

THE

# WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

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*"Wash and be Healed."*

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## BULWER ON WATER-CURE.

WITH NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

The New Monthly Magazine, for September, (1845,) an English publication, has for a leading article, "Confessions and Observations of a Water Patient, in a Letter to the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, by E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart." The article, able and convincing of course, is not quite accurate in every particular, but, on the whole, is so valuable that we give it entire.—[ED. JOUR.]

*"Dear Mr. Editor,*

"I am truly glad to see so worthily filled the presidency in one of the many chairs which our republic permits to criticism and letters—a dignity in which I had the honour to precede you, *sub consule Planco*, in the good days of William the IV. I feel as if there were something ghostlike in my momentary return to my ancient haunts, no longer in the editorial robe and purple, but addressing a new chief, and in great part a new assembly. For the reading public is a creature of rapid growth—every few years a fresh generation pours forth from our institutions, our colleges, our schools, demanding and filled with fresh ideas, fresh principles and hopes. And the seas wash the place where Canute parleyed with the waves. All that interested the world, when to me (then Mr. Editor), now your humble servant, contributors addressed their articles, hot and

seasoned for the mouth, and like all good articles to a periodical, "warranted not to keep," have passed away into the lumber room, where those old maids, History and Criticism, hoard their scraps and relics, and where, amidst dust and silence, things old-fashioned ripen into things antique. The roar of the Reform Bill is still, Fanny Kemble acts no more, the Hunchback awaits upon our shelves the new resuscitation of a new *Julia*, poets of promise have become mute, Rubini sings no more, Macready is in the provinces, "Punch" frisks it on the jocund throne of Sydney Smith, and over a domain once parcelled amongst many, reigns "Boz." Scattered and voiceless the old contributors—a new hum betrays the changing Babel of a new multitude. Gliding thus, I say, ghostlike, amidst the present race, busy and sanguine on the past, I feel that it best suits with a ghost's dignity to appear but for an admonitory purpose; not with the light and careless step of an ordinary visitor, but with meaning stride, and finger upon lip. Ghosts, we know, have appeared to predict death—more gentle I, my apparition would only promise healing, and beckon not to graves and charnels, but to the Hygeian spring.

"And now that I am fairly on the ground, let us call to mind, Mr. Editor, the illustrious names which still overshadow it at once with melancholy and fame. Your post has been filled with men, whose fate precludes the envy which their genius might excite. By Campbell, the high-souled and silver-toned, and by Hook, from whom jest, and whim, and humour flowed in so free and so riotous a wave, that books confined and narrowed away

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the stream. To read Hook is to wrong him. Nor can we think of your predecessors without thinking of your rival, Hood, who, as the tree puts forth its most exuberant blossoms the year before its decay, showed the bloom and promise of his genius most when the worm was at the trunk. To us behind the scenes, to us who knew the men, how melancholy the contrast between the fresh and youthful intellect and the worn out and broken frame; for, despite what I have seen written, Campbell, when taken at the right moment, was Campbell ever. Not capable indeed, towards the last, of the same exertion, if manifested by those poor evidences of what is in us, that books parade, but still as powerful in his great and noble thoughts, in the oral poetry revealed by flashes and winged words, though unrounded into periods. And Hook jested on the bed of death as none but he could jest. And Hood! who remembers not the tender pathos, the exquisite humanity, which spoke forth from his darkened room? Alas! what prolonged pangs, what heavy lassitude, what death in life, did these men endure!

"Here we are, Mr. Editor, in these days of cant and jargon, preaching up the education of the mind, forcing our children under melon-frames, and babbling to the laborer and mechanic, "Read, and read, and read," as if God had not given us muscles, and nerves, and bodies, subjected to exquisite pains as pleasures—as if the body were not to be cared for and cultivated, as well as the mind; as if health were no blessing, instead of that capital good, without which, all other blessings—save the hope of health eternal—grow flat and joyless; as if the enjoyment of the world in which we are, was not far more closely linked with our physical than our mental selves; as if we were better than maimed and imperfect men; so long as our nerves are jaded and prostrate, our senses dim and heavy, our relationship with nature abridged and thwarted by the jaundiced eye, and falling limb, and trembling hand—the apothecary's shop between us and the sun! For the mind, we admit, that to render it strong and clear, habit and discipline are required; how deal we (especially we, Mr. Editor, of the London world—we of the literary craft—we of the restless, striving brotherhood)—how deal we with the body? We carry it on with us, as a post-horse, from stage to stage—does it flag? No rest! give it ale or the spur. We begin to feel the frame break under us; we administer a drug, gain a temporary relief, shift the disorder from one part to another—forget our ailments in our excitements, and when we pause at last, thoroughly shattered, with complaints grown chronic, diseases fastening to

the organs, send for the doctors in good earnest, and die as your predecessors and your rival died, under combinations of long neglected maladies, which could never have been known had we done for the body what we do for the mind—made it strong by discipline, and maintained it firm by habit.

"Not alone calling to recollection our departed friends, but looking over the vast field of suffering which those acquainted with the lives of men who think and labor cannot fail to behold around them, I confess, though I have something of Canning's disdain of professed philanthropists, and do not love every knife-grinder as much as if he were my brother—I confess, nevertheless, that I am filled with an earnest pity; and an anxious desire seizes me to communicate to others that simple process of healing and well being which has passed under my own experience, and to which I gratefully owe days no longer weary of the sun, and nights which no longer yearn for and yet dread the morrow.

"And now, Mr. Editor, I may be pardoned, I trust, if I illustrate by my own case, the system I commend to others.

"I have been a workman in my day. I began to write and to toil, and to win some kind of a name, which I had the ambition to improve, while yet little more than a boy. With strong love for study in books—with yet greater desire to accomplish myself in the knowledge of men, for sixteen years I can conceive no life to have been more filled by occupation than mine. What time was not given to the action was given to study; what time not given to study, to action—labor in both! To a constitution naturally far from strong, I allowed no pause or respite. The wear and tear went on without intermission—the whirl of the wheel never ceased. Sometimes, indeed, thoroughly overpowered and exhausted, I sought for escape. The physicians said 'Travel,' and I travelled. 'Go into the country,' and I went. But in such attempts at repose all my ailments gathered round me—made themselves far more palpable and felt. I had no resource but to fly from myself—to fly into the other world of books, or thought, or reverie—to live in some state of being less painful than my own. As long as I was always at work, it seemed that I had no leisure to be ill.—Quiet was my hell.

"At length the frame thus long neglected—patched up for a while by drugs and doctors—put off and trifled with as an intrusive dun—like a dun who is in his rights—brought in its arrears—crushing and terrible, accumulated through long years. Worn out and wasted, the constitution seemed wholly inadequate to meet the demand. The ex-

haustion of toil and study had been completed by great anxiety and grief. I had watched with alternate hope and fear the lingering and mournful death-bed of my nearest relation and dearest friend—of the person around whom was entwined the strongest affection my life had known—and when all was over, I seemed scarcely to live myself.

“At this time, about the January of 1844, I was thoroughly shattered. The least attempt at exercise exhausted me. The nerves gave way at the most ordinary excitement—a chronic irritation of that vast surface we call the mucous membrane, which had defied for years all medical skill, rendered me continually liable to acute attacks, which from their repetition and increased feebleness of my frame, might at any time be fatal. Though free from any organic disease of the heart, its action was morbidly restless and painful. My sleep was without refreshment. At morning I rose more weary than I laid down to rest.

“Without fatiguing you and your readers further with the *longa cohors* of my complaints, I pass on to record my struggle to resist them. I have always had a great belief in the power of the WILL. What a man determines to do—that in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred I hold that he succeeds in doing. I determined to have some insight into a knowledge I had never attained since manhood—the knowledge of health.

“I resolutely put away books and study, sought the airs which the physicians esteemed the most healthful, and adopted the strict regimen on which all the children of Æsculapius so wisely insist. In short, I maintained the same general habits as to hours, diet, (with the exception of wine, which in moderate quantities seemed to me indispensable,\*) and, so far

\* There is a generally prevailing opinion, that stimulants are in many cases indispensable. I trust the day is not far distant when it will be generally understood that alcohol, in whatever form or dose, always does a certain amount of injury. That it always resists digestion, renders the system more liable to disease, disturbs, more or less, the healthy and vigorous operations of the mind, causes peevishness, fretfulness, discontent, hypochondriasis, and weakness of the nerves, is less favorable in enabling one to undergo protracted and severe exertion, mental or physical, or to resist long-continued exposure to cold or fatigue of any kind, will, I trust, through the improvements of the day, soon be well understood. But so long as mankind consult merely their present feelings as a guide, they will be led blindly like the inebriate when he attempts to reform, and, falling by the

as my strength would allow, of exercise, as I found afterwards instituted at hydropathic establishments. I dwell on this to forestal in some manner the common remark of persons not well acquainted with the medical agencies of water—that it is to the regular life which water-patients lead, and not to the element itself, that they owe their recovery.† Nevertheless I found that these changes, however salutary in theory, produced little, if any, practical amelioration in my health. All invalids know, perhaps, how difficult, under ordinary circumstances, is the alteration of habits from bad to good. The early rising, the walk before breakfast, so delicious in the feelings of freshness and vigor which they bestow upon the strong, often become punishments to the valetudinarian. Headache, languor, a sense of weariness over the eyes, a sinking of the whole system towards noon, which seemed imperiously to demand the dangerous aid of stimulants, was all that I obtained by the morning breeze and the languid stroll by the sea-shore. The suspension from study only afflicted with intolerable *ennui*, and

way, again takes to his dram, and, according to his feelings, must believe that alcohol is the best possible thing; or the tea and coffee drinker of a half century, less or more, when all exhausted, takes a “strong cup,” and feels at once an amount of life and vigor well calculated to deceive. As well might we undertake to *invigorate* the faithful horse all jaded and worn, by *beating* him, as to really strengthen and invigorate the system by poisonous stimulants, whether in the form of alcohol, tea, coffee, or any thing of the like kind. No one who understands well the human system, and has regard for daily and permanent comfort of body, or well-being of mind, will persist long in the use of these life-destroying agents.—[ED. JOUR.]

† Nothing can be more true than this idea of Bulwer's:—that it is not merely the regularity of habits which causes the cure of water patients. Water has always been considered one of the most powerful remedial means. Let the objector for a day pass through the routine of a vigorous treatment by water, and he will find the matter a thing quite different from the course of the man of mere exercise and dieting. This objection, however, is of little avail, since, very soon after the introduction of the new system in any community, the “dangers” of the treatment are heralded forth, showing at least that water is recognized as an agent of *power*; besides, our facts are so palpable that when once witnessed, every candid person at once perceives the fallacy of the objection.—[ED. JOUR.]

added to the profound dejection of the spirits. The brain, so long accustomed to morbid activity, was but withdrawn from its usual occupations to invent horrors and chimeras. Over the pillow, vainly sought two hours before midnight, hovered no golden sleep. The absence of excitement, however unhealthy, only aggravated the symptoms of ill-health.

"It was at this time that I met by chance, in the library at St. Leonard's, with Captain Claridge's work on the "Water-Cure," as practised by Priessnitz at Graefenberg. Making allowance for certain exaggerations therein, which appeared evident to my common sense, enough still remained not only to captivate the imagination and flatter the hopes of an invalid, but to appeal with favor to his sober judgment. Till then, perfectly ignorant of the subject and the system, except by some such vague stories and good jests as had reached my ears in Germany, I resolved at least to read what more could be said in favor of the *ariston udor*, and examine dispassionately into its merits as a medicament. I was then under the advice of one of the first physicians of our age. I had consulted half the faculty. I had every reason to be grateful for the attention, and to be confident in the skill, of those whose prescriptions had, from time to time, flattered my hopes and enriched the chemist. But the truth must be spoken—far from being better, I was sinking fast. Little remained to me to try in the great volume of the herbal. Seek what I would next, even if a quackery, it certainly might expedite my grave, but it could scarcely render life—at least the external life—more unjoyous. Accordingly I examined, with such grave thought as a sick man brings to bear upon his case, all the grounds upon which to justify to myself—an excursion to the snows of Silesia. But I own that in proportion as I found my faith in the system strengthen, I shrunk from the terrors of this long journey to the rugged region in which the probable lodging would be a laborer's cottage,\* and in which the Babel of a

\* Let me not disparage the fountain head of the water-cure, the parent institution of the great Priessnitz. I believe many of the earlier hardships complained of at Graefenberg have been removed or amended; and such as remain, are no doubt well compensated by the vast experience and extraordinary tact of a man who will rank hereafter among the most illustrious discoverers who have ever benefitted the human race.

[This last assertion concerning the credit due Priessnitz is by no means too strong. He has been the means of curing disease and alleviating human suffering to an extent altogether beyond a parallel in the history of the healing art, and that he labors of this most remarkable man are ap-

hundred languages, (so agreeable to the healthful delight in novelty—so appalling to the sickly despondency of a hypochondriac)—would murmur and growl over a public table spread with no tempting condiments. Could I hope to find healing in my own land, and not too far from my own doctors in case of failure, I might indeed solicit the watery gods—but the journey! I who scarcely lived through a day without leech or potion—the long—gelid journey to Graefenberg—I should be sure to fall ill by the way—to be clutched and mismanaged by some German doctor—to deposit my bones in some dismal churchyard on the banks of the Father Rhine.

"While thus perplexed, I fell in with one of the pamphlets written by Dr. Wilson, of Malvern, and my doubts were solved. Here was an English doctor, who had himself known more than my own sufferings, who, like myself, had found the pharmacopœia in vain—who had spent ten months at Graefenberg, and left all his complaints behind him—who, fraught with the experience he had acquired, not only in his own person, but from scientific examination of cases under his eye, had transported the system of our native shores, and who proffered the proverbial salubrity of Malvern air and its holy springs, to those who, like me, had ranged in vain, from simple to mineral, and who had become bold by despair—bold enough to try if health, like truth, lay at the bottom of a well.

"I was not then aware that other institutions had been established in England of more or less fame. I saw in Doctor Wilson the first transporter—at least as a physician—of the Silesian system, and did not pause to look out for other and later pupils of this innovative German school.

"I resolved then to betake myself to Malvern. On my way through town I paused, in the innocence of my heart, to inquire of the faculty if they thought the water-cure would suit my case. With one exception, they were unanimous in the vehemence of their denunciations. Granting even that in some cases, especially of rheumatism, hydrophathy had produced a cure—to my complaints it was worse than inapplicable—it was highly dangerous—it would probably be fatal. I

preciated, appears from the fact of his having an increased number of patients, notwithstanding the springing up of similar institutions in almost every part of Europe. Germany has many, and within about three years a number have been formed in England, and France is following the good example despite the strong opposition there.

—[ED JOUR.]

had not stamina for the treatment—it would fix chronic ailments into organic disease\*—surely it would be much better to try what I had not yet tried. What I had not yet tried? A course of prussic acid! Nothing was better for gastrite irritation, which was no doubt the main cause of my suffering! If, however, I were obstinately bent upon so mad an experiment, Doctor Wilson was the last person I should go to. I was not deterred by all these intimidations, nor seduced by the salubrious allurements of the prussic acid under its scientific appellation of hydrocyanic. A little reflection taught me that the members of a learned profession are naturally the very persons least disposed to favor innovation upon the practices which custom and prescription have rendered sacred in their eyes. A lawyer is not the person to consult upon bold reforms in jurisprudence. A physician can scarcely be expected to own that a Silesian peasant will cure with water the diseases

\* Here we have precisely what has often been said by those who should know better of what they affirm. I have just been consulted by a lady who very properly, had asked her physician how he thought water would answer in her case. "Oh! it will kill you, you are too weak," was the reply. "My wife," said he, (prostrated with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism,) "the hydropathist would quickly cure, but you cannot stand it!" It is indeed difficult to account for all this ignorance of the effects of a remedy, the action of which can so easily be varied to any desirable extent. While water, in certain forms and in certain conditions, is so powerful that it quickly kills, in other applications it produces none but the mildest of effects. Thus water of proper temperature may be brought in contact with the most tender and delicate tissue or part of the whole system, and no vital reaction or repulsion is caused. This is true of no other medicinal substance in nature, and therefore no remedial agent, so mild, so friendly in its action, as pure, clean water, can any where in nature be found. The water treatment, in proper hands, is the safest that can be adapted for the youngest infant, and not less to the last hour of life in the case of the man of four-score and ten. Nor will the supposed necessarily dangerous effects of water be apparent, when it is recollected that this fluid in a person of the best health, *composes fully eight tenths of the whole system by weight*; that without the presence of water, food could never be changed into chyme, the chyme into chyle, the chyle into blood; nor could the blood circulate, or in short, any vital process be carried on.—[Ed. Jour.]

which resist an armament of phials. And with regard to the peculiar objections to Doctor Wilson, I had read in his own pamphlet attacks upon the orthodox practice sufficient to account for—perhaps to justify—the disposition to depreciate him in return.

"Still my friends were anxious and fearful: to please them I continued to inquire, though not of physicians, but of patients. I sought out some of those who had gone through the process. I sifted some of the cases of cure cited by Dr. Wilson. I found the account of the patients so encouraging, the cases quoted so authentic, that I grew impatient of delay. I threw physic to the dogs, and went to Malvern.\*

"It is not my intention, Mr. Editor, to detail the course I underwent. The different resources of water as a medicament are to be found in many works easily to be obtained, and well worth the study. In this letter I suppose myself to be addressing those as thoroughly acquainted with the system as myself was at the first, and I deal therefore only in generals.

"The first point which impressed and struck me was the extreme and utter innocence of the Water-Cure in skilful hands—in any hands indeed not thoroughly new to the system.† Certainly when I went, I believed it to be a kill or cure system. I fancied it must be a very violent remedy—that it doubtless might effect great and magical cures—but that if it failed it might be fatal. Now, I speak not alone of my own case, but of the immense number of cases I have seen—patients of all ages—all species and genera of disease—all kinds and conditions of constitution, when I declare, upon my honor, that I never

\* One of the best modes we can adopt in convincing persons of the value of the system, is to get them to inquire of patients themselves. The testimony is so uniform, and the results in most cases so favorable, that every unprejudiced and reasonable mind will come to the same conclusion as did Bulwer.—[Ed. Jour.]

† Let a person, for instance, who has suffered all the horrors of indigestion, and has tried, to his satisfaction, the various modes of drugging, not omitting either, the round of pill and nostrum-mongers—let such a one set about washing thoroughly the whole surface, at first once daily, and afterwards twice, observing that it be done when the stomach is empty, the body warm and not fatigued, with water of such temperature as can be borne, so that by exercising after the bath, a glow of warmth is experienced, and he will soon be convinced of the safe and friendly action of water.—[Ed. Jour.]

witnessed one dangerous system produced by the Water-Cure, whether at Doctor Wilson's or the other Hydropathic Institutions which I afterwards visited. And though unquestionably fatal consequences might occur from gross mismanagement, and as unquestionably have so occurred at various establishments, I am yet convinced that water in itself is so friendly to the human body, that it requires a very extraordinary degree of bungling, of ignorance, and presumption, to produce results really dangerous; that a regular practitioner does more frequent mischief from the misapplication of even the simplest drugs, than a water doctor of very moderate experience does, or can do, by the misapplication of his baths and friction. And here I must observe, that those portions of the treatment which appear to the uninitiated as the most perilous, are really the safest, such as the wet-sheet packing, and can be applied with the most impunity to the weakest constitutions; whereas those which appear, from our greater familiarity with them, the least startling and most innocuous, the plunge-bath—the Douche, are those which require the greatest knowledge of general pathology and the individual constitution. I shall revert to this part of my subject before I conclude.

"The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which, under this system, good habits are acquired and bad habits relinquished. The difficulty with which, under orthodox medical treatment, stimulants are abandoned is here not witnessed. Patients accustomed for half a century to live hard and high, wine-drinkers, spirit-bibbers, whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry, here voluntarily resign all strong potations, after a day or two cease to feel the want of them, and reconcile themselves to water as if they had drank nothing else all their lives \* Others who have

\* All this is strictly true, concerning the ease with which, under the judicious use of water, spirit and wine drinkers leave those pernicious, life and health destroying habits; and yet I am led to say, that the difficulties of changing from these habits are generally overrated. I have taken great pains, during the past four or five years of the unparalleled success of the temperance reformation, to inform myself concerning this matter; and however inveterate the habits of the inebriate may have been, I have found no instance in which any has seriously suffered by leaving suddenly his accustomed stimulus. And this need not surprise us when we understand, once for all, that the poison being taken is a perpetual source of disease and debility, notwithstanding it may have been used for

had recourse for years and years to medicine—their potion in the morning, their cordial at noon, their pill before dinner, their narcotic at bed-time, cease to require these aids to life, as if by a charm.\* Nor this alone. Men to whom mental labor has been a necessary—who have existed on the excitement of the passions and the stir of the intellect—who have felt these withdrawn, the prostration of the whole system—the lock to the wheel of the entire machine—return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday.

"Here lies a great secret; water thus skillfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement; it supplies the place of all others—it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, sometimes to irritate, but always to occupy. Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked—the complete repose of the passions during the early stages of the cure; they seem laid asleep as if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest; after a short time, mental exertion becomes impossible; even the memory grows far less tenacious of its painful impressions, cares and griefs are forgotten; the sense of the present absorbs the past and future; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the

a whole century. Still it is true, that when an inebriate reforms, his feelings are most uncomfortable; and it may be also true, that in some few instances, delirium tremens will result from the sudden abandonment of the accustomed stimulus. But whatever may be the unpleasant or apparently dangerous symptoms arising from the change, the judicious use of water is by far the best means that can be resorted to. What inestimable good is yet to be accomplished in the temperance reform by the use of water?—[ED. JOUR.]

\* A medical man, of advanced years and great experience, and for whom I entertain the highest regard, once sojourned in my family for some weeks. During the course of about twenty years' practice, he had been under the necessity (as he supposed,) of constantly resorting to cathartic medicine, so that not as many days had been omitted in the practice as years had transpired. This friend commenced the use of water, making at the same time considerable change in diet, and, to his great astonishment, found no need of the accustomed drugs for more than a single day or two after commencing with us. "It would have been beyond the power of man," said he, "to convince me that I could possibly get along without my daily medicine, so necessary to me did it appear to be."—[ED. JOUR.]

enjoyment of the actual hour. Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear—the passions and the mind—calmed into strange rest—Nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency, which is always towards recovery. All that interests and amuses is of a healthful character; exercise, instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame braced and invigorated by the element. A series of reactions is always going on—the willing exercise produces refreshing rest, and refreshing rest willing exercise. The extraordinary effect which water taken early in the morning produces on the appetite is well known amongst those who have tried it, even before the Water-Cure was thought of; an appetite it should be the care of the skilful doctor to check into moderate gratification; the powers of nutrition become singularly strengthened, the blood grows rich and pure—the constitution is not only amended—it undergoes a change.\*

“The safety of the system, then, struck me first; its power of replacing by healthful stimulants the morbid ones it withdrew, whether physical or moral, surprised me next; that which thirdly impressed me was no less contrary to all my preconceived notions. I had fancied that, whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings as to dwell upon the mind amongst the happiest passages of existence. For my own part, despite all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in that sense of *being* which is, as it were, the conscience, the mirror of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as perhaps can fall to the lot of man; but amongst all my most brilliant recollections I can recall no periods of enjoyment at once more hilarious and serene than

\* Dr. Wilson observed to me once, very truly I think, that some regular physicians are beginning to own the effect of water as a stimulant, who yet do not perceive its far more complicated and beneficial effects.

[Water is not a *stimulant*, according to the general acceptance of the term, but rather a *sedative*, if it be cold. A part from its temperature, water excites no vital reaction whatever. In such case it acts only *mechanically* and as a *diluent*. The judicious use of cold water, we admit, *invigorates* the system; but this entitles the agent to the name of *tonic* rather than *stimulant*. The term *alterative* is fast going out of use, and should have no place in medical nomenclature, since it conveys no definite idea.—[Ed. Jour.]

the hours spent on the lonely hills of Malvern—none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated. The rise from a sleep sound as childhood's—the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh, and the birds first sang—the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring—the delicious sparkle of that morning draught—the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below—the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I witnessed in others—that that very present was but the step, the threshold, into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigor;—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.

“But here I must pause to own that if on the one hand the danger and discomforts of the cure are greatly exaggerated (exaggerated is too weak a word)—so on the other hand, as far as my own experience, which is perhaps not inconsiderable, extends, the enthusiastic advocates of the system have greatly misrepresented the duration of the curative process. I have read and heard of chronic diseases of long standing cured permanently in a very few weeks. I candidly confess that I have seen none such. I have, it is true, witnessed many chronic diseases perfectly cured—diseases which had been pronounced incurable by the first physicians, but the cure has been long and fluctuating. Persons so afflicted, who try this system, must arm themselves with patience. The first effects of the system are indeed usually bracing, and inspire such feelings of general well-being, that some think they have only to return home, and carry out the cure partially, to recover. A great mistake—the alterative effects begin long after the bracing—a disturbance in the constitution takes place, prolonged more or less, and not till that ceases does the cure really begin. Not that the peculiar “crisis” sought for so vehemently by the German water-doctors, and usually under their hands manifested by boils and eruptions, is at all a necessary part of the cure—it is, indeed, as far as I have seen, a rare occurrence, but a critical action, not single, not confined to one period, or one series of phenomena, is at work, often undetected by the patient himself, during a considerable (and that the latter) portion of the cure in most patients where the malady has been grave, and where the recovery becomes permanent. During this time the patient should be under the eye of his water-doctor.

"To conclude my own case: I staid some nine or ten weeks at Malvern, and business, from which I could not escape, obliging me then to be in the neighborhood of town, I continued the system seven weeks longer under Dr. Weiss, at Petersham; during this latter period the agreeable phenomena which had characterized the former, the cheerfulness, the *bien aise*, the consciousness of returning health vanished; and were succeeded by great irritation of the nerves, extreme fretfulness, and the usual characteristics of the constitutional disturbance to which I have referred. I had every reason, however, to be satisfied with the care and skill of Doctor Weiss, who fully deserves the reputation he has acquired, and the attachment entertained for him by his patients; nor did my judgment ever despond or doubt of the ultimate benefits of the process. I emerged at last from these operations in no very portly condition. I was blanched and emaciated—washed out like a thrifty housewife's gown—but neither the bleaching nor the loss of weight had in the least impaired my strength; on the contrary, all the muscles had grown as hard as iron, and I was become capable of great exercise without fatigue; my cure was not effected, but I was compelled to go into Germany. On my return homewards, I was seized with a severe cold which rapidly passed into high fever. Fortunately I was within reach of Doctor Schmidt's magnificent hydropathic establishment at Boppart: thither I caused myself to be conveyed; and now I had occasion to experience the wonderful effect of the Water-Cure in acute cases; slow in chronic disease, its beneficial operation in acute is immediate. In twenty-four hours all fever had subsided, and on the third day I resumed my journey, relieved from every symptom that had before prognosticated a tedious and perhaps alarming illness.

"And now came gradually, yet perceptibly, the good effects of the system I had undergone; flesh and weight returned; the sense of health became conscious and steady; I had every reason to bless the hour when I first sought the springs of Malvern. And here, I must observe, that it often happens that the patient makes but slight apparent improvement, when under the cure, compared with that which occurs subsequently. A water-doctor of repute at Brussels, indeed, said frankly to a grumbling patient, 'I do not expect you to be well while here—it is only on leaving me that you will know if I have cured you.'

"It is as the frame recovers from the agitation it undergoes, that it gathers round it power utterly unknown to it before—as the plant watered by the rains of one season, betrays in the next the effect of the grateful dews.

"I had always suffered so severely in winter, that the severity of our last one gave me apprehensions, and I resolved to seek shelter from my fears at my beloved Malvern. I here passed the most inclement period of the winter, not only perfectly free from the colds, rheums and catarrhs, which had hitherto visited me with the snows, but in the enjoyment of excellent health; and I am persuaded that for those who are delicate, and who suffer much during the winter, there is no place where the cold is so little felt as at a Water-Cure establishment.\* I am persuaded also, and in this I am borne out by the experience of most water doctors, that the cure is most rapid and effectual during the cold season—from autumn through the winter. I am thoroughly convinced that consumption in its earlier stages can be more easily cured, and the predisposition more permanently eradicated by a winter spent at Malvern, under the care of Doctor Wilson, than by the timorous flight to Pisa or Madeira. It is by hardening rather than defending the tissues that we best secure them from disease.

"And now, to sum up, and to dismiss my egotistical revelations, I desire in no way to overcolor my own case; I do not say that when I first went to the Water-Cure I was affected with any disease immediately menacing to life—I say only that I was in that pro-

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\* It is truly wonderful to what an extent the human body may, in many instances, soon be brought to endure the effects of cold. In my own case, I had some years ago, a striking exemplification of this fact. Having been much confined in over-heated and badly ventilated lecture rooms at medical college, together with some other unfriendly causes, I became extremely susceptible to the effects of cold, as much so, it appeared to me, as any one could be. Commencing resolutely the use of water about this time, I became, in the course of a few weeks, so hardened to the impression of cold, that for the whole winter, (a colder one than that previous, in which I had suffered so much,) I scarcely could say that I, at any time, felt the cold. One of the very coldest mornings I ever experienced, after sleeping, as usual, with my windows open, I took a cold Croton shower bath, feeling not the slightest inconvenience, and could not have told by my sensations that the weather was any thing colder than that of an ordinary morning. The change brought about in my system between these two winters was to me most remarkable; and never more shall I suffer with cold as I once did. The effect of water is yet fully as good in this respect, as the first winter I used it.—

[Ed. Jour.]



longed and chronic state of ill health, which made life at the best extremely precarious—I do not say that I had any malady which the faculty could pronounce incurable—I say only that the most eminent men of the faculty had failed to cure me. I do not even now affect to boast of a perfect and complete deliverance from all my ailments—I cannot declare that a constitution naturally delicate has been rendered Herculean, or that the wear and tear of a whole manhood have been thoroughly repaired. What might have been the case had I not taken the cure at intervals, had I remained at it steadily for six or eight months without interruption, I cannot do more than conjecture, but so strong is my belief that the result would have been completely successful, that I promise myself, whenever I can spare the leisure, a long renewal of the system. These admissions made, what have I gained meanwhile to justify my eulogies and my gratitude?—an immense accumulation of the *capital of health*. Formerly it was my favorite and querulous question to those who saw much of me, ‘Did you ever know me twelve hours without pain or illness?’ Now, instead of these being my constant companions, they are but my occasional visitors. I compare my old state and my present to the poverty of a man who has a shilling in his pocket, and whose poverty is, therefore, a struggle for life, with the occasional distress of a man of £5,000 a year, who sees but an appendage endangered or a luxury abridged. All the good that I have gained, is wholly unlike what I ever derived either from medicine or the German mineral baths: in the first place, it does not relieve a single malady alone, it pervades the whole frame; in the second place, far from subsiding, it seems to increase by time, so that I may reasonably hope that the latter part of my life, instead of being more infirm than the former, will become—so far as freedom from suffering, and the calm enjoyment of external life are concerned—my real, my younger, youth.\* And it is this profound conviction which has induced me to volunteer these details, in the hope (I trust a pure and kindly one) to induce those, who more or less

\* This statement of Bulwer's is in no wise too strong. There are many who, notwithstanding they have been invalid for years, by means of hydropathy, can become stronger and more vigorous in both bodily and mental health than they ever before have been. This might seem paradoxical; but let it be remembered, living in society as we do, we are constantly existing under the influence of the causes of disease, which causes, by means of the new mode, are principally removed.—[ED. JOUR.]

have suffered as I have done, to fly to the same rich and bountiful resources. We ransack the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract our potions from the deadliest poisons—but around us and about us, Nature, the great mother, proffers the Hygeian fount, unsealed and accessible to all. Wherever the stream glides pure, wherever the spring sparkles fresh, there, for the vast proportion of the maladies which Art produces, Nature yields the benignant healing.

“It remains for me to say, merely as an observer, and solely with such authority as an observer altogether disinterested, but without the least pretence to professional science, may fairly claim, what class of diseases I have seen least and most tractable to the operations of the Water-Cure, and how far enthusiasts appear to me to have over-estimated, how far sceptics have under-valued, the effects of water as a medicament. There are those (most of the water-doctors especially) who contend that all medicine by drugs is unnecessary—that water, internally and outwardly applied, suffices in skilful management for all complaints—that the time will come when the drug-doctor will cease to receive a fee, when the apothecary will close his shop, and the Water-Cure be adopted in every hospital and by every family.\* Dreams and absurdities

\* Mankind will no more, universally, discontinue *drugging* than *dram-drinking*; and the one practice is neither the more nor less rational than the other; the same may be said of those “luxuries” of life—tea, coffee, and tobacco. Who believes that these, or alcoholic stimulants, will ever pass into disuse? As soon will “the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin.”

As to my opinion concerning the real necessity for drugs, I will state a fact. My wife has naturally a frail constitution and was born of consumptive parents. Her father, a very skilful physician, believing always implicitly in the efficacy of drugs, was in the habit of frequently administering to his only daughter the medicines he believed so good; and now, for five years past, since “her physician was changed,” and notwithstanding she has passed through periods of severe bodily trial, and states of the system in which it would be most emphatically said, “Now, if ever drugs must be used;” yet, drugs we have thrown to the winds. *I know of no state of the human system in which I cannot more speedily and certainly, cause all the good effects of drugs, by the use of “pure, calm water” only.* For us then, away with your poisonous life-destroying drugs! When for myself, “my wife and little ones,” I like drugs, then, and not till then, will I administer them to others.—[ED. JOUR.]

ties! Even granting that the Water-Cure were capable of all the wonders ascribed to it, its process is so slow in most chronic cases—it requires such complete abstraction from care and business—it takes the active man so thoroughly out of his course of life, that a vast proportion of those engaged in worldly pursuits cannot hope to find the requisite leisure. There is also a large number of complaints (perhaps the majority) which yield so easily to a sparing use of drugs, under a moderately competent practitioner, that the convenient plan of sending to the next chemist for your pill or potion can never be superseded, nor is it perhaps desirable that it should be. Moreover, as far as I have seen, there are complaints curable by medicine which the Water-Cure utterly fails to reach.

“The disorders wherein hydropathy appears to be least effectual are, first neuralgic pains, especially the monster pain of the *Tic Dolooureux*. Not one instance of a cure in the latter by hydropathy has come under my observation, and I have only heard of one authentic case of recovery from it by that process.\* Secondly, paralysis of a grave character in persons of an advanced age. Thirdly, in tubercular consumption. As may be expected, in this stage of that melancholy disease, the Water-Cure utterly fails to restore, but I have known it even here prolong life, beyond all reasonable calculation, and astonishingly relieve the more oppressive symptoms. In all cases where the nervous exhaustion is great and of long standing, and is accompanied with obstinate hypochondria, hydropathy, if successful at all, is very slow in its benefits, and the patience of the sufferer is too often worn out before the favorable turn takes place. I have also noticed that obstinate and deep-rooted maladies in persons otherwise of very athletic frames, seem to yield much more tardily to the Water-Cure than similar complaints in more delicate constitutions; so that you will often see of two persons afflicted by the same genera of complaints, the feeble and fragile one recovers before the stout man with Atlantic shoulders evinces one symptom of amelioration.

“Those cases, on the other hand, in which the Water-Cure seems an absolute panacea, and in which the patient may commence with the most sanguine hopes, are—First, rheumatism, however prolonged, however complicated. In this the cure is usually rapid—nearly always permanent. Secondly, gout. Here

\* I have cured this disease in different instances.

In one of Dr. Wilson's works on Water, which I have before me, he gives cases of the cure of this disease at Malvern, in England, and his own as having been cured at Graefenberg.—[ED. UR.]

its efficacy is little less startling to appearance than in the former case; it seems to take up the disease by the roots; it extracts the peculiar acid, which often appears in discolorations upon the sheets used in the application, or is ejected in other modes. But here, judging always from cases subjected to my personal knowledge, I have not seen instances to justify the assertion of some water-doctors that returns of the disease do not occur. The predisposition—the tendency has appeared to me to remain. The patient is liable to relapses—but I have invariably found them *far* less frequent, less lengthened; and readily susceptible of simple and speedy cure, especially if the habits remain temperate.

“Thirdly, that wide and grisly family of affliction classed under the common name of *dyspepsia*. All derangements of the digestive organs, imperfect powers of nutrition—the *malaise* of an injured stomach, appear precisely the complaints on which the system takes firmest hold, and in which it effects those cures that convert existence from a burden into a blessing. Hence it follows that many nameless and countless complaints proceeding from derangement of the stomach, cease as that great machine is restored to order. I have seen disorders of the heart which which have been pronounced organic by the learned authorities of the profession, disappear in an incredibly short time\*—cases of incipient consumption, in which the seat is in the nutritive powers, hæmorrhages, and various congestions, shortness of breath, habitual fainting fits, many of what are called, improperly, nervous complaints, but which, in reality, are indications from the main ganglionic spring; the disorders produced by the abuse of powerful medicines, especially *mercury* and iodine, the loss of appetite, the dulled sense, and the shaking hand of intemperance, skin complaints, and the dire scourge of scrofula—all these seem to obtain from hydropathy relief—nay, absolute and unqualified cure, beyond not only the means of the most skilful drug doctor, but the hopes of the most sanguine patient.†

\* Real organic disease of the heart is very seldom if ever, curable by any means; but in these unfortunate cases, hydropathy still shows its great power to palliate. A great many of the so-called cases of heart disease, are merely symptomatic, and are as easily curable as the diseases from which they originate. Real heart disease is very rarely met with.—[ED. JOUR.]

† Amongst other complaints, I may add dropsy, which in its simple state, and not as the crowning system of a worn-out constitution, I have known most successfully treated; cases of slight paralysis; and I have witnessed two instances of partial blindness, in which the sight was restored.

"The cure may be divided into two branches—the process for acute complaints—that for chronic; I have just referred to the last. And great as are there its benefits, they seem common-place beside the effect the system produces in acute complaints. Fever, including the scarlet and the typhus, influenza, measles, small-pox, the sudden and rapid disorders of children, are cured with a simplicity and precision which must, I am persuaded, sooner or later, render the resources of the hydropathist the ordinary treatment for such acute complaints in the hospitals. The principal remedy here employed by the water doctor is, the wet-sheet packing, which excites such terror amongst the uninitiated, and which, of all the curatives adopted by hydropathy, is unquestionably the safest—the one that can be applied without danger to the greatest variety of cases, and which I do not hesitate to aver, can rarely, if ever, be misapplied in any cases where the pulse is hard and high, and the skin dry and burning. I have found in conversation so much misapprehension of this very easy and very luxurious remedy, that I may be pardoned for re-explaining what has been explained so often. It is not, as people persist in supposing, that patients are put into wet sheets and there left to shiver. The sheets, after being saturated, are well wrung out—the patient quickly wrapped in them—several blankets tightly bandaged round, and a feather-bed placed at top; thus, especially where there is the least fever, the first momentary chill is promptly succeeded by a gradual and vivifying warmth, perfectly free from the irritation of *dry* heat—a delicious sense of ease is usually followed by a sleep more agreeable than anodynes ever produced. It seems a positive cruelty to be relieved from this magic girdle in which pain is lulled, and fever cooled, and watchfulness lapped in slumber. The bath which succeeds refreshes and braces the skin, which the operation relaxed and softened; they only who have tried this, after fatigue or in fever, can form the least notion of its pleasurable sensations, or of its extraordinary efficacy; nor is there any thing startling or novel in its theory. In hospitals now water-dressings are found the best poultice to an inflamed member; this expansion of the wet dressing is a poultice to the whole inflamed surface of the body. It does not differ greatly, except in its cleanliness and simplicity, from the old remedy of the ancients—the wrapping the body in the skins of animals newly slain, or placing it on dung-hills, or immersing it, as now in Germany, in the soft-slough of mud baths.\* Its theory is that of warmth and

moisture, those friendliest agents to inflammatory disorders. In fact, I think it the duty of every man, on whom the lives of others depend, to make himself acquainted with at least this part of the Water-Cure:—the wet sheet is the true life preserver. In the large majority of sudden inflammatory complaints, the doctor at a distance, prompt measures indispensable, it will at least arrest the disease, check the fever, till, if you prefer the drugs, the drugs can come—the remedy is at hand, wherever you can find a bed and a jug of water; and whatever else you may apprehend after a short visit to a hydropathic establishment, your fear of that bugbear—the wet sheet—is the first you banish. The only cases, I believe, where it can be positively mischievous is where the pulse scarcely beats—where the vial sense is extremely low—where the inanition of the frame forbids the necessary reaction in cholera, and certain disorders of the chest and bronchia; otherwise at all ages, from the infant to the octogenarian, it is equally applicable, and in most acute cases, equally innocent.

"Hydropathy being thus rapidly beneficial in acute disorders, it follows naturally that it will be quick as a cure in chronic complaints in proportion as acute symptoms are mixed with them, and slowest where such complaints are dull and lethargic—it will be slowest also where the nervous exhaustion is the greatest. With children, its effects, really, and genuinely, can scarcely be exaggerated; in them, the nervous system, not weakened by toil, grief, anxiety, and intemperance, lends itself to the gracious element as a young plant to the rains.—When I see how some tender mother coddling, and physicing, and preserving from every breath of air, and swaddling in flannels, her pallid little ones, I long to pounce upon the callow brood, and bear them to the hills of Malvern, and the diamond fountain of St. Anne's—with what rosy faces and robust limbs I will promise they shall return—alas! I promise and preach in vain—the family apothecary is against me, and the progeny are doomed to rhubarb and the rickets.

"The Water-Cure as yet has had this evident injustice—the patients resorting to it have mostly been desperate cases. So strong a notion prevails that it is a desperate remedy, that they only who have found all else fail have dragged themselves to the Bethesda Pools. That all thus not only abandoned by hope and the College, but weakened and poisoned by the violent me-

fectured a perfect cure in a case of inveterate leprosy, by swathing the patient in wet lint covered with oil skin. This is the wet sheet packing, but there are patients who would take kindly to wet lint, and shudder at the idea of a wet sheet!

\* A very eminent London physician, opposed generally to the Water-Cure, told me that he had ef-

dicines absorbed into their system for a score or so of years—that all should not recover is not surprising! The wonder is, that the number of recoveries should be so great;—that every now and then we should be surprised by the man whose untimely grave we predicted when we last saw him, meeting us in the streets ruddy and stalwart, fresh from the springs of Graefenberg, Boppart, Petersham, or Malvern.

“The remedy is *not* desperate; it is simpler, I do not say than any *dose*, but than any *course* of medicine—it is infinitely more agreeable—it admits no remedies for the complaint which are inimical to the constitution. It bequeathes none of the maladies consequent on blue pill and mercury—on purgatives and drastics—on iodine and aconite—on leeches and the lancet. If it cures your complaint, it will assuredly strengthen your whole frame; if it fails to cure your complaint, it can scarcely fail to improve your general system. As it acts, or ought, scientifically treated, to act, first on the system, lastly on the complaint, placing nature herself in the way to throw off the disease, so it constantly happens that the patients at a hydropathic establishment will tell you that the disorder for which they came is not removed, but that in all other respects their health is better than they ever remember it to have been. Thus, I would not only recommend it to those who are sufferers from some grave disease, but to those who require merely the fillip, the alterative, or the bracing which they now often seek in vain in country air or a watering-place. For such, three weeks at Malvern will do more than three months at Brighton or Boulogne; for at the Water-Cure the whole life is one remedy; the hours, the habits, the discipline—not incompatible with gaiety and cheerfulness (the spirits of hydropathists are astounding, and in high spirits all things are amusement) tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable. Compare this life, O merchant, O trader, O man of business, escaping to the sea-shore, with that which you there lead—with your shrimps and your shell-fish and your wine and your brown stout—with all which counteracts in the evening, the good of your morning dip and your noon-day stroll. What, I own, I should envy most is the robust, healthy man, only a little knocked down by his city cares or his town pleasures, after his second week at Dr. Wilson's establishment—yea, how I should envy the exquisite pleasure which he would derive from the robustness made clear and sensible to him. The pure taste, the iron muscles, the exuberant spirits, the overflowing sense of life. If even to the weak and languid the Water-cure gives hours of

physical happiness which the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow, what would it give to the strong man, from whose eye it has but to lift the light film—in whose mechanism, attuned to joy, it but brushes away the grain of dust, or oils the solid wheel.

“I must bring my letter to a close. I meant to address it through you, Mr. Editor, chiefly to our brethren—the over-jaded sons of toil and letters—behind whom I see the warning shades of departed martyrs. But it is applicable to all who ail—to all who would not only cure a complaint, but strengthen a system and prolong a life. To such, who will so far attach value to my authority that they will acknowledge, at least, I am no interested witness,—(for I have no institution to establish—no profession to build up—I have no eye to fees, my calling is but that of an observer—as an observer only do I speak, it may be with enthusiasm—but enthusiasm built on experience and prompted by sympathy;—to such then as may listen to me, I give this recommendation: pause if you please—inquire if you will—but do not consult your doctor. I have no doubt he is a most honest, excellent man—but you cannot expect a doctor of drugs to say other than the doctors of water are but quacks. Do not consult your doctor whether you shall try hydropathy, but find out some intelligent persons in whose shrewdness you can confide—who have been patients themselves at a hydropathic establishment. Better still, go for a few days,—the cost is not much—into some such institution yourself, look round, talk to the patients, examine with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, before you adventure the experiment. Become a witness before you are a patient; if the evidence does not satisfy you, turn and flee. But if you venture, venture with a good heart and a stout faith. Hope, but not with presumption. Do not fancy that the disorder which has afflicted you for ten years ought to be cured in ten days. Beware, above all, lest, alarmed by some phenomena which the searching element produces, you have recourse immediately to drugs to disperse them. The water-boils, for instance, which are sometimes, as I have before said, but by no means frequently, a critical symptom of the cure, are, in all cases I have seen, cured easily by water, but may become extremely dangerous in the hands of your apothecary. Most of the few solitary instances that have terminated fatally, to the prejudice of the Water-Cure, have been those in which the patient has gone from water to drugs. It is the axiom of the system that water only cures what water produces. Do not leave a hydropathic establishment in the time of any “crisis,” however

much you may be panic-stricken. Hold the doctor responsible for getting you out of what he gets you into; and if your doctor be discreetly chosen, take my word, he will do it.

Do not *begin* to carry on the system at home, and under any eye but that of an experienced hydropathist.\* After you know the system, and the doctor knows you, the curative process may *probably* be continued at your own house with ease—but the commencement must be watched, and if a critical action ensues when you are at home, return to the only care that can conduct it safely to a happy issue. When at the institution, do not let the example of other patients tempt you to overdo—to drink more water, or take more baths than are prescribed to you. Above all, never let the eulogies which many will pass upon the *douche* (the popular bath,) tempt you to take it on the sly, unknown to your adviser. The *douche* is dangerous when the body is unprepared—when the heart is affected—when apoplexy may be feared.

“For your choice of an establishment you have a wide range. Institutions in England are now plentiful, and planted in some of the loveliest spots of our island. But as I only speak from personal knowledge, I can but here depose as to such as I have visited. I hear, indeed, a high character of Doctor Johnson, of Stansted-Bury, and his books show great ability. Much is said in praise of Doctor Freeman, of Cheltenham, though his system, in some measure, is at variance with the received notions of hydropathists. But of these and many others, perhaps no less worthy of confidence, I have no experience of my own. I have sojourned with advantage at Doctor Weiss's, at Petersham; and for those whose business and avocations oblige them to be near London, his very agreeable house proffers many advantages, besides his own long practice and great skill.

To those who wish to try the system abroad, and shrink from the long journey to Graefenberg, Dr. Schmidt, at Boppart, proffers a princely house, comprising every English

\* Every person should daily, on rising, wash the whole body with water of temperatures tepid, cool or cold, as may be comfortably borne. Physically speaking, there is much more need of this practice than the washing of the hands and face. This daily ablution, persevered in, will suffice, in a great number of instances, to effect cures,—sometimes most remarkably, when all other means have failed. The practice, too, will aid much the practitioner in future and more powerful modes, and judiciously practised, is always perfectly safe. —[Ed. Jour.]

comfort, amidst the noble scenery of the Rhine, and I can bear ready witness to his skill; but it is natural that the place which has for me the most grateful recollections, should be that where I received the earliest and the greatest benefit, viz., Doctor Wilson's at Malvern; there even the distance from the capital has its advantages.\* The cure imperatively demands, at least in a large proportion of cases, abstraction from all the habitual cares of life, and in some the very neighborhood of London suffices to produce restlessness and anxiety. For certain complaints, especially those of children, and such as are attended with debility, the air of Malvern is in itself Hygeian. The water is immemorably celebrated for its purity, the landscape is a perpetual pleasure to the eye—the mountains furnish the exercise most suited to the cure—“*Man muss Geberge haben,*” “one must have mountains,” is the saying of Priessnitz. All these are powerful auxiliaries, and yet all these are subordinate to the diligent, patient care—the minute, unwearied attention—the anxious, unaffected interest, which Dr. Wilson manifests in every patient, from the humblest to the highest, who may be submitted to his care. The vast majority of difficult cures which I have witnessed, have emanated from his skill. A pupil of the celebrated Broussais, his anatomical knowledge is considerable, and his tact in diseases seems intuitive; he has that pure pleasure in his profession that the profits of it seem to be almost lost sight of, and having an independence of his own, his enthusiasm for the system he pursues is at least not based upon any mercenary speculation. I have seen him devote the same time and care to those whom his liberal heart has led him to treat gratuitously as to the wealthiest of his patients, and I mention this less to praise him for generosity than to show that he has that earnest faith in his own system, which begets an earnest faith in those to whom he administers. In all new experiments, it is a great thing to have confidence, not only in the skill, but the sincerity, of your adviser—his treatment is less violent and energetic than that in fashion on the continent. If he errs, it is on the side of caution, and this theory leads him so much towards the restoration of the whole system, that the relief of the particular malady will sometimes seem tedious in order to prove complete. Hence he in-

\* Dr. Gully, whose writings on medicinal subjects are well known, is also established at Malvern, and I believe rather as a partner or associate than a rival to Dr. Wilson. As I was not under his treatment, I cannot speak farther of his skill than that he seemed to have the entire confidence of such of his patients as I became acquainted with.

spires in those who have had a prolonged experience of his treatment a great sense of safety and security. For your impatient self, you might sometimes prefer the venture of a brisker process; for those in whom you are interested, and for whom you are fearful, you would not risk a step more hurried. And since there is no small responsibility in recommending any practitioner of a novel school, so it is a comfort to know that whosoever resorts to Doctor Wilson, will at least be in hands not only practised and skilful, but wary and safe. He may fail in doing good, but I never met with a single patient who accused him of doing harm. And I may add, that as in all establishments much of comfort must depend on the lady at the head, so, for female patients especially, it is no small addition to the *agrémens* of Malvern, to find in Mrs. Wilson the manners of a perfect gentlewoman, and the noiseless solicitude of a heart genuinely kind and good!

"Here, then, O brothers, O afflicted ones, I bid you farewell. I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made—the familiar intimacy with Water. Not Undine in her virgin existence more sportive and bewitching, not Undine in her wedded state more tender and faithful, than the Element of which she is the type. In health, may you find it the joyous playmate, in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager. Round the healing spring still literally dwell the jocund nymphs in whom the Greek poetry personified Mirth and Ease. No drink, whether compounded of the gums and rosin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of modern wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the water-drinker. Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try first whatever—wine, spirits, porter, beer—he may conceive most generous and supporting; let him then go through the same toil with no draughts but from the chrysal lymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strengthening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of Nature, I throw up my brief. Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into the courses most agreeable to the human frame, to enjoy the morning breeze, to grow epicures in the simple regimen, to become cased in armor against the vicissitudes of our changeful skies—to feel and to shake off, light sleep as a blessed dew, let them, while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the Water-Cure.

"And you, O parents! who, too indolent, too much slaves to custom, to endure change for yourselves, to renounce for a while your artificial natures, but who still covet for your

children hardy constitutions, pure tastes, and abstemious habits—who wish to see them grow up with a manly disdain to luxury—with a vigorous indifference to climate—with a full sense of the value of health, not alone for itself, but for the powers it elicits, and the virtues with which it is intimately connected—the serene unfretful temper—the pleasures in innocent delight—the well being that, content with self, expands in benevolence to others—you I adjure not to scorn the facile process of which I solicit the experiment. Dip your young heroes in the spring, and hold them not back by the heel. May my exhortations find believing listeners, and may some, now unknown to me, write me word from the green hills of Malvern, or the groves of Petersham, "We have hearkened to you—not in vain." Adieu, Mr. Editor, the ghost returns to silence.

E. BULWER LYTTON."

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## WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1846.

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AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENTS FOR WATER-CURE—PURITY OF WATER, &C.

*Lebanon Springs.*—The large spring that has caused the celebrity of this place, (situated 25 miles east of the city of Albany, N. Y.,) is not quite pure and soft. It has, however, for many years been the resort of invalids, particularly those suffering under the various affections of the skin, and those afflicted with rheumatism in its various forms. The cure, in many instances have been remarkable, and we believe all are more or less benefitted. Still the water is not of that purity that it should be, to ensure the best results. This spring is very large, and is the whole year round of the mild temperature of 72° F.

In the effort to establish an institution at this place, little or no dependence has been placed upon the tepid spring. There are other springs of as pure quality as can any where be found. One stream, arising from many small springs, Dr. Chilton of this city determined to be of the best possible quality of natural water.

Another fine spring, as I am told, has lately been brought to bear, which Professor Avery, the able chemist and geologist of Hamilton College, decided to be of as good quality as that tested by Dr. Chilton. This spring is said not to be materially affected by droughts, and is always very cold.

Having spent professionally a part of the time during the past summer at this place, we were led to express our doubt whether Lebanon has a sufficient supply of this pure water for the use of a large establishment during the heat of a dry summer. We wish to speak guardedly, and to be understood as not being acquainted with all the resources now brought to bear at this place. Of one thing we are certain; some number of persons can here carry out the treatment with natural advantages seldom equalled.

Mr. DAVID CAMPBELL is located permanently at this place to labor in the cause of hydropathy. He does not, however, take upon himself professional responsibility. Mr. SYLVESTER GRAHAM visits the establishment occasionally for the purpose of giving advice. Mrs. MARY GOVE is there to remain permanently, we hope; and we shall be glad to be considered responsible for the good treatment of any lady who chooses to place herself under the care of Mrs. Gove.

One thing not to be omitted in speaking of this place is, the reasonableness of expense. The highest expenses do not exceed \$5 per week.

Brattleboro', Vermont.—Dr. WESSELHOEFT, lately an homœopathic practitioner of Boston, established himself at this place during May of the present year. We are not personally acquainted with Dr. Wesselhoeft, or the place. It is pretty generally understood among those favorable to the system, that Dr. W. published last summer, that he could find no pure

water from Virginia up to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and 200 miles from the coast. In this Dr. W. was mistaken. "Even the fine cold springs at Lebanon," said Dr. W. "and thirty miles around, show this obnoxious mixture (sulphate of lime) to a great amount, as any one may convince himself by testing one tumbler full of this water by a few drops of nitrate of silver."\*

Supposing Dr. W.'s opinion to be correct, it does not follow that all are to be under the necessity of centreing to one point, as long as pure clean water falls so abundantly from the clouds?

Since we are upon the subject of purity of water, we are sorry to say that we are informed by a medical friend who has just been at Dr. W.'s establishment, *that the water there is hard*, or in other words, it does not, like rain water, dissolve soap. Wonders can be accomplished with water that is even in some degrees hard; still the best results can only be obtained by the use of water that is decidedly *pure and soft*. If this report, (which has come to us more than once,) is not true, we shall take the earliest opportunity of correcting it. Although Dr. W. does not, as we are informed, believe in *explaining* the system, he will find that patients in this country must have water

\* Nitrate of silver is not a test of either sulphate or carbonate of lime, the most prominent impurities of spring and well water in this country. It is the proper test of the different chlorides only.

Besides the pure water that does exist at Lebanon Springs, the village of the New Lebanon Shakers, in the same valley of the Springs, is abundantly supplied by an aqueduct from springs arising among the high hills adjacent to this most beautiful valley. I am told, also, that the water used by the Hancock Society of Shakers just over the mountain, in Massachusetts, is pure and soft. I am also credibly informed, that in various parts of New England, as well as in some parts of this state, the springs and wells are soft, like rain-water.—[ED. JOUR.]

that is pure and soft. The expenses at this establishment are ten dollars per week.

*Morristown, N. J.*—GEORGE P. DEXTER, M. D., has commenced hydropathy at this place. It is a delightful location, about two hours' railroad ride from the city of New-York. We cannot now speak decidedly of the merits of this establishment, but shall do so hereafter. Expenses at this place are twelve dollars per week.

*Hydropathy in Philadelphia.*—DR. SCHIEFFERDECKER, of Philadelphia, practises as hitherto. We are often told of his good success. We do not know precisely the terms of admission to this gentleman's establishment, only that they are reasonable.

*Water Cure in the city of New-York.* The editor is prepared to receive in his own family, a number more persons to undergo the full treatment by water. We do not claim that a city is the best place for the treatment during the whole year, but that during the cool and cold seasons, in this city of New-York, blessed as it is with an overflowing abundance of pure Croton water, an excellent and thorough course can be given.

As to the terms, (that delicate matter between the physician and patient,) our design is to be as low as is consistent with the expenses incident upon a large city. The time is not far distant when American industry will furnish, both in town and country, such facilities, that those of very limited means even, can undergo the cure: besides when the benefits of hydropathy inestimable are better understood, public charities for carrying out the treatment, will be formed. We are under the necessity of receiving from five to ten dollars per week, not including fuel and lights—the price varying according to the room occupied, the

amount of treatment necessary, the length of time of remaining with us, &c.

Persons should bring with them at least four good woollen blankets, some coarse towels, syringes, &c., or these articles can be purchased at very low rates in the city.

*Transient Board.*—We expect to be able at all times, to accommodate friends of hydropathy with board and lodging, either by the day or week, as may be desired.

*Hydropathy in Child-Birth.*—Mrs. M. L. Shew, wife of the Editor, gave birth to a second child on the 16th of September last. Mrs. S., although of a constitution naturally frail, was able, at any hour, to be "about," and take charge herself of her infant. In three days' time her family moved to a larger house, and each day since that time, she has undergone more exertion and care than most females in health. Very few indeed, in city or country, under any circumstances, undergo as much as she has done during this time. The Editor will hereafter allude in detail to various cases of a similar kind to the above. If there is any one department in which water treatment is more especially applicable, it is in pregnancy and child-birth.

*Advantage of forming Clubs.*—It will be seen that we offer the Journal at the very low price of *Ten Copies for Five Dollars*, when sent to one address. This affords reading matter on the subject of Water-Cure cheaper than can be obtained in any other way. You, therefore, who love this cause, for the sake of the good to be accomplished, endeavor to get at least ten subscribers; and you, who are able to "sell that thou hast and give to the poor," take of the Journal as many copies as your good judgment dictates, and send them to others—to such only as will be glad to read.

*Baths, Bathing Fixtures, Plumbing, &c.*—For articles of the best quality and reasonable prices, we advise our readers to call upon Mr. William West, 133 Hudson street, New-York.

*Dr. Wm. A. Alcott*, the well-known author of various works upon Physiology, Health, Diet, &c. &c., will contribute (regularly, we hope) to the columns of the Journal.

#### TERMS OF THE JOURNAL:

*Invariably in advance*—For one copy, \$1; three copies, \$2; ten copies, \$5. City subscribers will receive their numbers at Wm. H. Graham's, 158 Nassau street, or at the office of publication, 56 Bond street. For sale by periodical dealers generally.

Address, *post paid*, "Joel Shew, M. D., New-York city." Let every friend of the cause do their utmost to aid us. We ask not gain, but only to be sustained from loss.

JAS. P. WRIGHT, PRINTER, 74 FULTON, COR. GOLD ST