

WATER-CURE

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THE PATHIES DEFINED.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

NEARLY all the disputes in the world are about words. Men seldom quarrel about what they understand. Words are to many people like the shield about which the two knights were going into deadly combat, one maintaining that it was silver, the other that it was gold. A disinterested spectator restored amity, by simply looking on both sides, and finding that each was right respecting the side he saw.

Look at both sides of things, then, and endeavor to understand the meaning and force of words. Don't quarrel until you know what you are quarreling about, and then be sure that it is worth the quarrel.

But is it lawful to quarrel at all? Christ says, "resist not evil"—but we are also commanded to "overcome evil with good." We are told to "fight the good fight of faith." I think the example of Christ is the proper commentary on his precepts. When he taught his disciples, and told them to resist not evil—when they were smitten on one cheek to turn the other also, I believe that this was taught them as a measure of policy connected with their peculiar mission, and by no means a rule of right. Christ did not hesitate to use strong language. He called the men about him an evil and adulterous generation—a generation of vipers—hypocrites—blind leaders of the blind—fools and blind—whited sepulchres—serpents. Read the twenty-third chapter of Matthew for an example of eloquent and fiery denunciation. Christ did not stop at words—he made a whip of small cords, and drove the money changers out of the temple—and all he did was for our example. He "came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; and no religious system, not even that of Mahomet, has been the occasion of so many wars and so much bloodshed, as Christianity.

Why all this! It is because a certain class of reformers are preaching non-resistance, loving-kindness, and such soft nonsense, which is charming in its way, but not always appropriate. The evils of the moral world are like those of the physical. There are rocks to be blown in pieces, and errors to be exploded; there are swamps to be

drained, and corruptions to be vigorously dug into; there are wild beasts and reptiles to be exterminated, and false doctrines no less hideous and destructive. Our means must be adapted to the end proposed. We are not to cast pearls before swine, nor waste caresses on an alligator. The moral world needs the axe, the rifle, the scorching fire, and the breaking up plough. I believe in the power of loving-kindness, bestowed upon its proper objects, but love is too sacred and precious a thing in this world to be wasted.

No; we must call things by their right names, and if there is any fighting to do in a good cause, let every true man bear a hand in it. Now, let us come back to the object of this article, which is to define the pathies and isms of medical practice, so that we can all know what we are talking about.

ALLOPATHY.

This is the name applied first by the Homoeopaths to the old practice. It is compounded of two words, which signify other morbid condition, while Homoeopathy means the same morbid condition. As Homoeopathy endeavors to cure disease, by giving medicines supposed to have the effect of producing the same or similar symptoms, Allopathy tries to cure one disease by creating another, in a different place, or of a different kind. Thus, for a disturbance in the head, Allopathy gives an emetic to produce a disturbance in the stomach, or a cathartic to stir up a morbid action in the bowels, or puts on a blister to create an irritation of the skin; because it is held that two diseased actions cannot go on at the same time. This is the principle of counter-irritation, as blistering in pleurisy; and of revulsion, as giving drastic purgatives in uterine suppressions.

The character of Allopathy can be best gathered from its materia medica, of which we shall give a brief synopsis.

The class of cerebro-spinants, or medicines which act upon the nerves connected with the brain and spinal cord, consists of paralyzers, convulsives, stupefacients, or such as make drunk, and delirifacients, or such as make crazy.

We have then stimulants, acting upon the arterial or nervous systems; tonics, astringents, refrigerants, diaphoretics, diuretics, emetics, cathar-

THE NATURAL STATE OF MAN.

THE natural state of man, as of all plants and animals, is one of uninterrupted health. The only natural death is the gradual and painless decay of old age. Such a life and death are in happy harmony with nature; pain, and disease, and premature mortality are the results of violated laws. I cannot insist upon this too strongly. Every pain we feel, every distress we suffer, is but the sign that some law of our being has been outraged. All sickness is a discord with nature—health is harmony.

Health is the condition of beauty and happiness. Every organized being is beautiful in its perfect development, and health is the sole condition of such development.—Introduction to Water-Cure.

tics, expectorants, emenagogues, dialagogues, errhines, ebolics, epipastics, rubefaciens, escharotics, emollients, demulcents, diluents, antacids, anthelmintics, and a few medicines not classified, such as mercury, iodine, and arsenic; we may add to them the lancet, cupping glasses, the leech.

I intend, before long, to write a review of this *materia medica*. Meantime, the curious reader will find most of the above names defined in Webster's large dictionary.

HOMŒOPATHY.

This name means *the same disease*, and is applied to the system of medical treatment introduced a few years since by Samuel Hahnemann, and practised more or less faithfully by his disciples. The principle which is the basis of this system of practice is that of *similia similibus curantur*, like cures like; or, as it is more popularly expressed, the hair of the same dog will cure the bite. But as this maxim has not stood the test of experiment, it has generally been considered a popular error. In Homœopathy, the physician does not attempt to cure the disease, and does not care to give it a name. He ascertains what symptoms exist, and then gives such medicines as he supposes would produce the same symptoms. If there is headache, he gives a drug which will produce a similar pain, with the intention of making it ache a little harder at first, and then get better the quicker. If there is costiveness, he gives something to produce costiveness, and so on.

But the Homœopathist is careful to give his medicines in extremely minute doses. The largest does are a few pellets of sugar, as large as a mustard seed, moistened with a solution of vegetable extract, amounting to one drop in a barrel of alcohol. This is the third dilution. The thirtieth dilution would require an amount of alcohol equal to the solid contents of the entire solar system. Even this is not to be taken rashly. Hahnemann directs that two or three pellets, moistened with this medicine, be put in a phial, and smelt once or twice every seven or fourteen days. There is much to be said in favor of this system, and but little against it. It is in its favor, that, where honestly practised, it cannot do much positive harm. The patient has a fair chance to get well. On the other hand, there are cases which require active measures of relief, and patients have died under homœopathic treatment for the want of them.

HYDROPATHY.

This name has been applied to the Water-Cure, though its actual meaning is water disease. It may, however, be defined to be the application of water for the cure of disease. The Water-Cure, in its widest sense, is *the application of the principles and agencies of nature to the preservation of health and the cure of disease*. It consists in ascertaining and removing the causes of morbid action, and restoring the patient to the conditions of health. This is accomplished by prescribing for him a suitable diet, air, proper exercise, clothing; and restoring the healthy action of the functions of nutrition and depuration. The Hydropathic system of treatment, is one of purification, rejuvenation, and vivification. By the use of the water, combined with the other natural agencies, the sys-

tem is cleansed, invigorated, and restored to healthy action. Water, as variously applied, acts as a sedative, a stimulant, a tonic, and answers every indication of cure.

THOMSONISM.

Thomson, the founder of this system, based it upon the long exploded hypothesis of the four elements of nature, earth, air, water, fire. Fire he considered the vivifying principle. "Heat is life, cold is death." Consequently, whatever the symptoms of disease, he looked upon it as a want of heat, which he endeavored to supply by steaming, and the administration of Cayenne pepper and similar stimulants. A course of Thomsonian medication is usually commenced with the administration of emetic doses of the lobelia inflata. The mucus thrown out to protect the stomach from the poisonous effects of the lobelia, was considered by the Thomsonians as an evidence of the wonderful efficacy of this drug in removing collections of morbid matter—cold slime from the stomach.

BOTANICISM.

The Botanic system of practice is an extension and modification of the Thomsonian system. Its practitioners have a great horror of mineral poisons, and doctor with roots and herbs, which are often as violently poisonous as minerals, and, I have thought, more difficult to eradicate from the system. It is hard telling which does most mischief in the world, the mineral calomel, or the vegetable quinine. I doubt if all the minerals ever used in medicine have destroyed so much health and life as the single vegetable opium, the vegetable product alcohol, or the vegetable tobacco. There is a long list of virulent poisons used in medicine, as nux vomica, prussic acid, oxalic acid, croton oil, jalap, wild cherry, cicuta, stramonium, &c., &c. In fact the whole class of cerebrospinals in the Allopathic *materia medica* are vegetable or botanic medicines. I shall have more to say on this subject in a future number.

CHRONO-THERMALISM.

This system has been vigorously promulgated during a few years past, by its inventor, Dr. Samuel Dickson, of London, who must not be confounded with Dr. Dixon, the editor of the *Scalpel* here, though there are points of resemblance between them. Dr. Dickson's book, the *Fallacies of The Faculty*, which is a smart criticism of Allopathy, has been published here, and its doctrines earnestly and perseveringly advocated by Dr. Wm. Turner, of this city, to whose exertions the friends of medical reform are greatly indebted.

Chrono-Thermal means relating to time and heat. Chrono-Thermalism teaches that all disease is of a single type, the intermittent, and that all are to be treated upon the same simple principles—cooling in the hot stages, warming in the cold stages, and giving medicines to break up the periodical return of exacerbations. Every disease is some modification of fever and ague. In the cold stage give warm baths, stimulants, as milk punch or champagne. In the hot stages give emetics, the cold douche, &c. In the interval, break up the recurrence of the fits, by giving quinine, or arsenic, or opium, or prussic acid, or

strychnia, or the salts of silver, copper, iron, zinc, or bismuth.

THE EXPUTANT SYSTEM.

This system has been very much in vogue among the French, and is one of the best of the old methods, and also one of the most successful; about as much so as the Homœopathic. It consists, as a witty but not the less truthful writer has said, of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease. It is often practised by Allopathic physicians, especially by men of age and experience, who have lost faith in medicines, and learned to have some respect for nature. Such men give bread pills, magnesia powders, drops of colored water, and other little innocent placebos, to amuse the patient, satisfy the friends, and earn a fee, leaving the disease to time and nursing. Such doctors are generally successful, and get a high reputation. This is called the Exputant System, because the doctor expects nature to do her own work, without his aid or interference, and, as a general rule, he does not expect in vain. He also expects to be paid well for his little innocent mystification.

ELECTICISM.

There is no medical term so vague as this. An Eclectic is one who selects from various systems such doctrines as he thinks sound and rational. Every man who does not rigidly adhere to one kind of practice, is an eclectic; and as men differ in their opinions, each one's eclecticism must vary from that of the other.

Professor Dickson, late of the New York University, never forgot to assure his class that he was an Eclectic, a thorough Eclectic. He was not the less a thorough Allopath. Eclecticism is no system, but a mixture of systems; it has no principles, but picks up a hash of various modes of practice at second-hand, which can scarcely fail to be contradictory. The Eclectic proposes to choose the best methods of all systems, but we have no assurance in any case that he will not select the worst, especially as he professes to have no chart of principles to steer by. Eclecticism can only be respectable, where the best we can have is a choice of evils. When there is such a thing as truth in the world there is no longer any occasion for Eclecticism.

DR. WILMARTH'S REMARKS.

AT HOPE CHAPEL, NEW YORK, ON FRIDAY EVENING,
MAY 9th, 1851.

[At the public meeting of *The American Hygienic and Hydropathic Association of Physicians and Surgeons*, held at Hope Chapel, in this city, on the evening of the 9th of May, it appeared that Drs. GLEASON and NICHOLS, the orator and substitute elect, were both absent. Dr. WILMARTH, of New Graefenberg, the new President of the Association, accordingly came forward, and, after announcing the fact, proceeded to make the following remarks, upon the spur of the moment, with the view of obviating the disappointment of the audience as far as was possible.]—*Pub. Water-Cure Journal*.

I have practised medicine twenty years after the ALLOPATHIC method, and four years according to the method termed HYDROPATHIC. My preceptor taught me to give large doses of medicine, especially in acute diseases. I gave a great amount of medicine in many cases. In dysentery, 30 to 60 gra. of calomel, a large tablespoonful of castor oil, and 20 drops of laudanum, was thought a proper dose for an adult, once in 24 hours. I have known 20 gra. of calomel and 20 of jalap given to a scrofulous infant under one year of age! I have frequently given half that quantity in similar cases; I did it conscientiously, but I saw the fatal consequences, and abandoned that practice long ago.

The first I heard of the Water-Cure, was from an editorial of Mrs. L. M. Child, in the Anti-Slavery Standard, some ten years ago, giving an account of Priessnitz' Establishment, his extraordinary success, &c. I must say, at that time I was really provoked at it, and did not believe it a fair statement; I thought his patients were not very sick; in short, I believed that the whole thing was a humbug. I lived at that time in Leverett, Franklin Co., Mass. Soon after that, I moved to Milford, Worcester Co., Mass., and joined the Hopedale Community of Christian Non-Resistants, who were by-the-by, for reform in medicine as well as morals. I passed very well as a Physician for 2 or 3 years. Now and then, I read something upon the subject of the *Water-Cure*; for instance, BULWER'S *Letter*, BALBIRNIE'S *Philosophy of the Water-Cure*, &c.; but I grew more and more provoked about it, though I could not help seeing a great remedial principle in the system. This was what provoked me; that I MUST UNLEARN MY ERRORS, and learn my practice again (of an illiterate peasant, too). I felt just as I have, while reading essays on the deleterious effects of tobacco, before I had resolved to discontinue its use (a practice, I may say here, which should never be begun). I know the *Essayist* told the truth; and so it was with the Water-Cure. I foresaw the flood that was to wash away the long list of poisonous drugs I thought so much of as medicinal agents. Well, I soon had a trial. One of my best friends had a fine little boy, an only child, who chanced to be taken severely sick, with dysentery. He called me, of course, as medical adviser. "What shall I do, Doctor?" "Give a dose of calomel, oil and laudanum." "Don't like to give calomel." "Well, that is the best thing you can do." But I could not make him believe it. He sent for a Mr. Whitmarsh, of Boston, a Water-Cure Doctor of very limited practice at that time. He came, and to my great surprise, arrested the complaint in a few days, with nothing but water and abstinence. This made me feel cheap. I foresaw I must reform as well as my neighbors, or if nothing worse befell me, my "occupation" would be "gone." About that time, I read "*Johnson on Hydropathy*," "*Results of the Water-Cure*," &c. I began to be convinced. To set the matter at rest, and also happening to need medical aid myself, from some quarter or other, I went to Messrs. Campbell's excellent establishment, at New Lebanon, N. Y. My good friend Dr. BEDORTH was the resident physician. I did not tell them what my profession was, for three or four weeks. I desired, first, an

unbiased examination and prognosis in my own case; and, second, to scrutinize the operation of the water processes, unwatched myself. Accordingly I conversed with patients about their respective ailments, took a list of some 20 cases, their symptoms, treatment, and the effects thereof. I looked sharp for humbuggery, but could not find it. All was open, candid, philosophical, and in a good degree successful. After I became willing to be at peace with the Water-Cure, I learned fast, or rather unlearned some of my errors, and made confession of my former barbarous practice. Receiving and seeing so much benefit from the Water-Cure, in the short space of eight weeks, I became about five-eighths converted to it. How could I help it if I meant to be honest! Professional pride and a deference to high medical authority had blinded me, as they now do many others. But, HYDROPATHY has continued to wash away these refuges, until now, at this present time, I may be set down about seven-eighths Hydriatric. I have abandoned the use of all corrosive and irritating poisons for medicine; I have no use for calomel in dysentery, and would not consent to have it given in any case. So of tartar emetic, &c., &c.

I believe mild medicines may do good, under some circumstances. I use some of the milder tonics in cases of great debility and want of blood. I believe there may be cases where the laxity of the nervous and muscular system is so great, the vital power so deficient, that the stomach is not capable of contractility sufficient to secrete gastric juice, excite appetite, &c., so as to replenish the system with its own natural stimulus, viz., nutriment. I believe the needed contractility, in some cases of congestion, (not in inflammation) may be induced by mild stimulants, tonics, and astringents, thereby preventing the decomposition of the fluids and solids, and ultimate dissolution. But in all ordinary cases where I have conveniences for Hydriatric treatment, and the confidence of the patient, I have no use for medicine. I take none myself, though I am often ill, and once took medicine freely. I have learned a "more excellent way."

One great error in Allopathy is, making the stomach and bowels the critical organs, by violence. This is certainly very unphilosophical, to force a crisis upon one organ and compel it to carry off all the effete matter of the system, when nature designed it to carry only about one-eighth. This practice induces chronic inflammation of the mucous membranes of the bowels, &c. I once knew an almost incurable case of chronic diarrhœa, emaciation, debility, &c., induced by a single dose of "*Sherman's Worm Lozenges*," so highly lauded on placards, &c. The diarrhœa lasted about one year, and was cured with great difficulty, under a mixed treatment of Hydropathy and astringent medicine. These lozenges are chiefly composed of calomel and loaf sugar; a precious panacea, to scatter broadcast over the land for children to eat as they would sweetmeats! The latter are bad enough, but the former are abominable. The patient alluded to was a respectable young lady, who not only lost a year's time, but nearly her life. Great caution should be exercised in the use of medicine, if used at all.

So also with water. Many use too heavy treatment, too many baths, and at too low a temperature. This is a great error. Patients reason falsely about treatment, like the man who took physic: "If two baths per day will do good, four will do twice as much good." Physicians should never yield to the importunities of patients in this matter, but nicely weigh and measure the amount of vitality of each case. If reaction takes place readily, the baths may be increased in number, and the temperature lowered with safety; but if reaction is slow and feeble, the baths must be tepid and few. To give frequent and cold baths in such cases, would either lash the nervous system into fury and the mind into insanity, or overwhelm it with depression, and cause nearly, or quite, fatal congestion in some one or more vital organ. I have seen all these effects from too cold, too frequent and too heavy baths in the forepart of a course of treatment, before the system was prepared for it by a gentle, tepid, coercing process. It takes a long time to recover one of these knocked-down cases to the use of water again. Therefore we should be careful, especially in the commencement of a Hydriatric course. If the patient is too hot, cool him; if too cold, warm him.

This is plain common sense.

But it is not common sense to let a patient lie quivering in the wet sheet for hours; if he does not get warm within one hour, he is not in a condition for wet packing. Neither should a patient with feeble powers be driven about in the cold air, or kept in a cold room, with hands and feet cold and blue as a lean pigeon. No patient can improve under such circumstances. They may stay longer at an establishment, if their faith fail not; but it is no credit to it, nor the physician who prescribes or allows such treatment.

Our chief reliance for success consists in the proper direction and management of the vital forces and THE MEDICAL POWER OF NATURE; we must not waste this power, for we cannot create it—we can only aid and direct it. Too cold treatment exhausts by depression or excessive reaction. Too much water conducts too much electricity from the system. Disease is radically removed by a change of matter: the old morbid particles are cast out, and new, healthy particles supplied. This change corresponds to the vital power of the system. If vitality abounds, the change will be rapid, as in acute diseases; if feeble, it will be slow, as in chronic cases. The Water-Cure greatly facilitates and increases this change, by increasing the demand for food, enhancing the vital forces, setting in motion all the secretions and excretions, especially that great excreting organ, the skin, designed by nature to expel about five-eighths of all the worn-out and effete matter of the body. When the Water-Cure can be fully and properly applied, it places the organism in the best possible condition to operate and restore itself to health again. This is all we can do; we cannot directly create vital power by any mode of treatment. The great natural agents, food, air, water, exercise, rest, &c., must do that. Our mission is a limited one, but highly responsible; for although we cannot create health, we may, by injudicious treatment, destroy it.

The cause of Hydropathy is progressing fast in

Massachusetts. The *Water-Cure Journal* circulates widely in that State; much more widely than it did three years ago. There has been a great change in several towns within the circle of my practice in the last two years. Many families that formerly were frightened half out of their senses at every symptom of disease, and ran for a doctor with all speed, have learned that *rest, pure air, bathing and abstinence*, in all ordinary cases, are far better remedies than poisonous drugging.

But we are in our infancy, yet, in the healing art. I am still open to conviction, and willing to learn. Truth, *practical truth*, should be our object, independent of all preconceived theories and speculations.

LETTER TO IVY GAZELLE.—NO. III.

BY J. C. JACKSON, M. D.

HISTORY OF A BREAST-PIN.

SAY what you please, *love* is not *lust*. The two are not in affinity. They hold no common fellowship. They originate not in the same class of beings, and are not gratified by the same train of events.

Purely, truthfully, and nobly to *love*, is to *banish* lust from the bosom. That the class of feelings which spring into activity under the promptings of lust is often mistaken for the emotions which *Love* creates, I do not deny; but such mistakes only happen to those who are so very imperfectly developed as to have the morbid feelings and sympathies completely under the control of the propensities.

Love springs from disinterestedness always. Lust is always the offspring of selfishness. The former seeks the good of the loved, the latter seeks its own good. To assert this is but to utter a *truism*. The man that *loves* a woman will labor, toil, and, if need be, die for such woman. Not less will a woman do for the man she loves. But when a man *lusteth* after a woman, he will *not* labor and toil for her; he will work and manœuvre, will contrive and scheme, will concoct and hatch plans, and abandon them, with himself in the fore-ground, always. She is a desirable object, but not for herself. Has she beauty, he gloats on it, and it stimulates his passions. Has she wealth, he counts her mortgages and stocks, her broad acres and her loose cash. Has she worldly or family position, he takes these into the account in any calculations he makes for the future. Has she talents, he honors them because they add to the sum total of her availabilities, all of which he, in his *lust*, is seeking. Poor fool! shallow brain! half-developed man, at best, he runs on scent with no higher aim than a hound, and bays under the impulses of his *bestial* feeling as the hound bays on the track of the hare. One may always distinguish between the professions which are quickened by *lust*, and those which are prompted by love, if one will simply keep this distinction in mind. The father who has a son may at all times know within a single degree the state of the boy's heart, if he will but apply this rule to him. Touch him by it, and his character stands confessed. Ithuriel's spear did not make what seemed a toad start up a devil more suddenly and completely, than will this philosophy made practical, expose the motives that prompt a human being in his activities. Love is *self-sacrificing*—Lust is *self-protective*. Love looks after the good of others—Lust after its own good, or rather, its own *evil*.

Selfishness in the sphere of the affections is *lust*, just as selfishness in the sphere of business is miserliness. The young man who thinks of his comforts, his pleasures, his gratifications, before those of his sister's, or his mother's, or his father's, will assuredly marry a wife for his purposes, not hers; for his behoof, not her

benefit. If she is benefited by the transaction, he is negatively pleased—that is, he is *not displeased*.

"Who, in Heaven's name, is that girl, St. John? Can you tell?"

"I can."

"Well, then, do; for I never looked on such eyes since mine first opened."

"She has fine eyes, it must be admitted; but her eyes are the least marked or noticeable quality she possesses. What a difference between you and me, Ten Eyck!"

"How?"

"Why, you speak of her eyes, as though she were all eyes."

"Well, is she not? Tell me, in the name of love, who she is, for I must know that girl?"

"Know her, Ten Eyck! You will never know her; you are not capable of appreciating her. Do not frown on me—'tis of little use. I know you, and you know that I do; so keep your face under the control to which you have so long schooled it."

"I have no idea of going into a passion with you, St. John. But the girl—tell me her name?"

"Her name is Dalusia Soulé; she is of Spanish descent, of noble blood, and has wealth. But her wealth, blood, and family connections are of little consequence, compared with what she is *in and of herself*. All the villagers worship her; but theirs is a groveling worship. They look at her beauty, and, like you, are confounded by its intensity. She produces on them such effect as the noonday sun produces on weak eyes, when their balls are suddenly made bare to its glitter—they are *'blinded'*. Her wealth is of the broadest stamp—she has money, but she cares little for it. As for me, I look on the girl with peculiar feelings. I should not dare to talk to her of love, for I know that I am not worthy of her."

"Ha! ha! Now, St. John, that will do—yes, that will do!"

"What will do?"

"Why, this affectation of modesty in you. Shouldn't wonder if you were thick with the creature already."

"Never spoke to her in my life."

"What!"

"Never spoke to the girl in my life, and, if possible, never mean to."

"Why?"

"Because I think manliness is a better quality than passion. I think principle better for my development than selfishness."

"Why, St. John, I never knew you to talk thus before."

"Very likely, Ten Eyck, for I never have talked with you about matters of the heart before."

"The heart!—what is the heart?"

"I thought you would say so. You belong to that class of men who think it of no consequence what becomes of the affections of a woman, so you can get the person and its perquisites."

"I am not sure, St. John, but you are half right. But this girl, if I could get her, she might create a heart for me."

"Pshaw! you have not, and never will have, a heart; but the devil himself is not greater at deception than you are."

"Well, about this girl. From what I said just now, I hope you will infer that I am in earnest about an introduction to your Dalusia Soulé."

"Earnest! not so; I know that you have no earnestness. Earnestness is a moral quality; you have it not. Earnestness is sincerity sublimated, refined, made Godlike. Earnestness is the highest order of eloquence; that kind which touches the soul; the ever-glowing in man; that divine fire which illuminates one's path, and makes his foot-prints lasting. Earnestness is the foe of passionateness; it is never found in connection with evil designs or desires. Known only to the true-hearted and the sincere seeker after

truth, the fool-hardy and mole-eyed chase a phantom for it, and find at last, in the satiety of their lives, that animalism has been the highest momentum of which they have conception.

"No, Henry Ten Eyck, you are not earnest, even in the search to gratify your passion. Now, this girl, beautiful as she is, awakens only the lower powers of your nature. Glorious as she is in the freshness of her youth, with her great intellect just budding into fullness, you look on her as a Turk would look on her for his harem. I give you credit for determination of purpose—a purpose already formed—and such a purpose! Ten Eyck! Ten Eyck! give you time and you will be a villain!"

"Well, St. John, any other man would answer to me pretty certainly and pretty earnestly for such talk; but we have long been friends, and you are in love, so let this matter pass. You will regret what you have said, after you have taken time to think. I do not care a fig about the girl, and shall never think about her again after to-night, it is not very likely."

"O man! man!—what shall I call you?—will you attempt to play the hypocrite with me? You think I do not know you; but I know that you have formed a purpose to seek that girl's acquaintance, to make love to her, to pass for a man of honor, enlist her feelings, if possible, and then drop into your usual *inertiz*, and leave her to welter with a broken heart in the slough of life. If you do a thing of that kind, I most truly hope that you will have a cup to drain whose draught shall be like gall, whose dregs shall be like wormwood and aloes commingled."

"I guess you are jealous of me, St. John!"

"Jealous of you!—yes, I am—I own it. I feel as if I wanted to watch you, and save her from your fascinations. I know your power, but I trust haply that you will be disappointed. Were she five years older, you would dare as well die as to approach her with selfish interest; but it may be she needs such terrible teaching as your falseness will bring home to her! If she does, I trust she will come forth wiser, though I can ill conceive how she can be better. Oh! if you were only a man!—but you lack the characteristic."

"What is that?"

"MANLINESS! A man cannot be a man without manliness; and he is not a man, who, to gratify his propensities, will coolly set at work to win such a jewel as is Miss Soulé, only to wear it conspicuously awhile, and then cast it aside."

"But, St. John, why do you not seek your fortune in the way of obtaining her?"

"For the reason I have told you. I love the girl, and therefore I keep away from her. She could not be happy with me. I am poor—she is rich. I am not handsome—she is very beautiful. I am a dull, plodding student, a drudge, whose bread comes by the hardest—she knows no privation. I have only talent—she has splendid genius. I have no ideality—she lives in realms of the purest light. Do you remember your verse in your prize poem at college?"

The Idealist will sit, and his fancies will climb
To a world thickly peopled with beings sublime;
Where the purest of waters always flow,
Where death carries no quiver, no arrow, no bow;
Where tall, waving trees, with tops ever green,
Make mellow the light, yet brighten the scene;
Where wild flowers are found of the loveliest hue,
From the deepest carnation to the lightest blue;
Where 'sighing and sorrow flee away,'
And the people live in perpetual May.

Well, Ten Eyck, I feel that to unite myself to a creature with all these differences of character would make her wretched. She would marry a 'man in a mask' if she married me, for her heart is impregnable to all or any who cannot cope with her fancies. These, of course, time and the touches of the

'World's hand'

will chasten; and then, with her splendid intellect,

she will be of women among the very first. To set at work to secure her as my companion though life, is to commence the trade of a *trapper*, and I shall not do it. She shall not tread on dropped foliage, and thus find her feet ensnared. Unless I snare her, I cannot get her, and I love her too well to pit her happiness and pleasure against my passion. My love shall be her shield against myself, and, though she may never know it, I shall know that I have loved *one* woman well enough to watch over her, and myself also, for her sake. You now know *why* I do not seek her acquaintance."

Six months have passed away since the conversation detailed above. Six months in the life of most men is a sixtieth part of their earthly pilgrimage. Six months in the life of a girl like Dalusia Soulé may be more than half a life time. It is a beautiful night in June. The high-hill home of this unsophisticated, ardent, innocent, yet magnificently endowed girl, stood in the deep shelter of its maples, whose tops were fanned by the night-breeze as the breath of Heaven fans the face of angels when they sleep. The rippling creek flowed by, making its murmurs low and sweet. The great owl of the woods sat on the limb of an ash by the Henneng stile, and stealthily, his cat-like eyes piercing about to see if he cannot have a chicken for a meal. Nature is in repose. Hist! are there not voices under those maples? O man! man! you are at your trade. Hist!

"My dear girl, time or distance cannot weaken my love for you." Stop liar! the owl will hear your tongue utter its falsehoods, and hoot you to scorn. The moon will go behind a cloud at your duplicity. Oh, is there any limit to the falseness of a creature like you?

"Ten Eyck! I am yours, you have won me, you can make me noble and good, you can do me service in a thousand ways. Your love will stimulate me. The thought that you will appreciate my toil to take rank with the noble corps of women who are toiling to redeem their sex from their frivolity and weakness, gives nerve and muscle to half-formed purposes. I know that I can do great things, so I have your love. Fear you not! I shall lose none of my beauty, nor modesty, nor grace, in and through my sympathies with the toil-worn women of this country. For years their condition has laid close to my heart. Its holiest beatings have been for them. I pity the poor, but I should need pity if my efforts began and ended in pity. I must do. Means are mine, both of purse and brain, and they must not lie idle. What is the matter, Ten Eyck?"

"Not anything!"

"Not anything? What makes you let go my hand? What makes you shake your head?"

"Oh, I was only thinking that I wished there were no poor people in the world, so I could have you *all* to myself."

"All to yourself! What would you do with me all to yourself?"

"O caress you, fondle over you, spend my time with you, be with you, never let you go out of my sight!"

"Ten Eyck, how long do you suppose caressing and fondling would last, had you *nothing else* to do?"

"Forever!" cried he, throwing his arm about her, and pressing his lips on hers with a burning passionate—"forever and a day!"

"I doubt it," said she.

"Well, dear, we will not argue it, you shall be literary, if you want to be." O the villain!

She told him the truth—he had won her. He had seized the weak point in her character—that which had been the least fortified—and made all his advances through the breach on that side of her defenses. He conquered her imagination, and so conquered her. Her father knew nothing of phrenology; had given his daughter, as he supposed, the best teachers, and rested his conscience on that effort. He loved her dearly,

made everything of her, indulged her. She had a natural taste for science, and so her progress in the solid, enduring branches of learning had been good. But her reading had confined itself largely to novels—(of the better class)—saving always those works on political economy, which fed her love for republicanism; and it needs not any wizard to declare that *novels* are not the best kind of reading for a young imaginative girl.

The moon went down, the air grew chill, morning was about to dawn, when that girl sought her pillow. O, my mistress! how my diamond eye watched you. And so it went for two years, and thus this man forsook her—left her coolly as you would turn, reader, from an object the most indifferent—left her with all her jewels at his command—wealth, beauty, genius, highly wrought intellect, and great powers of fascination; and actually married a girl as inferior to my mistress as one could well imagine, and stop this side of idiocy. Cannot the shrewd guess the reason? Let the breast-pin record it: My mistress was not passionate enough for him. He was a weak man, or rather weak thing. He was capable of attachment only as he was under the domination of his propensities. She who had cast her pearls before swine, found that they had turned on her, and rent her. It broke up the *deeps* of her nature; great deeps, too, they were; it was to her like a deluge; all the mire and dirt at the bottom of her nature were sent boiling to the surface. But she struggled for a calm face, and succeeded. She made no cry—she wept only at dead of night—and the observer would see she had been wounded only as he saw her more lively, more gay, more full of chat, more intellectual, if possible, than ever before. Where Ten Eyck and his "*Miss Nancy*" of a wife went, she went—to balls, parties, soirees, public gatherings, places of amusement; and when there she took special pains to notice his wife; patronizing her, making her show her weak points, and forcing the whiskered wretch who had sported with her life to see that instead of a lofty spirit he had wedded an animal, and she made him see it, and feel it, till the tortures of the damned were on him. The affair could go no longer: at last it reached its climacteric, and he came to her and told her how deeply wretched he was, and with the usual policy of villains, endeavored to make her think that *his* wife was to blame. "O Dalusia Soulé, now I have lost you, I know how deeply I loved you. Have pity on me! let me know in my wretchedness you do not despise me, that you did love me once, and the latest prayer I offer will be for your happiness."

Look at her! O, look at her! How her form grows tall, how her eyes enlarge—see her dilated nostrils and her curled lip. Hear her!

"Get up, Henry Ten Eyck! thou false, weak, shallow, wicked man, get up! You love me, do you? You need not have told me so, I know it, and you thought I loved you," (how she hides her love in her heart, and stabs him with his own weapon), but I did not, I only played with you, I knew you better than you did yourself. You thought I did, however, and made my name mingle with yours among your particular friends. Now, sir, hear me: I can have no quarrel with you, but I intend to make you wretched, understand me! I intend to do it, and I shall succeed. I mean that in your case you shall have a palpable, marked evidence of the speedy justice that sometimes falls on the heads of wicked men who sport with the affections of innocent, confiding girls like myself. I mean to be your vulture, eating away constantly at the sources of your life. Where you go I mean to go, and, if possible, make everybody say 'what a silly fool Ten Eyck was to turn away from Miss Soulé, and marry his spiritless chicken-hearted thing,' whilst you shall know that I have outlived your falseness. Now rise, sir! See here!" as he stood on his feet. "Look out of this window. On a beautiful night in June, under the deep green of that maple, you vowed that *nothing* could make you forgo loving me."

"And I felt so, by—"

"Stop, sir! do not utter an untruth. At that very hour, when you wished there were no poor people on earth to take up my time, so that you could have me *all* to yourself, you were misleading another—making her think you loved her *alone*. O man without a heart! O beast in the shape of a man, how I loathe you. Yet hear me!" But he was gone—he fled as Cain fled. Two hours after, Dalusia Soulé was found on the floor of the parlor, senseless.

Six years have fled, and my mistress has changed greatly. She is only a trifle thinner in flesh; she is even more beautiful than before. Her brow has become broader, her gait firmer and more majestic; her eye meets that of another steadily. She no longer studies books but men. She spends her time at parties and soirées, and is sure to be present if Ten Eyck and wife are there. She is polite to him, patronizingly kind to Mrs. T., and eats out daily slices of Ten Eyck's life. Her beauty, wit, grace, genius, and exceedingly fine mind, madden him, for they force him to think of his folly. He grows poor, listless, inattentive to his interests, and is sliding into inebriate habits. He is already damned. Go where he will, Hell stalks before him, and Death comes joggling after. She sees it, and pushes him on. She is possessed of a mighty Devil, whose counsels she follows implicitly. She revels in his agonies, and would have "spatted her hands" at his utter ruin, but for an event. She was suddenly taken ill. Medical advice was called, but her case puzzled the physicians. The disease was evident, but its cause they knew not. They bled, blistered her neck, scarified her temples, but could give no relief. Others were called in, but they were at fault.

I used to keep my post, and watch the beatings of her breast, hear the labored action of the lungs, and say to myself—"My poor mistress will soon know whether the *idealisms* she so loves are true or not—she will die soon unless she gets help." She was listless, apathetic, and avoided everybody if she could. Her head was burning hot; her hands and feet were like icicles; her stomach almost entirely rejected food; she coughed and sweat at night. She was pretty nearly sleepless, and grew lank in form and features. The medical men gave her anodynes to make her sleep, tonics to make her strong, excitants to cause increased action, &c., &c., but to no purpose. One day she rose up in bed and said,

"Hand me pen, ink, and paper!" All looked wild. "Do as I say!" and her eyes looked like a maniac's. Those present in the room thought her insane. She wrote a letter, superscribed it, sealed it, and ordered it to the post-office, saying to her friends—"I shall know if you send that letter, for the man to whom I send it will be here in 48 hours, if that letter goes. He will save me. If he does not come, I shall know you have not mailed it. Go!"

Here is the letter:

"Doctor C. J. JAMES—

"When I was eighteen years of age, I had the honor of your friendship and love; you petted me at that time; I have grown old since then, and sorrow has taken hold of me. I am sick, my friends have become alarmed about me, and to-day I overheard a council of physicians say that I was hopelessly incurable.

"Will you come to me? You have not forgotten me. By the love you bore me in former days, which is still sweet in my remembrance, I charge you to come to my side. I must speak to you, I can to none else. You must save me.

"Yours, H. D. SOULÉ."

Within 36 hours, a carriage stopped at Mr. S's., and Dr. James walked into the house. He made his inquiries of her father, and then asked to see his patient. Conducting him to the door of her room, he remarked that he wished to see her *alone*. He entered; she was sitting up in bed. The moment she saw him, she jumped from the bed and rushed to him, crying—

"Have you come? have you come? Oh! I *knew* you would; when did you ever fail me?" and she fainted.

The Doctor gently laid her on the bed, and sprinkling water on her face, brought her to consciousness, and then gently said, "Now, dear, go to sleep; not a word till you have had a nap!"

"Sleep!" said she, "I shall never *sleep* again, 'I have murdered sleep.' I did not get you here to tell me to go to sleep."

"I know it," said the Doctor, "yet that makes no reason against my wish. You certainly did not write me to come and see you, expecting *your* will in your case to be law instead of *mine*, did you?"

"No; but I want to talk."

"Well, you shall, but go to sleep first. I will sit by you, and hold your hand; I have come to nurse you."

"But my head aches so terribly—it feels weary—the whole brain feels like a fatigued muscle."

"Well, I will make it feel better." He took a fine linen handkerchief, wet it in cold water, folded it a hand-breadth in width, doubled it, and put it over the forehead. "Now," said he, "for a nap, and then for a *long talk*, if you will. Come! mind me, like a good girl."

She laid herself on the pillow, and with her hand in his, she went into a dreamy sleep, talking out all her vengeance against Ten Eyck. He kept so quiet that she slept for fifteen minutes. He stooped and whispered in her ear—"Dal, dear, turn over on your side, you *dream*." And moaning sadly, she did as he said, and her sleep was quiet as an infant's for half an hour. He knew what he was about. He watched her pulse and her brow, and as soon as the brow corrugated, her pulse would quicken, showing the intense sympathy between the brain and heart. Her frown would tell that her mind was laboring *painfully*. He would put his lips close to her ear, and whisper of some pleasurable scene in her childhood, and her face would grow radiant with love and peace, and she would look extremely beautiful.

So he watched by her bedside, filling her brain with pleasing fancies that exorcised the devil, and let her sleep for four hours; then he waked her. She smiled sweetly on him and said,

"How weak I am!"

"Very weak, but you will feel better soon. I want your nurse should give you a sponge bath, after my directions, then you shall have some nourishment." She consented; the nurse washed her in a water at 78 degrees, wiped and hand-rubbed gently, till she looked up and said she was quite warm, when she had a little food. The physician took his place by her side, and he talked gently, encouragingly, and like a brother; she talked of her young days, when she was happy. He stayed with her a week. He gave her no medicine, but put her under a judicious course of water-treatment, and trusted to it, for he was something more than *almost* a hydropathist—he was purely and truly one—he did not rely on podophyllin, lobelia, cod-liver oil, nor Homœopathy; he trusted in *water, good, pure, soft water*, as his remedial physical agent. But he did not forget that in *her* case the intellectual and the moral and the social needed close watching; so he heard all her sorrows, sympathized with her, and, step by step, led her to feel that she was expending the glorious powers she possessed on an object altogether beneath her notice, and for a purpose unworthy of her. He led her away from the polluted streams whose waters had embittered her nature, and took her by pleasant paths to *fountains* whose

Ever running waters
Gush forth life at every bubble.

There, in the quiet of nature, she gathered up strength, she put on her looks as of old. Her congestion of brain, her great debility, her engorged lung, her dyspeptic stomach, her thousand and one ailments, fled away; her love of books came back, her chosen princi-

ples were revived, and as she gained strength, she grew wondrously beautiful. She did but one thing which ever caused me pain—she gave me to a benevolent society—since which time I have had strange fortunes, which I shall relate. But the last interview I ever had with my mistress, was one in which was completely proved how perfect was her redemption, and how much she was indebted to a WATER-CURE DOCTOR; for whilst I hung on her bosom, she went about her home, the picture of grace and glory, of peace and joy, singing snatches of song from Tolleus.

"And thus, and thus alone, I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me.

And thus I found, that scattering round
Blessings in mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my *torn heart* grew sound.

I thank thee, *source* of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee thou didst train me so,
To know thy way in this.

That wishing good and doing good,
Is laboring, Lord, with Thee;
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
Is sweet Humanity."

THE NEW COSTUME, AND SOME OTHER MATTERS.

[The annexed short letter from Mrs. Gove Nichols has been received, in place of an article promised for the Journal, and which that lady has concluded to give the public in the form of a lecture.]

I rejoice in all new freedom for woman. We can expect but small achievement from women so long as it is the labor of their lives to carry about their clothes. Our present style of dress is enthralling and expensive. It is not adapted to the form as God made it, nor to any form of work. It sweeps stairs and streets and crossings, is dusty and muddy, and when held up to avoid the mud and dust, leads to indecent exposure. It is liable to be stepped upon and caught in machinery. It gives much weight and little warmth in winter, and great heat and weariness in summer.

The new style is opposed by bad men and weak men—by those who wish women to be weak, sickly, and dependent—the pretty slave of man. We shall now see whether our women are a nation of cowards, or whether they are the true daughters of the men of '76. I had hoped to write an article on this and kindred subjects, but I have no time. I am writing a lecture on "woman's dress and its relations to health, and the fulfillment of woman's destiny." After I have given it here, I shall be glad to give it to the country through the Journal, and if I can throw the smallest appreciable weight in the scale of freedom, I shall rejoice. The day of woman's freedom has dawned; God speed its meridian! I have said this much on "the dress question" because my opinion is desired by our correspondents, and I can answer, in this way, many at once.

I send you herewith an extract of a letter from a lady who has entered her name as a student in our Institute. The prospects of our school delight me—not so much in the number, though we have already a good class—enough for a most respectable beginning; but mothers and heads of families, and those doers of good who fill the

ancient idea of the sisters of charity, are coming—not all of them to go through a full course of study and to take diplomas, but to learn to take care of their families and friends, to do good in their own circle of acquaintances. This is as it should be. The death doom of quackery is sealed, when the people are informed.

I take this method of answering the many who inquire respecting a course of reading previous to the opening of the Institute. Read *any good* works on chemistry and physiology—you cannot go much amiss in your selection.

With regard to board, I think we shall be able to offer board on water-cure principles at \$3 00 a week to all. If students choose to club, or make other arrangements besides those we can offer, they will be at liberty to do so, and may get along somewhat cheaper. We shall feel ourselves bound to extend care and advice to students as far as we possibly can, and *we wish all applications to be made as early as possible*, that we may know how many we are to have under our care. In speaking through the Journal, I feel as though I grasped the warm living hand of a friend, and hope hereafter to salute oftener this mighty band of brethren and sisters who believe in spiritual regeneration by Truth, and material redemption by water.

MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

91 Clinton Place, New York.

N. C. June 9th, 1851.

MRS. MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS—DEAR MADAM.—I trust you will pardon this trespass on your time, in consideration of the motive. I am a friend to "The Water-cure"—am compelled to be so from its good effects in my own exhausted frame and weakened energies. I was suffering from debility and disease common to mothers. I had no ambition and no desires more elevated than to drag out day after day just comfortably. I was induced to try water; not scientifically applied, but only in such a way as reason and common sense dictated. Its results were truly surprising to one unacquainted, as I then was, with its healing and restoring properties. My health and strength improved, and with health came the desire to impart to others my experience. About this time I heard of you, and of your wonderful success with others in combating diseases on water-cure principles. I desired to become an inmate of your establishment as a patient, or a pupil, or in any way, so that I might become possessed of the desired information respecting the use of water. I was not then, as now, a reader of the Water-Cure Journal, and had not learned of the intended establishment of an Institute; but now that a way is opened, I desire to be among the first to avail myself of your instructions, and, in pursuance of this design, I wish to be informed by you what course of study or reading to devote myself to, what works and what subjects to become familiar with, previous to the commencement of your first term. My education is a common English one; I know something of the ailments common to our natures. I am the wife of Dr. W. M. S., an *Allopathic Physician*, but I have his approval in this step, for he is convinced of the injurious effects of drugs often administered, and of their utter inefficiency to cure disease.

With much respect, C. C. S.

P. S. If, in your estimation, my experience and example can have any influence for good upon the minds of others similarly situated, you are welcome to give it for the "Journal," with the suppression, only, of names, and please let us hear through the same medium, when convenient, your views of the new style of dress which has been adopted by a few truly AMERICAN WOMEN.

MEDICATION IN SURGICAL DISEASES.

BY T. N. CAULKINS, M. D.

THE medication to be adopted in surgical diseases is a subject claiming more attention than it has hitherto received. An erroneous administration of medicine has, doubtless, made an immense number of severe and painful operations unavoidable, in cases where proper means, such as the new science of Hydropathy affords, would have rendered an operation wholly unnecessary.

Many of the diseases of the limbs and of other parts of the body are known to depend on a high degree of irritation, or a chronic, inflammatory condition of the stomach, frequently extending to the entire digestive apparatus. This internal chronic disease itself perhaps in nine cases out of ten the offspring of powerful irritating medicine taken into the stomach, such as emetic tartar, calomel, iodine, &c., in many instances creates the surgical disease—it may be a white swelling or an ulcer, a fleshy or cancerous tumor.

Why has not the warning of Sir Astley Cooper, given many years ago, been heeded by either physician or surgeon? He bid his pupils beware of the "irritation" produced by the common polypharmic medication on simple fleshy tumors, and warned them of the "danger of the affection being changed by the medicine into very malignant and fatal cases." But old-school practitioners still go on with the same old dangerous system of irritation, making the bad worse, and the benign malignant. The process is often this. Repeated doses of mercurials are given, which produce a great degree of irritation of the stomach, liver, &c. To quiet this irritation, and remove the consequent disturbance, opiates are administered. These produce constipation, for which horrible doses of purgatives must be given, to goad both stomach and liver as well as intestines to desperation. The stomach revolts at this abuse, and shows its disturbance by pain and flatulence; and for these, heating carminatives must be swallowed. Acidity is the next result; and for this, alkalies must be poured down. And this I have known to be carried to such excess as to cause a separation of portions of the lining membrane of the stomach, which were thrown off by vomiting, and followed by large quantities of blood. The rounds of the old circle are run in a few weeks, and the irritability, by turns diminished and increased, becomes worse than ever, and requires persistence for a while in the opiate drugging, to be followed by a long course of physicking. And the physicking operation goes on and on, as though the chief end of man were the movement of his bowels. In this way the circle is traveled again and again, and at each round, from some *unaccountable* cause, the ill starred patient is becoming worse. The practitioner will not see that this medicinal piling of Pelion on Ossa—this unnatural stimulation of the nerves and bloodvessels—is violently deranging the whole digestive functions, and, of course, the great function of nutrition, without the undisturbed action of which it is impossible, in the diseases in question, to save the patient from the knife.

Why does not the practitioner see the truth of what an English author asserts of the old mode of

treatment—"that the whole plan is radically wrong, and that the root of the malady—the essential character of it, is not attacked; else why does an evil follow each remedy, to be corrected by another remedy?" He very justly continues, "Such is the mode in which the ordinary medical treatment becomes a cause and maintainer and aggravator of chronic disease in the central organs of life, whence the mischief is propagated to any other organs of the body. And this is the case when disorder is originally in some *external* part. Thus some violence is applied to an arm or a foot, the irritation of which, conveyed to the internal organs, produces disorder there and feverishness. To these organs, thus sympathetically excited, irritating aperients are applied, as is usual in fever; the consequence of which is the establishment in them of an irritation which radiates again to the diseased limb, where a similar establishment is made. The limb proving obstinate, the pain, heat, swelling, &c., continuing, notwithstanding the *cooling* purgatives administered, a course of mercury is the common resource—why, it is not very clearly ascertained—to which opium is sometimes added to produce a sudorific effect. By this time, both internal and external irritation becomes more decidedly chronic. And this is further aided by courses of iodine, iron, arsenic, &c., in succession—all given with the view of *somehow* or *other* ridding the limb of the congested blood it contains; it never, apparently, occurring to the administrator, that by producing chronic disease within, he is taking the best means of perpetuating it without. I have known this go on until the patient was fairly told that everything having been tried in vain, there only remained amputation of the limb."

The author from whom the above remarks are quoted, was, for fifteen years, a practitioner of old-school medicine. His accumulated experience and discriminating observation, at the end of that period, enabled him to take an enlightened and firm stand against the medication he so pointedly condemns, and he then published an able volume against it. He is now one of the most scientific and skillful practitioners of the hygienic water-cure system, and is at the head of the Malvern institution, where Bulwer was cured, after the most celebrated of the old-school doctors had treated his case in vain.

The surgical disease of the limb referred to above, the Malvern water-cure doctor cured in six weeks, although the patient had been consigned to the mercies of amputation. This patient was saved from a horrible mutilation, partly by the negative means of cure, which are alike valuable to both the Hydropathic and the Homœopathic doctor, but principally by the positive means of the water treatment. The negative means are the withdrawal of all causes of irritation, as far as practicable, from both mind and body. Neither the Hydropathist nor the Homœopathist allow the abomination of desolation from the apothecary shop to enter his patient's stomach. By this alone thousands are saved, in these days of medical reform, from the legal, scientific murder so long and so ignorantly practised.

Under the water treatment much of the surgeon's occupation will be gone. Take, in con-

firmation, a case of dangerous encysted tumor, the meliceris. Of this kind of tumor Sir Astley Cooper says: "Squeezing out its contents converts the case into a terrible disease, in which a frightful fungus shoots out from the inside of the cyst, attended with immense pain and irritation, and often proving fatal." The hydropathic means which cured this tumor, were daily wet sheet packing, general ablutions, sitz bath at 60°, wet bandage night and day around the body and on the leg affected with the tumor. His diet was spare and unirritating, and he drank copiously of pure cold water. After bringing him thoroughly under the influence of the treatment, I freely lanced the tumor, and pressed out its honey-like contents. No "frightful fungus shot from the inside of the cyst," because the system was undergoing the mild and effectual process of cleansing, and soothing, and renovating, which defied the frightful and the fatal catastrophe the great British surgeon would lead us to apprehend. The tumor discharged for several weeks, and finally disappeared entirely.

When I took charge of this patient, from the irritating course of treatment that had been pursued, the tumor was making hasty preparation to burst open, and roll out the dreaded and horribly painful fungus. That event, had it happened, would, perhaps, have rendered amputation unavoidable, or death inevitable.

The philosophy of the case is this: An irregular course of life had disturbed his health, and irritating doses had caused a chronic inflammation of his stomach, and a disordered liver. Digestion being deranged, imperfect nutrition followed. If the process of nutrition went on badly, there must have been formed bad solids, and defective ill-conditioned fluids must have been secreted and excreted throughout the body. Nature was led astray and damaged by the bad habits of the man. The doctor kicked and cuffed her to drive her upon the track; but, as usual, the rougher she was used the more desperate and dangerous were her wanderings. Each medicated derangement became still more deranged, and the occasional acute became the fixed and chronic. What may have been at first but a little patch of inflamed mucous membrane of the stomach, overwhelmed by the heroic doses he was forced to swallow, was, for the time, from loss of vital forces, a conquered territory. It was conquered and reconquered many times; but after each conquest extended its limits, for soon after the withdrawal of the conqueror with his Galenic implements of war and murder, the outraged territory revolted from foreign sway, and rallied the populace, but they were too much deranged by maltreatment to establish order, and anarchy reigned. The allopathic hero of a thousand battles, each equally successful, finally gave up the contest for other fields of conquest, and left the anarchical territory to chronic anarchy. Being now let alone for a while—the negative means of cure—a calm ensued, and that little revolutionary hero—the Healing Power of Nature—determined to make a diversion in favor of the interior. He accordingly exiled some of the most refractory spirits to one of the extremities, and thus was formed that rancorous colony, the encysted tumor. He left them there to war upon each other, or to a sudden extermination by the surgeon's hand. But

they often made ruinous incursions upon the interior, as well as preyed upon each other, and thus the whole empire of the body would have been speedily destroyed, had not a new and a better directed revolution ensued for its salvation. Its history is briefly this: The patient was put upon a spare diet of easy digestion, that the stomach might not be oppressed by unnecessary labor, or irritated by crudities. It was laved and cooled by frequent drafts of cold water. Its state of congestion and chronic inflammation, thus abated, was still further relieved by daily cold bathing, which kept up an active circulation in the skin of the entire body, and equalizing the distribution of the blood, withheld it from the congested portions of the organs. He wore the bandages to carry off the heat, and aided this process by foot baths, and sitz baths, and general bathing. He drank a tumbler of cold water hourly, from sunrise till sundown, to increase and float off the excretions from the system. He was thus kept cool, as well as purified. Now this cooling of the body is one of the grand processes of bringing about the beneficent revolution.

Liebig, in his animal chemistry, it will be recollected, announces the important fact, that under the influence of this cooling process, as great a change, in carrying off the old particles of the body and replacing them by new ones, can be wrought in three months, as could be, by the usual absorbing, secreting, and excreting process, in many years. The copious dilution by water-drinking accelerates the change. With the baths, the packing, and the drinking, there is a rapid dissolution of the old substance of the body, badly built up under a bad administration, and as rapid building anew of the best materials, and in a manner perfectly unexceptionable.

This plan of treatment works with all the advantages anticipated by the old municipal authorities from theirs, which was to build a new town-house with the materials of the old one, and occupy the old till the new one should be finished. While rapidly eliminating the bad materials of the body, even to the deteriorated brain and nerves, good digestion, good blood-making, and good nutrition followed in the same pace, and in six months my patient was a new man. Thus, without any confusion or accumulation of rubbish, his old house was torn down without disturbing his residence a single hour, and as quietly and neatly rebuilt and made new.

PRACTICE IN WATER-CURE.

BY T. L. NICHOLS.

CASE XXIV.—CHRONIC INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.

PATIENTS insist upon our giving names to their diseases, not knowing how infinitely they vary, how they run into each other by insensible gradations, and how many, after all refinements of nomenclature, and niceties of diagnosis, are utterly nondescript and anonymous.

Here is the case of this Virginian, for example, a man of 43, looking ten years older, worn down with years of sickness—dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, chronic diarrhoea, in short, disease of the whole nutritive system; for I do not think

there was one healthy gland from one end of the canal to the other, nor in any of its connections.

How should there be? For years, all his life, I think, he had used tobacco, as Virginians know how to use it. He had eaten and drank in all ways but the right way; and when sick, the good old allopathic doctor had started his liver with a few grains of blue pill or calomel, worked off with a cathartic, and quieted his nerves with morphine.

When this gentleman wrote to consult me about his case, I saw that it was a hard one; but said that if his lungs were sound, and he was not past fifty, he might come to me. He soon arrived, and the work commenced. It was no child's play. When he arrived, his mouth was full of tobacco, and his nerves braced up with morphine. I saw what he had to go through, and pitied him very much; but I saw also, that he had the constitution and stamina to carry him through.

The tobacco and morphine were discontinued, of course, from the time he crossed our threshold. He was put upon a bland and sparing vegetable diet, and had but little appetite and less digestion. It required a large coal fire, in addition to a furnace, with heaps of clothing, to keep him comfortable. He was packed in blankets, at first, with a napkin laid over his abdomen, took injections, and tepid sitz baths.

There was a week of delirium tremens, from the opium and tobacco. For several nights he did not sleep at all, unless after the sedative of a bath, and a wet band round the head. I was up with him at all hours. He had an extreme sensitiveness to cold water, but went into the treatment in good faith, and with great courage.

He sank, as all bad dyspeptics do, into a state of great prostration. This is the first effect of restoring the equilibrium of vital action. When a new action is set up in the nutritive system, it is at the expense of the brain, nerves, and muscles of animal life. He begged for a dose of morphine—he begged for a glass of wine; but I was firm, and felt sure that he would pass the ordeal.

First came sleep; two hours, three, four, the whole night. Then hunger, ravenous like that of a wolf; but it could not be indulged. The least excess brought on pains and prostration. For weeks he suffered all the time like a man starving. Then the pains in his bowels, after some exacerbations, ceased, he grew stronger, was able to eat more, his evacuations became regular, he could walk two or three miles a day, and became cheerful, hopeful, and healthful.

After staying with us eight weeks, he went home to Virginia, a wiser and a happier man, and the last I heard, was steadily progressing in the good way.

CASE XXV.—TOBACCO POISON.

One would think marriage ought to cure any man of using tobacco, and it would, if women did their duty. The ceremony ought to be amended, by inserting, after "love, honor, and cherish," the words, "and use no tobacco." But if getting married does not reform the tobacco toper, one of its blessed consequences ought to do so. No man ought to poison his baby.

A man may do so, before it is born, through the nerves and blood of its mother. Every evil in

fluence should be kept away from the woman who is about to give the world the rich treasure of a new being. What a shame that men should surround them with poison! I have a friend, who was an inveterate smoker until his first child was born—that saved him. He knew that his breath would poison it, and he abandoned the poison weed, I trust, for ever.

A few nights ago, I was sent for hastily, to see an infant two weeks old. I had attended the mother in her confinement, and had not thought it necessary to see her but once afterward. I found her radiant with health, and she had followed my directions. The child had nursed at proper intervals, its bowels had acted, and it had seemed as strong and healthy as possible. I could see no reason why this babe should be sick, but it had evidently been so. It seemed to me that it must have been poisoned. I questioned mother and grandmother, but could not find that it had got anything bad from either.

At last I turned to the father. "Don't you use tobacco?" said I. The murder was soon out. He was an inveterate smoker. The day before, he had taken the babe while the mother went out; some of his friends called, and they had had a nice, sociable smoke, in the same room with the child; and there the little, delicate creature had been poisoned in every fibre of its being, with every breath it drew. No wonder it was sick. Doubtless many a child is poisoned to death by the tobacco used by its parents, and those around it. Good parents, if you love your little ones, keep them away from the slightest odor of this deadly narcotic.

CASE XXVI.—ABSCESS OF THE BRAIN.

It is doubtless said of us, who give cases in the Journal—"You don't report your bad ones." I mean to report mine faithfully, but do not expect to crowd the Journal with them. The case I am about to give, was a fatal one, in which the Water-Cure was of little avail. It was an alleviation—probably the greatest, but it could not save.

A child of three years, large brain, scrofulous, the last of four, born of diseased parents, was attacked with swelling and ulceration of the ear, with great distress of the head, chills, fever, and finally coma, and death.

At the request of the mother, I held a post mortem examination, in which I was assisted by Dr. Houghton. Opening the cranium in the usual manner, we partially removed the brain, finding some serous effusion under the dura mater. On reaching the right middle lobe, I found it much softened, and connecting with the internal opening of the ear, was an ulcer, leading to an abscess of considerable size. The cause of death was apparent; and it was one of the few cases, in which, at a late stage, the water-cure is powerless to save.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.—Our friends will see, by referring to this law, that the postage on all books and other printed matter, except newspapers and periodicals to regular subscribers, is required to be pre-paid. They will, consequently, when ordering books, enclose a sufficient sum to pay both for books and the postage.

THE BLOOMER AND WEBER DRESSES.

A GLANCE AT THEIR RESPECTIVE MERITS AND ADVANTAGES.

BY MARY B. WILLIAMS.

THE revolution in female costume, now in progress, is one of the results of an enlightened age. It owes its birth to no Parisian modiste—to no mere lady of fashion; it originated with intellectual women, and, under such auspices, its ultimate success cannot be doubted.

The costume popularly called the "Bloomer dress," which is a modification of the Turkish style, has been received with general favor in various parts of the country. It is certainly a pretty and piquant dress—too juvenile in its tout ensemble, perhaps, for grown up women—but so infinitely superior to the old style, that it ought to receive the friendly countenance of all sensible persons of either sex. The characteristic points of the Bloomer dress are the Turkish pantaloons and short skirt, leaving the upper vestments to be fashioned according to the taste of the wearer. Mrs. Bloomer herself thinks the dress should be made like a saque, "fitting the form to the waist, and then swelling out, giving sufficient fullness to the skirt." Others prefer a spencer amazone, with a detached skirt. In any of these cases, the pantaloons must be full and tied at the ankle; high boots cannot be worn, unless they be drawn over the pantaloons, in the manner affected by fox-hunting gentlemen. Pantaloons adapted to boots must necessarily be cut in the masculine style; and it is easy to imagine how stiff and ridiculous they would look, peering out like a pair of stove-pipes, from beneath a voluminous skirt.

The other style, which may be appropriately called the Weber dress, is purely masculine. It is worn to a considerable extent by European ladies, and seems to be obtaining favor among our own countrywomen, some of whom have had the courage to don it, at the risk of being made famous by newspaper writers. No sensible woman, I think, would ever desire to see the whole sex dressed in male attire. Occasions there are, and always will be, when every lady of good taste would perceive the superior fitness of robing herself in the venerated gown; for, say what we will about its unsuitableness for many outdoor purposes, it is a graceful and appropriate dress for the drawing room. But, surely, there is no reason why every woman should be compelled to wear the same species of attire at all times, and in all places. Would it not be more rational to do away with all restrictions, and permit us to dress at our own individual discretion—to wear the gown, the Bloomer dress, the Weber dress, or any other description of attire which, in our opinion, may best suit our condition, our wants, or our fancy?

A costume might be contrived, which would combine all the elegance, freedom, and comfort of Miss Weber's suit, without making the wearer appear "manish." Miss Weber wears, I believe, a dress-coat and pantaloons of black cloth, a buff vest with plain gilt buttons, black hat, starch linen—in fine, a man's suit in every particular, besides having her hair clipped off and done up in male style. It would be no difficult task to modify this suit, and make it an appropriate and pretty feminine costume. Retaining the pantaloons, vest, and boots, a straight cut saque-coat might replace the dress-coat; a handsomely embroidered chemise, with a ruffed or broad turned-over collar, encircled with a neat little cravat, might be substituted for the masculine linen and neck gear; the hair might be dressed in any of the styles fashionable at present; and the head might be surmounted with a Tyrolean straw hat, lined with blue or pink. Every one, of course, would consult her own taste in choosing the materials and colors for this costume. Generally, the saque should be of dark cloth, and the pantaloons of substantial cassimere, or of white linen on suitable occasions in summer. For the vest, nothing can com-

pare with a light buff cassimere, tastefully ornamented with rich, plain, flat, gilt buttons. By having the pantaloons properly cut, they can be worn without suspenders. When made of linen, they should be full, so as not to impede the free action of the limbs; when made of woolen goods, it would be preferable to have them fit snugly to the shape, from the waist to the knees, thence nearly straight—"half-gaiter"—to conform to the size of the boot-leg.

A female in this dress would never be mistaken for a man. It would not look well upon all women; and, for this reason, it will be opposed vehemently in certain quarters. But it has advantages over the Turkish dress which are too palpable to need pointing out. It would be a suitable dress for traveling and driving; for pic-nics and rural wear generally; for gardening, and other outdoor pursuits; for a home toilet, and for the street itself in muddy or windy weather.

Were the views I have expressed in regard to attire, entertained only by myself, I should not have the presumption to obtrude them upon the public. If it were necessary, I could name several excellent ladies who not only hold the same views, but who intend to *act upon them*, by wearing the modified male dress I have described, during the present rusticoating season. One of these suits is already completed—a dark blue cloth saque, buff vest, and white pantaloons—and I have had the pleasure of seeing it displayed upon the person of its owner, an intelligent young lady, who happens, fortunately, to occupy an influential position in the world of fashion.

I hope the revolution will not stop until woman obtains the sanction of fashion to dress just as her fancy [common sense,] may dictate. Those who like the sweeping train best, need not resign it at all. The few who comprise this class will soon be numbered among the Capulets, and the succeeding generation will come upon the stage of life, with their minds free from any prejudice.

Let us have patience, and all will be well.

[When our Women determine upon introducing a new and more convenient style of dress, differing so greatly from existing costumes, it would be better to wear it awhile at home, until the wearer, the family, and intimate friends become accustomed to it, before appearing in public. New costumes may thus be introduced, without exciting the prejudice or ridicule of the rabble. We have no fears in regard to the ultimate adoption of that style of dress which shall seem to be the most convenient, attractive, and healthful.—EDITOR WATER-CURE JOURNAL.]

SMALL POX.

BY T. T. SEELYE, M. D.

We were so unfortunate last summer, in the establishment, as to be afflicted with the *small pox*. I give you a history of the two cases we had, which show very fully that water bears off the palm in the treatment of this as well as all other acute diseases. The first case we had was that of my little daughter, aged four years;—when or where she was exposed I never knew, and the first intimation or suspicion I had of the disease, was on the third day of the eruption, when I noticed the peculiar umbellated appearance of the small-pox eruption. The precursory fever was pretty severe, but for this I had done nothing more than give her her usual daily ablutions; being very busy at the time, I paid but very little attention to her, thinking there was not much the matter with her. When I was compelled to believe it a case of genuine small pox, and that, too, in its most malignant form, I confess I was a good deal

startled. I had had so much confidence in the efficacy of the water-treatment in all other forms of acute disease, that I never once supposed my child could die in her early years. But when I saw this loathsome and malignant disease developing itself from day to day, until the face was one perfect blotch, and the rest of the body in proportion; her features so distorted that I could not recognize even a lineament in her whom I had so recently called mine; I am not ashamed to own that a father's fears were aroused from their deepest recesses, as he looked at the prospect of his only child being speedily snatched from his fond grasp.

I called in one of my old neighbors, who formerly had had a very extensive practice in the old school, and asked him for his diagnosis and prognosis of the case. He said there could be no doubt of its character, that it was one of the worst forms of confluent small-pox. He thought my child must *die*. It is but justice to him, however, to say that he recommended a continuation of the treatment I was then pursuing, as being more likely to bring about a favorable termination than any other. I had, as soon as I ascertained the case to be small pox, commenced heating her, by giving four and five half-baths a day, at from 75° to 80°, keeping her as cool as possible, and giving her what water she wanted to drink.

I continued this course until the pustules were filled, when I lessened the number of her baths to one morning and evening, and increased the temperature to 85°. As the pustules began to dry on the face, I brushed them over occasionally with a little olive oil, and over this a wet cloth, to relieve the intolerable itching which occurs at this period. The disease went through all its varied stages with great regularity, and without any untoward symptom. The prostration which we usually notice in cases of confluent small pox, when the pustules begin to dry up, was not noticed in this case at all.

Immediately after ascertaining it to be a case of small pox, I vaccinated all the members of my household that were not previously protected, with one exception—a young lady who came with her mother, who was not willing to have her re-vaccinated, as she had been thoroughly vaccinated when she was young, and did not want to have a sore arm for nothing. In two weeks, she was seized with strong premonitory symptoms, and this is our case second.

At this time I was watching for the disease, and I became suspicious of its character upon the first manifestation of premonitory symptoms. I commenced with wet sheet packing, prolonged until profuse perspiration was induced, and followed it with half bath at 75°, and a dash of four buckets cold water. This I continued morning and night, with the wet compress over the stomach and bowels. This treatment kept off the eruption beyond the usual period for thirty-six hours. After the eruption manifested itself, I determined, if possible, to prevent the deep ulceration and subsequent eschars which so universally serve to mark the ravages of the invader. I accordingly kept the face constantly wet with cloths dipped in ice water, and changed every ten minutes for the first eight days, until the suppurative process was com-

plete in the face. This was a case of semi-confluent small pox,—the face was one perfect scab, and very little else on the forehead. The treatment, after the eruption was fully developed, was very nearly the same as in the first case, with the exception of not using general ablutions quite as frequently, the patient being very heavy, and removed at quite a distance from our ordinary conveniences. The case went through its various stages, after the eruption was fully developed, with great regularity, but the extremely interesting part to me, was to notice the appearance of the face, as the scabs cleared off from day to day,—when, instead of finding a ragged, ulcerated surface, as we universally do in these cases, it was almost as smooth as natural,—in three or four places, there were some very slight depressions, but so slight that I don't believe in six months, any stranger on seeing her, would even mistrust she had had the small pox.

If the constant application of cold to the small pox eruption, during its ulcerative process, will lessen the amount of that ulceration so as to make it merely superficial, and leave no permanent marks of its ravages, it surely is a triumph for hydropathy, which our friends of the old school have been vainly attempting to attain for the past two thousand years.

A LECTURE

ON WOMAN'S DRESSES.

BY MRS. M. S. GOVE NICHOLS.

[On the evening of June 26, 1851, Mrs. Nichols delivered the following lecture, in Hope Chapel, New York, to a highly respectable audience, composed of MEN and WOMEN. At the close of this lecture, it was announced, that a Festival would be given in the Broadway Tabernacle, early in September next, by citizens in favor of the new AMERICAN COSTUME, when several distinguished speakers, of both sexes, will address them. Among the names mentioned, were those of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. P. W. Davis, Mrs. M. S. G. Nichols, Dr. Wm. Elder, and several others. It is expected that a very large procession will be formed, of women dressed in the "New Costume." We now consider this matter settled. It is a "fixed fact." The croaking of fallen gentlemen, or fallen ladies, of old hunkers, or young hunkers, of *any* body, cannot prevent its general adoption by all sensible women, in this, and other countries; but let us introduce a woman who will speak to the point. Mrs. Nichols says:—

The following is a very imperfect abstract of my Lecture on Dress and its Relations, recently given at Hope Chapel, New York. I was not able to write out my lecture before it was given, and I am equally unable now. With my sense of duty to the subject, I could not do less—with my absorbing occupation, I could not do more. I was obliged to extemporize what I could not write, and I wish I could do the same for the hundred thousand readers of the Journal.

We are a nation of FREEMEN. We are a nation of CHRISTIANS. In this 19th century, in this year of our Lord 1851, this is our boast. We are the sons and daughters of '76. We are an example to the world. Is this true? or is it a sad satire, and withering irony? When we feel ourselves enslaved by ancient customs, and blasted and belittled by a false public opinion, our Christianity and republicanism seem to be weighed in the balance and found wanting. And yet again, there is another aspect of our many-faced destiny. The

voice of the people is the voice of God, albeit, by times it is the voice of the devil. The same voice of the people cried Hosanna to the Son of David, and crucify him, crucify him. It may seem a fiction that the people are the rulers in our land, but it is nevertheless true. The proof is, that public opinion is above all law. A law may be dead and effectually entombed in the statute book, and yet never be repealed. It is repealed daily and hourly by the people, in the might of their good or their evil. The lawyer or the judge who speaks profanely, repeals the law against profanity and the Christian who takes a 20 per cent dividend on bank stock, repeals the law against usury for himself.

Public opinion then, in this land, is above all law, whether it constitute a higher law, or a lower law. And yet we sleep in bondage to fashions and customs, till we nearly sleep the sleep of death. At last, when the iron enters fully into our heart, we arouse from our lethargy, and so rapid often is the revolt against an evil, that the new thought seems born at once in the length of the land. However much and however justly man may pride himself on being the originator of truth, woman is the will of the world. Men make sport of her will, but they have yet to learn that this mighty motive power is no matter of mirth.

Woman has felt the evils of her bondage to the customs of barbarous and half civilized ages. She has suffered without understanding why. At length she learns wisdom by her suffering, and then comes the protest. And mark me, the groan of suffering love, and woman is Love, is never in vain. Woman's devout prayer, woman's sanctified will, are omnipotent, because they are born of God, and are the ordained providences for her redemption. Woman is all powerful for good, or for evil. Man serves her, protects and loves her, whether she be one or the other. If she wishes to be ridiculous, she always has the right accorded her. Men may laugh, but they never rebel. They buy millions of yards of silk to sweep streets, with a patient grace worthy a better business.

The question of a reform in the dress of women is now fairly before the American people. It was at first a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but it has grown to be a subject of absorbing interest within a few weeks. At first good people regarded the question as one of idle caprice or useless change, as a small matter at best—they are beginning now to see it as a great sanitary reform. They begin to see that disease and death are greatly multiplied by our evil modes of dress, and the subject at once assumes a new aspect—a new and most interesting importance. Duty and conscience are concerned in the change—and the conscience of a free people is a thing of might. For the last 20 years, we have been awaking to a sense that it is our duty to have health, and all the goods contained in that word of broadest meaning.

We are told once a year, in eloquent and magniloquent 4th of July addresses, flashing with many metaphors, and as pleasing to the people as fire-crackers to little boys, that all men have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We have come to the conclusion that some women have these rights.

Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Oakes Smith, and others, have bravely and beautifully taken the lead in this reform. They have done the subject much justice, still much remains to be said, and a world of work is before us.

Men are almost universally friendly to the emancipation of women from their weary bondage to clothes, which begins with the long clothes and swaddling bands of the cradle, and continues without remission or remorse, save through a brief period of girlhood, to the grave. A being thus bound, of necessity becomes weak. How have gymnasts like the Ravels and dancers like Ellsler, been created?—not by putting them into long clothes and corsets, and limiting their exercise to a stroll down Broadway, and their labor to the dragging a train after them formed of the finest silk and the filthiest mud.

I do not ask that our women be Ravels or Ellsler, though I love physical power next to the free spirit that creates them. But it is well that we know why we are weak, ugly and ungraceful—why we are obliged to go to the circus for the poetry of motion and the wondrous grace of power. With all the freedom and wisdom of this boasted 19th century, even our men hire their fellows not only to be gymnasts and dancers for them, but to make laws for them, and to preach and think for them—indeed, we do almost everything worth doing by proxy. When we look at these customs of ours, it seems that our national literature is full of fables about freedom, and when we think of the battle that has been fought by generous men, that women should have the right of property, our government seems a sort of angel-demon, giving us the shadow of evil and the fore-shine of good at once. Ten years since, I lectured here on the Sphere and Destiny of Woman, making the plea for her right of property prominent. New York has conceded the right to us, and several of the other States in the Union, within the last ten years.

I recollect hearing a well disposed man say, ten years since, in this city of New York, that if women had the right of property, it would be impossible to manage them. A few of these timid gentlemen may be left among us, notwithstanding the peaceful working of the social machinery, since women have been allowed some show of owning real or personal estate. If so, they will doubtless conclude that, if women wear clothes that will allow them to walk, they will be in imminent danger of walking away from their duties.

There are few of this class, happily for woman, for nothing is more certain than that women live to please men. I say, then, happily, most men wish us to declare our independence—that we should renounce our slavish adherence to Parisian despotism in modes of dress;* that women should determine to be free from the weight they have so long borne in weariness, without remonstrance, and hardly with a consciousness of what was killing them. Year after year women

* A gentleman remarked to a lady friend of mine, that the new costume would not be adopted, because the fashion was not imported from Paris. Said she, "We have set France the pattern of a Republic—we may set her the pattern or dress also."

have been crushed in corsets, and loaded in their weakness with a length and breadth of skirts, the oppression or evil of which no one knows till they have put on a light, short, and properly fitting suit of garments.

There has been power enough wasted to half save the world, in this war with petticoats, from the cradle to the grave. Said a lady to me, the other day, "Many a rainy day I have come in from the street, and stepped out of 14 yards of skirts, a quarter of a yard deep with mud and water." Think of carrying such a burden of *dry* clothes hung upon a slender and diseased spine, year after year. Is it wonderful that nature fails, and that woman's life is but a lengthened pain, and prayer for peace that never comes till life is lost, that never has been lived!

Was woman made for only this—was she made by the good Father for diseased nerves, for a torture and burden to her husband, for a half living being, with less living babies, that drop away from her bosom like withered blossoms or untimed fruit, and yet cause no more pain in dying than in being born! The holy name and destiny of mother has become a mockery in our midst. Children are born for death, as mothers are born for misery and pain. Who is not forced to pause amid all this, and ask, is this God's world?

And who is to do the work of redeeming such a world? Who is to fulfill what is left of the mission of the Godman Christ Jesus. Woman is weak as a child. She has been bound too long to use her mind or limbs with strength or freedom. Our woman's world is crowded with cowards. The mass dare not think or act for themselves. Men have had the care and ownership of woman from the creation downward, and it is a grave question, whether she is yet old enough to walk by herself with her God in the earth! Without doctors, ministers, or husbands, what would become of women? I do not attempt to answer this question. Slaves will always find masters. It is well and divinely ordained that they should. Reforms work from above downward. The servant, the washerwoman, the lowest grades of society will be the last to leave corsets, and the last to get out of long clothes. The "great unwashed" will be the last to give up drugs and learn the blessing of Water-Cure.

To those who have grown too great for bonds, who are conscious of power to create for themselves a better fate, this reform appeals. We know that work, genuine, honest industry is the broad basis on which human life rests. We are told that woman has never produced any great masterpiece in science or in art. We are not only told this, but taunted with it. I for one am willing to acknowledge the truth of this. I know that I am weak and inefficient, yes, powerless compared with what I might have been, had I been born of a healthy mother, and nurtured in conditions that secure strength to men. I have been in thralldom always, though for years I have been a model of comfort and achievement, compared with many women; still when I have walked five miles, with a dress vastly more light and convenient than what is worn by the multitude, I have exhausted power enough to walk forty, in garments proper

and fitting for us to wear. I know that in our present form of dress, at the best, we have not one-eighth of the power that a free dress would give. I know this by having worn the Gymnasium dress a good deal at Madam Hawley's, and by having used the same kind of dress in my house, and in the street, on rainy days, for a few weeks past. Power accumulates power. This is true in all things, from bank capital to the creative of health—the life of God within us. Men say with truth, that women are cowardly. We have no nerves to be otherwise. The direct result of our enslaving habits and enthralling style of dress is to make us weak and unhealthy, and consequently craven. Men tell us that we are all chained together like a gang of criminals—that we follow whither the leader of fashion points. Is there not truth in this? Witness the dresses that drag the ground, the bonnets that were made for any earthly end rather than to shade and protect the face. Is there an absurdity so full fraught with folly for the fashionable woman?

They must carry coffee-bags, and bales of cotton, and trains of silk, with leather next the sidewalk, their lungs must be crushed into corsets, and their feet cultivated for crops of corns.

The brief life of the fashionable woman is sustained by a slave of a husband, who works and schemes, and bears the burden of as many lives as his home contains, and possibly the additional burden of an uncomfortable conscience, for many of the arts by which men sustain their families in a false life, and the feebleness induced by fashion, are not soothing subjects of reflection. All this must be changed. Woman must come universally to be the help-mate for man, instead of being his slave and his tyrant—instead of devoting her life to the labor of carrying about her clothes, or being converted into a show-block for fancy articles, she must dress rationally and beautifully. I by no means wish to exclude beauty from woman's dress. No, I would have her imbued with strength and skill to make all things tasteful and beautiful about her. Woman seems to me the divinely commissioned conservator of taste—of the worship of the beautiful. But for her, the earth would be crowded more densely with the coarse utilitarian forms of use. Millions have been expended on costly churches, and the poor have frozen and starved, and all men, rich and poor, been miserable and sick, and ignorant of true wisdom, within sound of church bells and under the teachings of the sanctuary. And yet it is well that money has been so expended. It is not wasted, but put at large interest, for the sentiment of piety is preserved, and when this love to God is made wise then the world will be redeemed. A parallel to this is that the love of beauty has found its temple in woman's heart, and though its expression may be coarse and barbarous with the savage and uncultivated, and distorted by fashion in people more refined, it is still the same God-given instinct, worthy of redemption and highest culture. I have not come here to-day to address the chain-gang of fashion—those who are the slaves of milliners here or in Paris. I come to address those who feel that there is a work to do in the world, and who are not only willing but determined to do it—those who have freed their lungs from corsets, and are ready to enlarge the area of freedom.

We pity those who sweep the crossings for a chance penny in a muddy time, and give the

penny cheerfully. I pity those who sweep the side-walks all the time, in mud or dust, but I cannot assist them any longer. I have done my part. My weary limbs refuse the office of Fashion's scavenger. Who is ready for the reform? I know enough to make the work sure already, but I ask for more because I wish the blessings of freedom extended. Women ask for new occupations. The few kinds of business that they are allowed to do are overstocked, and everywhere their health is broken. Why has every second woman some female weakness or spinal disease? The curse causeless does not come. They earn their diseases legitimately, honestly, what they don't inherit. The weight of quilts and skirts worn by women, dependent on the lumbar region of the spine, would wear out the strongest man and give him spinal disease. Then the fetter that we carry always around the ankles, wearies and wearies forever, and no one is conscious of the extent of the evil till they have thrown it off. And when we hold up these long skirts out of mud and rain, we run *constant risk of indelicate exposure*.

They are always in danger of being trodden upon, and if we go up stairs we cannot carry anything but our clothes, and then often risk falling.

The lives of women who work in factories have often been sacrificed from their long garments catching in machinery, and I am rejoiced to hear of the prevalence of the new costume at Lowell. Double wages and more than double health will be the consequence to those who make the change.

In our present dress, the form is hidden as effectually as if we were bagged for the Bosphorus. A pretty foot is not allowed the peep of day, and ankles are only made to be encased in filth and dirt swept up from the walk and constantly accumulated above the shoe.

The new costume is uniformly approved by men of sense and good judgment—men for whom we can feel respect. Those who are opposed are so few in number that they need not be noticed at all. There is nothing wanting to the full success of this movement, but that women act in concert and with a very little independence. There are enough women of sense in our community to make this reform a light thing.

So long as we imported absurd, hurtful or ridiculous fashions from Paris, we met no opposition; all was smooth sailing; now that we feel wants and necessities above old world bondage, we expect not only tolerance but sympathy. The strong arm of man must sustain us in physical weakness, and his strong spirit must be our support when new thoughts open new duties before us. Men and women are alike dependent—God made our human race a unit. The earth must have light and heat; it would die in cold or in darkness. Man represents truth in the earth, and woman love—both are alike essential. Let there be no divorce of the God-created and God-united elements. We know that we are a favored people—a nation that stands alone in the earth—we owe a debt of gratitude for all our goods, too large for many lives to pay. 'Tis ours as a nation, to feel the peace of self contentment's lot; to own all sympathies and outrage none; to live as if to live and love were one. I do not ask that a reform in dress be adopted from caprice, at the bidding of some Parisian mode-monger. I should be sad that a good fashion should be thus adopted, for it would be idly taken and as idly left. We should change for a season, and then not servilely copy one another. The fashion of our clothes should be in harmony with the laws of health, consistent with ennobling and sustaining industry, and as graceful and beautiful as the taste and genius of the wearer can devise. The garments of women of true taste, should be an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Her dress should be one of many life poems, created by genius for a constant joy to all.

Crushing corsets, horrible whalebones, the arms pinioned, padding and plaits, the penance of



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

walking in a bag, wiping and gathering all the dirt of the side-walk and crossings, and bearing a load of clothing so heavy as to spoil the labor of a beast of burden, is the manifest destiny and the very bad poetry of woman's life now—and yet men and women are found who are afraid to have women emancipated from this, lest she should become masculine, and lose what they call the “delight of dependence, the holy charm of weakness,” which means, being translated, the exceeding prettiness of being good for nothing. Women who earn their living at the loom or the printing press, by crying fish in Philadelphia or strawberries in New York; who waste life and preserve it by making shirts at a shilling each; who become “kitchen fiends” to secure us dyspepsia and other fashionable maladies; who bear children to hard-hearted fathers, who take the money that the mother has earned at the wash tub, to buy bread for her babes, and give it for rum, and thus destroy their last remnant of reason, and the last shadow of protective power; women who labor in higher spheres of duty, as nurses, teachers and physicians, know little of the dear “delights of dependence or the holy charm of weakness. The tender and confiding woman who is willing to be put in a bag to secure dependence and uselessness, and prove that she is not masculine, may be very pretty in story books, or to pass an idle hour with, but when poverty or disease palsies the hand that has fed her, when death takes away her protector, when friends fail, and she is obliged to look to her own broken and wasted energies for support for herself and her babes, where then is the dear “delight of dependence, the holy charm of weakness?” Too often this crushed being becomes more utterly lost, because she has no self-sustaining power. If women were reared in health, with an at-

tractive and sustaining industry, the curse of impurity would be banished from the earth—woman would be baptised into the Liberty of Heavenly Love, and this love would be the gate of Heaven to man.

People who are called men tell us that we must not wear a dress consistent with health, the dress of innocent childhood, the dress devised by wise working women of true modesty and stainless purity, because our outcast sisters wear it. These poor fallen ones wear clothing—is that a reason for its disuse?—they have trailed the costliest silks through our streets, but no word of warning came to us then—we might follow them in an evil fashion, and it was very proper—but our nice moralists have suddenly grown sensitive. The truth is, bad and foolish men want to frighten us, but we are not children—we are grown women, who know our rights, and have fathers, and husbands, and brothers, who have wisdom and strength. This reform involves principles, and is based on truths, and it cannot fail; even if it were hindered for a time, its ultimate success is certain.

“Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers.”

What we want for woman is her freedom. We must come to have a conscience, with regard to preserving health and increasing our usefulness. It is in the spirit of solemn and deep devotion to God and the good of the world that I make a change in my dress, and I wish that all who advocate a reform in dress may do it seriously. Evils to man are sins against God. Sin is not a vague intangibility. It is the hurtful act, or state from which wisdom teaches to escape.

It is no meaningless exhortation that of the Apostle who says “Whether ye eat or drink,” &c.

All the acts of our lives should be devotional. The atonements of days and times will seem of less and less moment as all times become holy time, and all our lives consecrated to the highest use. It is in this spirit of devotion that I would do all things—and it is fully imbued with this feeling of duty to God and the race, that I speak to you tonight. I pray God that the thoughts I speak tonight may take deep root in time, and come to fruition not only here, but in eternity; for as our God and our universe are one, so must the good of all worlds be greater for the good of each one.

In a true reform in dress, no one is expected servilely to copy another. We do not escape from one slavery to take up the bonds of another. We claim freedom to wear long or short clothes, as we deem them best suited to our taste or comfort. The long robe seems suitable for the aged, the dignified, the feeble, and sick, at seasons when motion is not required. For the drawing room, where a reposeful converse is the only exercise wished for, these robes will doubtless be retained. For a do-nothing aristocracy, as in England and other countries, and for those amongst us who wish to be distinguished as the drones of society, and who have æsthetic objections against being confounded with the working bees, the long robes are especially suitable.

The women of America have been rather slow in making their declaration of Independence. But it is made at last. Change has become an imperative duty to us. A sacred principle is involved in this change. The enlightened conscience of woman is to be trusted. We can know no failure in this effort for freedom. Women have been more than once martyrs for principle, but the martyr age is past. Men and women are united in this work, and it may be considered accomplished.

New-York, August, 1851.

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TOPICS FOR AUGUST.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

MAL-PRACTICES.—Accidents and deaths from error on the part of the medical adviser, or carelessness on the part of the apothecary, have lately filled a large space in our newspapers and medical periodicals, and occupied not a little of the attention of Courts of Justice. These cases are multiplying fast. All sorts of reasons are assigned to explain the way in which these accidents happen, as careless writing of the physicians, the use of Latin technicalities, ignorance of the drug-clerk, &c., &c., and a variety of remedies have been suggested; such as greater caution with the physician, better-informed apothecaries, and the employment of plain English in writing prescriptions; but still the evil goes on increasing—if it be an evil to be drugged to death—for one of our city weeklies has lately "moralized" through several paragraphs, to prove to us that it is a *great blessing* to have our children die and go to Heaven in advance of us!

Dr. Spencer, late Professor in the Medical Colleges of Geneva and Chicago, has recently been prosecuted at Milwaukee, for alleged mal-practice. The charge was predicated on the ground that calomel administered in dysentery, producing salivation, had also produced such a *caries* or ulceration of the bones, as nearly to destroy the jaws, in a little girl four or five years of age. Dr. S. proved by his medical brethren, in defence, that calomel was a *very good medicine* in dysentery, and therefore was acquitted. Dr. S. also denied having administered calomel; and one of the Allopathic journals comes to his defence in this wise:—

"We had a case some two years since, in a girl of about the same age, wherein caries and necrosis followed an attack of dysentery. We neither used calomel, nor were we subjected to a suit, because such diseased action took place in the bones of the little girl. If people could be made to fully understand that there may be a *predisposition* to certain diseases, and that such diseases may be aroused by some exciting cause, we are of opinion that the profession would not so often be assailed and vexed by suits for mal-practice."

We would not censure Dr. S. for using calomel in dysentery—we would censure him rather if he did not—we know it is the principal remedy according to the greatest Allopathic authorities, and if Dr. S. believes in the Allopathic system, and has respect for its authorities, we do not see how he could conscientiously neglect giving it. It is well known, too, among intelligent physicians, that ulcerations of all the structures around the mouth, and more especially the bones, are exceedingly liable to result after one or two mercurial salivations. The idea that *necrosis* or *caries* follows an

attack of dysentery, as the effect of such a cause, is ridiculous; and the "predisposition" theory is equally absurd, as far as it applies to the case in question. Ulceration of the jaw might follow any disease, as a consequence of mineral drugging, but never as a sequel of chronic dysentery.

In Philadelphia, recently, a little boy, about four years of age, died under doubtful circumstances. The physician prescribed "*ol ricini*," which the apothecary mistook for "*ol rosemary*." Dr. McNeil, the physician, on learning that the child had taken oil of rosemary instead of castor oil, treated the case as follows, quoting his own language:—

"I mixed one tea-spoonful of assafetida with two of sweet oil, and gave the child about a tea-spoonful; I advised Mr. Rowland to go for a bleeder, which was done, and soon after he arrived; the pulse was hard and quick; the child had about four ounces of blood taken from it, but the pulse did not yield much; the child was then leeches; two dozen leeches were applied to the temples, and they filled well; ice was soon applied to the head, but still the symptoms did not yield; the right side was convulsed; mustard was also applied to the stomach, and other remedies were brought into requisition, but up to one o'clock, seeing I could do no more, left the house."

About thirty ounces of blood were taken at once from a child of four years of age, whose vital powers were already struggling against a powerful dose of an exceedingly acrid and exhausting poison. If the apothecary was not guilty of mal-practice, the physician certainly was, for such a bleeding would have endangered the life of a well child. What but death could be expected in a young child, who had been reduced by a disease, then poisoned severely by the apothecary, and then *bled profusely* by the doctor?

Several cases, under similar circumstances, have occurred in the cities of New York and Boston, within a few weeks, but they possess no uncommon feature, and we will not dwell on them. We have but one practical suggestion to make—*let drugs alone*. If the people will tell their doctors that they positively will not swallow drug-poisons, nor allow them to take out their life's blood, the doctors will soon find out some other way to cure them.

SUMMER DISEASES.—The hot season is upon us, and, as is customary, yet unnecessary, the bill of mortality from bowel complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, &c., is greatly augmented. We have often stated that there was no reason in fate or the elements, why two hundred more children should die weekly in summer than in winter in this city, and as often pointed out the hygienic conditions which would preserve their lives.

A great proportion of the mortality among our infantile population is imputed usually to unripe fruits and crude vegetables, with which our markets abound. Their employment is a great error, and has led to as great an error in the opposite extreme—the almost indiscriminate condemnation of fruits and vegetables generally, in the season when there is a general tendency to bowel complaints. Our safety consists in knowing and practising the exact truth. It is a universal rule that nothing is more wholesome, nor better calculated to protect all persons, children or adults, from the attack of any form of bowel complaint, than the free em-

ployment of good, well-grown vegetables, and sound, ripe fruits generally, in their season. The danger lies in using unripe, imperfect or unsound articles. There are some bland vegetables, and mild sub-acid fruits, which may be used freely, with pleasure and advantage, before they are fully matured, as green corn, peas, beans, currants and squashes. Hard unripe apples, and young, half-grown potatoes, probably do more mischief than any other two articles we could name. It happens usually, that those children and adults who make the greatest use of these articles, are those who are in that physiological condition which renders them peculiarly injurious. Those who are accustomed to much animal food, cannot bear them as well as those who employ a diet mostly vegetable. Those who use farinaceous food in the concentrated state, are much less able to digest crude vegetables or unripe fruits of any kind, than those who use a good portion of bran bread, cracked wheat, &c. Children who are always lurching and munching on sweet cakes and candies, acquire a condition of stomach extremely liable to disorder from slight disturbing causes, and are among those who suffer the most from summer diseases. A single unripe apple has often been the exciting cause of death in such a child.

Physicians generally in this city, and throughout the country—old school physicians, we mean—recommend more dry and concentrated food, as well as more heating and stimulating condiments when there is a predisposition to diarrhoea, as fine flour, rice, dried beef, salt fish, pepper, mustard, brandy, &c. All this is as wrong as wrong can be—the hot weather rapidly wastes the fluids of the body, relaxes the fibres, and debilitates the digestive powers; hence more bland, simple, juicy aliment is the indication of nature and common sense. For several years past, we have carefully watched the effects of the dry, concentrated, stimulating, constipating system of diet advised by the medical profession, and the plain, coarse vegetable and fruit diet recommended by more intelligent physiologists. Many thousands have died of all kinds of bowel complaints, under the system of living we oppose, while we have no knowledge that a single individual, man, woman, or child, has had a fatal attack of any bowel complaint during the whole time, who had lived according to the dietetic system we advocate.

AN ALLOPATH ON DINNERS.—A correspondent of the Boston Medical Journal, in giving an account of the late anniversary meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, devotes half the measure and all the strength of his article to the dinner part of the proceedings. Hear the rant of a man whose god is his belly:

"The dinner—this was excellent, most excellent, and in an *abundance* beyond all praise. Do you say, dear editor, that these are matters hardly to be discussed in a notice of the anniversary meeting of the most venerable and honored societies among us? I do not agree with you. *I was at the dinner*. I was at its most successful discussion, and if I did not enjoy it a *thousand times* more than the morning discussion in the other hall, I'm no true man."

That must have been an exceedingly interesting convention, the intellectual proceedings of which were not valued a thousandth part as highly as the eating part of the performance.

REGULAR QUACKS.—A writer in that rigidly orthodox periodical, the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, makes the following very judicious remarks on the subject of quackery in general:

The facilities for entering our profession are so great, that hundreds are induced into it who have neither mental, moral, nor physical ability to practise the profession with any success. The country is filled with doctors—yes, M. D.'s—graduates of our best colleges, many of whom can *never* practise with credit to themselves or with safety to their patients. It is done in this way:—Physicians are anxious to have students in their offices, as well for the honor of the thing as for the service they receive from them. The colleges are anxious to swell the number of their respective classes, in order that their salaries may swell in proportion. They graduate as many as they can, that their next catalogue may appear well, feeling under some obligations, no doubt, to such as have paid for one or two courses of lectures, remembering, at the same time, that diplomas net them from fifteen to thirty dollars each. These are some of the reasons why the profession is so full, and why so many are unqualified to become guardians of the public health. The result is, that there are more quacks with diplomas than there are *without* them.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS OF TURKEY.—Dr. Smith, of Boston, in writing from Constantinople, says:

Besides practitioners in ample abundance, there are female physicians in Constantinople, who enjoy an enviable reputation for skill, and receive the highest commendations, from the throne to the mud hovel. Even Europeans, and residents from the United States, place confidence in them, as practitioners. They are called *gillingeet* women—which means, as nearly as anything, cure-all females. They are generally women fifty years of age and upwards—a suitable period for uncovering their faces—being the wives of Turks, and ordinarily Turks by birth. Their medicines, as far as I can ascertain, are pretty much like the New England diet drinks that were formerly prepared by all good mothers, in the vernal season, for their families, whether sick or well. Whoever makes inquiries, while staying in Constantinople, will be told of awfully incredible cures by the *gillingeets*. The fact is, they know nothing, and while they are amusing the patient, nature sometimes gets the upper hand in spite of them, and a miraculous cure follows.

Precisely so, Dr. Smith. If our regular male doctors would restrict their medicines to such "diet drinks" as our "know-nothing" grandmothers were wont to prescribe; "nature would get the upper hand" in spite of the doctors, much oftener than she does in this country, under the existing state of affairs. Give us "cure-all females," without diplomas, rather than *kill-all males*, with diplomas.

THE LATEST PHASE OF HUMBUGGERY.—Some shrewd genius, presuming extensively on human gullibility, has come out with a handbill, benevolently calling attention to, and kindly offering to *sell*, a new contrivance for relieving patients of the evils that flesh is heir to, or of the *root* of all evil which infests their pockets, as the case may be.

The operation consists of "Dr. Badger's Medicated Apron," "Dr. Badger's Medicated Breast Pieces," "Dr. Badger's Medicated Dorsal Supporters," and "Dr. Badger's Medicated Bandages." The theory upon which they are said to operate is astonishingly beautiful. The apron affair, worn across the abdomen, keeps the parts *warm*, and prevents or cures cholera, dysentery, bowel complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, &c. The breast pieces keep that part *regulated* in tem-

perature, and cure or prevent all sorts of consumptions. The dorsal supporters keep the back well heated up, and so medicate all kinds of spinal affections; and the bandages, placed over against all local aches and pains, doctor all neuralgic and rheumatic affections.

Certainly a more silly and contemptible affair was never presented to the mind of a reasonable and *reasoning* man. But the author is no charlatan; he intends only the public good; and, in fact, he is pretty well backed up by the doctors who pretend to have such a horror of all kinds of *Water-Cure* quackery. The proprietor says; "Belonging to the medical profession ourselves, we have too much respect for the office of a physician, to ask his testimony to anything but demonstrable good; and the success we have met with, without exception, to every medical man to whom we have developed our plans and purposes, is a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of the articles we offer to the public."

We find, in a circular circulating in this city, the names of *twelve of our city physicians*, who are eminent in the profession, or at least doing a large doctoring business, as endorsers of the great value and efficacy of these humbug contrivances. One of the certificates of these amiable doctors we copy in full, as a specimen of the manner in which "the profession" goes against quackery.

I have examined the Medicated Apron of Dr. Badger, and cheerfully bear testimony to its excellence. It fulfills all the indications of a preventive as well as of a curative. It retains the animal heat, and resists the action of external atmospheric influences. In the case of epidemic predisposition, I consider its use of the highest importance, and as answering a want felt by every medical man.

JAMES M. QUIN, M. D., 148 Ninth St.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1851.

Consider, reader, the marvelous wisdom of "retaining the animal heat" in the bowels, a melting August day, when one is actually panting for breath! A "chunk of ice" to the part would be just as sensible a prescription as a hot apron. But greater and brighter yet is the next idea, or *want of idea*, expressed by Dr. Quin:—"it resists the action of external atmospheric influences." There is *learning* for you. Probably the "external air" acting right straight against the abdominal skin, is the cause of bowel complaints! Who knows? How is an individual man going to get into bed and out again, these sultry nights and mornings, without exposing his delicate and susceptible limbs to the atmospheric influence, unless he has on some of the medicated aprons in the shape of long dresses?

THE ANGER-CURE CASE.—We have seen an explanation of the case alluded to in our last number, as having been treated by Dr. Cleveland. The doctor's language certainly implied all we imputed; and the doctrine is advanced, of treating diseases by exciting "furious anger," which we entirely dissent from. But strict justice, which we are ready to mete to friend or foe, requires that we should exonerate Dr. C. from any moral misconduct in the affair. If Dr. C. will take our friendly advice, and *give particulars* hereafter, as we Water-Cure doctors do, he will be more easily understood. In the above case, which certainly involved a novel principle in therapeutics, there was no occasion for withholding the explanatory facts.

COLIC OF INFANTS.

BY JOEL SHEW, M. D.

A LADY of Ohio, a water patient, having a young infant afflicted with colic, wishes to know the proper treatment to be pursued under such circumstances. Before speaking of the methods to be employed, I will remark that the diet the mother used before the birth of the child was not in all respects what it should have been, and as an inevitable consequence of physical wrongdoing, the infant must suffer. She admits that she used flesh meat, which I contend is always better for those who are about to become mothers to avoid. She also used salt fish and tea and coffee. Now a female, if under such circumstances she partake of such articles—and such is the practice in this country generally—will find that in forty-nine cases out of every fifty the infant will be troubled with colic soon after its birth, if not with some still more formidable malady.

It then often happens—and in some cases, perhaps, do what we may it must—that young infants suffer severely with colic, or colicky pains in the stomach and bowels. In the case referred to the child is only eight days old—the first the mother has had—and it has had the colic since the third day. And, as is common on such occasions, it has been dosed in the old fashioned way, which has only made it the worse. Catnip tea, paregoric, castor oil, etc., may help a little at the time, but depend upon it they inevitably do harm to the child in the end; make it more liable to the same kind of attacks they are given to cure, and not unfrequently bring on ailments of much more formidable and dangerous character.

But what means *are* we to take in these cases? First, as to what the mother should *not* do, and second, as to what she *should* do.

She should *not* set at once to dosing the delicate stomach of the infant, a thing of almost universal custom.

She should *not* nurse it or feed it every few minutes with the hope of quieting it, but have some regard to regularity and the laws of digestion.

She should *not* feed it at all with anything except her own milk; but if she cannot herself nurse it, and has no one else to supply her place, she should feed it upon good cow's milk, with the addition of one fourth or sixth part pure soft water, *but without sugar or any other addition whatever*.

She should *not* dress it either too warmly or too coldly, nor should it have any bandage or roller about the abdomen, since this always necessarily tends to debility of the viscera, and consequently to induce colic as well as other ailments of the stomach and alimentary canal.

She should *not* eat and drink all manner of unhealthful articles, thinking that these do not as much affect the child as her own self. The health of the child depends upon that of the mother, and without healthy food good health is impossible.

She should *not* allow the child to remain half of the time wet, as is often the case, from the misery discharges, a most uncleanly practice, and one which often gives the child a cold that ends in colic, when with proper observance of cleanliness it would not at all suffer in this respect.

As to the immediate treatment in a case of colic, we use—

1. The tepid injection of pure soft water. This is one of the best means. Have a good syringe; use it carefully, so as to do no violence to the tender parts to which it is applied; use the water very freely as to quantity, and often complete and perfect relief will be the immediate result. But do not allow yourself to go on carelessly in your own or the child's diet, thinking that you always have at hand a remedy so quick and salutary in its action as the tepid water injection. Good as the remedy may be, it is yet always in some sense an unnatural one, and should be avoided when it is possible to do so, that is, the *occasion* for it. But when there is need, use it faithfully, two, three, or twenty times in a day, as the case may need.

2. Use the wet girdle constantly. Have it at least two thicknesses wet about the child's body, and one or two of dry, according to the season. Change it every two or three hours at farthest, and oftener if necessary. It should generally be wrung pretty well, that is, not left too wet. It should always be managed so as not to allow the child's body to become either too warm or too cold. But more is to be feared from heat than cold as a general thing. The wet girdle is one of the best possible means for invigorating the stomach and bowels, and as a consequence, of preventing colic and all other ailments of the abdominal viscera, that can be resorted to.

3. We also give often the packing wet sheet in these cases. The child is wrapped up in a wet towel, for example, which acts by its warmth and moisture like a poultice. It lulls pain, and brings down heat and inflammation, and may be repeated as often and as continuously as the case may require.

4. The prolonged half or shallow bath is also an invaluable means in these cases. We use the water generally at from 70 to 80 degrees F. for the young infant. I have always regarded that people generally, as well as practitioners, are too much in the habit of using very cold water for young children. I have never had any difficulty in cooling them as much as necessary with water at from 70 to 80 degrees F. Why then need we use water very cold while milder means are all-sufficient? We put a small quantity of water in a small wooden or other tub. Two or three inches deep is sufficient. We then wash the child well for one, two, or twenty minutes, in it, using, at the same time, a proper degree of friction, and so continue till the arm pits are cool. With a cup, or other vessel, we pour water upon the head at the same time of the bath. Then the child is made dry and warm, the wet girdle being put about it, however, before dressing.

5. If we can get the child to drink a little warm water, so as to induce vomiting, it is well to do so. With adults we can insist upon this, and water vomiting is one of the most efficacious of all remedies for colic. Infants vomit easier than adults, so that often a very little suffices. Sometimes, too, they vomit without water, and so get relief in a natural way. But the mother need not worry herself if she should fail in getting the stomach to act in this way. The other means are sufficient

Thus, then, it will appear that we have a great variety of remedial means, in the water-treatment, for colic of infants. Good judgment, patience, and perseverance, are of course needed here as elsewhere, in the management of young children. And in conclusion let me urge a word of advice upon mothers, who are certainly, as much as any of us, interested in this subject. Let them endeavor constantly and diligently themselves to obey those laws which are necessary to be obeyed, in order to insure them the best possible degree of health; and if, notwithstanding all that they may do, they yet find their infants troubled with the ailment of which I have been speaking, let them not resort at once to catnip tea, magnesia, paregoric, or any other multiform compounds, which are forced down the stomachs of the young, always to their injury; but let them resort faithfully and perseveringly to that best, and most abundant of all remedies which God has given to man, PURE WATER.

DRIPPINGS FROM A WET-SHEET.

BY A. S. A.

COULD the thousand young women that are now killing themselves with splints, whalebones, and tight dresses, receive a *dash* of Physiology from the *bucket* of Truth, which *draws* Life and Health from *Nature's Fountains*, as relating simply to the circulation of the blood; could they but know that the heart drives the blood to the lungs, for the express purpose of purifying, by coming in contact with the common air—retaining the oxygen, and throwing off the poisonous gas; could they but realize that air, pure air, will purify the blood faster and decidedly better than all the drug physic that the stomach could digest; could they know that it is impossible to inhale a sufficient quantity of fresh air with a tight dress on; could they be made to know that 'tis whalebones and tight dresses that give them cold feet—a slight cold—or a severe cough; that they *will not* "fall to pieces" if they do not wear them, or that people (sensible people,) thought less of them for so doing, methinks they would, with one desperate effort, burst off the hooks and eyes, break the splints, and rip the seams, in trying to inflate their lungs to their utmost capacity.

Could they be induced to *try* on the short skirted dress; have one just to do work in or to walk in; that they might see the convenience in going up and down stairs, in walking in mud, dust or dew, the economy in labor and expense, and the good appearance they would make, and the independence it gives character, not to be tied to the apron string of foolish fashion, they would elevate their condition, improve their health, and respect themselves more, and be considered wiser in the eyes of all.

I will now give you a little home treatment in Water-Cure:—

WATER VS. CALOMEL.

Mrs. P—, a lady about 34 years of age, and a resident of this place, about twelve years ago was attacked with a fever. She had the best of Allopathic treatment, and after surviving a long and painful illness, was so far recovered as to be able to get about and enjoy very good health, with this

exception: a large calomel or fever sore, just which you please to call it, broke out on her right ankle. It will be impossible to describe the suffering and misery it produced—suffice it to say, it was one of the worst kind—always painful and offensive. After doctoring it for about *nine years*, during which time, one year, it was strapped from the foot to her knee every other day—another season she took thirty dollars worth (cost that, 'twant worth it) of sarsaparilla syrup! Eight or ten different doctors tried to cure it and failed. For about two years after, she gave up all hopes of healing it, and desired it might be *amputated to relieve the pain*.

Last fall her husband persuaded her to try water. She bathed all over twice a day, and wrapped the limb in a wet bandage every night, and wore a dry one through the day—she ate very little meat, and abstained from tea and coffee—the consequence was that it is *entirely healed*, and she thinks permanently. The skins looks red yet, and shows the marks of the bandage, otherwise it would be as among the things that were but are not. The pain ceased after the first two weeks. So much for taking the Water-Cure Journal.

DOMESTIC PRACTICE OF HYDROPATHY.

BY AN EX-DRUGGIST.

ONE evening in February, 1850, my wife called me out of the drug store, to see my little boy, of four years old, who seemed to have a great deal of difficulty with his breathing. I found him with quite a fever, complaining much of his throat, &c., and although he could occasionally succeed in dropping off into a doze, the difficulty of breathing would immediately rouse him up; in short, it was a bad case of croup. Instead of going down stairs and pouring out a dose of hive syrup, as would have been my course three years before, I determined to try what virtue there was in water, so I brought up a pailful fresh from the cistern, and wetting a sheet thoroughly in it, wrapped it about him, and laid him on the sofa, then covered him up with a goodly quantity of comfortables. After keeping him in that condition between one and two hours, I took him out, and gave him a rubbing sheet, and then put him to bed, where he rested as comfortable as need be. I gave him another rubbing sheet in the morning, and kept him in the house two or three days, with a wet bandage about his throat, and that was the last of his croup.

This spring my four children have all had a try at the scarlet fever, or the scarlet fever has had a try at them. Several children in the neighborhood died under drug treatment, but mine could not be kept in the house enough to have it thoroughly—my wife having a notion that fresh air was good in such cases—so we would give them a rubbing sheet and send them out to play it off, and it succeeded admirably. Only my oldest, a girl of eight years, seemed to have any trouble about getting along, and she was only kept in the house three or four days,—the others hardly missed playing out of doors a single day. About one week after my boy was first taken with it, and while still covered completely with the scarlet rash, he was walking in the street with me, when I called the attention of an Allopath to his looks; he immediately ad-

vised my returning home with him, as the high wind then blowing was exceedingly bad for him, but knowing that he had no calomel in his system to be affected by the wind, I passed it by, and as yet, about a month, I have seen no ill effects, so conclude the doctor was under a mistake.

NEURALGIA, OR CRAMPS IN THE STOMACH.

BY E. L. P.

About fourteen years ago I strained my stomach, since which time I have suffered most excruciating pains, not only in my stomach, although always most severe when in that organ, but in various parts of the system, which the doctor called Neuralgia. During seven years, I tried at least fifty different kinds of medicine. Some of the time I enjoyed comfortable health, but, for the most part have been far from well. I found by experience, that anything taken in the stomach during the paroxysms, prolonged the sufferings, and used outward applications, such as mustard seed, or steaming, with much better effect. About seven years ago, I lost all confidence in physicians, attended a course of physiological lectures, bought a work on Physiology, and quit the use of tea. Coffee I had abandoned two years before. I used no drink but cold water, commenced a regular course of bathing, with much attention to diet. In a few weeks I was very sensible of improvement. But I have since, at various times, had very severe turns by taxing the nervous system beyond her power of endurance, or by sudden changes of weather. I have tried water in almost every form, many times with decidedly bad effect, but my faith in the precious element was by no means diminished, but my want of knowledge to use it right was all I needed. I have read several books to inform myself, and among them the Water-Cure Journal. About a year since, I had an attack in my stomach. I immediately placed my feet in hot water, for they were extremely cold, and applied a folded towel, wet with cold water, to my stomach, which gave me almost immediate relief. I have tried it three times with like results, but have not had occasion to test its efficacy for nearly a year. I think I was never free from attacks, previous to the use of water, more than three months at a time. My general health is better. I practise daily bathing, and hope yet to be well.

Reviews.

THE HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA, a complete system of Hydropathy and Hygiene, in eight parts, designed as a Guide to Families and Students, and a Text-Book for Physicians, with numerous illustrations. By R. T. TRALL, M. D. New York: FOWLERS & WELLS, publishers.

The FIRST and SECOND numbers of this great work have already been published. Succeeding numbers will be issued as rapidly as possible. The engravings with which it is to be most profusely illustrated, are nearly completed. The ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY of every part of the human body will be dissected, and laid open to full view, by means of these several hundred engravings. IN HIS INTRODUCTION, the author says—

“Before the prevailing medical practice can be re-

volutionized, and a system introduced at variance with established usages; in direct antagonism with the general habits, customs, education, and prejudices of the people; in utter contempt of the teachings and practices of great and venerable names, and opposed to the pride, interest, reputation, and even conscientious convictions of a learned, honorable, and influential profession—the intelligent portion of the community will demand reasons the most profound and evidences the most conclusive, while the illiterate will require an accumulation of facts and details absolutely overwhelming.

“The philosophy of life and health, the laws of the human organism, and its relations to surrounding nature, have been, in my judgment, already sufficiently demonstrated to satisfy the intellectual mind of the former class, and their application to the preservation of health and cure of disease amply demonstrated by actual experiment for the exercise of the faith of the latter class. All that seems necessary now, in order to achieve that great reform in human society, which shall restore to the individuals who compose it “sound minds in sound bodies,” and that exalted state of happiness which human nature is susceptible of, even in this world, is to commend these great truths to the thoughts and feelings of human beings, in such a manner that they shall be exemplified in their lives.”

[This most comprehensive work will doubtless find its way into the hands of every family, especially those who would acquaint themselves with the THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WATER-CURE. Price for the complete work only \$2, or 25 cents a number—*mailable*.

Miscellany.

OUR NEW FASHION PLATES.—Until quite recently, we had no thought of attempting to compete with the large, high-priced, fashionable magazines, in the department of “Ladies’ Costumes;” but we are now after them, and if they do not “clear the track,” we shall soon “run them down.” With our first attempt at “illustration,” we are not *entirely* satisfied; but it is so vastly superior, and contrasts so favorably with the long mopping or sweeping-gown, that we do not hesitate to present both views together.

We like the open-bottomed pants better than those confined at the ankle; we think them more convenient and better-looking.

The dress of number two, in the plate, with the exception of the pants, for a summer dress, meets our views very nearly. We shall, in future numbers, present other styles, which will aid every one in selecting a costume most becoming. We would not have all dress alike. No matter how great the diversity, so long as health, taste, economy, convenience, and appropriateness, are considered. All whalebone and tight lacing should be religiously avoided. MORE ANON.

DR. QUOGGS TO DR. NOGGS.

Admirable Gossip—We must hold up a little, or our allopathic brethren will go “raving distracted.” Goodness knows they are mischievous enough, but “cruelty to animals” I was always opposed to. I say, therefore, so long as it is a *fixing* fact that they must be “drowned out,” let us kill them off at least as tenderly as they do their patients. Their “big bugs” here in Gotham, finding they couldn’t frighten or reason the water-cure out of people’s heads, have employed the “small fry” to blackguard it all away. Probably this policy will work better, and then again, probably it won’t. I’ll tell thee how the *idea* was discovered.

There was once a great law-suit between two neighbors about the title of a farm. The plaintiff substantiated by any amount of evidence that he had the best

claim; and then the defendant *rebutted* by “all sorts of swearing,” that *he* owned all the title there ever was, or ever could be. Now, the whole testimony, taken together, was of such a “curious nature,” that the “party of the second part” knew it was an ill wind for him; whereupon, seeing he couldn’t get his case, he determined to have his revenge; so he gave one pettifogger five dollars to make as good a speech as the case admitted of, and gave another pettifogger, who had some talent for slang, five dollars to blackguard the plaintiff and the opposing counsel.

Thee will apprehend the application at half a glance. Our medical “upper-tendoms,” on discovering that all *decent* opposition was useless in checking the ravages on their business made by the “cold water army,” changed tactics, and got up a paper they call the Medical Gazette, devoted exclusively to “cutting away” at everything except genuine cod-liver oil allopathy. This paper is, body and soul, in keeping with its dedication. It is the *dirtyest* sheet, externally, that I know of, and the *smuttiest* in its language and sentiments of any periodical in the country. If a person were to see the dingy, cadaverous-looking Medical Gazette, by the side of the fair, clear, handsome, healthy-looking Water-Cure Journal, he would know instinctively which told the *truth*, and which *lied*.

This Gazette is said to be edited by a circumstance called David Meredith Reese, M. D., LL. D., and various other D’s, for aught I know to the contrary. Whether it is a “*real* crittur,” or a name given to show off under, like the “woolly horse” exhibition here, not long ago, I can’t say. Be this as it may, he can blackguard like a tornado. He blackguards all the homœopathic schools, and all the homœopathic papers and books, and calls all the homœopathic doctors knaves or fools; and he waxes particularly mighty in letting out on hydropathic doctors, and hydropathic publishers, and hydropathic books and papers, not even forgetting to slang hydropathic patients. Sometimes the fellow runs off the track—mayhap, he is sometimes left without the conductor—and blackguards away lustily at his own owners, and calls half a specimen of his ability to *fill full* the position he occupies, and for thy amusement, I quote the following notice of the Hydropathic Encyclopedia, now being published:—

“The author was one of the earliest victims of the water disease, (hydropathy,) and may now be considered an inveterate case, and classed among the incurables in the out-door asylum for the monomaniacs, which promises to become as ‘big as all out doors,’ if it would shelter all the multiplying victims of medical delusion, whose name is legion.”

The fellow has hit a great deal nearer the truth than he meant to; for the “promise” that hydropathy will prevail till it takes “all out doors” to contain it, is being realized pretty considerably fast.

Has thee heard anything *conclusive* from the great “Medical Convention?” I can’t learn as they have done anything particularly astonishing, except appoint committees, and eat dinners. In conclusion, my very dear Doctor Noggs, let me admonish thee not to be too severe on our allopathic brethren. The old and good maxim is, “help such as *need* help, and be kind.” Kill ‘em kindly, I say. Thine, as ever, QUOGGS.

PUBLIC APPRECIATION.

THE following communication, not written for publication, is a specimen of private commendatory letters constantly being received at this office from persons of all professions and occupations:—

Buffalo, June 10, 1851.

MESSRS. FOWLERS AND WELLS—I cannot refrain from expressing to you my appreciation of the great work in which you are engaged. My conscience would reprove me were I longer to withhold my hearty ap-

proval, and sincere gratification, in view of your excellent labors in behalf of several of the most important reforms of the day. Permit me to say, that I firmly believe the publications issuing from your establishment are accomplishing more in the elevation of man than the issues from any other press in the New World. This is the deliberate conclusion of many years' observation.

Your publications upon phrenology have already resulted in vast good, and yet are but just beginning to exhibit their influence. Every house has its phrenological works, gotten up in your interesting, simple style, which are exerting upon each member of the family an imperceptible but inevitable influence. Much as I prize your labors in other departments of human reforms, I have long regarded phrenology as your greatest work.

I did not intend to particularize the various features of your commendable efforts, and shall only speak of one more at this time—I refer to your *Water-Cure Journal*. I like this paper exceedingly, for several reasons. And first, beginning with the feature of vast importance, it is published in better style than any other cheap paper in the country. Second, it is stripped of all technicalities and flourish. As in all your other publications, so in this, everything is said in direct, beautiful simplicity. Third, the spirit of the Journal is catholic. It is not like most medical journals, full of denunciations and excommunications. I particularly like it for this. And lastly, though you must not whisper it in the ears of my homœopathic brethren, I have for years looked upon the water-cure system as a special god-send, not second in importance to any agency now operating in the field of medical reform. And yet, for more reasons than one, I shall continue in the practice and especial advocacy of the homœopathic system of medicine. These I may communicate at a future time. Truly, yours,

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THE PROVIDENCE PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—[By request, Mrs. P. W. DAVIS has furnished us with the following for publication in the *Water-Cure Journal*. We would again express the hope, that similar societies may be formed in every city and village in our country. Great good would arise therefrom.]

Pardon me for so long neglecting to answer your inquiries with regard to our Physiological Society. I could fill this sheet with the why's; but I am sure, in your benevolence, you will not demand them, now that I am seated, ready to give you the desired information.

The Providence Physiological Society was organized in January, 1850. Soon after the close of a long course of free lectures, given by myself in the City Mission Chapel, I think about fifty ladies gave their names as members, and were present at the time of the adoption of the constitution, which, you will observe, is open for men as well as women. During the first eight months the meetings were held semi-monthly—the first meeting of the month being a lecture, the last a social meeting. A steadily increasing interest seemed to demand more frequent lectures, and in September a resolution was passed to have a course of lectures given before the society, holding them weekly during the autumn and winter months. The lectures were accordingly commenced in the Sabbath School-Room of the Universalist Church, Westminster street. Six lectures were given there, when, from the increased attendance and interest manifested, it was thought advisable to procure a permanent hall for the meetings and the property of the society, which, though very inconsiderable, is a beginning of something greater.

The library numbers nearly or quite one hundred well-selected volumes, with a neat book-case. We have also had the use of a fine French model, a set of Endicott's life-size engravings, with models of the

eye, bronchial tubes, skeleton, &c. Dr. Preston, one of our first physicians, who has lectured to us several times, with very great acceptance, also presented several fine engravings of the vocal organs, and some other articles useful to students. Several other physicians have presented books to our library.

The society now numbers nearly or quite two hundred members. Since its organization, lectures have been given by Miss H. K. Hunt, M. D., of Boston, whose philanthropic labors in the diffusion of knowledge, for the last two years, have not been unappreciated. Her lectures are of a highly practical, common-sense character—her sole aim being use to the greatest number: they are not cumbered with unnecessary ornament or technicalities.

Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson has given us several exceedingly interesting lectures, of a thoroughly scientific character, and calculated to be very useful to those who have already made some advancement in study. She has thought and written both for the learned and unlearned.

Miss Martha Mowry, M. D., of our city, has also lectured, with very great acceptance, several times. Her lectures are thoroughly scientific; indeed, in anatomy, I have rarely heard any one equally minute, clear, and satisfactory.

Dr. McKnight lectured on the Principles of Homœopathy. Much interest was taken in the subject of the lecture.

Dr. Broadbent gave a very sensible and well-arranged lecture on Phrenology. I have myself lectured on various subjects, as necessity demanded, after my own rap-random fashion. Several other physicians have promised to aid us in our laudable plan of disseminating a knowledge of the laws that govern life and health. Since the physicians have lectured to us, a few gentlemen have ventured in to listen. Some were a little disturbed at their appearance among us, and doubted the propriety of their presence, but the strength of the society was on the side of liberality. It was rather amusing to hear the mooted question among women. It might have been put somewhat in this form: Shall we suffer our lords, who exclude us from their scientific and literary institutions, their debating clubs, bowling saloons, &c., to come here and gain instruction of the most useful character? They came; that is our answer. Yours, very truly,

P. W. D.

The following resolutions were passed by the PROVIDENCE PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY, on the occasion of presenting Mrs. M. A. W. Johnson with a beautiful volume of Bryant's Poems, as a token of regard from its members:—

Resolved, That we have listened to the lectures given by Mrs. Johnson, on the subject of Anatomy and Physiology with deep interest, and that we consider her instructions on the nature of the different organs, their functions, diseases, &c., as invaluable, having been presented in a lucid, dignified, and thoughtful manner, for which she has our gratitude and most cordial sympathy.

Resolved, That Mrs. Johnson's lectures take high rank as scientific productions, and indicate a mind in the practice of rigid investigation, and careful, patient thought.

Resolved, That, as she goes from us, we recommend her to the public as one who fully understands her mission, and a woman every way worthy of the patronage of the public.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Johnson, signed by the president and secretary. REBECCA M. C. CAPRON, President, MARY EDDY, Secretary.

FRAGMENTS, gathered up during five years reading of the *Water-Cure Journal*. By H. A. FRENCH.

FRAGMENT FIRST.—When a child worries in cutting teeth, tie up snow or pulverized ice in cotton or linen

cloth, and give it for a "sugar teat." This acts like a charm, and the child "shuts up" *instantly*. When ice or snow cannot be procured, rags wet in cold water, if frequently changed, will answer. This answers for a local treatment, but if the mother is not too indolent, an occasional pack, followed by a brisk wash-down and friction, will be found invaluable to equalize the circulation.

FRAGMENT SECOND.—Snuffing water up the nose is excellent for a cold in head, or catarrh, but some complain that the effort causes an intense pain. This is owing to the manner of drawing in the water. You should not get the water into your head solely by suction, because by so doing, you sometimes get in air and water together, and thereby give the nerve too severe a shock. This is caused by your putting forth an amount of effort which is requisite to draw in water, and happening, just at that moment, to get nothing but air. A sagacious old member of the Vermont Legislature declined answering the frothy speech of a young upstart, "because it always wrenched him terribly to kick at nothing." My mode of drawing in water is this:—Put nearly a tea-spoonful of water in the hollow of the hand, place it at the nose, then quickly throwing the head back, so as to bring the nostrils into a horizontal position, or a "leetele more so," at the instant (while throwing back the head) draw in the breath gently, and the deed is done and no bones broken.

FRAGMENT THIRD.—Another excellent mode (and both should be used in each case) for the same complaint, is the wet compress. Fit it to your countenance when you go to bed—hydro's is the don't "retire to rest" as allo's do—cover them with sufficient dry flannel to keep the temperature agreeable. Leave a breathing hole—you wouldn't smother yourself to death, would you, if I had forgotten to tell you? When you get up in the morning, don't forget to wash your face, and imagine yourself all face, as did the nude Scythian.

FRAGMENT FOURTH.—This fragment shall be in the style of narrative. Some months since, I was attacked with a severe pain in one ear—it was evident that a "gathering in the head" was at hand—the only relief I could obtain was by a constant supply of cold water in the ear, which I accomplished as follows:—I fixed a stool near the head of my bed, and having placed a pillow on it for my head, I made a small hole near the bottom of a tin vessel full of water, drew a string through the hole, and having placed the vessel a little higher than the pillow, and having wet the string so that it would conduct the water, I put one end into my ear. By this simple contrivance, I was supplied with a very small stream of water, and immediately went to sleep, and slept until the water stopped coming into my ear, when, by loosening the string, it started again, and I slept with but little interruption till morning. I heard no more from the "gathering" for a week, when by carelessly exposing myself, I took cold. The gathering now commenced in earnest. By the same application, I was very much relieved from pain, but by not being sufficiently prompt at the commencement of the second attack, I was unable to prevent suppuration. The next fragment I received from second hand.

FRAGMENT FIFTH.—Conversing one day on the subject of Water-Cure, as I am wont to do, an individual remarked that he once experienced great relief from an application of the wet-sheet. "No doubt," said I, expecting, of course, to hear of some remarkable cure, the like of which I had often seen and heard of before. "I was traveling," he continued, "in one of the Western States, and happened to stop at a house that was infested with fleas. During the evening, some one remarked that these vermin would not come where there was water. After going to bed, I found it impossible to sleep, and after changing from bed to the floor, and finding no relief, it occurred to me about midnight, that water might be applied in such a way

as to exclude my tormentors. As my father had made a great deal of use of the wet sheet for rheumatism, and had not been killed thereby, but, on the contrary, much benefited, it was of course bereft of its terrors. Accordingly I took one of the sheets and went to the rain water cask and wet it—went up stairs—and having denuded myself, wrapped up and laid my bones away till morning, when I awoke from a most refreshing sleep." Such a course would not be prejudicial in a warm night, nor in a cold one, if properly enveloped.

WOMAN'S DRESS.—Now that this subject is under discussion by the women, the papers, and the "rest of mankind," we give place in the present number to the opinions of several very sensible writers.

We regard this matter of vastly more importance than would be supposed by a merely superficial observer. It embraces not only the comfort, health and happiness of "grown-up women," but makes its work on unborn generations. Looking at this subject in a physiological point of view, its magnitude is almost unequalled by any other interest of civilized society.

The loss of time now bestowed on the manufacture of dresses, and in the putting on, are of small moment when compared with the deleterious effect produced by wearing them as now. Fashionable women seem to take pride in rendering themselves "delicate," soft, and white. This, when carried out, produces all manner of evil. Effeminacy, nervousness, debility, helplessness, sickness, and premature death, are the legitimate consequences of excessive fashion.

The equality of the sexes has been a subject of controversy with male and female politicians since the formation of civilized society. Now we believe it is generally conceded that woman is morally superior to man, while physically and intellectually she is far from enjoying equality; yet the causes of these differences are visible, and may easily be traced, and to a much greater extent equalized.

Before woman shall participate more largely in all the intellectual and physical pleasures and interests now enjoyed alone by man, she must put herself in the right relations with the natural laws for a more perfect physical development. She must encourage the development of her body by physical exercise, instead of retarding it by tight dresses, confinement in-doors, bad air, and other debilitating causes. She must abandon all fashions incompatible with health, and adopt those only which favor the object desired.

When woman mingles more with man in all the duties of life, he will imbibe those moral and spiritual elements so common with her, and so necessary for his highest and holiest enjoyments. Thus will the good influence of each sex operate favorably on the other, until both shall regard the other in all respects as their counterpart.

To effect these objects, we advocate woman's right to improve her body and mind, and to adopt whatever style of dress may be most conducive thereto.

SIX HUNDRED DOCTORS.—At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, held in Philadelphia in May last, Dr. Hays, from a committee on the subject, presented a report from Philadelphia, giving the following statement of the number of physicians in the city and county:—Regular physicians, 397; homœopathic, 42; hydropathic, 2; Thompsonian, 50; advertising doctors, 32; druggist physicians, 37; non-descripts, 42. Total, 582. It is further stated, that there are probably some omissions which would raise the total to 600.

Six hundred doctors in one county, and that, too, amid a population, in point of general intelligence, second to none in our land. We often hear of the priest-ridden countries of the old world, and the sympathies of the benevolent portion of community are immediately awakened in their behalf. Meetings are held, addresses made, sermons preached, and contri-

butions taken, all with a view of evangelizing the benighted regions of the earth. We wish all such enterprises for the amelioration of the condition of mankind God speed; but we cannot, nor do we wish to, be blind to the evils that exist in our own land.

We are truly a doctor-ridden community. Next to our religious teachers, our medical practitioners exert a greater influence upon our country than any class among us. They hold in their hands our health, our physical prosperity, and our very lives, and too often all these are made the subject of mere experiment. It is strange that, in this land of intellectual greatness, people will submit longer to be the slaves of an atrocious custom, will suffer themselves to be drugged to any extent, will see their constitutions broken down, their health impaired, and their friends consigned to a premature grave, without once exerting themselves to stay the wholesale slaughter. We need not look abroad for errors against which to do battle, while a beam is in our own eye, nor for objects of commiseration, while the Greeks are at our very doors. So long as one county is cursed with six hundred drug-prescribing, health-impairing, disease-engendering, life-destroying doctors, we have work enough at home.

ARE DEVELOPMENTS IN WATER-CURE PROGRESSIVE?—I should like to have some of your professional correspondents account for the innovations which they are constantly making upon the system of PRIESSNITZ, or show that there is no innovation in the matter, but only a progressive development and perfection of that system. I say professional correspondents, for although I took the regular courses in a college of Allopathists, some dozen years ago, and have been six years connected with a water-cure establishment, I have never professionally prescribed treatment in either cure. In the former school, I studied *materia medica*, more for the purpose of giving drugs an intelligible *letting alone*, than for the hazardous practice of administration of them. In the latter school, I have preferred the position of an auxiliary or sort of engineer to the responsibilities of a physician.

Now for the facts to which I refer. Six years ago, when I connected myself with a Water-Cure establishment, the idea was cold water-cure. Few patients were satisfied with a sitz bath or a foot bath, unless they were surrounded with as much ice as could be introduced into the bath-tub—now, the majority of patients must have water of the ordinary summer temperature, raised by the introduction of heated water to 70 or even 80 deg. Then, a plunge, or a douche, would not come up to the idea of the times, unless the water came from the deepest wells, or from the coldest mountain springs—a half bath, also, must be from the coldest fountain. Now, a pipe must lead from a pressure boiler to every half bath tub, so as to elevate the temperature to meet the various prescriptions given to each patient.

I have seen patients, during the infancy of the treatment in this country, stand under a heavy cold douche, at a temperature of 46 deg., 8, 10 and 12 minutes, and persevering under such treatment for six months and sometimes a year, cure the most important cases of chronic rheumatism of 20 years standing. I have seen an Allopathic physician, of great eminence, take such douche baths every day, together with a powerful horizontal douche or hose bath, and the various other parts of the treatment, with apparently decided good effects—and more recently I have seen a hose bath, leading from a powerful pressure boiler, applied with great intensity to similar cases, the water raised to a temperature of 105 deg., the application continued for 30 minutes, and followed with almost immediate and surprising beneficial results.

Now, the inquiries I wish to present to your correspondents, or some of them, are—*First*—Is this variation from the cold water system as practised by Priessnitz, agreeable to the general law, or is it an innova-

tion? *Second*—If it is a departure from the simplicity of the system of Priessnitz, is it because the constitutional habits of the Americans require it, or is it an improvement upon Priessnitz, even for the German constitutions? If neither of the foregoing considerations solve the question, then—*Third*—If it is the legitimate application of the general law, may we look for still further improvements?

No doubt the cold water applications are adapted to the condition of many patients in the treatment of chronic diseases, and especially many acute diseases; also hot applications are frequently used. But a due discrimination in all this matter is a weighty tax upon the best skill of the best physician. The system is doubtless far more complex than was at first supposed, or than the community in general are even yet prepared to understand.

Perhaps the departures from the original cold water treatment are as limited as my own observation; if so, I shall be happy to stand corrected. C.

QUINCY AND FEVER CURED BY WATER.—On the 27th of July, 1850, Mr. Upton Rohrer, a substantial farmer of this county, while riding to the county town, became so sick that he was compelled to stop a short distance from the place, at the residence of Dr. H. Smith, and take to his bed. Dr. S., who is one of the most eminent of the "old school," pronounced the case a serious one, as the diagnosis indicated *quincy* in an aggravated form, attended with decided febrile symptoms and general bilious derangement, and, of course, earnestly recommended a "course" of what is usually termed *medicine*; but, as the "old horse" still forms its principal ingredient, it is more properly *poisoning*! Happening to be at Dr. S.'s myself, I took the liberty, although "one of the laity," to protest against the barbarous course proposed, and suggested, to the infinite amusement of the medical and reverend gentlemen present, that I would engage to cure the disease, with *water* alone, in half an hour! For the "fun of the thing," I suppose, I was permitted to try the experiment.

Having removed the patient to my own residence—half a mile—I succeeded in getting him, with his manifest misgivings, into my shower-bath, when I "administered" a liberal dose of the blessed element in the shape of a cold shower. Having thoroughly rubbed his body, and packed him on a mattress, I bathed his head, face, and throat, with cold water, and gave him water to drink freely. Soon the deluge of sweat poured down, carrying with it swellings, fever, quincy, and all!—and, after a sweet, refreshing nap, the *threatened* patient arose entirely cured, mounted his horse, and proceeded home, as usual, about his farming avocations, to the no small wonderment of orthodoxy.

The worthy doctor, seeing how the victim had, "*mirabile dictu*," escaped the treatment, and that, too, without the loss of life or limb, frankly declared that he had to "cave in," and lo! I send you a club of twenty, with his name in the list, for an introduction of your valuable Water-Cure Journal into this medical-ridden community, where, I trust, it will prove but the harbinger of the common-sense era of Nature, Air, and Water. C. F. H.

INSANITY.—We have received a copy of the "Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Meeting of Medical Superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane."

This Association was convened at the Hall of the American Philosophical Society of the city of Philadelphia, on the 19th day of May, 1851. A respectable number of professional gentlemen, connected with the principal institutions for the insane, were present. Various resolutions relating to the location, erection, and management of insane asylums, were offered, and many valuable suggestions, applicable to every class

of people, were made by these gentlemen. The following are in point:—

“No apartments should ever be provided for the confinement of patients, or as their lodging rooms, that are not entirely above ground.

“No class of rooms should ever be constructed without some kind of window in each, communicating directly with the external atmosphere.

“No chamber for the use of a single patient should ever be less than eight by ten feet, nor should the ceiling of any story occupied by patients be less than twelve feet in height.”

“A complete system of forced ventilation, in connection with the heating, is indispensable to give purity to the air of a hospital for the insane, and no expense that is required to effect this object thoroughly, can be deemed either misplaced or injudicious.”

It would give us pleasure to publish entire those proceedings, but a pressure of matter prevents. Success to all good efforts in this humane direction.

LINES ON HYDROPATHY.

BY P. L. B.

The silver streamlet springing from the ground,
The rain that falleth from the clouds of heaven,
Have healing virtues which cannot be found
In poisonous drugs by learned doctors given.
“Go wash in Jordan’s stream,” the prophet said
To him who came in royal state for aid:
But he who oft the Syrian hosts had led
In battle’s fierce array, objection made
To means so simple, to effect the cure
Of a disease malignant and impure.
In Jordan’s stream the Syrian captain kneeled;
Obeyed th’ instructions of the holy seer;
And soon his loathsome malady was healed,
And Israel’s God received his love and fear.

Oh! ye who groan with sickness and with pain;
Come to that fountain which is free to all,
Nor longer in the realm of *drugs* remain,
Where *poisons* soon or late will prove your fall.
The brute, by instinct, seeks the cooling waves,
When dire disease invades his robust frame;
And in their bosom playfully he laves,
Until he’s freed from torture and from pain.
Man from the brute can wise instruction draw,
And thence should learn t’ obey kind nature’s law.
If some *great thing*, like Naaman, you would seek,
Remember he by simple means was healed;
Nor longer let your haughty vengeance wreak
Its ire on truths a Priessnitz has revealed.

[DUTCH—LATIN—AN UPHILL BUSINESS.—A very candid and intelligent physician of the old school, who desires to be progressive in the new, writes us from Illinois:—]

MESSRS EDITORS:—I notice that your Journal has much to say against the use of Latin, in medical writings and prescriptions. But for the life of me, I cannot see why good republican Latin is not as good as black Dutch. Must not a plain person be wonderfully edified, in reading your Journal, and other Water-Cure publications, when he meets with such euphonious names as *Sitz*, *Douche*, *Abriebung*, and a host of others like them? For those who read your books for information, one hundred words of good Americanized English is worth more than all the black Dutch that you can scare up between the Baltic and the Rhine.

When I am reading a paragraph, I do not wish the writer to tell me that he has studied German or French, by bringing in a few words or phrases of those languages, of which he knows nothing. When I hear a person using such expressions as *bona fide*, *ne plus ultra*, *quantum sufficit*, on common occasions, I conclude that he knows nothing of the Latin language but what he has just peddled off to us. And so when I see about a dozen French or German words thrown

into a composition, I conclude that the author has given us all his stock of the knowledge of the languages “free gratis for nothing, without any pay for it,” which he can ill afford to do.

Hydrophathy is an uphill business here. So many people here have the hydrophobia, that they cannot swallow it. I have lost more than half of my practice, by merely offering to treat patients, who might prefer it, according to the principles advanced by Dr. Gully, of Malvern. My enemies report that “if you send for him, he will put you in the winding-sheet, and you need not think of coming out till the resurrection;” and this by merely offering to let patients have their choice. And still physicians are held up to public scorn and indignation, as opposers of reform. The fact is, that well educated physicians have ever been more ready to lead in any genuine reformation, than the people have been to follow them. Three-fourths of the community would prefer to swallow all the quack humbug, folly, and absurdity, rather than engage in any rational reformation.

Hancock County, Ill., 1851.

[Medicus may be about right. Plain English will probably answer all cases, as well as “black Dutch,” or blue Latin. But the half dozen semi-technical terms of our school are so often repeated, and so frequently explained, and withal so frequently expressed in the very best of the “Queen’s English,” or President’s American, that very few of our subscribers, and those recent ones, can be ignorant of their signification. The Doctor’s experience affords another striking illustration of one important principle. When the people have been mistaught and humbugged till ignorance with mystery has become a fixed habitude of life, any attempt to open their eyes and understandings will very naturally subject the meddler to contempt and ridicule, and loss of patronage. But this the intelligent reformer expects, and this the true philanthropist is willing to suffer for truth’s sake. The people are to be more pitied than blamed for their humbug-loving prejudices. It is true, that *well* educated physicians are generally willing to lead in reform, but unfortunately, most of them are *mis*-educated by a false system. Now, Medicus, pardon us a word of advice. If you offer to treat patients on such system as *they* choose, will not the inference be drawn that you are “everything to everybody?” which is near akin to being “nothing to nobody.” Take the position that you yourself believe to be right, and stick to it, and in the end you will lead the people in the true way, instead of being led by them in the wrong.]

A VICTIM.—[Judging from the frequent “cooperings” which the “regular doctors” get through the columns of the *Sunday Courier*, we infer that the editor has been tapped or bled. Hear him!—

DOCTORS IN A DUDGON.—The Academy of Medicine in Detroit, Michigan, has fizzled out, dissolved, and gone to smash. ‘Cause *vy*? The State Legislature have the audacity to take the supervision of medical matters, or, in the words of indignant dissolutionists, “the public, guided by the inspiration of the age we live in, have, to judge from the signatures to petitions addressed to the legislature, arrived at the belief that *all wisdom*, as well as all power, centred in them, rather than in those who have made medicine a study.” Whereupon the Academy dissolved. What an impudent *public*! Will somebody send these doctors a rope of onions? “If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.”

Again—

COMING TO THEIR MILK, AND RELINQUISHING THEIR BLOOD.—The pow-wow raised by the people’s friends (in defiance of the fierce rage and vindictive malice of the Sangrado doctors) against the destructive practice of blood-letting in diseases, is having its effects in

all directions. In Baltimore, as we were recently assured by good authority, the faculty have abolished the use of the lancet *in toto*.

TOBACCO-CHEWING GIRLS.—One of the Lowell girls, employed in a cotton mill in Columbus, in Georgia, writes home, that the mill was intolerably dirty, and unprovided with a single looking-glass, and that “nearly all the girls chew tobacco. They have a small stick, nearly as large as a pipe’s stem, one end of which they chew until it is something like a brush; then they dip it in snuff, put it in their mouths, and suck it like a babe. They pay twenty-five cents a bottle for snuff, one of which will last them a week.”—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

[Well, why not? Is it worse for girls to use tobacco than it is for boys? We can’t see any difference. If it is good for one, why not for all? “Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander;” so fill up your “tobacco-boxes, girls. We go in for “equal rights.” Come, “take a pipe,” and let’s have a “smoke.”]

MORE TESTIMONY.—N. B. P., of Keithsbury, Ills., writes—“I have not had any medicine in my house since I commenced taking the Journal, and think I never shall again. I have tried the system of the water-cure in ague and fever, chill fever, and croup, with the best success.”

A. B. C., of Metamora, Ills., says—“I have taken the W.-C. J. from the commencement of its publication by you, and have derived from it much advantage. With water only, I have cured myself and wife of bilious fever, and myself and child of inflammation of the lungs. I have never seen the operation of any medicine which leaves the system with as little permanent injury from disease as does water.”

TOBACCO IN ROME.—Cardinal Antonelli has recently published an edict in Rome, condemning to a public whipping and three years’ imprisonment, any person who shall endeavor to persuade another to desist from the use of tobacco! How would this edict suit some of the New England anti-smoking societies!—*Drawing Room Journal*.

[Just about as well as some other “edicts” which have been published in Rome. If that “edict” aint “taken in” before long, we guess *popedom* will go “to smoke.”]

GLEN HAVEN FESTIVAL.—On the 12th of June, our friends at the Glen had an Hydropathic Festival, which was numerously attended by MEN and WOMEN. We shall, in our next number, publish a complete report of the “sayings and doings” on that occasion. We look upon this as an era in the history of Hydropathic establishments, an example which may be followed with profit by all others.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.—One of our subscribers, in writing, says—“My doctor’s bill averaged fifty dollars a year until I subscribed for the Water-Cure Journal, three years ago, since which time it has not averaged over five dollars a year; besides, it has saved me twelve dollars a year in tobacco, and as much as that in tea and coffee, and ten times the amount of all in having health; and, what is better than all, I know that it has been the means of saving from the grave an only daughter. So I can say, bless the Lord for all, and may you live long to do good.”

AMERICAN HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE.—This institution will open its first term on the 15th of September, with appropriate ceremonies. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to enter for the first course, should send in their applications by the 1st of September, that suitable arrangements may be made for their accommodation. A good class has already applied, but not a hundredth of those who are needed to supply the demand for competent water-cure physicians.

MORE POISONING.—A child, four years of age, the son of Peter Rowland, died yesterday, from the effects of oil of rosemary, put in a prescription prepared by David A. Shultz, a young man in the drug store of Robert Shoemaker. The prescription was written by Dr. McNeill, in such a cramped hand, and incorrectly spelled, that what should have been "Ol Ricini," resembled "Ol Rosemy." Several doses were given before the parents had their fears aroused for the life of the child, and when the error was discovered it was too late to save him.—*City Paper.*

[Had Mr. Rowland been informed on the subject of hydropathy, his son would, in all probability, have lived. When will parents cease to be led into the commission of such crimes by *drug doctors* ?]

PREPSIN.—Notwithstanding our exposure of this new medical swindle, we find it extensively advertised in the papers, with an occasional stupid "recommend."

If allopathic medical journals would do their duty, they would use their influence to "put down" these vile impostors. We can "wait but a little longer," before the W. C. Journal will raise a flood that will wash all this nonsense out of the market.

GIRLS who rise soon and walk apace, steal roses from Aurora's face; but when they yawn in bed till ten, Aurora steals them back again.

Business Notices.

CASH REMITTANCES, in large amounts, should be sent by express, private hand, or in checks and drafts on New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. We will pay the cost of exchange. When convenient, our agents will please hand their orders to the Expresses, who will deliver the same to us free of charge, and return the packages ordered, by first Express. This is the cheapest, quickest, and safest mode that can be adopted.

C. H. D., EAST POULTNEY, Vt., when writing to the Water Cure Journal, observes:

"I want to become an agent for all your works. I shall soon send you the money for the "LIBRARY," and as soon as I can earn it, money for a complete set of Phrenological works. Please let me have them as cheap as you can afford, for they come by the "sweat of the brow." I am intending to store my mind with the knowledge of Physiology and the science of mind, and use my influence to spread light to the "people."

Varieties.

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.—Great! Glorious! Indispensable!! The foundation of all interests. Thy magnitude is no more realized than is the creation of worlds. Honor, happiness, and long life, are to be awarded to those who engage, intelligently, in AGRICULTURE. True, there are other interests which are necessarily combined with this, and contribute to it, but this is the FOUNDATION. *The New Yorker* speaks to the point, as follows:

"While giving politics due attention; while glorifying commerce, and the enterprise which explores and peoples new territory; while exalting the mechanic arts and the artisan's skill, let us not forget the tribute which agriculture claims and merits from us all. The cultivation of the soil, whereby the common necessities of man are answered, is the noblest of human toils; peaceful, honest, and gloriously remunerating, it puts to shame the brutal occupation of the soldier, the chicanery of politics, and the falsehood and craft which surround too many of our labor pursuits. After all the warring for conquest, and over all the more lauded arts and sciences, agriculture is the source to which the world must look for its daily bread—for that temporal sustenance, without which the wheels of human existence would stop.

To agriculture commerce and all enterprise owe the great measure of their being; from her are drawn the best elements of their life; and the honest peasant, tilling his wheat fields and singing among his golden sheaves, little thinking of the fact, is an inspirer of the canvass that whitens the oceans, and the keels that furrow our inland waters. And though a peasant, and brown-handed, he is a peer of the

realm and a king of earth, if he but firmly grasp his sceptre and recognize his power. And he may be learned in all lore, wise and eloquent in the highest councils, and yet a peasant. What pursuit so favorable to study, to contemplation and sublime thought, as the tilling—the unbosoming—of the earth? Who should be a chemist, a florist, a botanist, a philosopher and a poet, more than the peasant tiller of the soil? His labor calls him to unlock the mysteries and learn the laws of nature. To him is given the earth, seed time and harvest, and the heavens bend over him with sure signs, whereby he may solve unnumbered problems.

Honor to all useful, honest toil!—to the hand that wields the mining axe, the smithy hammer, the carpenter's mallet, the mason's trowel, or which heaves the shuttle and guides the spindle. But most of all, honor to the hand that peacefully amites the soil, and, wizard-like, calls forth the comforts and luxuries of our common life. Proud may'st thou be, stout peasant, with thy vine-garlanded cottage, thy cribs full of corn, thy fields and orchards blooming with grain and fruit, thy herds and flocks dotting the hills and valleys, and thy happy, innocent children tripping the sward, merry and musical as the birds of summer. Who is rich, and who can be contented, if thou art not? O, sad is your mistake, peasant, that you should murmur or repine. To you is given the empire of Earth, and your sovereignty may be as bright, as strong, and as beautiful as you shall choose to make it."

NATURAL RELIGION.—We have been not a little amused with the following definition of the religion of "nature," furnished by the *Yankee Blade*. It comes remarkably near to the truth.

1. Look out for number one.
2. Use others all you can, and let them "use" you as little as possible.
3. Get money; honestly, if you can, but—get money.
4. Hold on to what you have got, and get as much more as you can.
5. Every one for himself, and the —I take the hindmost.

Here you have the whole thing in a nutshell. There is no need of inking whole reams of paper with explanations of the subject, for here you have the exact doctrines in which the world believes, and which are practised upon by a vast majority of people in every nation on the globe.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

[We differ from the *Blade* and *Gazette*, and protest against their charging our god-given nature with any such abominations. We find no such monstrosities in the great Book of Nature. A wrong interpretation and a *perversion* has thus been named "Natural Religion."

It is true a class of persons style their actions religions, but their creed, to be in harmony, should read thus:

1. Look out for number one, and *then*—look out for number two. Here your duty ends.
2. Use others all you can, but never let them use you.
3. Get money; no matter how. The more of poor widows' mites you can get, the better. Be sure to grind the face of the poor, that they may be the more humble and lowly.
4. Hold on to what you have got, and get as much more as you can, but get it always in the name of the Lord, lest you be suspected and your hypocrisy discovered.
5. Every one for himself, yet *seem* to do good to others—be sure to "feather your own nest," and let the devil take the hindmost.
6. Always keep on a long, sober face—the longer the better—no matter if it is as "long as a rail." Never smile, or laugh, except a holy smile when you get a good "haul" from some poor dependent person.
7. Talk largely about the sins of the "Timbucktoos," Ourang-outangs and Baboons, but never mention the necessities of those at your own door, nor attempt to relieve them.
8. Grant licenses to bad men to sell rum. Then, if one gets intoxicated, commits crime, send him to prison, or, with philanthropic spirit, erect a gallows and hang him. Thus show your religious consistency.
9. Build "poor houses" for the paupers who have no souls, and build MAGNIFICENT COSTLY CHURCHES for the rich who *have* souls.
10. Quarrel with all who do not go to the same church you do; be envious of your neighbor's prosperity; always give advice freely to the afflicted, and occasionally drop a tear, but never drop a penny where it is most needed.

We might continue these observations and apply this artificial religion to other inconsistencies practised under the cloak of TRUE CHRISTIANITY. Let those who have eyes see,

and those who have ears hear. While those who have eyes, ears, feelings, and common sense, will draw "*correct inferences*" from all the acts of men, whether pious or impious, Christian or infidel—whether his religion be *natural* or *artificial*.

NEW VIEWS AND OLD.—How often do we hear medical old hunkers, political old hunkers, and various other old hunkers, condemn, in unmeasured terms, all who adopt "new views." All this is natural, and may be philosophically accounted for. Men who venture out of the "beaten path," soon become so accustomed to opposition, persecution, and condemnation, that they come to disregard the opinions of "hunkers" of all sorts. It is an admitted fact, that the more a child is flogged, the worse he becomes, until, finally, the parent or guardian (?) loses all control, and the much whipped boy breaks loose, imitates Ben. Franklin, and "runs away."

After a little time the boy finds that he fares much better among strangers than at the place called home. New pursuits are more agreeable than the old. In short, he finds the change a very great improvement, and would not return unless by force, and even then not to remain. This is not the case with all runaway boys; yet, who will deny but what it proves for the best in a majority of cases? especially when sufficient cause exists to induce such a course.

WELL, on the admitted proposition that the "WORLD IS PROGRESSING" in all things, how can old hunkers expect to make any thing stand still? yet they try, but always without success.

It has been said that man is but "once a man, and twice a child." This is literally true, and applies to the *mind* as well as the *body* of the man.

While young, vigorous, and active, men are enterprising, and launch out into every considerable pursuit, which they follow up zealously until reaching the top of the object, or grow old in the attempt. After years of toil and labor, it is quite natural for all men to seek rest and quiet. Having arrived at this mature age, they are content to settle down, remain in a state of sameness called dotage, which soon becomes an unmistakable decline. At this stage of affairs it becomes absolutely painful to oblige them to look upon changes, not to say *improvements*, which younger men propose, and which they themselves would once have heartily approved.

Every new invention, every discovery, every movement towards bettering the condition of man, has been opposed from the start, and mainly by this class of persons. Is it not quite natural for a man in "office" to prefer the present state of things rather than any change which might possibly affect him unfavorably? So in the medical profession. It cannot be supposed that those who have learned a trade, and are dependent upon it for support, will drop it until superseded with a better system. Then, like politicians, they sometimes "change their coats," join the popular party, and are ready for practice, or office. There are others always "on the fence," neither whig nor democrat, allopath nor hydropath, but are known as the "split in the middle," or *eclectics*. Political eclectics are mere "weather cocks," who change so often that nobody places any confidence in either their integrity or judgment; and the same is true of most medical eclectics. The only exceptions are those just emerging from Thomsonianism, Hahnemannism, or some other one-sided idea, not one of whom comprehends all nature in his theory or system.

It is quite clear, then, that hunkerism of every age, phase, degree, and condition, may be accounted for philosophically. We hope this subject will be taken up, discussed, and laid before the people, that they may understand the real *motives* and *causes* by which all men under all circumstances are actuated.

OUR BOOKS IN THE WEST.—We cannot give our friends a better idea of the demand for our publications throughout the mighty West, and the want of active and intelligent agents to engage in their circulation, than by copying a portion of a letter recently received from Iowa. There are thousands of families in the valley of the Mississippi who have never had an opportunity of informing themselves upon those matters of the greatest importance to their physical welfare, and to furnish whom with suitable reading matter, would be an act of philanthropy worthy of a Howard. Children are growing up in total ignorance of the NATURAL LAWS, and by their own deeds dooming themselves to lives of suffering and

wretchedness, while their parents are prematurely passing away, the victims of their own errors. But to the letter.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, July, 1851.

GENTLEMEN.—Inclosed you have fifteen dollars, and a list of subscribers for the Journal. The water-cure gets along slowly for want of books, which are very scarce. When in St. Louis, last spring, a city of some eighty thousand inhabitants, I went all over it, and could only find a single copy of the WATER-CURE LIBRARY.—a small stock for the supply of the great Mississippi Valley, Utah, New Mexico, etc., and that, too, at a price thirty per cent above New York retail price,—cheap enough, to be sure, even at that price, considering the value of the work. I, for the first time, obtained a copy of Mrs. Nichols' Experience in Water-Cure, although I have often tried to get one. You ought to bind it up in Morocco and gilt, as a fit present from husbands to their wives, incomparably more valuable than the thousand of offerings usually got up. I should like to take a dozen copies myself, if obtainable near this market.

Wishing you every success, I am, very respectfully, yours,
P. J.

This is only a specimen of the letters we are constantly receiving. The people of the new settlements see the dawn of the hydropathic day, and are constantly crying, like Goethe, for "light—more light." We are anxious that the *truth* should be circulated, but we cannot do everything. We will multiply books to any extent, if there can be found means to circulate them. Our books are new, and the subjects on which they treat are also new.

Local booksellers are unacquainted with them. The only way, therefore, to circulate them is by means of agents. Here is a chance for young men to engage in a work which, in its beneficial and philanthropic tendencies, is second to none; and although the work is utilitarian, it does not require the life of a martyr; it is at once pleasing and profitable. It will give young men a chance to travel, see the country, learn the ways of the world, and improve themselves by their intercourse with strangers, while the liberal discounts we make will enable them to do much better, in a pecuniary point of view, than most other occupations. Success is certain. Come on, then, and engage in a business which, while it richly remunerates you, enables you to do lasting good to your fellow-countrymen. We will send lists of books, with particulars respecting agencies, to any who will apply. Address, (post paid,) FOWLER & WELLS, 131 Nassau street, New York.

ENDURING LITERATURE.—Such may be called the literature of grave-stones. Epitaphs, moreover, mark the taste and views of the age that gives them birth. In this view they are valuable; and those Vandals who remove or deface grave-stones, and, above all, desecrate whole cemeteries, deserve to be turned out with Nebuchadnezzar till they can learn decency. The following is a fac simile of an epitaph on a red sandstone, in the cemetery of Old Farmington, Ct., standing near the road side:—

HERE · IS · CAPT. · JOHN · HART · ye. · 2d. · DYED
· ye. · 11 · OF · NOVEMBER · 1714 · IN · ye · 59 · YEAR
· OF · AGE.

Another asserts that here lie the remains of A. B., "who has got beyond the reach of persecution." Another begins "Here lie the pious remains," &c. This skeptical age would deny that Capt John Hart is here, and raise a question whether A. B. has got beyond the reach of persecution, and doubt if piety is a quality of the body.—*Boston Traveller*.

MILE STONES to mark the PROGRESS of the world. Those who believe we are retrograding, will do well to read the inscriptions on the "mile stones" of time.

THE NEW COSTUME, which certain of our fair friends are seeking to introduce, attracts, naturally, a good deal of attention, and from a portion of the press a moderate share of ridicule. One thing we note, and that is what seems to be an unwomanly boldness on the part of at least some who have donned the short dress and Turkish trousers. * * * * * We cannot help thinking that the majority of these are more in the love of attracting attention, than in the desire to benefit their sex, by promoting a needed change in dress.—*Arthur's Home Gazette*.

A friendly eye, Mr. Arthur, would not look unkindly upon a change so desirable. Can you not overlook such faults as you have pointed out, in view of the advantages to be derived from the general adoption of the "new costume?" Look at it, Mr. Arthur, in a physiological light, and we think you will no longer be troubled with thinking it a mere show. Tight-lacing has "had its day;" nor will the women continue much longer to "sweep the streets" with their dresses. We are on the right side of this question, Mr. Arthur, and have all the women in our favor.

WICKED, WICKEDER, WICKEDEST.—We are not quite sure but we shall yet come to believe in the "total depravity" of, at least, *some* folks. A year ago, a young man residing in the western part of New York, for a supposed injury, took revenge on an Allopathic physician in a manner the most effective. It appears that Dr. B— had resided in that town some twenty years, and as he had no competitor within a ride of several miles, of course he had a money-making practice, notwithstanding the many "mistakes" which he made, and the "numerous long, lingering deaths" which he did not prevent. Well, it appears that he had experimented on the family of this young man to the amount of several hundred dollars, for which he demanded quick payment; and as our wicked young man was "short" at the time (perhaps he felt that he was paying too dearly for the whistle), begged off for a while; but the Doctor was impatient, and "put the screws to him," and compelled him to "fork over." Then this young man swore revenge! He threatened to destroy the practice of Dr. B. at least in *that* town, and he succeeded. He did not go about whining nor haranguing every one he met with his grievances, but sent directly to New York for ONE HUNDRED COPIES OF THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL, (sample numbers,) which he distributed throughout the circuit of Dr. B—. At the expiration of one month's time, our hero—no, "wicked young man"—sent us the cash—(\$50—for the hundred copies, and, at the same time, ordered fifty more, to be distributed otherwheres. This did the work. Doctor B— hung up his saddlebags, dropped his spectacles, and remained for a season in a "brown study." The young man was satisfied. He had revenged himself without taking the life or blood of any one. While he sympathized with the unoccupied Doctor, he felt no compunction of conscience for what he had done. The Dr. was rich, yet loved money, and was not ready to retire. He moved to the West, and is now a *converted Hydropath!*

TURNING THE TABLES.—The *New York Express* says:—A man was seen near Broadway, this morning, in petticoats, and with a bonnet on. When asked by the police why he wore this costume, he replied, "My wife has taken my clothes, and I have taken hers."—*Arthur's Home Gazette*. An undoubted falsehood; yet it finds an *echo* in T. S. Arthur. Come, Mr. Arthur, can't you sermonize a little more on editorial etiquette? If you keep up your opposition to the "new costume," we will hand you over to the women, and have a right good old-fashioned l-o-n-g skirted suit fitted out for you. How would you like *that*, Mr. Arthur?

WANTED.—One hundred able-bodied lawyers are wanted in Minnesota, to break prairie land, split rails, and cord wood. Eastern and southern papers please copy.—*St. Paul Pioneer*.

Good! We can send you about ten thousand, with "able" tongues, but cannot answer for their "bodies," as most of them chew tobacco and drink—(something stronger than water.) However, when you get them there, you may put them on such a regimen as will best enable them to "split rails and cord wood."

EVIL MENDED OBJECTORS.—A few city newspapers, of questionable character, oppose the "new costume," on the ground that it has been "donned" by a few "wantons." This is the silliest of all twattle. Have not the vilest of seducers dressed in "black broadcloth and white cravats?" and have not the poor fallen sisters dressed in the highest styles of fashion? Yet what has this to do with the new costume? Do these whining old men suppose that the originators of the "new costume" are less virtuous than the persons who lead in the fashion of Paris? Sensible and virtuous women have yielded quite long enough in this matter, and now take the liberty of introducing a fashion which they deem more healthful, quite as modest, and infinitely more convenient.

THE OMITTED DOSE.—"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know I told you you had but six hours to live."

"Yes, I know you did, doctor, but I did not take the dose you left me!"—*Oliver Branch*.

SELF RELIANCE.—To place a young man in the most unfavorable relation with the world—keep him in the strictest subjection until he is "twenty-one," then turn him out to cut and shuffle for himself.

Oyster shells have been laid on (in spots) on the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad, and have proved an excellent remedy for the dust which is such an annoyance to railroad traveling.—*The papers*.

Seed it down. It will be found cheaper and better. All railroad tracks should be "seeded down" as soon as the rails are laid.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—In our advertising department may be found the PROSPECTUS of this very excellent paper. We are glad to know that it is receiving a very extensive circulation both in and out of our State. It cannot fail to be of service to every farmer and every family.

To Correspondents.

TRICHOPEPOUS.—We are asked to define the meaning of this term. Couldn't if we would, and wouldn't if we could. We plead utter and profound, and everlasting, and never-to-be-enlightened ignorance in relation to all the words and phrases ever invented to name the bantlings of nostrum venders.

The above correspondent writes in a strain quite familiar to us, for we read similar communications almost every day. "Two persons have died lately, and suddenly, in the bloom and meridian of life, under allopathic treatment, in this neighborhood. Elyria, our county-seat, is full of drug doctors. There ought to be 500 copies of the Water-Cure Journal taken in this village to cleanse it. One druggist tells me that he buys cod-liver oil in New York by the hog-head, and puts it in dollar and half dollar bottles. Nowhere do I hear of persons full of life and vigor of constitution, and in the prime of life, dying under hydropathic treatment. This alone is a sufficient reason why I should labor to extend the circulation of your Journal."

TEXT BOOKS.—A correspondent asks for a catalogue of the best text books for those who desire to prepare themselves for hydropathic practice. Such persons ought to know what is contained in all the hydropathic publications of the day, which, by the way, would not make a very expensive library. "The Water-Cure Library," Graham's "Science of Life," Alcot's "Vegetable Diet," and the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia," would make a very good selection. The best of the old school works on anatomy and physiology, are Wilson's and Horner's Anatomy, and Carpenter's and Muller's Physiology.

HEADACHE AND SIDRACHE.—J. M. M., Bristol, asks us to give him "some advice about curing sick-headache and sideache." The question is rather indefinite, therefore we must answer on general principles. When those aches co-exist in the same person, and especially if their co-existence is prevalent among the members of the family, we have presumptive evidence that there is some constantly operating error in regimen or voluntary habits. Whatever this error is, it must be detected and corrected. A sure cure is found in the adoption of correct dietetic and hygienic habits. We must know the history, the habits of any individual, before we can make a personal prescription.

DIFFICULT MENSTRUATION.—C. G. The inflammatory state you mention can be overcome by thorough general and local treatment. She needs the pack daily for a while, frequent hip baths, and the constant use of the abdominal bandage. The diet should be extremely plain—brown bread, wheaten grits, and a moderate employment of the very best and ripest fruits and vegetables. This patient ought to be at any establishment about one month.

TAPWORM.—H. B., Wisconsin. The best course to destroy the remnants of the worm in your case, would be a coarse, dry diet—say unbolted wheat meal bread or biscuit, with a moderate quantity of ripe fruits and vegetables; the fruits are best without cooking or sweetening, and the vegetables by simply boiling. After dieting this way two or three months, copious tepid injections should be employed frequently.

HYTERICITES.—Mrs. D., Canada West. The case you mention as having the symptoms of "irritable uterus," as described by Dewees, requires cool sitz baths and injections, frequently repeated, with a daily wet rub sheet, and the pack occasionally. In all such local affections particular attention must be paid to the general treatment.

CONFIRMED CONSUMPTION.—D. S., Chicago. Our advice is asked in a case of consumption, in which the patient, a little girl of seven years of age, has, under the prescriptions of her Dr. Allopath, been literally *fed* on cod-liver oil and brandy, having taken 25 or 30 bottles! From the symptoms mentioned, we should judge the lungs were deeply ulcerated, and a cure next to impossible, especially after a *kill*ing course of medication. The only chance for the patient is to abstain from drugs entirely, and adopt the whole hydropathic system, in all its minutiae of detail; but even then the chance is very small.

CONTRACTED CHEST.—A correspondent asks: What gymnastic exercises are best calculated to expand the chest and straighten stooping shoulders? Swinging the dumb-bells, walking the hand ladder, striking the elbows together behind the back, or endeavoring to do so, &c. &c. Always walk with the head exactly perpendicular.

RINGING IN THE EARS.—C. S., Newport, R. I. It is possible that the ears may be affected as you complain, by using local head baths which *include* the ears, provided the whole skin is not carefully attended to at the same time. The best remedies are, doubtless, the wet sheet pack and syringing the ear frequently with warm water.

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.—A subscriber at Richland, Miss., ought to employ the full treatment, with a carefully selected vegetable regimen. The best baths, morning rub sheet, a pack followed by half bath in the forenoon, and a sitz bath in the evening. The wet jacket would be better than the abdominal bandage.

HEART DISEASE.—E. C. H., Seneca Falls. The heart disease, as you call it, is probably nothing more than functional derangement of the digestive organs. Eat brown bread, potatoes and good fruits, and bathe freely, and you need not trouble the doctors.

RASCALIVITIES.—"Cornu" asks us to give him full information on a variety of topics, "free gratis and for nothing," and then taxes us with the postage on his letter of inquiry. Such cases are irremediable; even hydropathy can't save them.

T. E. C., HARLEM.—There as as yet no Water-Cure establishments in either Illinois or Wisconsin. Thus far, the good people of these States have applied the Water-Cure extensively—AT HOME, and that too, with great success.

ANOMALOUS.—A subscriber. Your case requires a personal examination, and as there are several capable hydropaths in the city of your residence, you need have no difficulty in obtaining professional advice.

EXPERIENCE.—A. C., Canada West, says:—"If the experience of four or five years' travel on water-cure principles is of any use to your readers, I can give it." Let us have it by all means, Mr. C.

Book Notices.

THE FRUIT GARDEN; a Treatise intended to explain and illustrate the Physiology of Fruit Trees. The theory and practice of all operations connected with ORCHARDS AND GARDENS. Illustrated with upwards of 150 figures. By P. BARRY. New York: Charles Scribner.

A luxury, indeed. This beautiful work contains about four hundred pages, 12mo., printed in the most elegant style. But what of all this, when compared with the *subject* to which it is devoted? "THE FRUIT GARDEN!" We would that it were compulsory on every man who occupies a house and lives in civilized society. Fruit! Who can estimate its humanizing tendency? Consider for a moment its almost indispensable necessity; its renovating, purifying, healthfulness; its importance cannot be magnified.

The ignorance of the world on this subject is only equalled by their superstitious bigotry. Thanks to enlightened agriculturists, that this matter is now being brought into notice. Orchards are springing up, and our appetites daily regaled with choice Fruits—nature's most palatable luxuries. May this book induce those who have a rod of unoccupied ground to plant Fruit Trees thereon.

FIRST BOOK IN PHYSIOLOGY; with Anatomy and the laws of Hygiene. By JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D., President of Harrodsburg Female College, and author of various works on the Natural Sciences. Illustrated with engravings. New York: CADY & BURROSS.

The study of Physiology, as well as all the other branches of natural science which treat of the principles of life, is daily becoming more popular and universal, and that such is the case gives us much reason for rejoicing. In times past, while years were spent in acquiring useless accomplishments, the study of Physiology was confined mostly to medical men, and it was not thought necessary for others to attend to it. The author says:—"This work is complete within itself, and designed to present a faithful outline of elementary Physiology, so that if none other should be studied, a satisfactory knowledge would still be obtained by the pupil of his own body and the laws that tend to preserve it in health." We hope the work will have the circulation it merits.

THE HALF-CENTURY; or a History of changes that have taken place, and events that have transpired, chiefly in the United States, between 1800 and 1850. With an introduction, by Mark Hopkins, D. D. By EMERSON DAVIS, D. D. Boston: Tappan & Whittemore.

A 12mo. volume of 444 pages. An exceedingly interesting record of our progress. All settled questions and established discoveries, which have been developed within the past fifty years, are portrayed with precision and clearness. But the lenses through which the author looks at "New views" are not of the most liberal dimensions. He exhibits great caution, and leans always towards conservatism. He entirely omits to mention the discoveries which have been made in Psychology, Biology, Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism.

The introduction, by Mr. Hopkins, is a literary gem. It is "marked" with Hope and Benevolence, mirrored forth through a mind crystallized with wisdom, love, and faith.

VESTIGES OF CIVILIZATION; or, the Artiology of History, Religious, Aesthetical, Political, and Philosophical. 12 mo., pp. 416. New York: H. BAILLIÈRE.

Another psychological wonder. A work of words, with talent, without the name of the author! The man has undertaken too much, and attempts to handle subjects scientifically with which he is not familiar. He will profit by the criticisms of experienced heads, and do better with his next effort.

We regret that the ambitious young man had not submitted his MSS. to persons "posted up" in the various departments of civilization, before printing his book.

As a novel, this work will prove entertaining; but it is unreliable in matters of Science, Religion, History or Philosophy!!

THE ORTHOEPIST, containing a selection of all those words of the English Language usually pronounced improperly: with a reading exercise following each letter, including in it all the words to be found in the preceding vocabulary. Appended is a list of words exhibiting the orthography of Dr. Webster. By JAMES H. MARTIN. Published by A. S. BARNES & Co., New York.

The title is sufficient to explain the objects and general character of the book, and with such a language as our own, or rather such a collection of parts of different languages, when we can have no fixed rules for pronunciation, something of this kind is absolutely necessary. Persons desirous of becoming perfect in their pronunciation will find this work of great service.

CONSTITUTION of the American Hygienic and Hydropathic Association of Physicians and Surgeons, together with the list of officers, standing committees and members, proceedings of the first and second annual meetings, and the first annual report of the Committee on Hygiene. Published by order of the Association.

A very interesting document for all interested in the progress of Hydropathy. A few copies left. For sale by FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau street, New York. Price 12 cents, or 15 cents prepaid by mail.

SPELLING-BOOK, or Second Course of lessons in Spelling and Reading. By WILLIAM RUSSELL. Published by TAPPAN & WHITTEMORE, Boston.

This, like most other spelling-books, is full of words, but they are somewhat differently arranged than in most of those that have preceded it, upon which it is probably an improvement. We commend it to the notice of teachers

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN considered in relation to its natural laws, by GEORGE COMBE. Adapted to the use of schools. Published by FOWLERS & WELLS, New York. Price 25 cents.

For a lengthy review of this work, see our last number.

CIRCULAR of the Institution for the Education of IDIOTS, IMBECILES, and children of retarded development of mind. H. B. WILBUR, M. D., Barre, Mass.

An interesting document. Those who have children imperfectly organized, should give attention to this circular.

Advertisements.

THE TERMS for advertising in this journal will be as follows: For a full page, one month, \$40. For one column, \$15. For half a column, \$8. For a quarter of a column, \$5. For less than a quarter of a column, twenty cents a line.

No advertisements of an improper character will be admitted, and but a limited number of any kind.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN QUARTO FORM, DEDICATED TO THE HOME INTERESTS OF BOTH COUNTRY AND TOWN RESIDENTS.—THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has already acquired an enviable reputation, and attained an unexpectedly large circulation. As an AGRICULTURAL and FAMILY NEWSPAPER it has no superior. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Educational, Literary, and News Matter, than any other paper published in this country. Each number also contains accurate reports of the principal GRAIN, PROVISION, AND CATTLE MARKETS. The various Departments of the NEW-YORKER are under the supervision of a corps of able and experienced editors, who have the time and talent to furnish a paper unsurpassed in the VARIETY, PURITY, and VALUE OF ITS CONTENTS.

In appearance, correctness of execution, beauty of print, &c., the RURAL is second to no similar periodical. Its ILLUSTRATIONS are an attractive and prominent feature.

Of its class, our Patrons and the Press pronounce the RURAL NEW-YORKER THE BEST PAPER IN THE NATION! And for proof of this universal opinion we refer to the paper itself, each number of which we strive to make eloquent. An examination will enable you to decide in regard to its merits and claims, and probably convince you of its superiority as a practical, useful Family Journal.

The second half of the present volume will be commenced on the 1st of July, 1851, by issuing

A **SPLENDID PICTORIAL NUMBER,** which we shall endeavor to make the most beautiful and valuable sheet ever got up in this section of the Union. Among other embellishments, it will embrace a large and beautiful view of the *Crystal Palace*, from an imported engraving; figures representing the Bloomer Costume; Portraits of Distinguished Characters, and other illustrations of superior beauty and value. A large extra edition will be published, in order to furnish the Illustrated Number to every subscriber to the second half volume; but the best way to secure it is to **SUBSCRIBE EARLY.** Those who have been waiting for cheap postage will be just in time to secure the Pictorial.

Each number of the NEW-YORKER contains EIGHT LARGE QUARTO PAGES, of five columns, with Index, &c., at the end of each volume, rendering it convenient for preservation and binding.

TERMS: \$2 a Year—\$1 for Six Months—in Advance. Three Copies, one year, for \$5—Six Copies for \$10—Ten Copies for \$15—Twenty Copies for \$25. Six-months club subscriptions at proportionate rates. A remittance for from four to ten subscribers (at the club price, \$1 50 per copy) will entitle you to a free copy of the paper. Specimen numbers sent free.

Subscriptions may commence with any number, and NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, New York. June, 1851.

Aug. 11.

MISS S. A. TOWNSEND'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, No. 46 East 16th st., corner of Irving Place, New York.

To those Parents and Guardians impressed with the important truths of Hydropathy and Physical exercise, this school may commend itself. Miss Townsend offers to her pupils a home, based upon such principles, as, she trusts, shall secure to them the greatest amount of permanent good. The school will re-open September 1st. Circulars may be obtained on application at any time, or forwarded to parents at a distance, by request.

The undersigned have been acquainted with Miss Townsend for years, and feel it a privilege to recommend her establishment to parents who regard the physical and moral as well as the intellectual development of their children.—T. L. Nichols, M. D., M. S. Gove Nichols. Aug. 11.

PUMPS, FIRE ENGINES, CAST IRON FOUNTAINS, ETC.—The Subscriber manufactures Double acting Lift and Force Pumps, well calculated for Factories, Mines, Breweries, Iron Works, Railroads, Water Stations, Water Boats, Steamboats and Ships, family purposes, Stationary or Movable Fire Engines, etc.

The above Pumps, from their simple construction and little liability to disorder, are well calculated for supplying Water-Cure establishments with water, (when not supplied by a na-

tural source,) and can be worked in various ways, either by water power, horse power, steam or manual power, besides using the same powers for many other purposes when not in use for raising water, or even at the same time. Water can be carried over the grounds for irrigation, out-houses, etc., or by means of hose and equipments inverted into a fire engine. Garden Engines, for one person to handle with a small double-acting Force Pump, can be used for various purposes—washing windows, wetting plants, or throwing water upon trees for the purpose of destroying worms, etc., arranged on two wheels, that one man can take them from place to place, and work the pump and guide the stream at the same time.

Ornamental Cast-Iron Fountains of various patterns and sizes. Jets of all descriptions.

Cisterns and Well Pumps. I also manufacture Lift Pumps, for cisterns or wells, of any depth, either to be worked by horse power or manual power. They are entirely of metal.

Force Pumps for Wells. Whenever water is required at a higher point than the surface of the well, or at any point where water will not flow of itself, and a Force Pump would be preferable, these are calculated for the purpose.

Village and Factory Fire Engines. These engines have a double-acting lift, and force pumps. They are light, easily handled, and worked by few men. Brakes are arranged fore and aft, or across the ends.

They are furnished in a plain but neat style. Copper-ripped hose of all sizes. Stopcocks of all descriptions. Wrought Iron, Cast Iron, Lead, and Gutta Percha Pipes, etc. etc.

Purchasers are requested to call, or any communication by mail will receive due attention, and full descriptions given as to size of pumps, etc. G. B. FARNAM, 34 Cliff street, up stairs, for merly D. L. Farnam. my 12t

PHONOGRAPHIC ACADEMY.—Mr. T. C. LELAND has taken Class Rooms at 203 Broadway, over Brady's Daguerreotype Gallery, where he is prepared to receive pupils for private instruction in Phonography, or in Classes, and for any length of time from one week to six months. Terms for six or twelve lessons, half a dollar a lesson; from one to six months, one hour every day, ten dollars a month. The pupil will be engaged in practicing his own hand when not occupied with the teacher. Payment required in advance for the time agreed upon. Six lessons will advance a pupil so that he can acquire Phonography from text books; and from three to six months will make him an accomplished and rapid writer, capable of following a speaker with certainty and ease. Pupils admitted at all times, and subjected to no holidays nor vacations unless they choose it.

Phonographic instruction books kept always for sale; and, for one dollar, received post paid, the requisite books, charts, &c., will be forwarded by express or mail to any part of the country. Thousands have learned the first principles of Phonography from books without the aid of a teacher. Subscriptions received for the "Propagandist," a semi-monthly Phonographic paper, edited by S. P. Andrews. Terms one dollar a year. aug-1t

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN, (enlarged) monthly, 32 pages, \$1 per annum, in advance—Bimonthly and monthly, \$2 per annum, in advance; six numbers of 32 pages and six of 96 pages each, making 768 per annum.

Volume 3d, from July, 1851, to July, 1852, will continue as heretofore to present new discoveries in PNEUMATOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, and PHYSIOGNOMY, forming a complete and original system of ANTHROPOLOGY, and will survey from this new position the great spiritual and humanitarian progress of the age. Specimen numbers freely and gratuitously sent by mail. Volume 1st, containing 624 pages and nine illustrative plates—two showing the new system of Phenology—will be sent by mail for \$2. Address the editor, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Cincinnati. aug-1t

WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENTS.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.—Patients will be treated at all seasons of the year, at the commodious city establishment, 15 Light street, New York, and at Lebanon Springs, from May 1st to Nov. 1st. Both places hereafter will be under the direction of Dr. R. T. TRALL, and the domestic management of Dr. CAMBEL & SON. Dr. TRALL will be at the city institution on Tuesdays and Wednesdays of each week until November 1st, and daily the remainder of the year. Competent assistants will be in attendance during his temporary absence from either place. The terms will be as reasonable as at any other establishment—having the same advantages—in the United States.

N. B.—Dr. TRALL has secured the assistance of Dr J. L. HOSFORD, who will be in constant attendance at the Springs the present season. They are prepared to treat those displacements and other local affections of females, requiring unusual attention to manage successfully, for which purpose they are provided with all the requisite mechanical and physiological appliances. if

DR. WESSELEHFF'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, AT BRATTLEBORO, Vt., is situated on Elliot street, and consists of two neighboring houses, united in front by a saloon for social recreation, and in the rear by wings from each house, containing a large bathing house and rooms for patients. One of the houses is for ladies, the other for gentlemen.

In each house are all kinds of douches, spacious rooms for sitz-baths, two plunge-baths, supplied by a spring in the rear, and in the bathing-house two swimming-baths, each 25 feet by 15.

The establishment can furnish rooms for 120 to 130 patients. A number of rooms and bathing accommodations are besides to be had in the village.

Each patient is supplied with a good bed, consisting of a hair and palm-leaf mattress, and suitable furniture, which he is expected to return in good order. The rooms are all warmed in winter either by a stove or an open fire.

The dining-room, 50 feet long by 26 feet wide, is in the new building in the rear of the main houses, and connected with them by a piazza all around, affording a pleasant and extensive walk in sultry or wet weather. Patients, who cannot leave their rooms, have their meals brought to them.

Besides the baths in the house, there are four douches-houses within half a mile from the establishment, a spring and river douche with a showering apparatus, each with double rooms for dressing. In the spring douches is an eye and ear douche, and an apparatus for fourteen hip-baths of flowing water, and three rising douches. Shady walks, beneath the trees on the hill-side, lead to the douches and springs, with seats all around.

A short distance from the spring douches is a wave-bath, which receives its water from a branch of the Connecticut.

In every direction are found fine springs, and a beautiful and picturesque country affords the most delightful walks.

For the amusement and exercise of patients, as well as for orthopedic purposes, a large gymnasium, a billiard-room, and a bowling-alley, are attached to the establishment.

From Boston, New York, and Albany, patients can come by steam to Brattleboro.

The price for board, lodging, treatment, use of all baths that are considered wholesome, assistance of attendants, washing of bed-linen and chamber-towels, is for each patient \$10 a week in summer, and \$11 in winter; payment weekly. Patients residing out of the establishment pay \$5 a week. If they require special attendance, they are charged accordingly.

It is necessary for each patient to be provided with the following articles for their own use during treatment:

1. At least two large woolen blankets.
2. A feather bed or three comforters.
3. A linen sheet which may be cut, or at least a piece of linen 6 quarters of a yard long and 6 1-4 wide, as well as pieces of linen and cotton for bandages.
4. Two coarse cotton sheets.
5. Six towels.
6. An injection instrument.

These articles may also be bought in the village or establishment, or hired at fixed prices.

For gentlemen who keep horses, there is a stable near the house, and an ostler in attendance.

A sufficient number of waiters and nurses are always engaged, in proportion to the number of patients.

Very sick and helpless patients, or such as suffer under critical diseases of some violence during the treatment, have to hire a nurse or waiter, and to pay board for them at \$2 50 per week.

The doctor has, during the daytime, his office in the establishment, and takes his dinner there. He directs the patients how to proceed, instructs the nurses and waiters, and gives advice at any time when wanted. He does not suffer any use of baths without his advice, or of food which he considers inconsistent with the treatment.

As the number of places is still limited, patients will do well to make applications in advance.

All communications must be post-paid. On letters of advice a moderate fee will be charged. je 3t

WYOMING COTTAGE WATER-CURE, WYOMING, WYOMING COUNTY, N. Y.—This Institution is entirely new and now open for the reception of patients.

It is constructed after an original design, and will be finished in a modern style of cottage architecture. In its interior arrangements, the health, comfort, and convenience of the invalid have been carefully studied, and it is believed to combine all the advantages of the best class of Water-Cure houses in this country.

The location is high and airy; it has the advantage of retirement, with pleasant and shaded walks, and commands a fine view of some of the most charming landscape scenery in Western New York. The water is pure, soft, cold, and abundant.

The building will be warmed in winter with heated air, and ventilation is effected by a new and ingenious method, which secures a constant and moderate change in the atmosphere of each room, without creating unsafe currents of air. Connected with the Institution is a hall for gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, one hundred feet in length, it being the design of the Medical Directors to make regular physical exercise an elementary part of the treatment.

DR. P. H. HAYES, two years physician of the Greenwood Springs Water-Cure Establishment, and Dr. E. C. WINCHESTER, who has recently spent several months at the Water-Cure Establishment of Dr. Joel Shew, and in attending the Medical lectures of the University of New York, are associated in the Medical and general care of the Institution.

Dr. Hayes and wife have taken great pains to investigate the nature, causes, and treatment of the diseases of females, and they will give especial attention to the treatment of this class of cases.

For the purpose of treatment, each patient must furnish two linen sheets, one woolen sheet, two large comforters, and six towels.

Prices for board and treatment will range from \$5 to \$8 per week, payable weekly.

Wyoming is easy of access from several points on the Rail Road between Rochester and Attica, and from the Genesee Valley Canal; daily and tri-weekly stages connect this place with Batavia, Attica, Leroy, Genesee, Mt. Morris, and Warsaw, all of which places are within a distance of sixteen miles.

P. H. HAYES, E. C. WINCHESTER, Physicians and proprietors. ju 3t

Wyoming, May, 1851. W. P. COLLINS, Hydropathic Physician, Spring Green, North Providence, R. I.

OYSTER BAY WATER-CURE.—This commodious Institute, pleasantly located in the beautiful village of Oyster Bay, L. I. 25 miles from N. Y., is now just completed and open for patients, under the medical direction of W. W. STRAW, M. D., Resident, and R. T. TRALL, M. D. of N. Y., Consulting Physician.—Address W. W. STRAW, M. D., or W. MOORE, Proprietor, Oyster Bay. ju tf

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

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

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

Patients are requested to bring two coarse cotton and one linen sheet, two woolen blankets, one comfortable, and old linen for bandages. S. ROGERS, M. D. E. F. ROGERS, Superintendent. je 1t

GLEN HAVEN WATER-CURE.—This retreat for the sick, so splendid in its location, so beautiful in its scenery, with its clear, quiet lake, and its abundance of Soft Mountain Water, has been thoroughly refitted the past winter, and is now open. Its BATH-HOUSE is in prime order. Walks up the mountain to THE FALLS are being opened. A plunge and a douche bath will be put up at the Glen, for use in warm weather. The treatment is radical but careful; and under the special charge of Mrs. L. E. JACKSON and Miss T. Gilbert, LADIES will have the most thorough attention. Gentlemen will be in charge of my son, Giles E. JACKSON, who is intelligent, prompt, and skillful. In no department shall any of us spare labor to make health come back to the cheeks of our guests.

PRICES.—These we put within the reach of almost all, and those too poor to pay them in full, we will take at a reduction—provided, let us can accommodate them; and, 2nd, that, they will satisfy us of their inability to pay, by responsible references. We charge for front room six DOLLARS a week; for rear room FIVE DOLLARS, payable weekly. These rooms will never be occupied by more than two persons at a time. We charge no FEE FOR EXAMINATION, and those addressing us by letter can have all the information we can give about the treatment in the CURE or at home, FREE OF CHARGE TO THEM; provided they pay postage.—JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D., Physician. Our address is SCOTT, Cortland Co., N. Y. ap 1f

FOREST CITY WATER-CURE—Located near Ithaca, N. Y., on the eastern shore of Cayuga Lake. The Medical department is in the hands of S. O. GLEASON, M. D., former Physician to the Glen Haven Cure. Mrs. R. B. GLEASON will take specific charge of the female patients. Persons coming from New York, and from the Southern Counties, can take the Ithaca Rail Road, which intersects with the New York and Erie Rail Road at Owego, and arrive at Ithaca every night and morning. From the North, East, and West, can take the stage at Auburn every morning, or a steamboat at Cayuga Bridge every afternoon for Ithaca. The stage leaves Ithaca every morning for Auburn, passing the Cure.

TERMS.—Board, fuel, lights, medical advice, attendance, &c., \$5 to \$10 per week, varying according to room and attention required. Payments made weekly. Each patient will furnish three good-sized cotton comforters, one woolen blanket, and a linen packing sheet, 13-4 yards long by 14 yards wide, besides four coarse bath towels. Some old linen for bandages will be desirable. All business letters addressed to Dr. J. F. BURDICK, Forest City P. O., Tompkins Co., N. Y., post paid. ap 6m

A PHYSICIAN WANTED TO GO SOUTH, as an Assistant in a first class Hydropathic Institute. To one, master of his profession, and who would be willing to devote his entire time and energies to the duties of his calling, a liberal salary will be paid. Address, Dr. Shew, corner of 12th Street and University Place.

Also, in the same Institution, is wanted a Gentleman, of liberal education and good character, to conduct the business department of the Institution. Apply as above. je 2t

WATER CURE.—Friends of Hydropathy, and the afflicted in general, are hereby respectfully informed that the Water-Cure Establishment of Dr. C. Beck, near Brownville, Pa., for the cure of chronic diseases, is now in successful operation. The flattering use of this institution in public favor has induced its proprietor to add yearly improvements for the comfort and accommodation of the increasing numbers of visitors. Terms are \$6 per week, payable weekly. Two woolen blankets, two cotton sheets, three comforters, and six towels, have to be provided by patients. Letters post paid will receive due attention. Ap 1y

WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT AT LEHIGH MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, NEAR BETHLEHEM, PA., continued successfully, Summer and Winter, since 1846. Location well known to be beautiful; water is excellent, cold, pure and soft.

Communication from New York, foot of Cortlandt Street, by Somerville Railroad and Bethlehem stage, 6 o'clock, A. M. From Philadelphia, three stages daily. jy 2t

NEWPORT WATER-CURE HOUSE, corner of Touro and High streets—Asa Smith, Proprietor; Louisa A. Smith, Physician.—Is now open for the reception of patients, who will be taken for full board and treatment—day treatment, consultation, or visited at their houses. Terms, from \$5 to \$10 per week, payable weekly. aug-1t*

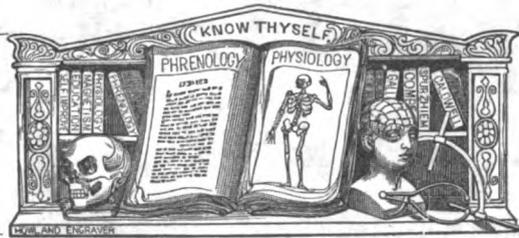
WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT AT PITCHER SPRINGS, Che-nango Co., N. Y.—The success that has attended this establishment is a sure warranty of its advantages for hydropathic treatment. Terms, from \$4 to \$7 per week. O. V. THAYER, M. D., Physician. aug-1t

MISS M. H. MOWRY, PHYSICIAN, No. 22 South Main street, Providence, Rhode Island. july 2t

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