

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO THE
EXPLANATION OF THE PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICE OF
HYDROPATHY, OR THE WATER-CURE.

"Wash and be Healed."

JOEL SHEW, M. D., EDITOR.

VOL. V.—No. 1.]

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1848.

[WHOLE No. 43.]

(From Howitt's Journal.)

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

By William B. Carpenter, M.D. F.R.S.

Dependence of Life upon Water.

One of the most striking and obvious differences between a mineral substance and an organized body, is the mixture of solid and liquid parts in the structure of the latter. Compare, for example, a flint with a cabbage, a lump of chalk with a piece of animal flesh. It is not merely that the organized body has certain cavities and canals, in which liquids are contained; for these are sometimes found in the interior of solid crystals. But every part of its substance is so penetrated with water, that the minutest fragment even of its hardest parts, such as the heart-wood of the forest-tree, or the dense bones and teeth of the most powerful animal, lose a good deal of their weight when completely dried by the prolonged action of a gentle heat. We observe a considerable difference in the proportion of liquid contained in different organized bodies, and in the several parts of the same body. Thus every one who has taken an early walk in the country must have observed those very delicate and beautiful specimens of the Mushroom tribe, which spring up during the night, and seem to dissolve away before the beams of the

morning sun; in the fabric of such, the quantity of solid matter is so small, that when the attempt is made to dry them, they leave scarcely more than a film upon the paper of the herbarium. And there is a very curious group of marine animals, the Jelly-fish, whose substance contains an equally small proportion of solid matter; so that when they are cast ashore (as they frequently are) by the waves, and are left to dry upon the beach, a large specimen that might have weighed fifty pounds will be reduced, by the draining away of its liquid portion, to no more than as many *grains*. On the other hand, if we look at the dry scaly Lichens, which are found abundantly upon old fruit-trees, or creep over time honored walls, we shall find that they contain so small a quantity of liquid, as to lose but very little weight, and to undergo scarcely any change in their appearance by being dried; and there are certain marine plants (the true Nullipores,) in almost every part of whose texture so large a quantity of lime is deposited, that even in their living state they present to the unpractised eye no obvious mark of distinction from the rock over which they grow, whilst the attempt to separate them from it shows that their substance is scarcely inferior to it in density.

In these and other cases, however, it

would be found that the *growing parts* are comparatively *soft*; and that, when they become hardened by the deposition of solid matter, they cease to grow. This is very obviously the case with regard to the stony Corals; in which, perhaps, the proportion of solid matter is greater than it is in any other members of the Animal kingdom. That which we know as Coral, is, so to speak, the skeleton of the animal, or rather of a cluster of animals intimately connected together. It is not, as is commonly supposed, a sort of habitation built up by the labours of the coral-polypes, as the honey-comb is constructed by the bee; but it is to the soft membranous body of the animals just what our bones are to our flesh; except that the structure is of a much simpler character, and that a much larger portion of the entire body is thus consolidated, than in the case of the skeletons of the higher animals. In the living state, the whole surface of the Coral is covered with a soft gelatinous flesh; and at certain intervals we observe polypes, bearing a resemblance to the common Sea Anemone, with open mouths, surrounded by numerous arms, by which the food is drawn into them. The under part of this soft fleshy substance is being continually hardened by union with particles of lime which are obtained from the waters of the ocean; whilst the upper part is as constantly growing and extending, at the expense of the food taken in by the polype-mouths. In this manner are gradually produced those rocky accumulations, of which a large part of the islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans entirely consist, and which had a great share (in former epochs of the earth's history) in elevating the land of our own quarter of the globe above the sea-level.

In the contrast between the soft and delicate tissue of the Coral-polypes themselves, and the dense substance of the stony mass formed by their consolidation (which, when once completed, may endure, with little or no apparent change, for thousands or perhaps myriads of years,) we have a striking illustration of the principle which it is our first object to explain:—namely, that “the presence of water in

organized bodies is necessary for the performance of all the changes which are essential to their living state; so that, the softer the tissue, the more active its vital functions usually are. Thus, if we examine a forest-tree, we see that the soft succulent ends of its root-fibres (termed the *spongioles*, or little sponges) are the organs through which alone it takes up water from the soil; the soft outer layers alone of the wood of the stem convey this fluid into the branches and leaves; the soft tissue of the leaves converts this fluid (by uniting with a portion of it the carbon which has been derived from the air) into nutritious sap; it is whilst descending through the soft tissue of the inner bark and outer wood, that this sap gives origin to the new layers by which the diameter of the trunk is to be increased, or to the young tender shoots which are to spring forth into fresh branches; and it is in the very softest parts of the whole structure; that all these important operations, which prepare for the propagation of the race by seed, are at first effected. On the other hand, the dense heart-wood of the trunk, which is the only part whose durability makes it useful as timber, has no concern whatever in the actions of the living tree, and might be removed altogether without any disturbance of them; its only purpose being to give firmness and support to the spreading foliage which is (as we have already seen) the chief instrument of the active growth of the structure. This heart-wood is formed by the consolidation of the inner layers of sap-wood, through the deposition of resinous and other matters in its substance, whilst new layers of sap wood are being formed within the bark; just as the stony corals are produced by the hardening of the deeper part of the fleshy substance of the polypes. In both cases the substances thus formed remain nearly unchanged from the time when they are solidified; and this whether they continue in connexion with parts still living, or are altogether detached from them. In fact, by the change they have undergone, they are converted, as much as any organized substance can be, into the likeness of mineral bodies; and, in common with them, will resist the in-

fluence of those causes which are constantly producing decay in softer textures.

If we examine the bodies of the higher animals, we shall find that there, too, the quantity of water in the several tissues closely corresponds with the activity of those changes which they have respectively to perform. Thus we find the Nervous matter, which of all the Animal tissues is the most energetic in its operations, to be the softest and the most pulsy; and the substance of Muscle, or flesh, which is the instrument of all the movements of the body, is not much more dense, for it contains as much as 77 parts of water in every 100. But when we turn to the Bones and Teeth, which have only a mechanical purpose to serve—that of giving firmness to the body, or acting as cutting or crushing instruments,—we find that they contain a far smaller portion of liquid, and approach in durability the most solid coral or the toughest heart of oak. The whole amount of water contained in the human fabric has been shown by experiment to be not less than *nine-tenths*; for by the application of long continued dry heat, the weight of a body was found to be reduced from 120 lbs. to no more than 12. Bodies of men and other animals, thus baked beneath the burning sun, and dried in the heated sand, are not unfrequently to be met with in the Deserts of Africa and Arabia. They have lost little or none of their solid matter by decay; for, as will be presently seen, even the substances that are usually disposed to change most rapidly, can no longer do so when not kept moist. And portions of such dried animal substances, if allowed to soak for some little time in water, would suck up or absorb nearly as much as they had previously lost.

There are some Plants and Animals which are capable of being thus completely dried up without being killed; although they are reduced by the loss of their water to a state of complete inactivity. Thus the Mosses and Liverworts, which inhabit situations where they are liable to occasional drought, do not suffer from being (to all appearance, at least) completely withered by heat and want of water; but revive and vegetate actively as soon as

they have been thoroughly moistened. Instances are recorded, in which Mosses that have been for many years dried up in a Herbarium, have been restored by moisture to active life. There is a *Lycopodium* (Club-moss) inhabiting Peru, which, when dried up for want of moisture, folds its leaves and contracts into a ball; in this state, apparently quite devoid of animation, it is blown hither and thither by the wind; but as soon as it reaches a moist situation, it sends down its roots into the soil, and unfolds to the atmosphere its leaves; which, from a dingy brown, speedily change to the bright green of active vegetation. There is a blue *Water-Lily* abounding in several of the canals at Alexandria, which in certain seasons become so dry that their beds are burnt as hard as bricks by the action of the sun, so as to be fit for use as carriage roads; yet the plants do not thereby lose their vitality; for when the water is again admitted, they resume their growth with full vigour. The *Wheel-Animalcules*, and some species of the *Water-Fleas* of our pools, appear to be thus completely deprived of their water, when they are fully developed, without the destruction of their lives. If it were not for this property, such small collections of water as are liable to be occasionally dried up, would be altogether unable to sustain animal life for any lengthened period; instead of which, we find spots that were previously dry hollows on the surface of the ground, teeming with these interesting little beings, within a short time after they have been converted into pools by a shower of rain. But it would seem that many animals, which are killed by the want of water when they are full grown, can sustain the loss of it in their earlier condition. Thus the eggs of the *Slug*, when dried up by the sun or by artificial heat, and reduced to minute points only visible with the microscope, are found not to have lost their fertility when they are moistened by a shower of rain or by immersion in water, so as to regain their former plumpness by the absorption of fluid. Even after being treated eight times in this manner, the eggs of Slugs have been hatched, when placed under favorable circumstances.

It would seem that many cold-blooded animals are reduced, by want of a sufficient supply of liquid, to a state of torpidity closely resembling that produced by cold; and hence it is that, during the hottest and driest part of the tropical year, there is almost as complete an inactivity as in the winter of temperate regions. The common Snail, if put into a box without food, constructs a thin horny partition across the mouth of its shell, and attaches itself to the side of the box; and in this state it may remain dormant for years, without being affected by any ordinary changes of temperature; but it will speedily revive if plunged in water. Even in their natural haunts, the Snails, etc. of our own climates are often found in this state during the summer, when there is a continued drought; but with the first shower they come forth and spread themselves over our gardens. In like manner it is observed that the rainy season, between the tropics, brings forth the hosts of insects which the drought had caused to remain inactive in their hiding places. Animals thus rendered torpid, seem to have a tendency to bury themselves in the ground, like those which are driven to winter quarters by cold; and thus it happens that the little depressions in the ground, which are changed into pools by the rain, are found in a few days to be peopled by numerous full-grown shells, water-beetles, etc. which had been previously buried in the dry hard soil beneath. Even certain Fish and Reptiles may be reduced to the torpid condition from the same cause. This is the case with a very curious animal, the *Lepidosiren*, which forms a connecting link between these two classes. It is an inhabitant of the upper parts of the river Gambia, which are liable to be dried up during much more than half the year; and the whole of this period is spent by it in a hollow which it excavates for itself deep in the mud, where it lies coiled up in a completely torpid condition, whence it is called by the natives, the "Sleeping Fish." When the return of the rainy season causes the streams to be again filled, so that the water finds its way down to the hiding-place of the *Lepidosiren*, it comes

forth again for its brief period of activity; and with the approach of drought it again works its way down into the mud, which speedily hardens around it into a solid mass. The Lizards and Serpents, too, of tropical climates appear to be subject to the same kind of torpidity, in consequence of drought, as that which affects the species of those animals inhabiting temperate regions during the cold winter. Thus the celebrated traveller Baron Humboldt has related the strange accident of a hovel having been built over a spot where a young Crocodile lay buried, alive though torpid, in the hardened mud; and he mentions that the Indians often find enormous Boas in the same lethargic state, which revive when they are wetted with water.

(To be continued.)

THE MUMMERY OF MEDICINE.

It is impossible to deny that there is some tough reading in the world. Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzle most people—Etruscan inscriptions cannot be read by those who run—and—to ascend from antiquity upwards—even the contemporary pothooks and hangers wherewith John Chinaman labels his tea boxes, are by no means lucid in their signification. But neither sculptured stones from Egypt—nor vases from Etruscan tombs—nor tea-boxes ornamented with the most mystic devices of China Ink—are much more obscure in the tale they would tell than the little slips of paper which the doctor tells us to carry to the apothecary, and—on the "shut our eyes and open our mouth" principle—swallow the mysterious substances, solid or fluid, represented by the equally mysterious writings in question.

But the medical profession is a learned profession, and its members use Latin because Latin is a learned language. We should like to hear a few "general practitioners" indulging a quiet chat on Sir James Graham's new Medical Bill or on mesmerism and homœopathy, in the vernacular of the Cæsars. We should see how deep the learned profession was in the learned language. But who says that doctors write Latin?—Their Latin is no

more Latin than it is English ; they have only half translated the tongue they employ ; they have taken it out of English without putting it into any other language in particular. Our Sangrados, too, add insult to injury—they make us swallow their nasty stuffs, and call them by barbarous names to boot. They insist upon their Latin being as horrid as their drugs ; not only is the draught nauseous to one species of taste, but the formula under which it is administered must be revolting to another.

But bad Latin is not our principal objection to our friends of the College of Surgeons and Physicians. Even if they could write Ciceronian prescriptions, which they can't, or, at all events, won't—we ask, what would be the *cui bono* of doing so. We are not Romans, but Englishmen. Write as you speak. You ask us to put out our tongues, and to let you feel our pulse in plain English ; you find the one too white, and the other too fast. Why don't you tell us the names of the drugs we must swallow, to restore the fine red of the one, and moderate the jog-trot of the other, in plain English too ?

Gentlemen "Medicine-men," or "Mystery men," as the Ojibbeways and other red brethren of the wilderness call you ; there has been from time immemorial a considerable quantity of humbug in your profession, the still existing remnants of which we would fain see purged off. In times of yore, when people called you Leeches and Chirurgeons, you added a good many of the tricks of the juggler to your legitimate craft. You were then the prince professors of Alchemy, of Astrology ; the principal conjurors and magicians of the olden time, ere the advent of Herr Dobler and the Wizard of the North : you masqueraded in flowing robes and long beards, and carried white wands like the stewards at a charity dinner : you used a mysterious jargon, both in your medical and your magical practice : you applied one to aid you in carrying on the other : you had sympathetic powders, and charms and enchantments : you worked both by spell and bill : "hax, pax, max," was an old medical charm against the effect of a mad-dog's bite : the not very dignified syl-

lable of och, och, you held to be able to perform cures, to accomplish which sulphur ointment has obtained a modern celebrity. Long ago, however, you gave up your patient's symptoms, and chances in the stars, and you now look for the legitimate reward of your learned labors, rather to guinea fees than to the mystic riches of the crucible. So far so good. You have in a measure kept pace with the world which is moving on around you ; but still, in some respects, you are lagging ; still you have a yearning, longing for that veil of mystery, which once hung, awe-inspiring, around you ; still in your prescriptions live the embers of your former secret fires ; still, in ordering a simple pill or a soothing draught, do you fondly hug the glory with which the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* invests you. Of the old mystic formulas you still have a fond recollection. Gentlemen, your faith in spells is not yet quite at an end. In ordering a dose of salts, your sulph. mag. corresponds to the ancient och, och. We never see a prescription setting forth the necessity of beginning next day with a drachm of castor oil, the neat and appropriate sentiment couched under the dim phraseology of *ol. ric. cras. mane*, without thinking with great tolerance of the days when *hax, pax, max*, and similar luminous and useful sentences, were in great vogue and vigor.

Drop, then, we beseech of you, the last links which connect science with nonsense—the Doctor with the Diddler family ; rhubarb will do as much good when ordered in English as in dog Latin ; senna is not a bit more agreeable as *Fol. sen. nor cream of tartar as Bitar. Pot.* Apothecaries can understand "To be made into a draught," just as well as *Fiat Haustus* ; and even the most ignorant will not require more spelling over "The mixture to be taken at bedtime," than they would to read and understand *Mixt. h. s. sumida.*—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.*

We find the following *rum-recommending recipe* in one of our *temperance exchanges* :

"*Remedy for Dyspepsia.*—A very mild, safe and effective relief, and frequently a perfect cure of dyspeptic and bilious

attacks, is made as follows:—A pint of best French brandy, an ounce of best Turkish rhubarb, pulverized, and a half ounce of caraway seeds, shaken well together and stood away to settle. A tablespoonful (more or less, as the case requires,) should be taken before meals, until the disease is removed.”

Now all that we have to say in the matter, is simply this: there never was, is not, and never will be, any necessity for the use of *poisons* of any description as medicine. *Pure water* will do everything for a diseased frame which can be done. Mankind may depend upon it, that where water will not cure, any other remedy is worse than the disease. Let persons who have the dyspepsia *drink plenty of water* on an empty stomach; rising early in the morning to do it before breakfast. Bathe in cold water—use water clysters, &c. Never eat except when hungry—no matter if meal-time does come; and our word for it, the dyspepsia will soon leave. To secure this result, the general habits must be good, of course.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Nineteenth Century.*

BLUE TEA.—Some startling disclosures have been made in England, in regard to tea. Sir George Larpent, the Chairman of the East India Association, stated in his evidence before Parliament, that “the whole of the supply of tea in the European market was a *manufactured article*. There was not a pound of tea which came to this country from China, which did not undergo a coloring process. Tea which we call green here was colored green, and might as well be colored yellow or blue. The tea underwent that manufacture with the view to adopt it to the market in this country, and the process might to some extent alter the essential quality of the tea.”—*Gem of Science, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

☞ The Cold Water Cure has achieved another triumph. A Mr. Beckett, of Epworth, Mass, being savagely afflicted with a disposition to abuse his wife, was taken by some of his neighbors and ducked into cold water. He was very soon so far convalescent as to promise better behavior.—*N. Y. Organ.*

(From the Herald and Pioneer of Freedom)

HYDROPATHY.

Mr. Editor,—Many of the assertions that hydropathists make, are received with a great deal of allowance, and some of them entirely discredited, because they are so startling, and so contrary to the hitherto revealed medical religion. ‘What,’ says one, ‘do you suppose I am such a fool as to believe that you, or anybody else, can, by the simple use of water, remove obstructions from the liver?’ Says another:—‘As for being such a fool as to believe that you hydropathists can remove films from the eye, it’s too absurd to talk about,—and I must say, doctor, I do think you’d better left that part of your lecture out.’ I wonder not, my friends, that such assertions make you stare. They did me, once. But I hope you will not be so unfair as to impute to me a wish to deceive, when I most solemnly assure you that they are strictly true, as can be proved by such men as Gideon Phillips, George W. Mudge, Homer Frye, and many others in this town. I mention these names, because when doubted I like to give chapter and verse.

I am well aware when I make these statements, some who know me not, and have paid no attention to the great doctrine of hydropathy, will marvel much, and even deny their truth, but still I feel it my duty to make them. Not simply because they are true, but because I believe them to concern the people more to know than almost anything that can be said.

No one will deny, not even the medical man, that there would be no excuse for taking medicines when simple water would do as well. Now I make bold to say, Mr. Editor, here, as I said in Lyceum Hall, that in my opinion water properly applied will in all cases succeed better in effecting a radical cure than medicines. I speak this from experience. “Judge ye what I say.” The mystery that has been thrown round medical practice ever since the days of Hippocrates and Esculapius, is what gives it a charm in many eyes. The Latin and Greek names so hard to get, and harder still to understand, add much to the virtue of medicines. In olden time, the practice of the healing art was entirely in the hands of

the priests, who monopolized all the learning, while the people didn't dare deny that the nauseous drugs, or poisonous herbs, or the hellish compounds of wizard incantation, were all they were represented to be.—A favorite practice in those days was, in case of a wound, to anoint the instrument that made it with one of their all-healing salves. A custom, by the way, not much more absurd than the one now in use among the ignorant and old-fashioned, of covering over the wound itself with salves and ointments,—as if a wound could be healed independently of the general system, by local appliances simply. The fact is, and it can't be denied, that physicians have usurped the place of Nature, instead of being, as they should be, her humble handmaids. I boldly affirm it as my belief, that the majority of physicians of the old school are every day doing infinitely more harm than good by their misguided zeal and usurpation.—Whether they do it wittingly and wilfully or not, is another and an interesting question.

Let us look, for a moment, at the absurdity of the old practice. A man by reason of his departure from the true condition of health, caused by his every day and hour's violation of the plainest laws of his being, becomes diseased. Over-eating has destroyed the tone of his stomach, and engorged his liver.—Drinking strong tea and coffee has destroyed the equilibrium of his nervous system; the use of tobacco has done a little of both; while late hours and lascivious indulgences have enervated the general system, and devouring crude and unwholesome books unite in destroying the whole man, morally, intellectually, and physically,—much to his surprise! Then comes disease. The skin which was covered from the public eye, and therefore allowed to go unwashed, has become incapable of performing its office, and the mass of morbid matter which should escape through its pores (two thirds of all we eat, when in a healthy state, escapes in this way) knocks in vain to be let out, and consequently is thrown back upon the vital organs already gorged to madness. "What then?" Why nothing but the stomach and liver

of an ostrich would think of performing their functions properly under such circumstances:—and so dyspepsia rears its hydra-head in the system, and the man is miserable beyond comparison, and often beyond redemption. The physician is sent for. A man of pills and lotions. He comes. Now mark what he does. He listens to the patient's history of his complaints,

"A long array, a numerous host," and gives,—the sympathetic soul!—now and then an occasional "hem!" or "hah!" or, it may be, a "just so!"—looks at his tongue, feels his pulse, and prescribes for him. Let us read the prescription.

*Rx Pill Hydrargyri, one drachm
Div. in pillula No. VIII
Rt Tincura Cortex Rubrum, 1 oz.
Aloes et Myrrha, 1 oz.
M. sc.*

Take one of the pills morning and night, and two tea-spoonful of the mixture every four hours."

A scientific prescription we admit. The *Pill Hydrargyri* (in naked English called blue pill alias mercury) the doctor says will remove the engorgement of the liver, and often, thereby, the then existing great difficulty, indigestion. Then the mixture of bark, aloes, and myrrh, will bring up the tone of the stomach as nice as a glass of brandy would. Granted. But will it remove the cause? No.—no.—no.—and every physician not a fool, knows it will not. It is simply removing obstructions by force,—as if a bean-pole were thrust into the ducts, or bile-passages of the liver,—but, oh the scraping and consequent soreness that ensues! "But the patient gets well, and that's enough, isn't it?" Yes, if he has a constitution he does "get well," as it is called. But what makes the necessity of so frequent a recurrence to the blue pill and black doctor?—Why the *cause* still exists. The scraping and cleaning only cleared the track for a while, making it more liable to obstructions than before,—in fact, *only baling out the boat instead of stopping the leak*. Now let us suppose that you are "one of 'em" who keeps up with the times. You, of course, send for a hydropathic, or water-cure physician. What does *he* do? First of all, he points out the error of your ways, and by placing you in the true conditions of healthful

life has already done more for you than all the medicines in the world could. "But Nature is incompetent to throw off the heavy burden of self-imposed disease." Well, then, do not add insult to injury by poking nauseous drugs into an already terribly irritated stomach, making it perform a double labor, viz., that of removing the disease, and the medicine too, (both, very often, alike injurious,) but apply suitable remedies to the "seat of government," so to speak, where your appeals may be heard, appreciated, and heeded. What these remedies are, and how they should be applied, must be the work of another communication. Yours, for "humanity first,"

E. A. K.

WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1848.

✂ To our SUBSCRIBERS — *Many have failed in paying their subscriptions for the past year. Will such do us the favour to send the amount due as soon as possible?*

The Water-Cure Journal was commenced by the Editor and Proprietor without any expectation of making money by it, but merely with a view to the wider dissemination of the principles of truth and health. He has been satisfied to hope for a return which would barely pay his expenses. But having now tried the experiment for a long time, and finding that so long as the present amount of reading matter is furnished, the Journal is running in debt for its expenses,—finding that the labor of conducting it, a labor often annoying in its nature, and unavoidably absorbing much time, the loss of which is severely felt amid the numerous and never-ceasing calls of a professional nature, and which, moreover, has never been repaid, except by the consciousness of doing good;—finding all these drawbacks and incumbrances, upon continuing

the Journal with its large amount of reading matter, we have found it necessary to reduce our monthly issue to half its former size. We hope our subscribers will be satisfied with this arrangement. The matter published will be more strictly confined than heretofore to the great object for which the Journal was established, and will be found fully worth the small sum required as the annual subscription price. Besides which, to those who are truly interested in the progress of the water-cure, (and we hope all our readers are so,) the choice is only between the proposed reduction and the cessation of the Journal altogether. We find it injudicious and almost impossible to withdraw our time from the exercise of a profession whose calls are imperative and incessant, to devote our labor, and that of the severest kind, to the maintenance of a periodical which hardly pays its own expenses. Trusting to the liberality and good sense of our subscribers, we therefore commend to them our Journal in its altered form, assuring them that, as far as we are concerned, they will still find it worthy of their support.

✂ Since the preceding article was in type, the following letter has been received from a gentleman who has for years been a subscriber for a number of copies of our Journal, and an active co-worker in the cause of hydropathy, by diffusing intelligence upon the subject by periodical papers and personal influence. We hope our readers will agree with him.

To the Editor :

Dear Sir,—I am glad to learn of your intention to reduce the size of your Journal, and confine it more closely to water cure matter. Not that I am afraid of having too much of a good thing, but that I have for some time been satisfied, from my acquaintance with the unpub-

lished history of other periodicals, (especially of those which advocate reform,) that in its present form it could not remunerate you or justify its continuance. In monthly numbers, of sixteen pages, it will still be cheap at \$1 a year, as other similar periodicals, and I think many of your readers will agree with me, that 16 pages, carefully prepared, and strictly hydropathic reading, will be as valuable as twice the amount of miscellaneous selections from books, &c., which can be found elsewhere. As the work of reform is almost universally an up-hill and losing business, I presume your subscribers will say, with me, "Go on—give us as much appropriate reading as you can afford, but do not for a moment think of stopping the publication; that would be a serious loss to the cause. The *quality* of the matter must make up for the less *quantity*, and we will all do what we can to sustain and increase your subscription list."

I remain yours for **COLD WATER.**
Jan. 5, 1848.

Many of the readers of the Journal are probably not aware that Dr. SHEW is now on a second visit to Graefenberg, Germany, from whence he is expected to return in May next. The following letter, describing his passage out on board the Washington, which we copy from the Tribune, will, no doubt, be read with much interest.

British Channel, Dec. 2, 1847.

We are now on the fourteenth day from New York, entering the British Channel. If we are not hindered by fogs, we shall be at Southampton to-morrow morning. We have had a good deal of bad weather, the wind dead against us about half of the time, and yet our passage must, on the whole, be reckoned a remarkably good one, when compared with those of the English steamers—the distance from Boston to Liverpool being nearly a day shorter at each end than this from New York to Southampton. We had the second and third days out very heavy weather, so much so that considerable portions of the wheel-houses were torn away, but the no-

ble ship bore her way onward, notwithstanding the violence of the wind and waves.

The Washington is thus far the largest steamship proper that has ever navigated the ocean.—The Great Britain was something larger, but she was merely a sailing propeller. The other ships of this line now being built, the Hermann, Humboldt, and Franklin, are each to be larger than the Washington. These vessels are all built under the sanction and with the patronage of the Government, and are constructed of such strength and durability that in case of necessity they are to be used as vessels of war. But God grant that such a necessity may never come upon us! We have had already by far too much of that dire calamity.

The dimensions of the Washington are as follows: length, 240 feet; beam, or width, 40 feet; hold, or depth, 37 feet. Imagining the ship to be a house, it is four stories high. The first, that is, the lowermost story, is used exclusively for coal; the second for freight; the third partly for freight and partly for passengers' state-rooms; the last and uppermost for state-rooms, an immense dining-saloon, sufficient for about 200 persons, parlor, kitchen, &c. There are accommodations for about 150 passengers, not including officers, stewards, cooks, &c., &c. Above all, it should be remembered, is the great promenade deck.

Some idea of the expense of running a ship of this kind may be gained from the following particulars. There are consumed daily for her two engines of 1000 horse-power each, *forty-six tons of coal*. Remember, *one ton* is sufficient to heat quite a room for months with a good stove. The number of men required to sail and manage the ship is as follows: the captain and 4 officers, viz. the first, second, third and fourth mates; 35 sailors; 5 engineers; 12 firemen; 13 coal turners, (men who move the coal to the place at which the firemen take it;) 2 oilers, (men whose business it is to keep the machinery constantly oiled;) 2 stewards; 5 cooks; 15 waiters; 2 chambermaids; also 1 purser, 1 clerk, and 2 storekeepers—in all, 90 persons.

The Washington is capable of sailing by steam alone 14½ miles per hour. She will, without doubt, with tolerably fair weather, make the passage from New York to Southampton (about 3400 miles) in twelve days. Thence along the Channel and North Sea to Bremerhaven, near Bremen, Germany, the distance is about 500 miles, requiring about two days more.

To sail across the Atlantic will now doubtless be considered by many a trifling thing, but such is not the fact. Do what we will, there are always dangers connected with the ocean. It is no small thing to cross the great deep—and how- ever often a person may have passed safely across it, who can tell, as he bids adieu to home and friends, but that this may be the time in which his mortal part will be consigned to the watery grave?

But notwithstanding all the sea-sickness and dangers of the ocean, there are yet many pleasures connected therewith. There is a majesty in it which the thoughtful soul can never forget. The ocean is the great type of Power Infinite, and leads the devout mind ever upward to the Author of all good. A child can understand this. Late one night, as we were sailing midway between the two continents, a little German girl, scarce past four years of age, was walking the deck with her aged parent, a Moravian preacher and missionary; the night was very pleasant, and the Northern Lights shone forth with peculiar beauty and brilliancy. The little girl looked thoughtfully awhile, and then commenced sobbing as if her heart would break. On being asked why she wept, she said *she wanted to see her mother in heaven*. Her mother had died three years before.

It is surprising how soon strangers become accustomed and even strongly attached to each other at sea. We come together for the most part strangers, feeling, no doubt, a reluctance to the forming of new attachments, and yet after only the brief space of two weeks we shall leave each other's society with regret. On the bosom of the great waters we have been a little band—a world by ourselves—sharing, from day to day, the same hopes and fears, the same beauties and delights.

Some of us at least will long remember the blessings of this wintry passage across the ocean.

Sea sickness, or, to use a technical term, *nausea marina*, which nearly all must to a greater or less extent experience, is greatly dreaded by many. Some are ill almost the entire passage. The strongest possible expressions are made in reference to this illness, if such it may be called. The sufferers sigh for their quiet homes and still beds. The constant, never-ceasing motion is the great thing dreaded. A place on a dreary rock, or even iceberg of Greenland, would be a paradise compared with the loathed state-room of the ship. But once on land again, these sufferings are forgotten, as with women the pains and agony of childbirth when they have passed.

But notwithstanding all the suffering of sea sickness, it seems seldom or never to do any permanent harm. Indeed, the common belief is that the effect is salutary. On the whole, no doubt the system is the better therefor—not however because of the retching and vomiting, as is generally supposed, but of the fasting that is necessarily practised. The *hungry cure* has been practised for ages in Germany, and with marked success, although but few persons are found to have the moral courage to go through with it. Many persons, by the abstinence they are compelled to practise in sea-sickness, are wonderfully benefitted. The system of every one seems to be purified and invigorated, and in some cases old and inveterate symptoms of long standing, and that have withstood almost every kind of medical treatment, are found in a very short time to give way. But the giddiness and aching of the head, the retching irritation and reversal action of the stomach, and the most obstinate constipation which sea-sickness produces, are evidently not the causes of the benefit that is derived therefrom.

According to my experience and observations, now three times in crossing the Atlantic, I am led to believe that sea-sickness can be in all cases greatly modified, and in some cases entirely prevented, by proper management. Thus it is that

sailors, when first going upon the ocean are seldom troubled more than a few hours with the sickness. They are kept mostly in the open air on deck, at light work, pulling the ropes, &c. Some persevere, and even go aloft while yet they are vomiting. By being thus in the open air, the attention is diverted, the brain and blood are kept more cool, the system is invigorated, and the spirits do not become so depressed; their food, too, is comparatively plain, and thus the sea-sickness of this hardy, useful, and yet much neglected class of men, is cut short in its very beginning. So, too, those persons who will take upon themselves a rigid and self-denying course will be but little troubled. Until the symptoms pass, very little—almost no food at all, should be taken. Tea, coffee, and tobacco, those hateful—always worse than useless—articles, which also are so much used at sea, should be wholly avoided. Pure cold water, and that plentifully, the only drink. Exercise much, and yet not too much, in the open air. If the head is left bare when the sun is not hot, all the better. Then when vomiting must come, drink five, ten, or twenty tumblers of blood warm, mawkish water, and thus give the stomach a thorough cleansing. Thus you will find the vomiting rendered a comparatively easy thing. Drink then a draught of pure cold water, “to settle the stomach,” and take to your berth, and let the waves rock you gently to sleep, if you can. To the above regimen, frequent washing the whole surface, by means of sponge or towel, with water—tepid, cool, or cold, according to the strength; wearing the wet girdle according to the immortal Priessnitz, and using clysters of water, will be very beneficial. You will be fortunate in all this matter if you have water as pure and soft as the Croton, for upon its purity and softness much of the good depends. If the water drinking alone is freely practised, persons will be astonished to find how much easier the vomiting is rendered than in the ordinary mode.

As for wine-drinking, and other forms of genteel intemperance, there is need of much reform at sea. Few appear to understand the maxim of Richter: “I have

fire-proof, perennial enjoyments, called employments.” People are, most of them, very idle at sea; and so they must eat, drink, and dose, to “kill time.” Amid the luxuries and ever assiduous attentions of a ship like this, persons are continually complaining of themselves—“We eat, drink, and sleep too much; we shall be glad when we get where we are not tempted so much.” When we Americans get to have a few more such advocates of temperance as Capt. Knight, of that largest and most famous of all sailing packets, the “New World,” the good cause will progress more than hitherto.

Nov. 3 8 o'clock A. M.—We have been hindered by fogs, but are now close to the Isle of Wight, and near Portsmouth and Southampton. Portsmouth is on one side of our course landward, and the Isle of Wight on the other. The former is by far the strongest naval port of the strongest navy in the world—the English. On the beautiful Isle is Queen Victoria’s summer residence. There, too, is to be seen the tomb of the Dairyman’s Daughter, of whom every Sunday School scholar in our country has read.

To illustrate the character of our excellent Capt. Johnson, I must tell you a little circumstance that happened the second day out from New York. Three or four of us happened to witness it. A poor old German peasant, apparently sick, had been induced to stow himself away in the ship, with the hope of getting a passage. He was found the second day, and was brought to Capt. Johnson. His story was, that he was ill, and wished to get back to his children. Said he, “If you will only take me home, I will work for you all the way, and do everything I can. I have no money, but I want to go to my children in Germany.” The captain, with a smile on his naturally good-natured countenance, listened to the old man in such a way as told us plainly all would be well. So when he had finished his story, the captain asked him if he could take care of the cow? “Ya, Mynheer,” exclaimed the trembling old man; “me tend the cow, me sweep the deck, me do any thing if I can help you.”

And so the old man was faithful to the last. But others must not follow his example, or they will get "hunted up" before leaving, or have to become coal-heavers the whole passage, as would have been the case with the old man had he been younger and not ill.

Capt. Johnson is a most amiable, kind-hearted man. He is much beloved and respected by all his men, and the passengers have all most cheerfully signed a certificate of his nautical skill, gentleman-like conduct, and assiduous attention during our passage. This is no formal affair, but one that comes from the hearts of us all. In two days more we may expect to be in *Deutschland*.

(For the Water-Cure Journal.)

Dear Doctor,—Having suffered for six years from a chronic disorder in the throat, which the best regular physicians in all parts of the country, from Vermont to Georgia, had treated during all that time with every variety of drugs and blisters, leeches and gurgles, but only with the natural effect of making me worse, instead of better, I tried the water-cure under your advice and treatment, and was soon comforted by substantial relief and the prospect of a certain and perfect cure. Having found that depending on the regular physicians was like leaning on a bruised reed, which would break and pierce the hand that held it, I resolved to try whether, by lucky accident, I could find any benefit from the *quacks*. With this determination, I first went to a notable discoverer in your city, who claims to have invented a new and infallible method of diagnosis, by feeling of the spine alone. The disease itself he then promised to cure, by applying metallic preparations within and without, so as to restore the electrical current through the diseased part, which will then become sound. The theory was a very pretty theory, and only lacked one thing to make it perfect—that was *truth*. The doctor duly felt down my spine, and gravely informed me that my stomach was very much out of order, and my muscular system wholly deranged. But he said not a word about my throat until I asked him, and then said, that if it

was ailing at all, it was only from sympathy with the stomach. Now it happened that my stomach was in so healthy a state that I could take care of even a Christmas dinner so effectually that by the morrow it would "leave not a trace behind;" and my muscular system, I thought, on a fair comparison, might easily have compelled the sagacious inventor of the new diagnosis to bite the dust, should he have been disposed to try a personal encounter, as the test of the respective healthiness of our muscular systems. I therefore took my hat and bade him good morning, counting myself a lucky man to have escaped so easily, and satisfied that if his diagnosis was a fair specimen of his curative system, he was *not much better than the regular doctors*. I need hardly add, that this, my first trial of the *quacks*, was rather discouraging.

I next tried the water-cure system. Thought I to myself, "I shall see whether this second sort of quacking will do any better than the first." I commenced operations, according to your directions and at your establishment in Syosset, a perfect sceptic, and read your works on the subject more from curiosity and to pass away the time, than with the expectation of being convinced. But truth plainly spoken, will have its own effect on a mind which is capable of understanding satisfactory evidence, when laid before it. The books convinced the mind, while the cold water did famously for the body; and I soon resolved within myself that I was on the high road to health, and that, paradoxical as it might seem, the *quacks* were the *scientific physicians*, and the *scientific physicians* were the *quacks*.

I do not intend to detail here my own full experience in the cure of my throat; but in quite another department. Being convinced of the truth of the water-cure system, I forthwith, in my travels and visits among my friends, began to preach the new doctrines with all the vigor and fervor of a new convert. But I was soon astonished to discover that the minds of men and women in general are not ready to receive and act upon truth when it is presented to them! How many stubborn

discussions I had! How many ridiculous objections I had to answer! How many silly sneers to repel! But to come down to a few particular cases:

There was one acquaintance of mine who was wasted away to a mere shadow by tobacco. He had smoked in his day, but his permanent weakness was chewing. His complexion was somewhere between the colour of an old parchment and that of an "old soldier;" he was very dyspeptic, had strong twinges of rheumatism every winter, and besides these two leaders of the host of ills, his flesh was heir to a goodly array of smaller complaints, which gave him abundant occupation during his leisure hours. Poor fellow! I talked to him strongly—convinced him likewise, as he confessed; nay, more, he even went so far as to say he *would* try the water-cure system, and give up the weed of "Ole Virginny." But that resolution was all the good I could do him; carrying it into execution was a *non sequitur*. From the last news I heard of his doings, habits, and health, I infer that, being but a raw recruit in the good cause, I have been completely beaten out of the field by that abominable veteran of an "old soldier."

Nor is this the only case where Mother Miller's fine cut, or pig-tail, or honeydew, or Cavendish, or James River, have been too much for me. The slaves of the tobacco-box have a horror of cold water, and how can you expect, then, ever to get enough of it into them, or pour enough upon them to drown out the enemy! an enemy who always has friends within the camp to let him in on occasion, and besides that, has more lives than an army of cats.

I have never come across any smokers who were quite as bad as the chewers—but perhaps I am a little blind on this side; for I was for many years an old smoker myself, and still give an affectionate sniff whenever my nose comes in contact with the perfume of a fragrant segar. Smokers, I believe, can leave off their habit more easily than their salivary brethren, for the luxurious indulgence of the one can be made to *end in smoke*; whereas the chewer is like an unruly horse who takes

the "*bit*" that governs him between his teeth, and gallops away to destruction on his individual responsibility. I hope you will not understand me as intending to *puff the segars*, for you know I have given up both segars and pipes, and all other fumigations, "long time ago."

But the obstacles I have met with in making converts are "too numerous to mention," and besides that, they would probably be nothing new to you. But there is one grievance which it is very hard to endure. In visiting around among my old friends, who are vehemently addicted to the old diet, it is exceedingly hard, and sometimes impossible, without rudeness, to succeed in resisting the importunity of a kind-hearted host, and especially of a notable house-keeper of a hostess, who will almost thrust the beef, and plumb-pudding, and wine, and porter, down one's throat, being perfectly convinced that their poor guest will *starve himself to death*, if he is not forced to eat "something nourishing!" I was, not long ago, in an English family on a fortnight's visit;—a family who enjoy wonderfully good health, on the whole, considering they follow what is called in England a "generous diet." This means four, if not five, meals a day, garnished with excellent wines and first rate malt liquors of various kinds, while cold water, either external or internal application, is at a decided discount. For ten days, I manfully held my own; but the "opposition to starvation" was daily increasing; all the members of the family, old and young, especially, however, the fairer portion, became more and more pressing, until at last human nature, *under the circumstances*, could stand it no longer. Fortunately, there were not many days of my visit left, and a pretty strict fast of about equal duration prevented any ill effects from my backsliding.

Nor is it only in the matter of diet that a water-cure man is at a loss in houses administered on the ordinary system. He often finds a splendid table set out, indeed, on which there is not a single dish of which he can partake with comfort. But this is not all. It is almost impossible to get a bath of any efficacy for

a healthy man, or, above all, to enjoy a "wet sheet," without making a disturbance which will turn the house upside down with unwonted commotion. I have seen a father and mother, two sisters, and four brothers, three servant girls, and five old maiden aunts, standing in consternation round a member of the family whom I had succeeded in decoying into a wet sheet, while the old grandmother, who was in another part of the house, and too infirm to be present at the perilous experiment in person, sent, about every ten minutes, to inquire "whether her dear grandson was dead yet?" The "dear grandson," it may be added, entered the sheet with somewhat of reluctance, and a decided shudder, but remained in it with a satisfaction that grew, as it were, by steam power, and came out a thorough convert to all the water-cure system—except the diet, which may follow on some subsequent occasion, perhaps, and perhaps not, for he loves good eating, and however he neglects his health, never neglects a good dinner.

But I am afraid you will think, from the length of my yarn, that I must be an old sailor, so I shall clip my thread here, and spin you another "hank," if you like the quality of the "article," at some more convenient season.

A PATIENT.

THE WET BANDAGE AS A REMEDY FOR A COLD.

To the Editors of the Water-Cure Journal:

Since cold weather fairly set in, it has been my misfortune to be frequently exposed to taking cold, but I am happy to assure you that by following, in so far as I conveniently could, some few of your hints, as to the proper mode of throwing one off, I have escaped all bad consequences, and have thus far experienced very little annoyance, compared with the time when I was well swathed in flannels and eschewed cold water. There is a demon in our office, in the shape of a "rail-road stove," which has nothing "lukewarm" about it; when it is fairly "on the track," it "goes" famously, I assure you, —else it obstinately refuses to "go" at all. The consequence is, we are all com-

pelled to compromise with our demon in the best way we can, particularly as our "dem." is in such awfully cold buildings, that we cannot dispense with its calorific propensities; so we compel our fierce slave to heat several rooms at once. But still we have each to select his own proper position,—that is, with an eye to comfort and the preservation of health: and hitherto, I believe I have fared quite as well as any body, though one of the coldest corners has fallen to my lot.

I write to you just now, however, mainly to advert to the singular benefit which I invariably derive from the use of "the wet bandage," as a remedy for "a cold." On retiring at night, tho' I may not absolutely require it, I frequently put one on as a sort of luxury—so cooling and grateful is it to the whole frame; indeed, I consider it second only, in this latter respect, to that genial soother, "the wet sheet" itself. To sleep in a wet bandage is a positive treat; all restlessness vanishes from (it may be) the feverish system, and on rising in the morning, it is with a pleasant sense of having enjoyed a delicious rest, entirely free from all pain or irritation. I have always experienced—and particularly in the chest—a sense of openness, so to speak, after using the wet bandages, that is infinitely refreshing; and this is a sure sign, I believe, that the "cold" has either gone, or its unnatural strength has been, in a great measure, abated.

Pardon me, I pray you, if I have spoken to you on this point with any thing like irrelevance, for I am too grateful to you for your kindness in pointing out, in your writings, so agreeable a mode of obtaining relief from what has so long been deemed a grievous bugbear, that I cannot help speaking in all sincerity of frankness. It can do you no good, I am very well aware, but perhaps it may avail some few of your readers to be made acquainted with these actual facts, notwithstanding they may seem to be of inconsiderable value. Faithfully yours, H.

New York, January, 1848.

What is Fortune, if she be not attended by "the rosy-lipped cherub, Health?"

(For the Water-Cure Journal)

Graefenberg, near Utica,
Dec. 29th, 1847.

DR. SNEW:

Dear Sir,—Since I am engaged in the same good cause with yourself, and since your Journal has readers scattered over this vicinity, perhaps you will allow me to say to them that I have opened a hydropathic establishment. The people hereabouts have named it *Graefenberg*. As the name is rather noted in these days, and as I hope to be no dishonor to it, I do not feel at liberty to disown it. My present post-office address, however, is Utica.

Desirous of getting a place that should be as good as the best, I have travelled considerably over New England, New Jersey, and New York; I find myself at length best suited with my present locality. All visitors pronounce the air most bracing and the distant scenery most beautiful and grand. Elevated, as we are, about seven hundred feet above the Mohawk, the eye can satisfy itself in looking over miles of fine landscapes. At the same time, the road from Utica is not too abrupt in its ascent to the place to be difficult of access. Once at Utica, and the visitant is here. My establishment is in the midst of springs near at hand, abundant, unfailing, and of as good quality of water as I ask. I have built expressly for the purpose, having at present erected a 40 by 94 feet building of three stories, besides the basement. Of its hydropathic facilities, it might better become others to speak. Yet I may be allowed to say, that, having studied the Brattleboro', New Lebanon, and Northampton plans, I have made such improvements as my best judgment permitted. Others, perhaps, may still improve me, but distinguished gentlemen who have visited European and American establishments, say our general plan is the "best they have ever seen."

For the benefit of the cause of health, permit me to say further, since opening my institution, in November last, I have treated some fifteen patients with unexpected success. About half have left, cured or decidedly benefitted. The remainder, whose number is at present augmenting, embrace various chronic cases,

two of whom have been confined to the bed or house from four to nine years, but who now are gathering up their torpid limbs, walk several miles daily, and bid fair to recover.

Wishing all kindred establishments their usual success, and hoping to aid them in showing a diseased public the curative efficacy of cold water, I subscribe myself

Yours, respectfully,

RICHARD HOLLAND.

DR. E. A. KITTREDGE, of this town, delivered a lecture in Lyceum Hall, last Thursday evening, on the subject of Physiology in its connexion with Hydropathy. We have no room for a report of it, but we only express the general opinion, when we say that it was one of the most interesting lectures upon that, or any other subject, which could be delivered. The main object of the lecture was to show that the old allopathic system of medical treatment is at best but a system of palliatives, while hydropathy is a system which is not only palliative but curative. The lecturer was also of opinion that in the few cases when any given disease is removed under the old practice, it is only removed to another part of the body, where it is almost certain to re-appear in some new and formidable shape. In some instances the constitution is strong enough to throw off disease despite the free use of drugs: and in others, where drugs may have started the disease, the constitution may recover from their bad effects:—but nevertheless drugs should never be resorted to, as cold water is equal to every emergency. The doctor expressed it as his deliberate opinion, after many years of extensive practice, that the allopathic system is a complete failure, and is destined to be succeeded by the hydropathic. The lecture was listened to with the most profound attention by a crowded audience, who left the hall with the conviction that Dr. Kittredge's scientific knowledge is as thorough as his wit is racy and his nature generous.—*Pioneer of Freedom*.

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N. B.—Each person should bring four good woollen blankets, two heavy sheets, (linen are best, but cotton answer a good purpose); or the use of these may be hired in the Establishment.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST,

Has removed from the corner of Broadway and Franklin street, (formerly corner Chamber street and Broadway,) to No. 2 Union Place and Square, south-east side of the Park, and corner of Fourteenth street.

SHOWER AND OTHER BATHS.

WILLIAM WEST, 133 Hudson street, New York, opposite St. John's Park, manufactures a great variety of Portable Shower Baths, Bathing Tubs, Sponge, Seat, Foot, and Hip Baths, &c. &c., all of which are afforded at very reasonable prices.

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BOOKS ON WATER-CURE.

BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill, Boston, has for sale, the large work on hydrophathy, or the Water Cure: by Joel Shew, M. D.; price \$1. The Hand Book of Hydrophathy; price, 37½ & 50 cts. The Water Cure for Ladies; price, 50 cents. And the Facts in Water Cure; price, 18½ cts. Also, Graham's Lectures on the Science of Human Life; and his Lecture to Young Men.

Works to be sent by Mail.

THE WATER-CURE MANUAL: Designed for general use. Embracing an account of Vincent Priessnitz and his Discoveries; descriptions of the Hygienic and Remedial Influences of Air, Exercise, Occupation, Clothing and Diet: Illustrated with many cases of Treatment. By JOEL SHEW, M. D., Practitioner of Water-Cure. Price, retail, in strong paper covers, 50 cents; wholesale and to clubs, 30 cents. Containing a fine and accurate lithographic likeness of Priessnitz.

This work is now ready for sale at 47 Bond street, N. Y. It is printed from the best of type, on good paper, in the 12mo form. The book, at so low a price, is intended strictly for the spread of the cause.

HAND-BOOK OF HYDROPATHY, or a Popular Account of the Treatment and Prevention of Diseases, by the means of Water. Edited by Joel Shew, M. D. Wiley & Putnam, New York.

This work gives a succinct view of the Water Treatment, as applicable in different diseases to which the human system is subject

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