The indiscriminate use of flannels next the skin, we regard as a fruitful source of disease, and consequent suffering, especially if put on in early life, and in full health, when the energies of the system are sufficient to maintain, by vigorous out door exercise, the temperature of the body, at its natural standard, with simple linen or cotton clothing next the surface. The extra heat that flannel worn next to the body induces, predisposes to free perspiration, and lessens the desire and the ability for active exercise, inclines to sedentary habits, and frequent recourse to heated air for warmth, instead of active out-door exercise.

Notwithstanding the objections that have been presented against too warm clothing, we would present some thoughts which (as they have been verified by actual observation and practical experience) we trust are of sufficient importance to claim the attention of every invalid; and we hope that many may be benefited by what we have learned from experience.

We inherited a consumptive tendency, and have suffered much from the changes of our climate; consequently have expended much time and thought on this subject, as one of deep interest to us directly and personally.

Our first experience, when a child, was in the use of large, heavy flannel wrappers, worn only during the cold part of the year. But still we suffered from *cold feet* while the body perspired even freely, and often took severe colds. This suffering from *cold feet* is so indelibly impressed upon our mind, that we feel chilly even while thinking how much effort it often cost us to keep them from freezing, while going to and coming from school. And at times, notwithstanding all the effort that could be made, they *would freeze*. We were warmly dressed, too, in woolen stockings, and good thick boots, but all did not answer.

The difficulty was, the flannel was worn *just where it ought not to be*, to secure the best equilibrium in the circulation. In after years, when we began to think for ourselves, we, as an experiment, put on flannel drawers, and left off the wrapper. This answered a better purpose; our feet were warmer, and we took cold less frequently. Still our dress was not right. We then put on a *cotton wrapper*, not a cotton flannel one, and since we have had no trouble with cold feet, colds, or excessive perspiration. Now, it seems to us that this mode of dress for sensitive persons, during the cold and changeable parts of the year, will commend itself to the common sense of all. The extremities are farther from the centre of life—from the heart—contain a less amount of vitality—are more exposed by presenting a greater surface for radiation,

in proportion to the amount of matter which they contain, than the body itself. It seems to us perfectly rational, that the limbs should be the *first* to receive attention, instead of the *last*; and, further, that their claims to our attention are more imperative than the body itself, since their power of resistance is less. If we adopt the principle, that "might makes right," then the body should claim the greatest amount of care and protection, as it is best able to take care of itself; while the extremities should receive less, as they are most defenceless.

Now, we maintain that the extremities should *first* receive additional clothing, and be the last to part with it, instead of the body. This is the reverse of the general custom. Let all invalids and sensitive, cold-blooded persons, who have but a small share of vitality, adopt the rule above mentioned, of protecting the extremities with flannel, and doing that *first*, and we venture to predict, that all will acknowledge a vastly greater amount of comfort than they have ever experienced while piling flannels and white leather coverings upon the body, and leaving the poor limbs to care for themselves. Let all who read this make the trial of flannel sleeve linings and flannel drawers, if they need extra clothing, and only put on an extra factory or cotton under garment. Put on the *limb dressing first*, and some time during the Fall of the year—leaving off the body dress till late as you can. If you do not find that you are more comfortable—freer from colds—then your experience and ours will not correspond. This article is not written for a "half world;" it is our design to encourage both men and women to adopt this method of dress in preference to the common mode. [*Elmira Water-Cure, N. Y.*]

BODY AND MIND—IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER ONE.

BY G. E. TAYLOR, M. D.

It is a matter too common to engage attention, and yet how oddly a re-yoked mentality and materiality—Tangibility and think-ability, united in the same agglomeration of molecules! Now, a common clod, and anon, invested with qualities of, and aspirations to, the Deity. At one view, an instrument, instant at the beck of an impalpable and mysterious will—at another, a clipt divinity, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," to a putrifying, changing, mass of materiality. The right arm is the soul's automatic instrument, and grasps, and moulds, and fashions plastic rudeness, into forms of beauty, for its delight, to gratify, may be, its perille and changeable whim. And again, the right arm, with the whole body, becomes impotent, and refuses servitude; the soul writhes in torture, and impatiently brooks its curtailment, and, as it were, in spite, conjures ill fated spectres, and incongruous shapes and combinations. Its laboring ability is at zero, its aspirations blank, its direction retrograde.

We were never accused or suspected of metaphysical tendencies in our habits of thought; the farthest possible from *that*;—yet one who is constantly, from professional employment and necessity, in the observation of diseased bodies, must see some of the vacillating phases of mentality which are the necessary accompaniment of disease, and observe the reciprocal influences they have over each other. Much of his *tact*, and ability to influence beneficially his patient depend on his right use of this little wisdom.

Every case becomes a narrative and study. We watch, as if it were a flickering lamp in a vapory atmosphere, with intense interest, now the brightening ascending flames, now the darkening descending vapor, with all the interest, but not the selfish cold heartedness, of the gamester. We *try* to an the flame, and to battle

the intangible murkiness, with hearty good will, and sometimes, (it is a complacent and gratifying assumption that we make,) with success. Disease has its psychological as well as material attributes.

Prostration, congestion, exaltation or retrenchment of calorific capacity, cadaverous features, sub-sultus, etc., make a mark on the sensations of the ordinary beholder, depicting with approximative accuracy, the experiences of the sufferer. But to educated tact, the view is comprehensive and expanded. It adds physiognomical characters. The countenance is the dial on which is depicted, with great faithfulness, the descriptive physical qualities of the disease. At a glance across the room, it could not mistake a pneumonia for a pleurisy or phthisis. To be sure the physiognomical signs seem puzzlingly to blend, and so do the real characters of the complaint, in just such proportion. Morbid or foreign materials infringing upon or altering the function of nerves, the impression is at once telegraphed to the soul's dial plate and there recorded. We learn the alphabet, and decipher with tolerable precision, the record.

How we do writhe and strive, and poise our little pop gun artillery against fate, and almost against God, in the event of disease! That "all partial evil is universal good," defies our comprehension, though we admit that there may be much in it beyond our abbreviated ken. That admitted, let the sick then, as most and only consistent with a beneficent purpose with reference to them, seek out the lights of the picture, and dwell upon the beautiful and diversified study that a *slanting* ray will afford. It is such an one only that casts the elongated and deep shadow, melting unconsciously into a broad effulgence, whereby the effect of any variation of position and perspective may be adequately appreciated.

Sickness, then, is not all darkness and pain, and evil. Do we wish to see the soul's daguerreotype? We have often thus, a more favorable light in which to catch it; the obscuring vapors of habit and perverseness are partially cleared away, and if we narrowly watch, we may descry the beautiful proportions of its image. We may often bless the occasion as having shown a clearer and more exalted view of ourselves, and opened an avenue to the inmost penetralia of our nature.

Suppose a case of fever. Vito-chemical changes are rapidly occurring, and the functions, though semi-perversed, are exalted. Life is evolved from the formative material with intensity. There are not only heart throbs, and fever flushes, but exquisiteness of thought and feeling, as well as of sensation. These life fabrics are cast from the machine, with prodigal profusion. What rampant antics the quickly successive thought-gushes will take, as they are cast off unassorted! Fancies, in conception and combination, more brilliant than our brightest moments of strength could conjure. The shallow intellect has expanded to a "vasty deep," and we are gathering curiously variegated pebbles upon its shore. The thick coming fancies crowd our brain even in its newly acquired expansion. We are astonished at such brilliancy, and only wish the power to recall and record its corruscations, to fix the revolving kaleidoscope with its most attractive combinations; but it ever revolves, and each new position is the utter destruction of the preceding.

Our "dome of thought" elongates in the only progressive direction—upward; it rises to a tower, and observatory; we find ourselves standing on Pisgah's height, to "survey the landscape o'er;" we catch indubitable glimpses of the promised land, and we select our boundaries, and our bow.

Can we say we do not derive hence a useful lesson? Are we not shown, as, perhaps, in no other feasible manner, the extent of our capacities? and hereby do we not gain a precious glimpse of immortality, and, we were almost saying, a foretaste of its joys? So, in health, under favoring circumstances and organiza-

tion, there are moments when the spirit half leaves the boundaries of its frail tenement, and seeks its congeniality and heaven-born happiness. Perchance, at eventide, the ear catches the dulcet strains of the far off whippowil; they chime with our heart-harmonies, and our aspirations rise to mid air to meet them. It may be the festive hour, and the lagging common day is coined into golden moments, and told all too rapidly! To behold

"Earth treading stars that make dark heaven light."

imparts an unknown vitality to the blood; it courses free through the animated frame; the exalted soul leaps far beyond its accustomed home, and is inspired to reciprocate woman's rich affections, and to love her gentleness and beauty. And then, again, when sleep half steals the body, will the soul disport itself in playing truant; it meets strange companions, with whom it jokes, and bickers; it visits the "fathomless caves old ocean bears," mounts parnassian heights; space is annihilated, and it travels among stars, as its fleshy counterpart travels in the out-tasselling cornfield; it roams elysian fields, and quaffs its nectar, till suddenly reminded of what world and country it is a denizen, it forgets straight its semi-omniscience, and dons the man again, again to be bounded by a very limited amount of dermoid tissue!

Men attain to this coveted expansion and bliss by snatches of favoring circumstances; they are shown a higher life to be aspired for, and attained to; thought and feeling become permanently quickened.

And so, too, may sickness, as part compensation for the magnitudes of its evils, under favoring conditions, induct us into more choice and reserved apartments of our being; perhaps raise us to a pinnacle from which we may view a land of delights, of which our vision might not in the material state become otherwise cognizant. And we are all the more delighted to know that we view these pictures by turning our gaze within, and that we always carry with us, though ordinarily obscured or stultified, what may be translated into bright visions of angels. The conception is always a prophecy of the possession, by denoting the reach of the ability.

But we have not yet quite done with our fever. It has carried the soul away to its fount of blessing; what does it do with its encasement?

The breath hurries; the pulse correspondingly quickens its rhythm; the heart works right lustily, pumping its liquid flesh with double rapidity through its appropriate canals; the temperature rises. What means this? Did we ever inquire *why* we breathe, and why the arteries contract when in health? It is only, in one aspect, a means of defecation. If we stop our breath but shortly, and it is stopped forever. Waste matter being prevented from elimination, poisons us. In fever there is an extravagant quantity of waste matter, often arising from an accidental change in the blood constituents. Nature tries anxiously its usual and honest way of being rid of it, and by taking on extra effort, usually clears the track, if the doctors have not, in their short-sighted zeal, placed upon it too many obstacles. The amount of *breathing* is the measure of the effect produced.

This is no baleful climacteric; one can almost wish the event to return again, as it seemed only a test of purity and fitness. One gets freed of his dross, his likings become purified and primitive again, and by maintenance of good physiological habits, soon exults in full physical enjoyment.

CORRESPONDENCES.—The title is to a book what physiognomy is to a man: a well chosen title does the same service as a handsome face. There are indifferent titles as there are unmeaning faces. One experiences the same mental pain in seeing a work which does not correspond to its title, as in seeing a man whose mind is not in harmony with his countenance.

General Articles.

DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND PHYSICIAN.

No. XI.

BY NOGGS.

No man knows what we poor Doctors have to undergo. I, in common with the rest of my brethren, had much to contend with in the shape of meddling women, whose inquisitiveness was enough to make one mad at times. The one I most dreaded to meet of late was Jemima, who turned her attentions from my heart to my professional principles. She found her pincushions and other presents didn't seem to make any impression, she would therefore make war upon my practice. She seemed bound to pin me in some way. Soon after my last conversation with her, and before I had time to read her book on the "Water-Cure"—what next?—I was called into her neighborhood again to see Mrs. Brown, who had been suffering some considerable time with pain in her side, with a hard, dry cough, and more or less night sweats; in short, she was in the beginning of a smart consumption. She, as usual, had delayed sending for a physician till she was almost beyond the reach of any remedies, having been induced to try this and that "Cough Syrup," Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, Pulmonary Balsam, Cherry Pectoral, Hungarian Balsam, Cod Liver Oil, and such like abominations, till she had nearly destroyed the tone of her stomach, never very strong; and now, when scarcely able to sit up, she sent for me. The messenger requested me to "go as quick as ever I could, for Mrs. Brown was desputly sick, and needed a doctor bad."

I accordingly started off as soon as possible, but, as usual, had to stop at Mrs. Limbertongue's who lived on that road, and who, unfortunately, "could always tell my horse's step in the darkest night;" and, when at home, in the daytime, would be sure to stop me, to know who was sick; how long she'd been so; how they come so? what would become of 'em? should I open 'em? and then go into any querying that would naturally suggest itself to such a woman: such as, how much the man of the house was worth; and if his wife died, did I think he would marry agsin, &c., &c. I silenced her once for a time, by telling her that I had been to see a woman—who was a well-known vixen and gossip of the mischief-making kind, just like herself, only more so—who had had the misfortune to be bitten on the tongue by a rattlesnake. "O! goodness gracious me," she cried, "do tell; did she die, Doctor?" "No, ma'am," I replied, "but the snake did!"

I found Mrs. Brown very sick, with hectic fever raging high, and a very troublesome cough, laborious breathing, &c. As she had a pretty good constitution, and the pain in her side being severe, I bled her from the arm about a half pint, which relieved her side some—for a while, at least. The next day, the pain coming on again as badly as ever, I applied a half dozen leeches, which also relieved the pain in the side; but the other symptoms, notwithstanding my celebrated cough-drops, febrifuges, &c., &c., did not abate, but rather seemed to grow worse. I then commenced blistering the affected side, and for a week kept on a blister plaster, about half of the time; but, the moment it got fairly healed, she seemed to be as bad as ever, and a good deal weaker. She now began to raise a good deal of bad-looking matter, and her night sweats became very profuse, to stop which I gave her elixir vitriol and Stoughton's elixir; but I found that increased her fever, and I was forced at last to stop every thing but opiates, as everything else made her sick at the stomach.

The opium *seemed* to make her better; but some how, when not excited by it, she appeared worse than ever, and, as I have said, notwithstanding the bleeding and the leeches, the blister and the Dover Powders, Mrs.

B. kept on growing no better every day, very fast, till at last I was forced to stop all medicines, except a little morphine, which she had become so accustomed to that she did not know how to do without it. I now ordered her to leave the country, as the only hope. Just as I was enforcing the necessity of a speedy retreat to some more genial clime, in came Jemima, my everlasting friend. "What's that you say, Doctor, go to the West Indies—a woman as sick as she is?" "Yes, ma'am, that, I am sorry to say, is her only chance." "But, my dear Doctor, it seems to me cruel to send a woman away out of her native land, thousands of miles from her family—a family of young children, too." "I know it's bad to leave one's friends and native land, but it is worse to die, Miss Peppercorn." "I don't know about that, Doctor; for my part I had about as lives die at home, surrounded by kindred and friends, as to live, if living it may be called, in exile on a foreign shore; but, Doctor, are you sure she will get better, permanently, by a voyage to Cuba?" "We are not sure of any thing, Miss Peppercorn; but this we have every reason to believe is the only chance for her; medicine we can't give." "Pray, Doctor, what is the reason you did not think of this in the first place?" "Why, ma'am we naturally want to try all other medicines first." "I suppose so, if you knew of any that would do good; but do medicines ever do good in such cases?" "That's a pretty question to ask a doctor, Miss Jemima." "I know it, Doctor; but you must know that five or six have died in this little town during the last year of consumption, and all of them kept taking the medicines, 'remedies,' as long as they could, and just at the time they couldn't take any more, and could scarcely sit up long enough to have their beds made up, the Doctor ordered them to change their residence for a warmer clime. Now, it does seem to me that they ought to have gone in the first place, if at all." "Well, madam, you know best, of course. I have done my duty, and will bid you good morning." "Don't take on so, Mrs. Brown. I don't believe a word Dr. Pillicoddy has been telling us this morning about the necessity of leaving the country. I will go myself this afternoon, and see the 'German Doctor,' and get him to come and see you. I don't believe but what he can help you." Accordingly, Jemima, who, ever since the wonderful effect the baths, &c., had had upon her mother, was most enthusiastically in favor of water, and bitter as gentian against medicine, started in pursuit of the new German Doctor, who had lately come to town, and was beginning to make the good people of Ragged Hill and vicinity open their eyes in perfect bewilderment, at the impious manner in which he attacked diseases—long-cherished and carefully-nursed diseases. Almost the first thing Dr. Leintuch did was to souse his patients into water, washing them all over as if they were only so many sheep; and patients who, for years, had known water only as a drink in very hot weather, and as a convenience once a day to wash their faces and hands with, now found themselves not only washed all over, but absolutely wrapped up in it by Dr. Li., who averred that it didn't hurt humans to be clean any more than it did sheep or horses! He avowed, furthermore, that the neglect to keep the skin open and clean was a fruitful cause of disease; and that over-eating was a sin, and led to all sorts of vices and disease, and it was right and proper, when sick especially, to stop sinning.

These, and other monstrous doctrines, he advanced, till the people round about were almost ready to mob him, and Dr. Ipecac said he would be one of fourteen to ride him on a rail, as he considered such interlopers "a decided nuisance," which ought to be puked out of society; but somehow or other the other thirteen were not forthcoming, and Dr. Leintuch kept on his way, giving now and then a little powder which no man could smell, taste, or feel the effects of, for by and through this he was enabled to make his patients believe that water, properly applied to the surface of the body, and even drank cold from the well in a fever,

wasn't absolutely and necessarily immediately fatal. But never will the good people of Parson Let-'em-sleep's Society, as a general thing, get over the shock produced by the promulgation of these heresies among this hitherto orthodox people. Mrs. Limbertongue, who lived close neighbor to Jemima, declared it to be her 'pinion that that are Doctor Lyintuck want no better than a Catholic Jew; for her part, she didn't mean to countenance any such imposterous furriners—the scripturs said "the whole didn't need any physicking, but they that were sick;" which plainly proved that physic was necessary when folks were sick. Jemima—who had now become a convert to the new doctrine of the German—modestly suggested to Mrs. Limbertongue that she had made a slight mistake in regard to the pronunciation of the word she called "physicking," the which altered the sense very materially; but the old woman guessed she could read, if she hadn't been to the Macademy. She said the sense of the passage told the story! So Jemima had to give it up, for when a thing like this is "nailed with Scriptur," it's of no use to contend farther. Poor Mrs. Limbertongue, how she did have to work to counteract the heresies of Dr. Leintuck! She declared it was blasphemy and tempting God, and she didn't know what would come of it; it was so unnatural not to give no physic when a poor fellow-creature was sick, and had always been brought up on't, as it were.

"Why, Mrs. Limbertongue," said Jemima, "you don't mean to say that it is unnatural for folks to take cold water, do you, when burning up with fever?—it seems to me the most natural thing in the world. I know I always want it, sick or well, and nothing else." "Ah! Miss Jemima, you wouldn't talk so if you had heard our good brother Let-'em-sleep preach the other day; he told us the natural desires of the human heart are all sinful."

"Then agin," said Mrs. Limbertongue, "what on earth were all the medical 'arbs made to grow for, if not for medicines?" This Mrs. L. considered a poser, as the little doctor down in Quincy did. Jemima quietly replied, that she presumed the Lord knew what he made 'em for; and no doubt he had some good end in view; but that she had yet to learn that he had commanded any body to eat poisonous herbs, any more than he had poisonous drugs or reptiles.

Judge of the delight of the tender-hearted Jemima, and the pleasure of the patient and friends, when Dr. Leintuck, who arrived in the evening, told them that there was some hope for Mrs. Brown yet.

After a careful examination, he found that only one lung was seriously affected, and that, he was convinced, was brought on by previously existing disease in the liver and digestive organs generally; and no wonder, he said, the drugs did not help her, for they were all the time irritating these organs, and thus perpetuating the diseased action all through the system. Stopping the drugging half cured her, for then the lungs had not so much irritation to sympathize with, and the application of the water so soothed the long abused nervous system that the poor sufferer seemed to be all at once in a new world.

"Jef," who heard Jemima tell a friend this, remarked, that he guessed she would have been "in a new world" in reality in a few days more, if she hadn't changed doctors just as she had!"

A LETTER.

PLAINFIELD, Mich., 1853.

TO MY AUNT DOWN IN YORK STATE:—*My Dear Aunt*—You can't think what excellent health we all enjoy since we began to read what those people down in that direction have to say about cold water, Fillicoddes, and nature. It is certain they are doing a flourishing business in the way of curing sick folks, and keeping well folks well; but then you know we

all have what we call individual interests to look at, which should make us very considerate. For instance, there is my sister's husband's brother, who is a doctor, you know. He says, he has been injured amazingly already by this letting the cat out of the bag, and giving the whole world a glimpse of her. Now, there is old Mrs. Deacon Butt's three weakly daughters, who used to be acquainted with all the young doctors for twenty miles round. They told me the other day, they had regained perfect health by doing just what all the other doctors said would surely kill them.

Now, my sister's husband's brother used to be a regular boarder there during the sickly season, it being situated about the middle way of his ride; and he used to work it so as to make his calls seem very necessary to their temporal well-being, so it paid well. (The deacon is rich.) So, you see, the trade has entirely stopped in that direction; and not only there, but it keeps falling off all around. He says, too, it is getting perfectly insupportable to hear the old women go on about the laws of nature; the restorative properties of water; infringing the laws of health, perfecting the human race, and so on; just as though it was all bran new. Some even insinuate the people are getting to know more, even in Michigan, than the regulars. "O," says he, "little did my father think when he sent me to this prowling wilderness to practice, that it would ever come to such a pass." Then he seemed to revive a little, and went off in a shower of the jawbreakingest nonsense you ever heard; and then wondered how long it would take Mrs. Deacon Butt to learn that. No one can help sympathizing with one's relations; can they?

And then again, there is my other sister's husband who is studying politics; he says, he should get on fine if matters would stand still a bit; but no, they must keep up such a fuss about Fugitive Slave Law, old fogies and young fogies, Main Liquor Law, Women's Rights, &c., that there is no telling where to take hold, or whether or not to keep hold, when you get a hold. He seems to look at the foundation of this wide-spread ruination, and says, when the abominable science of Phrenology was started, the path of individual aggrandizement began to be choked; and matters have grown worse ever since. "Yes, said he, "it was found out that one man had as many bumps on his head as another; and they say too, it only needs culture and progenitive forethought, to make the whole race smart. Now, he says, such stuff will have an effect; and that matters are not as good as they were as long ago as he can remember. He says the worst is to come yet; and if every body could see as far as he can, they would certainly have things stop a little. That eternal talking they keep up about nature, he shouldn't wonder if it changed the whole structure of society—morally, politically, and physically. "And, says he, "I shouldn't wonder (bringing down his little white fist, that has never done anything) if it went to such a pass that folks would think after a while they did not need much law—institute individual government, founded on the nature of man, relative necessity, &c. Then away go all our old systems of laws and ethics. No man could put due restraint on his wife's actions, (may be women would go on kind o' regular, to let them have their own way, but I doubt it,) and folks wouldn't pay the preacher ten dollars to marry them; but would kind a congregate in families, like the pigeons, and may be get on harmoniously, too. Then what becomes of us political, and doctoring gentry. They say now we are all supported by the hard working class, and paid for doing nothing, or that which is worse than nothing. Well, if things don't stop pretty soon, there is no telling what they won't come to. There is no telling which is the big side any more. I am afraid the old won't pay to start on, for it is going down, and the new won't pay, for it teaches folks to take care of themselves. As a shocking proof of these disastrous

affects, look at the Liquor Law, in this State—ten thousand majority for the law; and some, who were actually drunk at the time, voted for it. They couldn't take our advice, and wait till 1870 for the law; but say they, if it will do good in '70, it will be good now. Lots of my relations will be ruined by it."

"There, now," says he, "I am sick of it;" spouted something about mediums, and clairvoyance, and folks getting so clear sighted, they could see a thought before it was thought of.

He seized his hat and cane; wished he was in Turkey; said, that again reminded him of that detestable Vegetarian Society, (it being half-past eleven,) actually swore the following couplet:

"I wish I never had been born,
To witness such ——— reform."

"Yes, reform, forsooth; nobody knows what a thing is by its name any more."

He went out, his mind in a bad state, to be sure. Now, aunt, don't you think we had better hold things back a little, till our relations get a start. I think my sister's husband would get on fine, if things would hold still a little while. I am not sure but that it is the women, as much as the men, down there, that are making such a fuss. Write to me, dear aunt, kind o' privately, and tell me all the new theories and inventions. I like to find out about them, you know; but hate to see such general divulgence, for you know every body can read now-a-days.

Good bye, aunt. I shan't say any thing against your advancing my arguments down there, to stop things a little, for we do feel some alarmed. I don't believe in being set on either side, and so be ready to look both ways, in case you have a chance to make any thing; that is what I tell my sister's husband, and the doctor, but they seem to think a man of standing must be one thing or the other.

I would write more, but may be this is not an old enough place to shell many good thoughts out of; so good bye, aunt. From your affectionate nephew,
SINISTER PRA SUCKER.

To Aunt Flamingo Porcupine, down in York State.

P. S.—We take the Journals and Student, and shall be ready to know something when we think it will do to show out. Good bye again.

COLLOQUY—NO. IV.

[SCENE.—Thin Gentleman and Clergyman sitting by a large open window, commanding a view of a pleasant landscape, in the centre of which reposes a sheet of clear water, partially shaded by trees.]

Clergyman. I have preached, or tried to preach, the Gospel of our Saviour according to his inspired disciples and Apostles, for nearly twenty years. I have seen isms come up like pools of water and go down. I have seen men with wild eyes and countenances and hairy mouths, yea, with disgusting and barbarous beards, going about the country and preaching of the good time coming—of the inefficiency of our Holy Bible to the salvation of men. Yea, sir, I have spoken with such men, in earnest and prayerful sympathy, concerning their doctrines. I have heard them say that old things must be done away; that old systems must give way to new; that custom did not make a thing so; and, O! so much nonsense. But (*smiling complacently*) I have always said to them, Ye are but wild men of the wood, that go up and down, seeking what ye may devour. Ye will pass away like mist before the sunrise. And they have passed away; but others (*seriously*) have arisen to their place. This life is indeed a warfare.

Thin Gentleman. I agr—

Clergyman. Antiquity has no venerableness in the eyes of some. Tho' a thing may have the sanction of ages, very many ages, the approval of the learned, the holy, the good of all time, it matters not to some.

They still insist on change. Progress is their word. Progress, indeed! progress backwards! Progress in the retrograde, indeed! And whosoever leaves the standard of faith and repentance, whosoever denies Christ and him crucified, whosoever ceases to contemplate the bleeding lamb, the sacrifice on Calvary, he it is, indeed, that progresses backwards, yea retrogrades, to ev-er-la-sting damnation.

T. G. (His nose and forefinger pointing very precisely at an imaginary point.) You seem to lose sight of the point, sir. You make another application. Let us come more to the point, sir. Your remarks are too general. I took the position, when we were talking in the other room, that drugs are not remedies. I know this is an ultra position; but I think I can sustain it. Now, do you say drugs are remedies?

Clerg. (Positively.) Yes.

T. G. (In a wiry manner.) That shows, then, where you are. Now let us have your arguments; you have heard some of mine.

Clerg. (Doubtfully.) Yes.

T. G. I know you have them. I used to have them.

Clerg. It's true, I have them. I will state to you, without fear of contradiction, that I have seen many cases where medicines did work unequivocal cures. I could cite to you instances. Now, sir, I will appeal to your own experience.

T. G. (Shuddering.) Don't appeal to my experience. It's too ghastly—horri—quite—too—horrible.

Clerg. However, I will appeal to your own experience. You must own, in spite of your recent notions, that medicines have appeared to cure.

T. G. Appeared to cure. Yes. But in all my experience—I wish I could blot it out, even as I could take my own life, I would do it—in all my experience I never knew, out of thousands of cases to the contrary, but *one real radical cure*; unmistakable, you understand.

Clerg. (Warning.) Well, one is enough to establish a principle. Come, now, be candid, and own it.

T. G. I do acknowledge it.

Clerg. (With a dash of suspicion.) Why should we argue, then?

T. G. There is no need of further argument, if you will allow such a cure to be wrought in yourself.

Clerg. (Strongly mistrusting game.) How?

T. G. This cure was a *mental cure*. The administering of drugs to myself and others, cured me of my infatuation regarding their efficacy.

Clerg. It is not my custom, sir, to allow joking in serious argument. (*Looking two daggers, one out of each eye.*)

T. G. I beg pardon, sir. I was obliged to be humorous. My retrospective contemplations are too horrible.

Clerg. If you were reasonable, it would only be necessary to point out the apparent cures, and you would feel that they were real. However, I have some Scriptural arguments, in which I probably have more faith than you have.

T. G. What are they? I haven't thrown away the Bible yet.

Clerg. Well, sir, Christ spat on the ground and made an ointment.

T. G. Yes, sir.

Clerg. Moreover, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, oil and wine were used. Do you suppose our Saviour would have thus sanctioned utterly worthless drugs? Moreover, the inspired Apostle says, Take a little wine for the stomach's sake. What do you make of all these?

T. G. I wish I could convince you as easily as I can fold these arguments away. Christ spat upon the ground and made an ointment. Was the restoring of the lost sight a miracle then? or did he take that means to make his miracle more manifest?

Clerg. I beg that you avoid humorous allusions in connection with the Bible, sir?

T. G. Well, I honestly think he did. Yet what is the context? "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." How near does that come to a water-cure, I would ask? The ministrations of the Good Samaritan, you know as well as I do, were spoken of to show the goodness of the man, and can no more be introduced to substantiate your position than can the three pence given at the inn. "Take a little wine for the stomach sake." Perhaps the presence of drugs required it. At all events, you have in the pulpit often declared that Paul was not always inspired. I leave it to your conscience whether he was or was not when he wrote that sentence.

Clerg. I am sure I don't know. (*Pause.*) I see we must leave this where we found it. However, I would ask you if you have any but apparent cures by water?

T. G. (Brightening greatly.) I can tell you what we have. We have cases of death from unskillful use of water; and we have the satisfaction of seeing multitudes arising from their beds and walking, quite apparently through the curative influence of water; that, too, when "all that could be done" has been most faithfully done. Again, we have the satisfaction of seeing a first principle working itself out into manifest realities. The language of this principle is, Nature performs her own cures, only requiring artificial application of the *same means* she herself uses—an encouragement and rational gratification of those impulses which she, guided by Omniscience, always begets for her own salvation. This first principle is directly opposed to the foundation upon which rests your respected Faculty; and, perhaps, you will not acknowledge the principle; but take it for granted, and you must see there is no better test of a thing to discover whether it be a remedy or not. That is, if a thing prove to be of the same with the means Nature uses it must be a legitimate remedy; if not, it is not a remedy. You must allow, too, that the fact of skillful men poisoning their patients repeatedly, even unto death, when laboring so strenuously for their cure, goes far to prove that drugs are not remedies, or if remedies, were not intended for, and can never be made to apply to the human organization, as the use of them requires more skill than man seems to possess. This is a serious and important fact. But the best test is by the first principle I have alluded to. If it be true that Nature performs her own cures, only needing artificial application of means, such as she uses, then our study is to find out her means—to watch her impulses, blind tho' they may be regarding exterior things, yet ever true to the immortal principal within, watch them, study them intelligently. It is this intelligent research that has led so many to "throw physic to the dogs." This research has shown men that *no poisons* are furnished by Nature for her own relief. This has shed a wonderful light into the minds of those who had debated long, and with many pangs of conscience, concerning drugs. It has shown them that the experience of mankind regarding medicines in all time has been but a frantic groping without path or landmark.

Clerg. I see you have thought on this subject more than I have. I am afraid you are employing sophistry. It's my opinion, and has been for a great many years, that what the whole world has for so many centuries sanctioned ought to be received as true, at least ought to be very carefully approached. I am afraid you do not sufficiently respect the universal opinion of mankind.

T. G. With due deference, let me say it, I cherished that indolent manner of disposing of misgivings for many years. I did it till I could do it no longer, and retain self-respect. The antiquated opinions of mankind! Why, I have often had the fanatical idea come into my head, that what men have longest clung to should be soonest attacked. And not so fanatical either.

Clerg. Don't, don't, sir, now I pray, don't get ab-

surd. That will be the end of a fair argument, you know.

T. G. No danger of absurdity. I want to ask you if the almost universal experience of mankind in favor of monarchy justifies that hoary institution in your eyes? Would the Brahmin's response, "I do what my forefathers have done for ages unnumbered, when I bow down and worship gods of wood and stone," make you treat idolatry with respect, or cause you for a moment to feel that its antiquity was any reason why it should be perpetuated? Would the devotee, who bows towards Mecca, find favor in your eyes by saying, "Lo the great men and the wise have for ages done the same"? I suspect you would say as I do now—The experience of mankind is no guide, only a confirmation, and must not thrust aside a self-evident truth, though new to us.

Clerg. I plainly see I am not the man to carry on such a dispute. I would refer you to some one more skilled in the effects of medicine.

T. G. I tell you again, I allow no apparent cures, and that is all the best of them can furnish. What do I care if a man who had gorged bacon and sour krant until his intestines were inflamed by the poisonous atoms which such food contains, was apparently relieved by a dose of rhubarb, or castor oil, or calomel, or salts, or spikenard, or what not. He may have been relieved; a man may be relieved for the time being, if, hanging by his neck, he be reversed and hung by the heels; but that don't constitute the latter operation a remedy. The Faculty deal with the human organization as though it were nothing but a crucible of approved material, into which a complex compound has been poured, and it were their business to regulate that compound by adding chemical compounds thereto.

Clerg. But isn't a drug a remedy, when given as an antidote in case of poison?

T. G. Just as much remedy as going from a hot oven to the open air would be a remedy for suffocation, or the skillful use of the sword in defence a remedy for stabbing. You are aware that drugs in such a case are of no account unless administered before the poison has commenced its deadly work.

Clerg. You must own, after all, then, that they are sometimes remedies.

T. G. Grant that they are, what do you gain?

Clerg. Gain my point.

T. G. (Irritated.) I am content to leave you your point; but let me tell you, that mangling the body, or swallowing poison, are quite different from what is termed disease. I know Webster gives considerable latitude to the word remedy; but I'm talking about remedies that are curers. (*Consulting his watch, and rising.*) My hour is up. I hope some other opportunity may be given for us to discuss this matter. I don't feel as though I had done the subject any thing like justice. [*Exit.*]

Clerg. (Looking after him.) Um! fanatic! He walks like a fanatic. He has the expression of a fanatic. I don't wonder at his being any thing absurd even an infidel at last, and an inmate of the insane asylum.

[*Exit, disappearing.*]

GOOD ADVICE FOR WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

BY C. B. H.

FROM the frequency of the small subscriptions in this vicinity for your valuable JOURNALS, you can infer they are beginning to be appreciated here. For the last six months, there has been much inquiry for Phrenological and Physiological works. A few copies of Dr. Trall's Hydropathic Encyclopedia have recently been sent for, and several other copies will be ordered in a few days. The people are beginning to learn that

"the proper study of mankind is man." They believe they have been drugged quite too long for their physical as well as pecuniary good, are fully satisfied there is a more excellent way, are determined to investigate the merits of that Better Way, and, as far as possible, test it by home practice. We are, most emphatically, a drugged people. The idea has gone forth, and is too often most sanctimoniously believed, that drugs are peculiarly adapted to the citizens of the West.

Most individuals coming West, hear that prevalent diseases stalk through our midst like a withering sirocco, and they almost invariably lay in a double portion of quack nostrums, to be devoured on their way, or to be taken after they arrive among us, under the mistaken impression that those diseases can only be warded off or checked by the introduction of virulent poisons into the human system. With trembling steps they come to the far West, and, were it not for their continued fear that some secret disease was just about to fasten upon them, a thousand times more to be dreaded than the bite of a rattlesnake, it would be to them almost an earthly Paradise. Those coming from the East, who have abandoned the use of drugs for years, and have substituted water for their remedial agent, are often very gravely informed, that it may possibly do in the East, but will never, never do in Wisconsin.

Now, I have a word to say to those wishing to visit or settle among us. Do not trouble yourselves about bringing your apothecary shops with you. They are already here in abundance, and their shelves are loaded with all the heterogeneous mass of deadly poisons that ever grew out, or was ever dug from, the earth; papered, boxed, bottled, labelled, compounded and prepared, to your liking; clerks enough, who are ready and willing to weigh or measure them out to you; druggists who are extremely glad to change them for your dimes; and a plenty of physicians to prescribe to you the best time and best way to take them; and, if not already mixed, they will fix them in the very best proportions, to promote your best health [surest destruction.] (You will, of course, not forget to pay these young Esculapians a trifle, for their sage advice.) But to those who have taken all the bitter pills they wish, have been oftentimes more than satisfied with the rich, sweet, odoriferous perfumes escaping the Dr.'s saddle-bags, who have been cupped, blistered and bled to their hearts content, but are still fearful of falling victims to some of the diseases so peculiar to the West, I would say, if you have learned to take care of yourselves, while at the East, you have nothing to fear in coming to the West. The same consistent course that has laid the foundation for health and happiness there, will as surely promote both here. Human constitutions are very similar in both places; physical law precisely the same. Poisons here are exactly the same as there, and those who tamper with them, give unmistakable signs that their tendency is only to kill. Even if your physical system here undergoes a change for the worse, you can rest assured that drugs undergo no change for the better. Do you say, water is not the same here as at the East? True, we have our stagnant, unhealthy pools, and so have you. We have our healthy and unhealthy locations, and what country has not? But our Creator is kind; "Resends his rain upon the just and the unjust." With very little trouble, all may have water, if they will, almost as pure as it falls from the clouds; and my own observations and experience, during a brief residence of two years in Wisconsin, have taught me that water is the same blessed curative agent here, as in other places; and I will venture, for once in my life, to prophesy, that, though among the last of the States that have been settled, we shall not be last to appreciate its complete remedial virtue. And now, if I have not wandered too far from the sphere of an humble farmer, by attempting to pen an article for the WATER-CURE

JOURNAL, I may be induced to write again, and tell you what water has done for me, and also what I have seen it do for others in our Western world.

[*Rundolph, Wisconsin.*]

Practical Hydropathy.

CHRONIC MUCOUS DYSPEPSIA.

BY G. L. STEVENS.

SOME four years since, whilst engaged at steady, active, out-door exercise, although I had formerly possessed a strong constitution, I was by degrees attacked with a severe dragging pain, and other difficulties in the stomach. I immediately employed allopathic counsel, (as I then knew of no other,) and was then informed that a derangement of the liver was the cause of my difficulty. The usual remedies, (so called,) were soon administered, such as emetics, calomel and cathartics which relieved me for a short time. But the disease soon returned with redoubled fury. I applied again and again, each time to relapse into a worse condition than before. I consulted a number of other allopathic physicians with the same result; being informed repeatedly that I had the liver complaint, and that something must be done immediately, as it would soon be too late. They were all anxious to give me medicines, but none of them did me good. I then tried homœopathy for a few months, and was treated for a disease of the heart; took great quantities of the sugar pills; but I assure you they did me no harm, and if they did me good I was not sensible of the effect. I next applied to a botanic practitioner, and was informed that it was a disease of the kidneys. I applied his remedies with no good result.

During three years, I tried continually to do something for the better, but kept sinking deeper and into the vortex of disease. In fact, the powers of my system were gone. I could take no kind of food without suffering the most excruciating agony, my mind and reasoning faculties were inactive, my circulatory system acted with no energy. I could neither lie nor sit with comfort; my bowels were always irregular; I had severe darting pains in the region of the liver, back and shoulders; could bear no heavy clothing upon the stomach and bowels; experienced frequent palpitation of the heart; was always restless; and seldom without pain in the stomach. And yet, during all this suffering, I indulged in the free use of tobacco, tea, coffee, and occasionally spirituous liquors, through pure ignorance. The latter were recommended by my physicians, as they had tried almost every thing else to no advantage. So I worked, as if bound to exterminate the weed; I both chewed and smoked, and many were the bottles of bitters prepared for my feeble and sensitive stomach.

I was allowed whatever food suited me best; for, says the doctor, what difference can it make with the liver. During all this time, although I had plenty of friends, I had no one to give me the least correct advice. I was even encouraged in the use of all my stimulants, which, with those accursed drugs, (if may be allowed the expression,) succeeded in prostrating me even beyond hope of recovery. But, thanks to a kind Providence, I chanced to meet with a single small volume, including a few Hydropathic principles, which soon taught me the error of my ways, and seemed destined to prove itself that friend for which I had so long sought in vain.

From this very day, I became a man of new principles. I immediately hurled my drugs into the same pit into which they came so near sinking me. I sought information upon the principles and practices of hydropathy. When once I discovered a defect in my course, I put my knowledge in practice immediately;

and although my imprudent course, as my friends ever styled it, was often scoffed at by my acquaintances, yet I proceeded with a firmness and determination which has not yet subsided. Yet owing to my reduced state, when I commenced reform, I continued to suffer much from what I now had learned to term Dyspepsia.

Thus I remained until the summer of 1852, when I resolved, if possible, to reach some Hydropathic Establishment. Accordingly, with little strength for the encounter, and without having taken food to the amount of one such meal as I now would require, in the last ten days, yet, with a strong determination, I took public conveyance for Mount Prospect Water-Cure. On arriving there, I was examined by the resident physician, and, for the first time I heard it, my case styled one of Mucous Dyspepsia. I was immediately treated with Hydropathic diet, and great quantities of pure, cold water were applied, in almost every form. By means of this, and the kind attentions of Dr. Thayer, I was enabled, in a few short weeks, to return home with much better health. There I applied the same treatment for six weeks longer, when I was once more enabled to engage in the duties of active life. I am now happy to inform you that my health has continued good up to the present moment.

Dress Reform.

THOUGHTS ON DRESS.—I have been reading some extracts from lectures by Hon. Horace Mann, on the Powers and Duties of Women, and among numerous other beautiful thoughts and ideas, he has some on Dress, which would do every woman good to read, and think of. Hear him:

"The Forms and Materials of Dress should always be made rigidly subservient to the Laws of Health. No garment should ever be allowed to interfere with entire freedom of locomotion, or with the natural action of any bodily organ, or with the perfectly free circulation of the blood."

What a change would be produced in the Dress and Health of American Ladies were these rules strictly adhered to! We should see no more compressed waists, no more lungs encased in whalebones, and denied a sufficient quantity of the pure air of heaven, for fear that they might become an ugly form, if allowed to be as Nature fashions them. Ladies would see the impropriety of using silks, and other delicate fabrics, as brooms and mops with which to cleanse our streets.

I am an advocate of the *Short Dress*, both in word and in deed; therefore I write for the encouragement of those who read the JOURNAL, and are co-workers in this reform. I am cheered in reading the JOURNAL to find that in all, or almost all, parts of the land there are those who are determined to live down prejudice, and stem the tide of popular opinion, and those who have no better arguments to offer than sneers and taunts. At a Temperance Convention, held in our county some weeks since, a Rev. found it his duty or privilege (I know not which) to say, that he had a high regard for the ladies, but he had no respect for the Bloomers. Such an argument may have force with some, but I choose to obtain respect from some other quarter, and shall continue war against a fashion that murders thousands of young ladies every year, and makes life hardly endurable to many more on account of ill health. The day has dawned, when many are seeing that the laws of Health come from God; the laws of Fashion from Paris milliners; and I hope the day is not far distant when all my countrywomen will learn to obey the former, and treat the latter as they deserve—with neglect and contempt.

L. A. S., [*Freetown Corners, N. Y.*]

BRIEF EXTRACTS—[We cut the following paragraphs from various articles, which we cannot find room to print in full:]

When I first commenced wearing the new costume, two years ago, it was considered by our *a les modes* almost a crime, but now some of them begin to think it must be very comfortable to *work* or *walk* in, and would gladly adopt it, were it not for concealing a large foot, or ankle, or for the fear of being laughed at.

Some imagine I wear it for the sake of being unique, others, because I desire to bring myself into notice, others, still, say it is on account of it being something new. But the principal reasons for which I have adopted it are these:

- 1st. Because it is more healthy.
- 2d. Because it is more comfortable than any dress I have ever seen.
- 3d. Because it is more convenient.
- 4th. Because its looseness gives free play to all the limbs and viscera, enabling me to breathe the pure air of heaven without obstruction, and allowing me to walk the earth without fetters.
- 5th. Because I see in it the germ of woman's emancipation, and her consequent elevation to her proper sphere. [o. c. w., *Fairfield, N. Y.*]

I was persuaded by my husband, a little more than a year ago, to wear the short dresses, but being rather timid at first, and fearful of what might be said, I thought I would only wear them at home; but it soon became a great dread for me to put on the long heavy skirts; so much so that I finally resolved to adopt the short dress exclusively, entirely regardless of the opinions of others. I was much gratified to find in the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL* so much relative to the mode of dress-making, as I have had nothing but my own taste to guide me, in addition to the little I could glean from the *JOURNAL*. I am much obliged to Sister J. — for her few remarks, and hope to hear from many others. My pants are fastened by buttons to a waist, which I put sleeves, which serves in the place of the under garment usually worn, and which I considered as useless. [g. w. m., *Wisconsin*.]

In the American Costume we have at once combined the elements of beauty, convenience, and health. Of beauty, because it exhibits the natural form, made in the image of God; (and can we be made more perfect than our Maker?) Of health, because in it the lungs are free to perform their natural functions, and the body is not oppressed by an excessive weight of clothing. Of convenience, because the limbs possess that freedom so absolutely necessary for those who would labor with ease. No fettering skirts impede the gracefulness of motion, but we can walk with ease and elegance. With these considerations, how can one longer persist in the enslaving, life-destroying fashion of the present day? [J. G., *Danville, Vt.*]

The Bloomer costume is talked of quite strongly, and some have had the courage to appear in public in a Bloomer dress. It "astonished the natives" of course. But there will be but little opposition to the dress in this place, I think; because the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL* is doing its duty, and there are a few influential reformers here, who will co-operate. [H. W. B. *Wilmington, N. C.*]

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.—A Western Editor, in an article addressed to liquor dealers, who contended that the Bible sanc-
tioned the use of alcoholic drinks, recommends that they read aloud, to such of their customers as may call each day, two or three chapters of the Bible, by way of advertising and defend their business.

Voices from Home.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

FROM ROCKDALE, PA.—Having been for some years an occasional reader of the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL*, and for the past year an eye witness of the practical advantages of its doctrines and teachings in my family, and among my neighbors, in its missionary character, I deem it just, in sending the names of twenty-six new subscribers, to say, that I have watched its practical influence on the individual and social character of those who have read it, with much pleasure. It deserves the title "*Herald of Reforms*."

FORT DES MOINES, IOWA.—[A good Water-Cure friend, W. Redhead, P. M., writes from this far away place as follows:] I might say a few words to you about our town, and if you see fit, you might notice it in your paper. It lies on the Des Moines River, at the head of navigation, and is in one of the most fertile vallies in the United States, (without boasting). It is as healthy as any place could be, with the number of Doctors that we have, and the amount of poison they administer as medicine. We have had thirteen steam-boats arrive here, and times are very lively this summer. A great many are coming in, delighted with the country. I do consider, in prospect, this will be one of the best towns in the State, and I do not think I am excited about it. This will be made the capital, beyond doubt, by the next Legislature that sits; and we are bound to have a railroad; and, what is better than all, we have a very intelligent community, and are getting more civilized. Remember it is only five years since this was a fort, and nothing else. W. R.

FROM CHESTER HILL, OHIO.—The cause is gaining ground here, (notwithstanding 'tis a small town with four Allopathics in it,) as you will see by the number now taken; I took the only one that came here for two or three years, and afterwards sent on for ten numbers, with but three subscribers besides myself, and have every time sent for more copies than subscribers, and have the pleasure of having all taken.

FROM KENDALL, N. Y.—[A man is never too old to abandon injurious habits, or to be benefitted by correct hygienic practices. Witness the following:]

I have found the benefit of the Health Reform, having abandoned the use of all intoxicating drinks, tobacco, in all its forms, and all flesh eating, except occasionally a little fish, all heating substances, such as pepper, spice, etc., as far as possible, and taken to the use of water as a beverage and for bathing, and enjoy such health as I never enjoyed before, and am now over sixty. I trust the Health Reform is to go on until the people shall live to a green old age. A. M.

FROM SULLIVAN, OHIO.—[A correspondent sending us a list of correspondents from this place, says:]

The Water-Cure is gaining ground in this place, in spite of all opposition. I could have got several names more, if I had time, but the people are becoming impatient, so I will forward what money I have got, and leave the rest for a more "convenient season." My *JOURNALS* are read far and near. Some will read who will not take them, so we scatter them around, knowing that where good seed is sown, we are sure of a plentiful harvest. F. R.

FROM WOBURN, MASS.—[We hope the good friend whose labor on the last "glorious fourth," was so judiciously and so successfully applied, will think of us and the cause on the approaching Christmas holidays, that is, if his list is not full before:]

Enclosed is eleven dollars, for the *Water-Cure Journal*, for one year, the result of a little labor on the "glorious fourth," and think it was time well-spent. I have had the *JOURNAL* two years, and now you may put my name with the "life" subscribers. J. W. T.

FROM HAYWOOD COUNTY, TENN.—[There is evidently need of active propaganda in our correspondent's locality. His picture of the present state of things is not very encouraging, but if we can only get the people to read, we are sure that even their false habits, and their prejudices must ultimately give way before the truths we promulgate. Get the more liberal to take the *JOURNAL*, and the work is well begun. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."]

We are the most perfectly flesh-eating, pill-ridden people

you probably have any knowledge of. Coffee and tea drinking, spirit-drinking, (not spirit-rapping), all seem to have a death grip on our people. Oh! that your *Journals* could once get a circulation in this sickly region. The people here are perfectly under the influence of the Doctors; talk to them of reform, and they turn a deaf ear. That you may form some idea of the sickness in these parts, we have a Doctor in almost every neighborhood; each of whom is doing a fair practice. It is something remarkable, and is very seldom the case that any family misses a heavy medical bill every year. Had I time, I believe I could procure twenty subscribers for the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL*. I intend using every opportunity to give circulation to the *JOURNAL*, and confidently believe, by the close of this fall season, that the increase of its circulation will be seen and felt in our benighted country, or rather our neighborhood; for I have little hopes of a rapid spread of its health vivifying influence in this region of country, unless some of the prominent citizens of every town, village, and neighborhood, will talk to, and lecture, the people upon the beauty, reasonableness, and truthfulness of Hydropathy; and at the same time bring before them the awful consequences of drugging.

A SUBSCRIBER.

FROM RACINE, WIS.—Some time since I suffered from a violent attack of pleurisy. The acute form was brought on by over-exertion; unacquainted with the disease, and alarmed by the violence of the symptoms, my husband sent for a physician. Meantime, I ordered cold wet-clothes to be applied, and changed often as they became warm. Notwithstanding, they at first increased the pain, rendering it almost impossible for me to speak or breathe. I also applied a linen-sheet, thrice folded, and wrung out of cold water around the body, and was soon greatly relieved. On his arrival, the Doctor insisted that I should be bled. I begged him to wait a little and see if it would be necessary. So he left a blister, some powders, and ordered some spirits for me to take, and left, saying I should yet have to be bled. The blister I enclosed very carefully in a paper, and placed it near the seat of pain, so that I could tell him it *draxed beautifully*; and I am positive it did more good than all the blisters I had ever used, which were not a few. The next day I was around the house, while I could present in contrast, the cases of a number of vigorous young men, similarly attacked, but who were bled, and blistered. One died, after losing nearly forty ounces of blood, and others still live, but unable to labor, and will very likely die prematurely; or if they live to maturity their very lives may prove a burden. H. F. C.

FROM McDONOUGH, GA.—[The letter from which the following is an extract, was received last summer, and contained the names of one hundred subscribers. It was most thankfully received, though we have not found the occasion to say so till now. We are getting hosts of friends in the "Sunny South."]

Now I'll tell you what our efforts to circulate the *JOURNAL* have done and are doing. Our unprejudiced physicians of the old school are catching at the ideas held forth in this progressive reform. They have ceased administering the heavy medications prescribed in their Dispensatories, and are experimenting with simpler remedies. They sometimes administer water with the happiest effects, in cases where a few years since, they poured down drugs by the spoonful. Those that show this spirit, ought by all means to be encouraged, for if convinced that Hydropathy is the better practice, they will certainly adopt it. I know such in our community, and if water-cure readers in this community wish to know who they are, I will take great pleasure in recommending them. I have treated several simple cases of disease in my family successfully, with the *Water-Cure Journal* and *Hydropathic Encycloædia* as my guides. Q. R. N.

FROM LEBANON, CONN.—A year ago, my horse sprained his shoulder so badly that it was almost impossible for him to walk, and I deemed him ruined. I kept him about ten days, and used ordinary remedies, with but little success. Afterwards, I treated him as follows: I drove four miles and back quickly enough to get him into a complete perspiration, then poured and threw on ten or twelve pails full of cold water, and covered him with two blankets and a buffalo skin, for an hour or more. Repeated the treatment three or four days, and the horse was perfectly well. Lately, another horse of mine got lame in the same way, and was cured by the same treatment, in three days. There is nothing like cold water to cure lame horses. J. C.