

# WATER-CURE JOURNAL

AND HERALD OF REFORMS, DEVOTED TO

## Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life.

VOL. XXV. NO. 1.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1858.

[\$1 00 A YEAR.

Published by  
**FOWLER AND WELLS,**  
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

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### The Old Year and the New.

Lo! he nears us—awful Time—  
Bearing on his wings sublime  
All our seasons, fruit and flower,  
Joy and hope, and love and power;  
Ah! he grasps the present hour.

**TIME**—Eternity—Death—Resurrection—Destruction—Renovation—Annihilation—Immortality. Another fragment of our never-ending journey of life has been measured. Myriads of living creatures have been changed into other forms of existence, or translated to other spheres of action. What our senses perceive to be decay, disorganization, ruin, our reason recognizes as change, as progression, as discrete degrees in the ever-onward, ever-upward destiny of the race.

Marvelously simple are all the works of nature, all the operations of her laws. To our perverted instincts and miseducated senses all may be complexity and confusion. The man who is himself in false relations to everything else will pronounce the whole universe to be chaos. The person who is in harmony with all other objects will find order, beauty, happiness, everywhere.

Wonderfully plain are all the teachings of the ever-open volume of nature's book. Every page tells us of the laws of life, the conditions of health, the essentials of a better individuality, of a higher personality. All that we call good, and everything that we term evil, are equally our guides and teachers. They lead us in the way we should go, or punish us when we are in the way we should not go, and thus compel us, as it were, to fulfill the design of the great I Am.

Our present health, our earthly happiness, our personal development, our usefulness to others, our influence on the generations yet unborn, depend on the knowledge of a few exceedingly simple conditions, and our observance of them.

These we have endeavored, for a dozen years or more, to teach through the columns of this JOURNAL. We have taught that health is the natural condition of the human race. We have explained the way in which it is to be attained and preserved. Thousands have adopted our principles, and, in their lives, demonstrated their truthfulness and utility. But many more thousands there are who have never heard of them, or who have not that thorough understanding of all the subjects they involve, which enables them to make, under all the varied circumstances of life, the proper application.

It is indeed no small task to eradicate from society the accumulated errors of three thousand years; to convince the people of the utter fallacy of the popular medical system; to explode all of its false philosophy; to clear the ground of the rubbish of ages, and build up a new, a different, an independent Medical Science

and Healing Art. But it must be done. It will be. How soon, depends wholly on the efforts of our co-workers. We shall do all we can. If our friends and subscribers will do the same, the year EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT shall be an era in the history of health-reform.

Of course we predicate all of our hopes of improvement in this direction on the circulation of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. Precisely according to the extent of its circulation will be the progress of our cause. It is the pioneer in the great enterprise of redeeming the world from the double D.D.'s—diseases, doctors, drugs, and death. No other periodical in the world is devoted to teaching the people how to avoid sickness, how to cure themselves when sick. All the medical journals in the world are but blind leaders of blind followers. They are continually misleading the people into new errors while confirming them in old ones. They teach the arrant absurdities that poison is the remedy for disease, and that an artificial or drug disease must be made to cure a natural one. The fatality of the practice growing out of this false philosophy, the multiplication of diseases and degeneracy of human constitutions under its influence, are sufficient commentaries on the system.

One word more. Wherever the WATER-CURE JOURNAL has had a large circulation, there has invariably been a marked improvement in the hygienic habits of the people, a corresponding decrease of fatal cases of disease, and an immense saving to the people in the matter of doctors' visits and apothecaries' bills. Our arrangements for the future enable us to assure

our patrons that the ensuing volume will at least equal any of its predecessors in interest. Are not these considerations a sufficient inducement for the friends of humanity to unite with us in a special effort to place a copy of the JOURNAL in every family?

Ho, ye upon whose fevered cheeks  
The hectic glow is bright,  
Whose mental toil wears out the day,  
And half the weary night;  
Who labor for the souls of men,  
Champions of truth and right!  
Although you feel your toil is hard,  
Even with this glorious view,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

### TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

GLEN HAVEN WATER-CURE,  
SCOTT, CORTLAND CO., N. Y., Dec. 15, 1857.

As you are, so have I once been—*young*. In years long gone I looked forward to the time when my head, my heart, and hand should achieve great things; when, among my fellow-men, I should take rank and character that should satisfy my high ambition. In my *success* my *faith* was complete. I lacked advantages, but these were to be *created*, and if I could *earn* my position I could *maintain* it. He who can scale a height may stand serenely on its summit. I came of a dauntless race, in whom the trait of *Individuality* was strongly developed. So I knew not discouragement. Early in life I had high ideals for my stimuli, and a will to work through all obstacles to the points I desired to attain; and I have to say that no man ever worked harder. **YET I FAILED.**

Now, I am no longer young; and as I know precisely what has hindered me from making my ascent complete, I address this letter to you to give you the benefit of my experience, and show you how you can avoid my mistake, for mistakes are always mortifying, and doubly so when they are irreparable.

Mine was one that hung over me for a fourth part of my life, like a huge black cloud suddenly dropping at twilight over a traveler, while as yet he has a rugged road to travel. It was to me the *blackness of darkness*. When it enveloped me, my hair was brown and silky. When it lifted itself and let the day-light in, my hair was sprinkled with gray.

It was the loss of my health—my mistake. Had it been a horse I had lost, I could have bought another. A dog—some friend would have supplied his place by gift. Land—the earth's surface is broad, and other acres could have felt the divine force of *SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY*. A friend—Heaven might have had mercy on me, and awakened some unknown soul to give itself to me, and turned my heart-ache into joy. Money, ha! ha! the easiest thing in the world to make good its loss, where one is not—as I am not—afraid to labor and to wait; losses like these are redeemable, but *HEALTH*, young men, health once lost leaves a human being poor indeed. It is like the loss of a ship at sea and no

life-boat at one's service; it is the completest paralysis to the higher powers of a man, that they are ever smitten with on this footstool. My health I lost, and by its loss I slipped the chance for great accomplishment; and though in the decline of life I have regained it, yet I can never forget those terrible years when my yearnings were intense, when the young men of my time left me in the rear, and I clutched the

Staff of my Power

to find it a broken reed. The remembrance of those years is a hell, whose Tartarean depths no soul can sound, unless it makes its descent at the same entrance.

Some of you I know. Others I do not; but I know your habits of thought and action in large degree, and I know that they are unfriendly to life, and the *great purpose of life—GROWTH*. Do not be offended with me if I speak frankly, for it is almost day-dawn. The hour is coming when on the subject of health and the causes of its decline some man will be commissioned to speak. His authority will come from on high, and he will be sustained by the people. No clamors of the mock-mouset will be able to drown his voice. No schools of *theology* or of *medicine* will silence him. No conventional shoulder-shrug will frighten him from his post, but he will tell the truth as it is, and THE PEOPLE will sustain him. Many of you will live to see that day. I hope I also shall live to see it. When that day comes, men and women will cease to insult God by abusing their *bodies*; and their indifference to beauty of physical organization shall give way to correct *IDEALS* under which true *TASTE* shall preside, and by whose authority and influence the human form shall be trained to great perfection.

Along with the growth of the ideal of physical beauty in men and women will come not only broader conceptions of the uses of beauty connected with bodily structure, but also will come a better *moral tone*—a higher self-respect. Now, all persons alike are *ashamed of their bodies*. It is only the archetypal man they can bring themselves to contemplate with pleasure. Themselves they are disgusted with. They are so gross that they furnish in their own persons no *Ideals*. They are fallen so low that they are shocked at sight of themselves. For them Nature must give way to art. A living Greek Slave they would faint at sight of; a Greek Slave made by Powers they would study half a day. Dear delicate sensibilities! they forget that Powers' Ideals are the Creator's Actuals, and that if there were no models there could be no copies.

When that day comes, then only the deformed, the monstrous, the greatly defective will be ashamed. Then dress will find its appropriate uses. Fashion will have some *sense* given to her, and instead of clothing the tall and the short, the thin and thick, the light and the dark, the old and the young, alike in the cut and style of garmenture, she will recognize distinctions quite as severe between the beautiful and the ugly as she now enforces between the sexes. Then dress will be a covering—aside from the necessities of climate—to hide the ugliness of the ugly, and to be a relief to the fine points of the beautiful. The day is coming when to slight God's laws, as they are inscribed on the *bodies* of men, will be con-

sidered an immorality; when full-boned, roundly-formed, large-muscled children, whose feet are of the right shape, whose legs are set on the body well; whose bodies, legs, and arms are relatively right, and surmounting all, heads of the right shape—children beautiful as Adonis shall be in the household crowns of rejoicing, and a glow, while the feeble, and the pining, the pining and the sickly, shall be a grief and a mourning—for their parents shall be ashamed of their progeny. At this day, deformity, disease, defect of build, or want of growth are laid at the door of the Creator, and society utters its *amen*. But in the day coming these shall be laid at the door of the parents, and the Almighty shall be justified.

Because this day is coming, young men, do I write you this letter. From your ranks come the sick, as the drunken come from the ranks of the sober. It seems to me that a warning might do you good. Should it not, if I give it fairly and in good faith, the fault will be yours. I think daily, had some physician warned me as I am daily warning young men, my lost years would have borne bountiful harvests of knowledge acquired and *deeds done*. So hear me for your sakes.

1. It should never be forgotten by such of you as on both sides can claim American parentage *four generations back*, that with few exceptions you are *constitutionally feeble*. Let me illustrate. A man owns *two* horses. One can trot a mile in 2' 30"; the other can do no such feat, but can trot twenty-five miles in two hours. The first is adapted to a *burst* of speed; the latter to great speed long continued. One has great speed but moderate endurance; the other has great endurance but moderate speed. The difference between the two is *vital*. So is it with you. By far the larger share of you is defective in vital force, and this deficiency is increased in yourselves personally by habit and by descent. Up to a certain limit you can go, and within it do great deeds. But that limit is well defined. Put to *great tasks*, summoned up to great emergencies, strained in body, or mind, or both, the life which before it closes should extend to a *hundred* years, is concluded in less than three-score years.

Now this constitutional defect can be improved considerably for you, more for your children. For yourselves it can be very much remedied by attention in your modes of living. You live too fast, you live wretchedly. You live ignorantly. You can live more slowly, you can live more comfortably, you can know *how* to live. As far as you violate law you waste power. As fast as you violate it, so rapidly you wear life up. By descent you are predisposed to rapid consumption of the vital forces. By habit, conduct, method of life, you should counteract this tendency. You should act inversely to the constitutional predispositions, they being such as they are. This would be to act philosophically, to bring wisdom to your aid. But the *facts* of your lives are the other way. Instead of the curb, you are under loose reins. Instead of self-denial, you are smitten with self-indulgence, and so the functional works on the constitutional, and you go into early decay.

I will enumerate some of your *faults*. Faults at first—in the end vices. Nearly all of you use

tobacco, and like older men than yourselves, your abundant use is in exact ratio to the disuse of alcoholic drinks. Other things being equal, he uses the most tobacco who does not drink ardent spirits. Just as he uses more tea, who drinks no coffee. Abandonment of one drug concentrates appetite on the remaining one. Tobacco is a subtle and very deadly poison. It is a sure poison. The Borgias had no surer at command. It kills as certainly as ever for a length of time; it enfeebles if taken at all, and its superiority over most poisons is that it kills leaving no trace to the common eye. Men die daily from being poisoned by tobacco, but their deaths are attributed to other and secondary causes. Even physicians are not unfrequently led to ascribe the failure, the feebleness, the steady decay, and the early decease of their patients to wrong causes, while the real, actual, responsible one is before them all the while. I shall not argue this matter with you, young men. The argument is on my side already, in view of your consciousness. You are aware of its ill-effect on you. Argument to induce conviction is not what you need, but an appeal to inspire self-respect is what you want. You indulge, knowing it to be wrong. This weakens you, so that its effect on your manliness is scarcely less deleterious than on your health. Stop it, then. With a predominance of the nervous temperament in you, generally speaking, its use impairs your powers, strips you of your self-command, effeminates you, makes you drunken. Tobacco is a great drunkard-maker. The devotees of the pipe, the cigar, and the quid offer their manhood at its shrine as impulsively and faithfully as do the devotees of the cup. The god who stupefies only by more powerful reaction to arouse and irritate is as successful as he who elevates only to enervate. The smoker passes mid the fumes of his cigar or pipe, as in beautiful gyrations they encircle his head, from the common consciousness of life into dream-land, the Elysium of the drunken. He revels in delights of so quiet, so placid a nature, that he longs for their perpetual presence. But dream-land is not real terra firma. It is phantasmagoric. It partakes of the nature of illusions. It exists only to impress and pass away. Visions of beautiful things are seen by the dreamer, and he might rejoice in his drunkenness were there no awaking. But when this comes, the poor fool passes from the realms of bliss to hell. His eyes are dim, his memory blunt, his head is off his shoulders swimming like a cork float, his nerves are on fire, and his temper in a blaze. The angels have fled from him, and the devils are upon him, and their loud, malicious laugh rings in his ears like a doom. Thus is the worship of the smoke-god secured. He knows that with MANLINESS asleep and conscience stupefied, with indulgence wide awake and habit as a sentinel, with passion on the sway, and appetite supreme, no tobacco-chewer or smoker will ever break his bonds unless the truth should reach him. And thus is made the passage from the use of tobacco to its abandonment so terrible, that no argument can give strength for victory. Nothing less than an agony of self-respect can break these bonds. It is my deliberate conviction, gentlemen, after a career of tobacco-drunkness myself, that to drink alcoholic mix-

tures till one is drunk is preferable to being a tobacco-drunkard. True, in the one case the man is a sot lying in a gutter, while the other is a sot sitting in a chair. True, the one is insensible, like the dead—the other sensible, like a fool. But it is to me certain that he who in degrading himself into a brute forges that he was a man, has the preference in position over him who in becoming beastly carries with him the consciousness of his degradation.

The drunkard by ardent spirits will attest his own sobriety, while the tobacco-drunkard knows his own humiliation, and bemoans himself like a coward under danger. Come, gentlemen, abandon this habit, for to yourselves it is death, and to your posterity it is ruin. The feebleness of body which it induces, the stolidity of intellect which it insures, the obtuseness of the moral sense which follows its use, all speak trumpet-tongued against its despotism and for your deliverance. For it saps your strength and will send debility into the very gristle and bones of the children you beget. For, after years, when you shall need a prop, he who should be one shall have long been laid away in the grave, and his father shall have been his executioner. The germs of being which he got from you were fouled and poisoned by your own bad habits. So he came on the earth—your second life—to look a little, to see the sky and stars, to hear the sighings of the wind and the murmur of the brooks, to gaze on God's mysteries, and to gladden his soul thereby, and die with his eye steadfastly fixed on your own.

2. **EAT SIMPLE FOOD.**—The food you eat is not fit to eat. It is much of it unwholesome in itself, and is not cooked as it should be. Cookery in our hotels, boarding-houses, and private houses is routine in its character. It keeps no pace with improvement in other things. The kitchen and its conveniences are of better order, but the food is worse. With increased advantages for making food palatable and digestible should have evolved the power to make it so with less means than formerly. The style of progress should be increased simplicity in the elements of food and in the combination of them. To make bread better than formerly should not be to increase the number of constituents but to lessen them, because to a perverted appetite the statement is a fact, "that anybody can make food good, give her enough to make it with." There is no genius in arranging preparations for the table by uniting a great variety of articles in one mass and calling it good; but by simplifying the article called for, and yet have it delicious to eat. The combinations of cookery are exceedingly unhealthy, and provoke disease to a great degree. The kitchen and the drug-shop, the cook and the doctor, are co-operative. One furnishes capital, the other trades upon it. If you would have long life in the land you must simplify your tastes. No stomach can stand the drafts made on it by modern cookery, and this the doctors know right well. Add to this, that simply prepared food acts healthily on the nerves of taste, and so makes all the special senses acute, while complicated and rich food prevents their action, and so deadens them. It is a fact worthy attention, that very few young men—to say nothing of older men—

have unperturbed taste. They can not discern the natural qualities of substances unless under strong appeals to the organs exercised. The power to discriminate delicately is gone. And what is true of the sense of taste, is equally true of the other four. Highly seasoned food, hot drinks, the use of snuff, smoking, drinking spirituous liquors, use of fleh-mens, constant and uninterrupted use of condiments—salt, pepper, spices, etc—all help to break down the discriminative power of smell, sight, hearing, and touch. Man, who has his reason to aid him as an animal, and therefore is bound within the compass of his animal nature to excel animals lower than himself, is greatly their inferior. In a large degree this is owing to perversion and lies within the compass of his sensual indulgences. I speak to you positively, because I am conversant with both sides of the question practically. In my own person I have felt the effects; in the persons of others I have observed the effects. Take THE SENSES under cultivation and arrange dietetic relations with them. On the one side treat them with the following daily bill of fare, and watch the result:

**BREAKFAST.**—Ham and eggs, beef-steak, pork-steak, mutton-chop, and chicken; potatoes, pickles, pepper, mustard, vinegar, and salt, and catsup; hot rolls, raised bread, buckwheat cakes (hot), butter, and molasses; tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, and sugar.

**DINNER.**—Boiled victuals, consisting of pork, beef, potatoes, parsnips, carrots, beets, and turnips—all soggy with grease and salt when done and served—to be eaten with vinegar, mustard, catsup, pepper, and West India pickles. Dessert: Pudding and milk, or butter and molasses.

Roast-beef, boiled mutton, pot-pie, chicken-pie, cold boiled ham, with vegetables and salt when done and saturated with old butter. Dessert: Apple-pie—whose crust is lard, salt, and sugar, with a little flour stirred in and baked—yelept pasty.

**SUPPER.**—Tea and toast, hot biscuit, butter cake, cheese, cold sliced meat, mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar, and milk.

**INCIDENTALS.**—under medical advisement.—Salts, senna, castor oil, pills—blue and black—calomel, jalap, opium, Dovers' powder, morphine, arsenic, quinine, podophyllin, lobelia, strychnine, colchicum, dog's-liver, rattlesnake's poison, whisky, brandy, gin, gums, resins, pitches, turpentine, essences, essential oils, blisters, burnings, scarifications to the skin.

Admirable arrangement! A horse thus treated would have his sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling rendered perfect. Do you not think he would? That you have catarrh at 18, and can not tell by smell a rose from a toadstool; that at 35 you wear spectacles, at 40 a wig, at 45 have not a tooth in your head unless a dentist has put it there; that at 50 your legs are like drum-sticks and your hands are tremulous with palsy, are not owing to the food you have eaten and the drinks you have drunken, in your opinion, are they?

Your doctors say for you, "that food and medicine are cognates; that the latter is the jackal to the lion. How can one eat relishable food without the after-clap of unrelishable medicine?" "The ailments you suffer," say these noodle-wise men, "are not caused by your gluttony, your wine-

bibbing and beer-swilling, and your drug-taking, but by God,

'Who moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.'"

This is your medical divinity—it is the theology of the sty and the stall, and paves the way to the abode of devils till the track is like a turnpike. Now take the *other* bill of fare:

**BREAKFAST.**—Fruits, fresh and cooked, ranging over the whole domain; grains, the same; vegetables, ditto; and you have the amplest variety of the healthfullest character. Let us run a contrast: Peaches against pork; apples against beef; plums against mutton; strawberries against tallow; cream against lard; unleavened bread against leavened bread; coarse flour against fine; water against tea and coffee; potatoes, peas, beans, against pound-cake and preserves; keen taste, good appetite, against pepper, salt, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, cayenne, and many other things which only the *genius* of all evil, habited gastronomically, knows and impels to be mixed with your food.

Oh, heavens! that the fable of *CIRCE* should be made good at our tables; that then and there she should work her horrible transformations, till you who ought to be gentlemen are well-nigh swine. If you would but discard the doctors who are dummies and the dummies who are doctors, and take an upward, open-countenanced look at *Nature*, one glance of her eye would insure your lives more safely than any bevy of doctors you could gather. For the world's sake, gentlemen, live on simple food so that your children may be healthy

"In their begettings  
And their bannings,

as well as in their earthly surroundings, which you specially create.

But 3d. **WORK.**—If you will live and not die, toil. Are you ashamed of labor? then I am ashamed of you, and so is God ashamed of you. Next to a sinner who is accursed, the Almighty abhors a *drone*. His benignities, like special favors, like sunlight through a cloudy sky, gather about the head of the *worker*. Do not be afraid of work. It is honorable, it is refreshing, it is ennobling, enlivening, redemptive. If you are a *thinker*, work; if heirship to great possessions is yours, work. No matter what pursuit you follow, work; work daily, habitually, persistently, in the *open air*. Dig dirt. It is a better alternative than any living man carries in his saddle-bag, regulates the stomach, rouses up the liver, equalizes the circulation, strengthens the muscles, invigorates the mind, calms the passions, purifies the soul, and adjures and aljures and exorcises the fiends who haunt men, better than all the medicines invented. Work, sing. It is life, soul, heart, mind, might, and strength to a man. It is *re-creation*; it is *re-generation*; it is worship—*work is*. I do not mean by it playing the fiddle, that is *fun*; nor tearing tape from behind a counter for ladies, that is *employment*; nor studying law, that is *instruction*; nor studying to be a doctor, that is *quackery*; but I do mean by it that which makes the sweat flow, that which makes the muscles like iron, that which compels one to fight against the sun till he is tanned nut-brown like a gipsy.

The human being does not live who is not

bound by his constitutional laws, obedience to which wraps up his very life, to *work the soil* he treads till the smell of the earth comes up into his nostrils, more grateful by far than frankincense and myrrh. God is just, and tombstones are his witnesses. God is just, and model-men, beautiful women, rosy-cheeked children—patterned after *hours*—are his testimonies.

But working the earth, digging in the ground, is not only necessary to bodily vigor and robust health, it is equally needful to *brain*—if body and brain may be contra-distinguished. Brain-sweat is the most exhausting sweat; tires out nature quicker, kills sooner than any sordidiferous flow. What steady marchings there are from the ranks of *thinkers to the grave*! The sound of the bell—Tomb! tomb! tomb! is heard midnight, noon, and at dawn of day. Not because they *think*—for the brain is made for *thought*; but because they do naught else but think, except in a *wrong way*. If they knew enough to offset thought by thoughtlessness, care by carelessness, prayer by play, the responsibilities of a man by the ease of the *child*; if life were *diversified* industry to them instead of hard monotony and dull routine, the benefits would be incalculable.

4. **DO NOT TAKE DRUGS.**—If you are sick, get well by proper means. Be content to get well *naturally*. If you must die, do so rationally. I should prefer to die rationally, than to die *scientifically*. Death may come, would come, to us all in a manner greatly to be preferred over his present method of approach, if we would let him. We force him to his *terrible* aspects. We transform him from an angel into a horrible devil. The horrors of the death-bed are in your physician's pocket. He drops them into your drink, covers them up in stewed apples, disguises them in liquor, coats them over with sugar. As far as possible he cheats your eye, your ear, your smell, your taste. But all this is a *sham*. He gives you the *horrors*. Let alone his *infernal* poisons if you wish to get well; deal not in his devilish inventions if you wish to die with a bright eye, a clear mind, a heart at ease, and a spirit *triumphant*.

A gentleman was a few years since called to the chaplaincy of an English prison. He found in use an article of punishment for prisoners called "*the prison jacket*"—an instrument of the cruellest torture. He declaimed against it, decried it to the visiting justices, preached against it in the name of Christ, but made no impression. As a last resort he ordered himself incased in it for thirty minutes. He declared subsequently that no description could be given of the awful tortures he endured, and he seemed to have gained *power* by his own suffering. He overthrew this god of the justices and the jailer, and introduced among those poor, erring creatures the authority of the humane. Gentlemen, I have tried the prison jacket of the doctors; I know by actual *trial* what their medicines *do*. They *kill*. They do nothing but kill. They sap, they undermine, they exalt to depress, they weaken to destroy. They push the powers to exertion only to conclude their action the more hastily. If you are sick, stop eating, stop working, stop worrying, stop going. Keep your skin clean, bowels regular, mind calm, temper quiet; sleep plentifully, head

cool, feet warm; have kind nursing, gentle friendship, and take your *fate*. I know that *science* will hurl anathemas at me for this advice, and call me a *fool*, and I know that *NATURE* will bless me for my faithfulness, and you if you believe me. *Nature* has won me over to her side, against education, the traditions of my family, my social status, and my temperament. She sent *the truth* after me, who on a time took me up and set my feet in a sure place, and left me, like a Pagan prophet, to speak the words that are given me to speak. It is a wonder to many who doubtless have sincere respect for me, why I will practice the healing art, as they call it, after so strange a fashion. They go so far as to advise me better, to take me, as a more distinguished personage than themselves took one much superior to himself, on to high mountains and show me riches, honor, and worldly fame, and beseech me to go up and take possession. And they ask me *why* I do not? And my reply is, Because I am opposed to divine worship. "*But why write such radical articles?*" Because they are *true*, and the people are perishing for want of *THE TRUTH*. Because in the department of *health* the arrangements of society for its maintenance are false and destructive, from the way in which a child when born is dressed, to the way an adult is cared for when dying.

If, therefore, to speak what is *true* makes one unpopular, let him find *offset* in the life and light, strength and power, which may be given him to carry into households wherein, till his visitations begun, grim disease or thin-lipped sickness were the only servants.

Certainly it is a very instructive fact, that as far as our theories—the hygienic—make their way practically into the lives and habits of the *people*, disease and death are pushed into the back ground. Men, women, and children live longer for reading water-cure books, for subscribing for and diligently reading the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL*, for having Water-Cure physicians in their neighborhoods. Gradually, under their influences, *individual* health is improved. A given population increases in greater ratio, the number of children is larger, there is a greater proportion of *young* men and women. In time there comes to be seen a greater number of aged persons quite vigorous and hale. A higher standard of morality prevails, there is less actual crime or vice, and a decided advance is perceivable in the amusements of the *people*. There is more intimate yet more respectful intercourse between the sexes, a much healthier public spirit, and a nobler man and womanhood. Where our *ideas* travel they produce wonderful changes. They attack the drinker of intoxicating beverages; they surround the tobacco chewer and smoker; they give no rest to the soul of the glutton; they penetrate to the moral sense of the tea and coffee drinker; they rectify and rearrange the passions in the order of their expression, and so change a man in his personal bearing, his social relations, and his spiritual phenomena, that scarcely himself nor his friends recognize him. I do *avow* on my honor that I have seen changes wrought in young men, and for that matter as well in persons of age, that were surprising. I have seen the sick and housed for twenty years made agile and robust, the feeble made like Hercules for strength. I have seen the wild, careless, thoughtless, heed-

less, godless, dissipated, debauched drunkard made over into a steady, proper man, his whole faculties at his command

I have seen the youth in whom the sense of self-respect was dead, *wakened into life* and refurnished with high aspirations, go out into society and become a MAN. I have watched him, have seen him *succeed* to the joy of all his own family and friends. I have seen the girl who lacked health and culture, who was vain and foolish, who thought of *herself* chiefly from the beginning of each day to its close, reorganized in character, and sent forth to life's duties a responsible, well-bred woman. It is a great thing, is it not, to have a philosophy of *material* life, when operating on the human body, so genial as to produce marked changes in one's higher relations? Wonderful, is it not, to give baths, and stop his swearing thereby? Strange, is it not, to take the thieving propensity out of one by a series of wet-sheet packs? Surprising, is it not, to awaken the sentiment of honesty in a man, where before scarcely a semblance of it existed, by keeping him weeks on Graham pudding and fruits *as a diet*? Incapable of belief, is it not, that water-treatment has restored ruined memory, revived deadened affections, overcome the greatest despair, righted up and restored to its perfect balance a mind lying in wreck—a useless hulk—that it has turned overgrown babies into respectable and strong men—that it has transformed sour, fretting, peevish, hysterical *female* children of the larger growth into calm, sedate, yet brilliant women. And yet such things are being done,

"the country through,"

at Water-Cures, where the laws of life are known and held in veneration—where to know *the right* is to insure its doing. Do you ask me the secret of all this? I answer: It lies in the conception of the fact and the action on it—that aberrations of mind, obliquity of moral sense, perversity of the passions, and the whole train of vices and faults of men are owing, in large measure, to improperly developed, ill-regulated and trained, and diseased physical organizations.

Gentlemen, human beings will never reform themselves, nor will society, nor the State, nor will churches, nor missionary societies reform them, till the truth shall be understood that, as a general fact, beauty of *form*, high culture, keen moral sense, and large spiritual perceptivity are found in conjunction only in *healthy* bodies, and that first and most important of all measures are those which contemplate the improvement of the health of human beings. I am yours truly and earnestly,

J. C JACKSON.

### MISREPRESENTATIONS.

BY A. J. COMPTON, M.D.

BUT few practitioners of medicine at the present day can be found who do not profess to know more or less of the Hydropathic system of medication. I care not how intelligent or ignorant, how learned or illiterate, whether Allopathic, Eclectic, or Physio-Medical, one and all profess to both understand and incorporate it fully and lawfully within the bonds of their respective *Materia Medica*.

If you ask one of the first class of practitioners above mentioned, if he uses, or has used, water-treatment in his practice, he will tell you "most certainly" he has tried it; and if you push your inquiry still further, and ask what he thinks of it, he will say he "regards it as a valuable *auxiliary*, or that it is a complete *humbug*." The "Eclectic" will respond to your query: "Of course, our motto is, *Select the good and reject the bad from all*, and there is most undoubtedly much good in *cold water*." The "Physio-Medical" will say: "We reject *none* of the *Hygienic agents* whatever, and S. Thompson used water-treatment long ere the German peasant had become famous as a physician."

In vain the indignant Hydropath exclaims: "Gentlemen, you know nothing about our method of curing the maladies of man; it is a system *peculiar and complete in itself*, a new idea, an innovation, yea, a *revolution*, in the matter of medical science, founded in, and developed upon, *principles entirely different* from those which underlie your respective systems of medicine; *principles* which are as diametrically opposed to those upon which your systems of poison are predicated, as *day is to night*."

To this Dr. Allopath (venerable with age, and conscious of the power and influence he wields in his sphere of action) sneeringly replies: "The use of water, as a remedial agent, was known and approved of in the days of the early fathers of medicine, and has never been discarded from the *Materia-Medica* since, to my knowledge." And notwithstanding you tell him the *use of water alone* does not comprise *one fourth* of the idea, he will deny it, point to the name and say, he "can not condescend to *argue* these questions with a *quack*," and having the confidence of the people, he departs with the note of defiance curling on his lip.

The drug practitioner leaves not a stone unturned in order to decry the innovation, or the humbug, as he calls it, and to kill it in the estimation of the masses, every little item is sought for with eagerness. Mole-hills are magnified into mountains, to scare the idea out of existence. Cases innumerable are cited to prove its injurious tendency, where he or his friends have used *cold water*, and where it is emphatically declared "that another washing would have killed the patient." Such were the very words used by an Allopath, not long since, in a conversation with myself relative to a case he had been called to *save*, that had been managed by one of the *self-constituted* Water-Cure doctors in his town. Said he: "Doctor, I look upon it as a most *miserable* piece of *fanaticism*, scarcely equaled by the steam and pepper system of old Sam Thompson."

Unfortunately, Dr. Allopath is not *alone* in his *misunderstanding* of the *Water-Cure*. Our *Eclectic* friends are, upon the whole, as much in the dark as he, although, as a general thing, more ready to allow the right of private opinion and judgment in medical matters.

While attending lectures at the "Eclectic Medical Institute of Ohio," I learned enough to convince me of this fact—one item I will instance. The "Professor of Theory and Practice," while lecturing to the class upon acute gastritis, made

use of the following language: "Gentlemen, in all my experience in the treatment of this disease, I have found nothing equal to *warm-water* treatment, especially in patients of a nervous and cachectic habit, it works like a charm. I have tried the *cold-water* treatment, or that recommended by the *Hydropathic* branch of the profession, and found it did not succeed near as well, so I advise you to use the *warm water*." To which advice I could cordially subscribe, having previously come to the same conclusion.

But such a declaration, coming as it did from one who had the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL*, and other works of the kind, in his office library, and who ought to know better, surprised me not a little. I was led to exclaim: "O Hygeia! how long shall thy truths remain *unlearned*, and how long shall thy despised and persecuted followers, as a matter of consequence, be thus misrepresented and thy cause injured."

And our Physio-Medical friends—are they, too, weighed in the balance and found wanting? Alas! it is too true; they also are very much in the dark as to what constitutes real genuine Hydropathy.

Not long since it was my fortune to hear a lecture from that profound scholar and medical critic who is the head and front of that school, when speaking of Allopathy and her *legitimate* daughters, he classed Hydropathy among the *latter*, because it was founded upon the same principles, and held the same views as to the nature of disease and the necessity of antagonizing its action.

Now, I for one repudiate such a wholesale slander, and deny that such is the case; and we have only to use the Professor's own statements to prove that his darling system is much more a daughter of mother Allopathy than the Hygienic system. The Professor says *we* (Physio-Medicals) hold that fever and inflammation are but remedial effort (or physiological action, as he calls it); this is why we do not, and *can not*, claim any relationship with Allopathy.

So far so good; but the Hygienic system boldly asserts that, not only *fever* and *inflammation* are *remedial effort*, but that *disease of any form and shape* is alike remedial effort, and is the best the system can do under the *circumstances*. So, according to the Professor's own logic, he is by *one half* nearer related to Allopathy than we of "the Water-Cure tribe." Again, the *genuine* Water-Cure does not operate upon the principle of *antagonism*, as he would have us suppose, *disease* being but the *evidence* of the action of the system to remove *morbific conditions*, and to *supply* in their stead those which are *normal* to the system. Why should such action be *suppressed*? The Water-Cure *does* antagonize, however, all *poison*, whether in the shape of drugs or depletion; but when properly understood and applied, *never* the *efforts of nature*.

Such are some of the difficulties Hydropathy has labored under since it has asserted its own independence, and nothing better need be expected for some time to come.

Not until its principles have been fully and *fairly* forced upon the minds of the people; not until doctors—not of medicine, but *misery*—shall have become dispossessed of their influence over



the masses; not until our *inalienable* rights have been recognized by our legislative assemblies, need we expect a more gentle breeze or a smoother sea. Yet, to the mind of the intelligent Hydro-path, the prospect is nevertheless cheering, for Hydropathy, notwithstanding its humble origin, and unprotected by the "*strong arm of the law*"—notwithstanding the *misrepresentations* it has suffered, and the anathemas hurled upon it by those *high upon the tide of prosperity and power*, yet it has grown, like the grain of mustard-seed, to an already enormous size, and now occupies a prominent and *decided* stand among the medical systems of the day and age.

Its war-cry of "*health to the millions, and death to disease, doctors, and drugs*," is sounding far and near over the hills and dales of both the Old World and the New, causing many a sick heart to leap with joy at the music of its tone, and scattering terror and dismay like fire-brands in the ranks of the *doctor-craft*, and all other *crafts* which owe their *origin and existence* in the world to the *depraved and diseased* condition of mankind.

NEWTON, IOWA.

### A LETTER.

GLEN HAVEN, December 25th, 1857.

Miss ———,  
From your friend,  
Harriet N. Austin.

"That is an odd way to begin a letter," you will say, "to place her own name at the beginning." But, my friend, why should I not place at the beginning the thing which you want to know first? Would it not be *odd*, when a stranger should call to see you, and spend half an hour conversing on various topics, and after he had said "good-morning," and was bowing himself out of the room, should announce his name as Mr. So-and-so? It would be rather *odd*, would it not, for your particular friend to come and spend a social hour with you, keeping her face closely veiled, and as she was saying "good-bye" to raise her veil and let you know, for the first time, with whom you had been talking? *That* was the very thing you wished to know first. And the first thing you do when you open a letter is, to look at the bottom to find who wrote it. How "*odd*" to begin at the bottom to read a letter! And who wrote it is not always readily found, specially in friendly letters, where there is such an abundance of matter as to overflow the sheet, and the residue has to be tucked in round the edges. We have not unfrequently to sail all round the margin of a letter before finding the writer's name. Should not a letter open by introducing us to the author? You well know I am a progressionist, and like new things where any improvement is to be made. But in this I think we should progress, or at least act with more common sense, to go back to the practices of the olden times. Paul and Peter commenced all their letters by telling their correspondents who they were. Following their wise example, at least in one thing, I have adopted the practice, in writing to my friends, of placing my name at the head of the letter. And so am I excused for treating you as my friend?

But do you say, "You have taken sufficient

pains to tell me who you are, but have not told me who I am? How shall I be certain that you are addressing me, and not some other person? You merely make me 'Blank, Blank,' which is not very flattering." Do not be sensitive, my dear girl—you are infinitely more than a blank. But knowing your timidity, I would not, without your consent, give your full name in print. I will tell you, however, who you are, plainly enough. I need not tell the color of your eyes, nor of your hair, nor how many brothers and sisters you have, nor in what church your father worships. Neither will I tell your age, definitely, though you are not sensitive about your age yet, and I should hope never will be. Well, you are between fifteen and twenty; you are a farmer's daughter, and live at home in the country, though you have been more than one term to the village academy; you are a very fair scholar, and can do most kinds of house-work quite well; and now, when you hear of want and misery, of the hunger and homelessness of thousands who have been accustomed to peace and comfort, of the poor starving by "armies," in this time of a nation's trouble, by comparison your own lot seems to you truly desirable. Still there remains that restlessness, that longing for something, you scarcely know what, that hoping for a future in which you shall have a wider and freer scope; that wondering if, when by-and-by you shall be married, and shall be mistress of a home, your aspirations to grow shall not be satisfied. Is not this you? Do you not recognize your identity? Then *you* are the friend to whom I have long felt that I had something to say, and this letter is specially for you.

Not that I mean to assume toward you the relation of teacher, in any other sense than that of mutual teaching, for I trust the correspondence will be accepted by you, and I know that in your observation, and in the incidents of your external life, and in the thoughts and feelings of your inner life, you may find much which will interest and instruct me. For no life is so monotonous, so barren of incident, so dull in mental activity as to be devoid of instruction to one in sympathy with it. And as I have thought and observed much in a department toward which your mind has scarcely been turned, I am sure I shall be able to offer you many hints and suggestions which will be of value to you in the formation of your character. In my daily life occur little episodes, which, if I jot down, with my speculations upon them, may be the opening of new thoughts to you.

Teachers and moralists say that at your age the foundation of character is laid? That habits formed now become the habits of life. That it is of the greatest importance that the mind be disciplined now, that the moral faculties become *accustomed* to control the actions, and that a spotless reputation be established. This teaching they have impressed on the minds of the people for ages, and with what result? In your range of acquaintance do you know one woman whom you would be willing to take for a model? There may be one whose moral character appears very beautiful to you, whose intellect is highly cultured, who is refined in manners, who has nice sensibilities, who is generous and full of charity, in the broad sense of that word, who has fine

conversational powers, who is equally pleasant and interesting at home or in society, who is thoughtful of others, patient, gentle, forbearing, and happy, whether alone or in company, in prosperity or in adversity. If you do know such a one, does not there rest on her the blight of ill health? Is not her sphere of influence made exceedingly narrow, compared with what it might be, by feebleness and suffering? If not, then you have a rare acquaintance, for there are not twenty such women in the United States. And the reason of this is, not because the position of our teachers is not true as far as it goes, but because it does not go into every department of our nature. They neglect the body, which is a very important part of us in this world. In forming your habits for life, I beg of you, give your *physical habits* a large place in your consideration.

But my sheet is full, and as I have promised myself not to write on the margin, I close by wishing you "a merry Christmas."

### MY SACHEL.

BY H. H. HOPE.

CHAPTER I.—MOTHER.

I HAVE been to see my mother. And I thought while I was going, of Dr. Johnson's visit to his mother, after he had come to be famous. How beautifully Boswell describes it! I doubt if a child *trained* aright ever outgrows the *motherly* influence. Doctor Johnson did not. A great man, with a world-wide reputation—lexicographer, essayist, chief of the men of letters of his day, the best table-talker the world has seen except Coleridge, his greatness departed from him and became as nothing when he came into the presence of his mother.

I compare not myself with him. I am not famous as he was. In station, and in the *world's* eye, I am humble, and I care not for it—but after an absence of years from my mother, when I came to her, I dropped from whatever manhood it is mine to boast, and became—by a sort of *new* birth—a little child again.

My journey was in length 1,200 miles; yet, on the whole, was a pleasant one. Most of the way I was whirled by steam, by lightning, by electricity, or other hidden mighty force, that seemed self-sustaining, independent, and oblivious of space. To it, what were 1,200 miles? It spanned their extremes in twenty-four hours. Between one day's dawn and another's the distance was covered and the journey done. The whole country was a panorama; towns, villages, cities, hill-side, glen, tree-tops, flower-beds, lakes, rivers, canals, carriages, boats, people at market and on their way to prayers, living and dead in procession, priests going to christening and to administer extreme unction, girls at a bridal and old women to a birth, horses and sheep, cattle and hogs, old men and bull-dogs, young women and lap-dogs, all were in motion—whizzing or whirling, chattering or squealing, screaming or snoring, singing or swearing, making love or letting out hate—all going like a thunder-gust at four o'clock in the afternoon—yet apparently going the opposite way to me. It seemed to me like the

sleigh-rides of my early days, when I appeared to be motionless and *the land* appeared to run away from me.

But, presto! change! I was 1,200 miles from my home. Instead of hill-side and river, barns and out-houses, I was on

A great savannah,

where the eye could gaze into illimitable space and see no beyond. Far as the eye *could* see, there was nothing. I never realized before how great emptiness is. Human consciousness seeks an end to everything, and this is what makes the study of geography so difficult. The idea to a child that half of his time he is standing on his head, is exceedingly confusing. A man feels disturbed when, on straining his eyes to outlook, *he can see no end to anything*. I do not wonder that Western men are speculators. I should speculate—I am sure I should—if I lived at the West. A *prairie* is itself a speculation. Where there is no boundary beyond which one can not go, it is philosophical that he should get a little crazy. Illusion is the empire the senses dwell in, and the judgment follows suit. If I lived at the West, I should—I am sure I should—as all “out there” do, imagine that the world was made of the West, and that the East is of no account. But now the East fills my eye.

It was in the East that the *Day Star* to man arose 2,000 years ago.

It is to the East that the Moslem and the Jew turn their faces to worship.

It is the East that gives light, while darkness comes up from the West. I like the East, it has limits; but the West, who has seen its *ultima thule*—its extreme?

I found my mother with one hand on the gates of paradise, while the other was waving back good-bye blessings to her friends on earth. Life, which had traveled nine tenths of a century, was getting slow. Its paces indicated fatigue. Yet memory on all transactions in her early life was keen to minuteness. The first greetings over, my body cleaned of its smut and dust, my stomach refreshed with good bread, apples, and water, I laid myself down at her feet, my head in her lap, and told her that

“Her boy had come.”

How her dim eye gleamed, how her wrinkles vanished, how her voice lost its feebleness and took on its old tone, as she run her fingers through my hair, and said,

My boy! my darling boy!  
Thou wilt some day be a man,  
And the greatness of thy faith,  
Shall make thee true and bold!

I cried—cried as a child would cry. Doubt-fisted, iron man as I am, I cried. The world with its unceasing hate, its endless death-chase after everything which is honest and good, its everlasting assaults on all that is natural in emotion or independent in thought, compels me as a matter of defense to wear a shirt of mail; yet with all my armor on I cried, I sobbed, I panted—as the

“Hart panteth for the water brooks,  
So panteth I”

for the

“Joys of my childhood,  
Path by the river,  
Path in the wild-wood,”  
More tangled than ever.

I longed for them, I longed for the violets blue,  
for the crinkle-root, for the mushroom that grew

by the old bass-wood stump. I absolutely turned an ear to listen to the tinkle of “old Bessie’s” bell, and whistled “out loud” for my old dog TAG. Just think of it, reader! A man—old in life, with his brows wrinkled like a bison’s, his hands hard as a vice, who has battled for thirty years with the devil and his angels—think of him couching on on a rag-carpet, his head in his mother’s lap, while a brow frosted with ninety winters bends over him as she calls him

“Her bonnie boy.”

I am glad I cried. It was the best devotion I ever paid—those heart-sobs. Men save and canonize old cloaks, old chairs, old staves, old bureaus, old pictures and portraits, old chests and military armor, old houses and stumps of trees, old landmarks—and they prize them. I, too, like the old; but of all, I value most old memories. I preserve fresh and varnished, free from dust and the tooth of time,

“The loves of my mother,”

her kisses, her fondlings, her lullabies, her words of reproof.

These are my memorials of the past, none the less dear for being invisible. Indelible were the impressions my mother made on me. She needs no monument of marble at my hands. Time eats marble up, but the memory of my mother will never die.

As far back as I can remember, my mother was a most beautiful woman.

She was tall.  
She was strait as an arrow.  
She had bright blue eyes.  
Her hair was fine as silk,  
And so long that, as she sat, it trailed on the floor.  
Her feet were small,  
And swift as hind’s feet.  
Her hands were like a noble English woman’s.  
Her voice in her talk was full of music,  
And when she sung, the birds stooped from boughs to listen.  
Old rose up in church as she entered.  
Young men paid her obeisance.  
Maidens blessed her,  
And matrons spoke her fair.  
The minister gave her short-cake *the premium*,  
And spoke her praise in the gates.  
If she walked in the meadow, the lambskins frisked their tails to give her pleasure, and the cows lowed tenderer than usual. The little chickens which she fed looked up to get life from her exceeding beauty.  
And Chanticleer crowed braver when she was by.

But great as were her qualifications in all the material and practical aspects of her character, these were inconsiderable “alongside” her spiritual attributes. These were truly wonderful.

She had great spiritual insight.  
She had great faith.  
She had abundant charity.  
She won her way by love.  
She maintained it by knowledge.  
She saved the sick by her prayers,  
And was sent for, far and near, to pray with the dying.  
She always wept when she prayed.  
She always smiled when she sung.  
In the night time she had visions of angels;  
They dropped a ladder into her sleeping chamber;  
Came down it, stooped over her, whispered, smiled,  
and sped back.  
She was joyous at morn, and cheerful and trustful at night.  
She was a great walker,  
And would live in the open air.  
She would have daily rambles, but not to neighbors’ houses.  
She was a small eater,  
A wondrous worker,  
And had indomitable spirit.

In her earlier married life she fought wolves away from the door of her “hut” by flinging fire-brands in their faces,  
And sung songs of rejoicing as she wandered through “the Slashes” picking berries.

She would give up her kitchen-floor at night to a half-dozen drunken Indians, and still their howlings by a glance of her eye.

In the morning she would feed them as though they were Israelites indeed, and spread over them the shield of the Abrahamic covenant.

Her rule in her house was complete,

Her word was law,

Her law was a gospel,

Her gospel was salvation to all who had to do with it.

She was highly educated;

She knew books,

And she knew MEN.

When she was a child, George Washington held her on his knee,

And Marquis La Fayette played cob-house with her.

She could, in her prime, talk of the Revolution,

Of the Treaty of Peace,

Of the formation of the Constitution.

And the Whisky Rebellion.

She knew Benedict Arnold,

And saw Major Andre.

She could tell of General Putnam and the wolf,

And many a time in her early days danced with Chaplain Waldo.

But with head in her lap,

And her hand on my cheek,

Both of us in an open-eye dream,

As we both hurried over the hard-trodden past,

Making it all present again;

Was like a voyage round the world to me, for my life was surveyed, and I suddenly found myself “at the place of beginning.”

Dear, noble, good, glorious “old woman!”

When you shall wrap immortality about you as a garment, and take rank among the singing seraphims, I shall hear your voice, I *know* I shall. It will be in harmony with all the rest, and its cadences will be so full of melody, that the congregation of the redeemed shall, by common consent, crown you with glory and honor.

Mother, for your kindness, your gentleness, and your love unfeigned, for your pureness, your knowledge, and your great grace, you shall have abundant entrance to the society of the just made perfect. Clad in the robes which He has made white, you shall tread the aisles of the New Jerusalem, and take your seat near to Him. Farewell!

When I was a “little boy” my mother made me a brown *linen* satchel. It carried my Latin grammar, my dictionary, my Virgil and Greek testament, and in later years my “Compositions.” It also had inside it a little pocket, for my daily and my occasional experiences. Some of them I propose, during 1858, to draw out for the amusement and instruction of the readers of the *WATER-CURE JOURNAL*. Trusting that our past acquaintance has not been devoid of interest, I take pleasure in the thought of its renewal.

#### THE REASON WHY.

“How many deaths were there to-day?”  
The hospital physician asked,  
As on his gloomy rounds  
The grim assistant passed.  
“Nine, if you please, sir, only nine  
To-day,” replied the man.  
“And how is that? there’s some mistake!  
I ordered drugs for ten,  
And only nine are dead, you say!  
Pray, sir, how do you make it?”  
“You ordered medicine for ten,  
But one refused to take it.”

ORWELL.

J. A. B.

## HINTS TOWARD PHYSICAL PERFECTION;

OR,

HOW TO ACQUIRE AND RETAIN BEAUTY, GRACE, AND STRENGTH, AND  
SECURE LONG LIFE AND CONTINUED YOUTHFULNESS.

## I X.

## INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS ON BEAUTY.

Such is the strength of Art, rude things to shape,  
And of wild commons rich enclosures make.—James Russell.



UMAN configuration, as we have shown in Chapter IV., is the result of two forces—an internal, intellectual, or subjective force, the seat of which is in the brain, and an external or objective force, residing in whatever is capable of making an impression upon our senses. The character and influence of the first have been sufficiently exemplified in the last two chapters; the fine arts, *tableaux vivants*, spectacles, and imposing ceremonies, in their elevating and beautifying effects on the face and the figure, furnish striking illustrations of the latter.

It is impossible to doubt that the law which constrains like to beget like is capable of a much wider application than has hitherto been given to it. Forms habitually contemplated tend to repeat themselves in our features or in the contours of our bodies. The permanent effect produced upon one's face and figure

by a single visit to a gallery of paintings or sculpture is doubtless too small to be readily appreciable; but we are by no means justified in affirming that no effect is produced. Let the visit be repeated daily for a few months, or, what is better, let the subject of the experiment be constantly surrounded by fine works of art, and habituated to their contemplation, and their effect will be marked and evident. The wonderful, art-loving Greeks well understood this; and there can be no doubt but that the worship of gods and goddesses of ideal beauty had an immense influence in perfecting their configuration.

It will be readily conceived that the influence of external objects (received through the senses of the mother) must be most effective in molding the plastic form of the unborn child while yet in the process of formation. It was for this reason, as we have seen, that the Grecian women placed the statues of the gods in their bed-chambers, and made them the objects of constant, loving, and reverent contemplation. In childhood this modifying influence, no longer indirect, is still marvelously efficacious; and even in mature life it is not inconsiderable.

In the light of this fact, the fine arts assume a new degree of importance and utility. They not only minister immediately and directly to our inherent love of the beautiful, but serve us still more effectually by increasing continually the available fund of beauty in ourselves and our children. The beauty of the pictures and statues which adorn the homes of wealth and taste, reflected upon the faces of their inmates, gradually transfigures them. Loving wife and mother, if you would be beautiful, and see beautiful children grow up around you, adorn your rooms with beautiful objects. If you can not get paintings and statues, engravings, statuettes, and medallions are within the reach of every one above the grade of absolute poverty. No sitting-room, parlor, or bed-room should be destitute of them. Imitate the fair and pious daughters of Athens in all but their superstition. An engraving of one of Raphael's Madonnas, a head of Christ by Delaroche, and a plaster copy of the Greek Slave will serve you in place of Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Castor and Pollux. It will be enough that you appreciate and admire their beauty, and love and reverence the physical, intellectual, and moral attributes of which they are the symbols. Impressions, whether physical or mental, are constantly deepened by repetition, and it is impossible for you to be long surrounded by beautiful forms, without a portion of their beauty being transferred to yourself and your offspring. Depend upon it, this is no mere fancy of ours. Beauty begets beauty always and inevitably.

Music, acting upon another sense and co-operating with beautiful objects of sight, is a most effective auxiliary in the grand work of enhancing human beauty. It acts powerfully upon the best elements of our nature, and tends to elevate and harmonize at the same time the character and the configuration. Who has not seen the most wonderful changes in the expression of a face wrought by an impressive piece of music? This expression, in its full extent, is very temporary of course, but it tends, by repetition, to permanency, and the effect of a single performance can never be wholly lost. We can not dispense with the lyre in the physical culture of man.

A similar, but, in proportion to the duration of their direct action, a more powerful influence, is exerted by *tableaux vivants*, spectacles, and impressive ceremonies, as exhibited in the theater, the opera, public shows, and the rites of religion. The efficacy of these instrumentalities was well understood by the ancient Greeks, whose fêtes in honor of the gods were days of festivity for the whole nation, and made a deep impression upon all. Their plays and spectacles, while they sanctified, as it were, the exercises of the gymnasium, and fired with a noble ambition the hearts of those who engaged in them, gladdened also the eyes, inspired the souls, and animated the features of every beholder. We can not, and would not, restore the Olympic Games, but festivals recurring still more frequently, and adapted to the civilization of to-day, should take their place. Our mechanics' exhibitions, our cattle shows, and our agricultural fairs are excellent things in their way, and should be encouraged and multiplied; but we need in addition to them a series of more esthetic festivals—exhibitions of art, music, and gymnastics. We may take a hint from the *Sangerbunds* and *Turnvereins* of our German fellow-citizens, the good influence of which he must be a barbarian indeed who doubts. They would aid in the development of our taste, promote joyousness, which, as a nation, we so sadly lack, and conduce in every way to public well-being and physical and moral development.

The theater and the opera unite the objective force of art and intellectual force of ideas, and thus act with a double power upon configuration, affecting it through both the senses and the intellect, and modifying it profoundly in both ways. So great, in fact, is the power of the drama in its highest manifestations and in its unperturbed state, that a dramatic writer of genius, understanding the profound truths of anthropology, might change at will the configuration of a nation, the physiognomy of an age.\*

The theater as it should be might become one of the most effective instrumentalities for the culture and elevation of man. The plays which the highest genius has created, translated into action by a genius equally complete in its way, and supported on either hand by the sister arts of music and painting, might leave all other instrumentalities far behind in its civilizing and beautifying influence upon the mass of mankind. But the theater as it is, too often panders to low and degrading tastes, if not to open licentiousness, instead of elevating, refining, and purifying the popular mind. If with one hand it elevates us, with the other it drags us down. Whether evil or good predominates in its influence, may be considered an open question. The few who have the skill to extract the honey, rejecting the impurities and the poison so intimately mixed with it, may be nourished and strengthened by its ministrations, but the unskillful many doubtless find what is sweet in the mouth very bitter in the stomach. It is not then the *actual*, but the *possible*, theater that we commend.

The opera is open to fewer objections than the theater, and with all its imperfections and incongruities is one of the most elevating influences brought to bear upon the public mind and heart in our great cities; but it is far above the present low standard of taste and cultivation among the masses.

The rites of religion, so far as they are, to those witnessing or taking part in them, expressive of grand spiritual truths, and thus elevate their thoughts, purify their affections, and chasten their senses, tend to make men and women beautiful in the same proportion that they make them good. Thoughts of the supermundane and supersensuous spheres, of the angels—beings of more than earthly loveliness—and of God himself, the type and source of all beauty, must inevitably refine, elevate, and spiritualize the expression of the features of those who habitually have these thoughts awakened by the ceremonies of any worship in which their faith is engaged and their feelings enlisted. Mere unmeaning forms (or what seem such to us, however expressive to others) can do us little good; but whatever enlists the highest sentiments of our nature, and lifts us, even temporarily, above the grossness of the mere life of the senses, will impress the signs of that elevation on our features.

\* Delaage.



# The Month.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1858.

## WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length,  
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.  
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,  
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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CORRESPONDENTS will please be particular to give the name of the Post-Office, County, and State.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

WINTER PROSPECTS.—The doctrine so beautifully expressed by the poet, that "all partial evil is universal good," is becoming more and more incorporated into the schools of philosophy and the creeds of divines. Indeed, it is the application of this doctrine that enables us to profit by adversity, to learn our best lessons in the school of affliction, to turn the greatest calamities into the most permanent benefits, and, ultimately, to cast death and *hades* into the lake of fire and brimstone.

Hard times are never pleasant to bear. Correction is always somewhat distasteful to a truant child. Consequences are never to be desired, although always inevitable, when we have been the subjects of misdeeds.

Young America had gone ahead too fast. The high-pressure principle had been so long and so incessantly applied to our methods of living, our ways of trading, our numerous enterprises and multitudinous speculations, and even to our philanthropic schemes, that rest or ruin became the choice

of evils. We chose the former, because we were obliged to. We elected to undergo a probation of dullness and suffer somewhat, when we could no longer do otherwise. *Nolens volens*, we shall have the benefit of all the evil that comes of the crisis in the good of the race.

We shall trace financial and commercial disorders to their source, correct the wrong at the fountain head, and have, as the result of the present disaster in business affairs, a better currency, a better system of traffic, and, as a consequence, a better life, and more real and enduring prosperity hereafter, because of the present adversity.

Possibly, and probably, we shall get our eyes opened eventually so that we can see truly the nature of all evil, and solve this "terrible mystery." Perhaps in tracing evil in monetary affairs to its root and starting-point, and finding it to consist essentially in the *abuse* instead of the use of money and credit, we shall start an idea which we may apply to evil in other senses.

Peradventure we may get hold of a principle which will enable us to demonstrate the philosophy of all our bodily ailments and infirmities. The process of reasoning is parallel in all of these cases. If we can trace derangement, disorder, disease, evil, in the commercial world to its origin, why not also in the moral, the intellectual, the social? Why not in the vital domain?

If dullness is to rule during the winter season; if doing nothing is to be the chief vocation of a large proportion of our people, let them turn the adverse circumstances to a good account, and study, at their leisure, the simple yet most important propositions we have hinted at. In this way the season of unparalleled adversity may be the means of unexampled prosperity. People may thus learn how to get prosperity so as to keep it; how to get health and preserve it; how to get good, and be good, and do good.

Wisdom is ever crying in the streets, but how few are there who listen to her voice!

INFANT MORTALITY.—"Why should infants die so often?" is the mental inquiry of all reflecting minds; and "How can infants live at all?" might as well be asked by every one who observes, thinkingly, the circumstances under which they are begotten and born, and the manner in which they are nursed and doctored. Well did Professor Reid, of Edinburgh, Scotland,

declare, "More infantile subjects are diurnally destroyed by the mortar and pestle than, in the ancient Bethlehem, fell victims in one day to the Herodian massacre."

This testimony from one of the bright and shining lights of the Allopathic system is recalled to mind by the report of Dr. Reese, of this city, made to the last meeting of the American Medical Association, and now published in pamphlet form, on the subject of Infant Mortality. From the statistics which are embodied in this report, it appears that infant mortality in American cities is eight per cent. above that of Glasgow, ten per cent. above that of Liverpool, and thirteen per cent. above that of London. In New York city the ratio is constantly increasing, while, for the last fifty years, the deaths of infants and children under five years of age have been forty-nine per cent. of the entire sum of mortality.

These are fearful figures. But we fear the learned doctor's remedial plan will never reach the difficulty. Dr. Reese condemns the common practice of drugging infants to death on all occasions of trifling ailments quite as pointedly as we do; and he dwells with much and proper emphasis on the wrong of bringing sickly children into the world, and the criminality of destroying them. But his *methodus medendi* is neither practicable nor proper. It does not propose to remove the causes. The establishment of a hospital, which he suggests, would only give employment to a few drug doctors and their accompanying nurses, whose vocation it would be to kill infants *secundum artem, à la* "mortar and pestle."

We suggest, as an improvement on the doctor's recommendation, that competent teachers be employed (our school can supply some half a hundred) to instruct fathers and mothers, firstly, how to be healthy themselves, and, secondly, how to feed, clothe, and exercise babies so that they may be healthy also. This plan aims, as Dr. Reese will see on a moment's reflection, directly at the causes which he so eloquently deplors.

The following extract from the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* will show the beautiful harmony of the "brethren" in relation to this report:

The principal causes assigned by Dr. Reese for this great infant mortality are, defective vitality at birth, mismanagement of infancy by parents,

nurses, or doctors, bad hygienic influences, and, above all, the criminal production of abortion, which last he maintains is practiced to an alarming extent, encouraged as it is by a large and influential portion of the community who countenance that infamous race of murderers who are always ready for hire to assist those desirous of preventing an increase of family, or to remove the consequences of guilt.

Among the remedies proposed by Dr. Reese for this sacrifice of life, is one so utterly impracticable that we are surprised it should even be suggested. He gravely proposes the enactment of laws requiring parties intending marriage to subject themselves to a medical examination, in order to prohibit such alliances as are likely to be followed by unhealthy offspring. "Celibacy should be required by statute of all consumptive, scrofulous, scorbutic, gouty, insane, intemperate, and especially syphilitic individuals of either sex, and this for grave reasons of state which concern the public weal." A very good thing, if it could only be done. The idea of prohibiting by law marriages between parties connected by consanguinity, which comes within the limits of possibility, does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Reese.

In order to remove temptation to the unnatural crime of "abortionism" and infanticide, Dr. Reese recommends the establishment of foundling hospitals by the State, in large cities, "for the reception of infants, and the concealment of the shame of unhallowed mothers." We greatly question the expediency of this last proposal, which would be offering a direct encouragement to crime; and it would be unjustifiable to seek to remedy one evil by the establishment of another.

**HYGIEO-THERAPEUTIC DOCTORS.**—We have, within a few days, seen and heard from several of the graduates of our school who have, during the past season, tested hygienic by the side of drug medication. Miss E. M. Hurd, M.D., called on us a few days since with the view of graduating over again, and doing it *regularly* this time. She has had an extensive practice—all she could possibly attend to—in Richmond, Io., and vicinity, and with uniform success.

Dr. M. Nevins, writing from La Porte, Ind., tells the usual story. He has treated many cases of typhus and typhoid fevers, and in all cases the patients recovered in a few days. Generally the fever was gone in three or four days. But mark the contrast—as usual! The drug doctors, at the same time, were losing more than half of their patients!

Dr. Kerney, of Oskaloosa, Io., has had a similar experience; and with the same result. And so it is everywhere. The physicians of our school lose no cases. The drug doctors lose one half or more; and yet the people are slow to open their eyes.

**OUR DISCUSSIONS.**—Since our little tilt with Dr. Bedortha, no less than three medical gentlemen, two calling themselves "Eclectics," and one representing himself as "Physio-Medical," have written us to

the effect that they believe Dr. Bedortha to be in the right, but do not regard his article as fairly presenting the argument on his side, and requesting the privilege to continue the discussion. We promptly acceded to the request in each case; but have not heard a syllable from either of the gentlemen since. What this means we do not know.

We regard the solution of the question—the nature of disease—as not only important to the physician, but also vital to the successful practice of medicine. Indeed, all systems of medical practice rest essentially on the three problems we have so much to say about—the *nature of disease*, the *modus operandi of remedies*, and the *theory of vitality*. On all of these points we differ radically from all the medical books, and from all other medical sects and systems. If we are right, they are, one and all, wrong. If either of them is right, we are wrong. We are and shall always be ready to discuss either point, or any problem growing out of it, whenever the other side is ready. "Come on, Macduff."

**A PUZZLE UNPUZZLED.**—M. O. C. writes us from Girard, Ala.:

"In your reply to Dr. Bedortha in the last number of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, you say: 'I will take into my stomach a well-masticated apple, a potato, and a piece of unleavened wheat-meal bread—these I denominate victuals. This food is acted on.' Why did the stomach act? Was it not from the stimulus of the food first acting on the stomach that induced it to pour out the gastric juice which acted on or digested the food?"

"I am a believer in Water-Cure, but can not say that I believe in it to the exclusion of simple vegetable medicines, so-called. I am open to conviction, and read the discussion with considerable interest. I think you had the best of the argument with Dr. Curtis, but think that Dr. Bedortha has the best of it, so far. Why don't you take up his arguments, proposition after proposition, and refute them. It seems to me that it would be much more comprehensible and easily understood, and would demonstrate your theory at once."

Your questions are very easily disposed of. In the first place, there is no "stimulus" in the food; and what does not exist can not act. Will you please to tell us in what portion of the food this imaginary "stimulus" may be found, and *what* it is? Undertake this task, and you will soon see that the "stimulus" is all moonshine. You believe in *Water-Cure*, do you? provided the cure is performed by "simple vegetable medicines, so-called." Queer *Water-Cure* that. Did you ever seriously consider the meaning of the words you employ? If not, please do so. You will then come to a different conclusion.

## To Correspondents.

Answers in this department are given by DR. TRALL.

**VEGETARIAN FARMER.**—W. H. B., Plymouth, Mass. Will you inform me, through the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, the name of a vegetarian farmer who resides in or near Plymouth County. I have a desire to become acquainted with such an one, and thinking it possible that you were acquainted with such an one, I venture to make the request. If you do not possess the knowledge, will you please insert this note, that it may catch the eye of some one (if any there be) who can give me the desired information?

Will some of our subscribers furnish the desired information? The *English Vegetarian Messenger* may be ordered through the Rev. Wm. Metcalfe, Kensington, Philadelphia.

**CONGESTION OF THE BRAIN.**—F. McK., La Grange, Ind. The child whose case you describe, requires very little bathing. A daily wash with tepid water is sufficient. The diet must be well attended to, and should consist mainly of mush, mealy potatoes, Graham bread, and fruits. The "prussiate of iron," which the doctors gave him, only made a bad matter worse. The notion that the system needs such agents to improve the blood is ridiculous nonsense.

**INDIANA.**—A subscriber asks us to answer several questions without stating them, as he has retained the numbers, and will understand us if we answer to them. This is an attempt to get professional advice without paying the professional fee; and of course we dissent. Our object in answering questions publicly is, that all our subscribers may have the benefit, and our pay comes in the extension of our subscription list. Our friend must, therefore, have his questions published as well as the answers, or he must send \$5 and have a private letter of advice.

**LIVER AND LUNGS.**—M. A. R., Orion, Mich. Will you please inform me, through the JOURNAL, what my ailments are, and give me a few directions for cure. I would prefer consultation by letter, but pecuniary reasons forbid. I have been troubled more or less for three years past with a sensation of heat in my throat and lungs; a prickling, irritable feeling, accompanied with slight soreness, just below the collar-bone. My throat has the appearance of being cankered; inhaling the cold air produces a raw, sore feeling in my lungs. Cough occasionally, but do not raise. My health in other respects is good. My system is free from medication. I'm thirty-six years of age; was never sick a day in my life, until taking a bad cold which resulted in the above symptoms. Please tell me if they denote a pulmonary affection; or no, do not tell me that, but please point out a way of cure. My habits of eating and drinking have not been of the hygienic kind, as described by you, but I will do better for the future.

Well, then, do right, and it will be better for you. You have a diseased liver, with a tendency to consumption. If you adopt a rigidly hygienic diet, and bathe daily with tepid water, and take one or two sitz-baths, not very cold, you will get well in due time, provided you have no other unphysiological habits.

**MISURINATION.**—C. L., New York. We can not answer your question without knowing all the circumstances of your case, habits of life, etc.

**PALSY.**—D. S. McK., Indianapolis, Ind. Since I was nine months old I have been laboring under what all the physicians called *palsy*. The whole of my right side is a great deal smaller and weaker than the other, and is more easily affected by cold, and the blood circulates with less freedom than in the well side, also the ankle is very weak. Now I wish to know whether it would be proper for me to take cold water shower baths? I have been in the habit of so doing for the last three or four months; but the cold water chills this side so that it takes some time for it to recover its natural warmth.

Shower baths are very improper under the circumstances you describe. The sheet, sponge, or half-bath would be far better. The water should be tepid, or pleasantly cool, so as to avoid all disagreeable chilliness. For the rules for bathing, in all cases, see the chapter on this subject in the "Encyclopedia."

**FOOD FOR DYSPEPTICS.**—A. E. B., Raleigh, Miss. Are sweet potatoes good food for dyspeptics at every meal, the rest of the diet consisting of unleavened wheat meal bread, fruits, and rice, with but few vegetables? Is it injurious for dyspeptics, with craving appetites, to chew food and spit it out? Is a small quantity of good molasses objectionable for healthy children, who use no meat or sugar? Can Dr. Beaumont's "Physiology" be procured in *so, where, and at what price?*

1. No. They should only be eaten at dinner. 2. Yes. 3. They are better without it. 4. It can probably be found at the medical book stores; the price is, we believe, \$1.

**CONSTIPATION AND PILES.**—J. G. W., San Antonio. Your symptoms indicate the existence of piles, which is the effect of previous constipation. In addition to the treatment you are pursuing, take a small enema of cold water at bed-time, and use coarse unfermented bread. You had better dispense with the roast beef altogether.

**HEADACHE.**—S. S., Smithfield, Me. What is the cause of a pain in the fore part of the head, almost constantly, sometimes quite severe, especially when I take cold? At such times my throat is sore, head hot, hair falls off, etc. Have also pain in the right lung, short breath, burning sensation after eating.

You have an enlarged liver. Eat sparingly of plain food, wear the wet girdle, and take hip-baths two or three times a day.

**CORSETS.**—A. D. Are the corsets advertised in the WATER-CURE JOURNAL healthful articles of clothing? If otherwise, is it consistent to present them to the public through the columns of a hygienic journal?

They are not clothing at all, but a more convenient and better method of suspending, sustaining, and adjusting the clothing than those usually employed.

**CONVULSIONS.**—A. A. C. Havana, Ill. I wish to ask your advice in a very strange case. It is that of a lady some 25 years of age. About three years ago, and about two months before confinement, she was taken with a fit—at least it had every appearance of one—and for the first year she had fits nearly every month, and always at night. She never could recollect anything about it herself, but complained of a bad feeling in her breast. Within the last year they have changed their appearance and come in the day-time. She does not convulse as she used to do, but stares with her eyes and keeps working with her mouth. They are always followed by a chill and a very disagreeable breath. She has those spells, she does not like to have them called fits every day, and we are very much afraid she will lose her reason. I am a hydropathist myself, although I do not understand it as I could wish, and have tried everything in my power to have her live according to the rules laid down in your excellent paper; but she thinks it is too simple. She has been taking medicine from all the doctors in the country, but of course to no effect. She is very much opposed to restricting her diet; is fond of strong coffee, all of which I consider very injurious. Now if you will be so kind as to tell me what you think of this case, and how to treat it, you will confer a great favor. Would it be best for her to go to a water-cure, or can she be treated at home?

The cause is, no doubt, obstruction, and the case is curable by a rigid plan of diet. It should be limited to coarse bread and fruit, and be very abstemious in quantity. If she will not diet properly at home, she had better go to a water-cure, where she will be compelled to.

**BALDNESS.**—D. M. B., Borsheba Springs, Tenn. Will Dr. Trail answer in the WATER-CURE JOURNAL what is the cause of baldness, and what will prevent it? The case is that of a man 35 years old; light hair; excitable, nervous temperament; has never used any hair dyes or oils; has lived, as all Tennesseans do, on hog and hominy; has been drugged considerably; has now his eyes about half open.

Among the numerous causes may be named "hog and hominy," "drugs," etc. To prevent or cure it, get your eyes entirely open. Keep the head cool, the stomach pure, the skin clean, the feet warm, the mind calm; in other words, live physiologically.

**J. B. N.**—Burlington, Io. Is a water-cure establishment being erected at Petersburg, Keusslaer Co., N. Y., where patients able to work can pay for board and treatment by manual labor? If so, by whom and when will it be opened?

Are there any now in operation, East or West, conducted on the same system?

Is milk diet favorable to liver diseases in this Western country of bad water?

Does chronic weakness of the eyes often result from chronic disease of the liver, and will the eyes become strong if the liver becomes healthy?

Is the color permanent resulting from attacks of fever and ague?

What length of time is generally necessary in order to graduate at Dr. Trail's Hydropathic College?

1. Yes, by the Rev. Mr. Estee. It will be ready next spring. Mrs. Estee is now a student at the Hygieo-Therapeutic College. 2. No. 3. No. 4. Yes, yes. 5. Don't know what you mean. 6. Usually one year, or two terms.

**DISEASED LUNGS.**—L. W. S., Oak Creek, Wis. What must a person do to cure his lungs, which have become painful by inhaling dust in wood turning? I have been thus engaged for the last four or five years. I am a meat eater, and use tobacco, tea, and coffee. Will it be necessary for me to change my occupation?

You should change your occupation, and attend in all respects to the conditions of health, and this implies the disuse of tea, coffee, tobacco, and flesh meat.

**GRANULATED EYELIDS.**—A. J. C. In the dry season of 1854 I was engaged in driving stock across the mountains, and was exposed much to the dust, which I believe was the origin of my present ailment, sore eyes. Since that time they have gradually got worse. Through the advice of an old physician I washed them with white vitriol, or white vitriol dissolved in water; they grew worse. I discontinued the use of it. At present I bathe them a good deal in cold water. The eyelids are much inflamed; the disease appears to be more in the eyelids than in the eyeball. If I deny myself the use of tobacco, bathe my eyes with cold water in the evening, when I wake in the morning the inflammation has gone down very much, but the lids are considerably swelled.

The probability is, that the eyelids are now granulated, and require surgical treatment. The granulations may probably be removed by scarification or caustic.

**SCROFULA.**—A. A. M., Melvin, N. H. I have a brother, twenty years of age, who has had scrofula sores on his neck for three years. He has had some eight or ten of them lanced, and they have discharged a great deal of matter within two years. His health in other respects is pretty good, with the exception of his being troubled some with catarrh. He has been in the habit of eating but a very little meat, but his diet in other respects has been the same as that of people usually in the country. He has taken no medicine but such as was purely vegetable. Will Dr. Trail inform us, through the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, if he can be cured, and if he can, how?

The proper plan to pursue with the patient is, to keep the skin clean with a tepid bath daily, apply wet cloths to the sores as long as there is heat or inflammation about them, and restrict the dietary to coarse unleavened bread and fruit.

**FLANNEL.**—E. C. D., Newark, N. J. Please state in the WATER-CURE JOURNAL whether or not you sanction the following, in regard to wearing red flannel:

"Put it on at once, winter and summer nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose red flannel shirt; 'loose,' for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold. 'Red,' for white flannel fills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirts, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer."—*Italy's Journal of Health*.

And if not, why?

We disagree with Dr. Hall entirely.

**BRANDY-CURE.**—A. D. R., New Boston, M. T. I would like your opinion of the brandy-cure of a bite of a rattlesnake.

We have many times expressed the opinion that many persons will survive the bite of a rattlesnake in spite of the venom of the creature, and that other virus of the brandy bottle, which is given to cure. It is not the brandy which cures the rattlesnake's virus, but nature, which triumphs over both.

**INFORMATION.**—T. M. J., of Hazelwood, Mo., who writes that himself and wife have been drugged into invalids, and have in vain sought for health-giving knowledge in the works of Dunglison, Dewees, etc., is informed that he can find the information he needs in the HYDRO-PATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA, price \$3.

**FRUIT BETWEEN MEALS.**—O. L. B. Will you please inform me, through the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, if the habit of eating, between meals, good ripe fruit, berries, and the like, is very injurious to one who is strictly vegetarian, and eats but two meals a day.

It is better to eat the fruit as a part of the meal; or you may take three meals, at proper intervals, and have one of them of fruit exclusively.

**CONSUMPTION.**—R. K. G., Marshall, Mo. I have a brother who is, I am fearful, going into consumption, and I desire to have you prescribe for him. He complains as follows: last fall, about one year ago, he had a severe cough, which lasted mostly through the winter, occasionally spitting blood. At that time he was living in Kentucky. Last spring he moved to Missouri, where he is living now, and his cough is rather increasing. It is thought by his neighbors that he is going into the consumption. He is not a subscriber to your paper.

We decline prescribing for persons who know nothing about our system, and who are fatally consumptive. In the first place, they are incurable; and in the second place, if we recommended them to use hygienic appliances in any way, the doctors and the friends will say, and, perhaps, the patient will believe, that Water-Cure has killed him. We repeat once more, consumption must be prevented; it can seldom be cured.

**VOMITING IN CROUP.**—P. H., Jackson, Pa. A child had the croup. Water applications were made according to directions in Shew's "Family Physician," with no apparent effect. But a short time after it was taken its breathing could be heard several rods. As a last resort its parents gave it medicine to vomit, and with the rest it threw up pieces of a membranous substance. The child was relieved, and soon well. In this emergency, how could they have done better? Will Dr. Trail please answer in the JOURNAL?

It is always proper to induce vomiting in membranous croup; but it is not necessary to use drugs for the purpose. Warm water with tickling the throat is amply sufficient.

## Miscellaneous.

### REST.

"If the mind is wearied by study, or the body worn with sickness, it is well to lie fallow for a while in the vacancy of sheer amusement."—TUPPER.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while," said our Divine Teacher to the Twelve when they returned to Him, after their tour, preaching and performing miracles.

Human nature wearies and wearies in any work, however worthy, even if the call be urgent and the success cheering.

But in this "fast age," so full of business and bustle, who takes time for rest or retrospect? To be sure there are plenty of people, busy and inefficient, but of course they are always too much in the rear to get refreshing rest.

Riches or honors, popularity or position, learning or fashion, "hurry up" the masses. Others are in great haste to do a little good on a large scale, or perhaps great good on a small scale. Some seem to be in a hurry because the rest of the world are.

There are plenty of persons who live for amusement alone, and pursue it to the ruin of both body and spirit—who spurn rest, and to whom the shade of retirement is not refreshing, but depressing. Then we have a class who always work, whose only recreation is a change of occupation, whose only amusement is profitable employment.

"How to join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with pleasure," is an art to which few have attained. "Yet it is the wise man's necessary aim when he lieth in the shade of recreation." One great want of the age is amusements and exercises which do not dissipate and enervate, but which tend to divert the mind and develop the body. Amusements for all ages and classes, which will cultivate the social, the amiable, the graceful, the physical qualities of our nature. Amusements which for the time would overshadow all responsible cares and business perplexities, and also the prim proprieties of life in general, and let us laugh heartily as healthy children who play games on the village green. "A merry heart doeth good like medicine," said the wise man, and we of water-cure faith believe it better than that.

Those who make haste to be rich, not only "fall into many a worldly snare," but often into an early grave. Apoplexy, paralysis, and more obscure diseases of the brain and nervous system, are selecting their victims from among our most successful business men. Many within the circle of our acquaintance are receiving slight warnings of the approach of a final failure of health, in the way of numbness of the limbs, disagreeable sensations in the top of the head, throbbing and ringing in the ears, dark spots before the eyes, dimness of vision, sleeplessness, etc. Those who take warning at these monitions, and "turn aside into a desert place and rest awhile," and thereafter, when they return again to the busy world, work

more prudently, may last to labor for many a year. But few listen to these warnings, for along with them comes a restless haste, a nervous solicitude, which impels them onward faster than ever before.

An illustration of this type we know amid our friends. He began his business life with only twenty-five dollars, and is now a millionaire. Though now surrounded with all the elegancies of life, and blessed with children, and children's children, still the same imperative business haste hurries him on, so that he has no time to enjoy the good things he has gathered about him, or rather, he has no relish for any thing but work. So he hurries on, till quite exhausted in body and brain, and then he will sit quietly in the corner by the open grate, seldom speaking, and then in a low tone, eating very little, and sleeping much. In this state he will remain for three or four weeks, and then suddenly, as he says, he "feels the electrical fire return to him again," and then he is up and off again at three o'clock in the morning, driving his business hard as ever, riding fast, talking loud, and sleeping but little, till again worn out, when this state of quietness again returns, and effects a recuperation, and then again to business life.

One day a friend said to him, "Mr. —, why do you not now rest, and enjoy your riches?" "Rest, REST," said he. "I hate rest, and wish I did not have to take time to eat and sleep." "Why," responded the friend, "don't you expect to rest in heaven?" "No," he replied, "if that were a place of rest I should not want to go there. To me the great beauty of this country is, that there we can work all the time without eating or sleeping." He is much respected by those who know him best, and it is said this imperative haste had come upon him within the last few years, as the result of an overwrought brain.

There are many morbid symptoms which are often supposed to call for active measures, when it is passive ones the patient needs.

A clergyman, a friend of ours, had been subject to severe attacks of what was then thought to be bilious cholera, and had been treated according to the allopathic mode for that disease, to the great injury of his sensitive organization. These attacks have since been proved to be of a purely neuralgic type, induced by brain exhaustion, coming on after close mental labor, as when he has written a sermon which has called forth much thought or feeling. A lady of my acquaintance, whose position requires much anxious thought and responsible care, was subject to severe and sudden attacks of pain in the stomach, and through the section of the back opposite. For hours a groaning agony would rest upon her. The suffering she described as more intense than any thing she ever experienced before. For a time they were supposed to arise from indigestion, and more and more care as to diet was exercised, and less and less food was taken, but still the attacks grew more frequent and more severe. Becoming certain that they were not induced by undigested food, other habits of life were watched, and the discovery was soon made, that they came on after any close and continued mental activity, especially when, from anxious care, her usual meals had been omitted, and that the less she ate the more frequent and severe the attacks.

Her usual responsibilities were then resigned, a journey taken, which restored her appetite so that she ate freely, slept abundantly, and exercised a great deal in the open air, and had no return of those terrible attacks since, though a year has now elapsed. On her return to her home labors, she found that, whenever her brain-work was so increased that her appetite diminished, the symptoms of a return of the dreaded guest would reappear. But these warnings have been promptly heeded, and more bodily exercise, more brain-rest, and more food has prevented their return.

In this case the nervous force seems to have been so expended that there was a temporary failure in the action of the ganglionic system of

nerves distributed to the stomach, and hence this indescribable agony in that region.

Here let me add, for the information of "inquiring friends," that we, *too*, have had *our* rest, not by "turning aside into a desert place" exactly, but by closing our doors to invalids, and opening our hearts to our children and our friends in health. We are happy to state that we are neither "broken down" nor "used up," as Madam Rumor has whispered, but merely stopped to rest *before* we were. We have visited various water-cures in this State and Ohio, gathering items for the improvement of our own. And now, having had this refreshing rest, and having enlarged and refitted our establishment, we have a bright face, and a "clean apron on all round," and are ready again to receive our invalid friends.

ELMIRA WATER-CURE.

R. B. GLEASON.

### WARM BREAD.

In a late number of this JOURNAL—I believe that for August—in reply to an inquiry why warm bread is considered unhealthy, we are told that "warm bread is not unhealthy." "But," it is added, "when bread is fermented there is a quantity of alcohol formed in it which does not entirely evaporate until after it has stood from twelve to twenty-four hours. For this reason it should not be eaten *fresh*."

Now it seems to me the reply above is partly right and partly wrong. Bread, and all other substances taken into the stomach, may, indeed, be somewhat cooler than the stomach, just as the ambient air is generally healthier when somewhat cooler than the lungs. Still, a slight increase of warmth, or a larger increase, applied for a short time only, can hardly be said to be greatly injurious—perhaps not at all so. And hence, thus far, the reply is correct. But in giving the reasons why this is so, what I suppose to be the facts in the case appear to be overlooked, and a statement made that can not be proved.

We are told that the alcohol that is formed in the fermentation of bread "does not entirely evaporate until after it has stood from twelve to twenty-four hours." Can this be so? Does not every tyro in chemistry know that alcohol evaporates at a heat of only 170° of Fahrenheit? Now I do not know what is the ordinary degree of heat required to bake bread, but I think from 400° to 450°. Does any one believe that our loaves of bread can come forth from a place heated to this high temperature—after remaining in it fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes—with the smallest quantity of a substance in them which evaporates at 170°?

It may possibly be said—it is so said in the JOURNAL—that a part of it evaporates, but not all. How is this known? Has it been proved by analyzing the bread after it has been baked? Has it been shown by the testimony of anybody's senses? I have no knowledge of any such proof. I doubt whether a chemical analysis has ever been made to this end; and as for the senses of smell and taste, my own have always failed to perceive its presence.

According to my own observation and reflection there are four reasons why new, or, as it is sometimes called, fresh bread, if not quite unhealthy, is not so healthy as that which is a day or two old. There may be more than four, but these are all I will mention at present.

1. We eat more warm bread, other things and circumstances being equal, than of that which is colder and has more age. The heat has the effect of an extra stimulus or condiment. Some men will eat twice as much when it is hot from the oven than when it is a day or two old; and the difference is greater still when its age is doubled or trebled, even though no changes of a deteriorating nature have come over it.

2. Warm bread, especially when recent or fresh, tempts us, more than old bread, to the use of butter, or at least to the use of a larger quantity. Or if this should not be universally true, it is at least undeniable that butter and other accompaniments of new bread render the latter much more undigestible than when it is older.

3. It requires far less of mastication, even when eaten alone; and hence is not so well combined with the saliva. When it is accompanied by butter, molasses, or any other liquid or semi-liquid substance, the evil to which I here allude is still greater.

4. New or fresh bread, especially when made of fine flour, is mere pasty, and more readily and rapidly permits a degree of fermentation in the stomach. Occasionally a degree of acidity may be observed in these cases; but many persons have acid stomachs, in a greater or less degree, for a long time before they fully understand what the matter is.

I will only add to these remarks—what probably most people know already—that bread made of whole meal is not so bad when eaten in a recent state as that which is made of bolted or fine flour; and that any stale bread warmed over again is scarcely, if at all, injured by the process.

### AUNT HITTYS

CALLS ON A SICK FRIEND.

How do ye do, my dear, to-day?

I heerd' how sick you'd been,

And wasn't out of danger yet;

So I thought I'd just run in.

What are ye dewin' for yourself?

How very pale you are!

It frightens me to see you look

So ghostly, I declare.

They say you take no medicine

But try the water-cure?

Now that, of all things, is the worst

For one like you, I'm sure.

For there was Nabby Briggs, ye know,

The water-cure she tried,

And I presume you hav'n't forgot

How suddenly she died.

I plainly see, poor child, that you

Are very sick indeed;

A thorough course o' medicine,

Is the very thing you need.

Next time I come I'll bring some herbs,

To make a soothin' tea,

Some magic compound, too, I'll bring;

Dear me, how pale you be!

The doctor told me yesterday

That there was little hope;

He said he call'd to see you, dear,

And hoped ye might get up;

But then he wisely shook his head,

And looked so solemn, too!

I wonder, now, while there is time,

Ye do not *something* do.

To see ye look so shockin' ill,

It fills my heart with sorrow.

Don't get down-hearted—now good-bye,

I'll come again to-morrow.

If anything can help you now,

That compound will, I know.

I hope I hav'n't tired ye out?

Well, good-bye—I must go.—J. A. B.

ORWELL, Vt.

## An Extra Premium.

HERE is a capital chance for the LADIES! We believe in rewarding real merit and enterprise, no less in Women than in Men. To induce zealous efforts on the part of our good friends everywhere, and with a view to extend the blessings which a knowledge of the Laws of Life and Health would secure, we have fixed upon the following, which we think

### A CAPITAL PLAN

to reward the Man or the Woman who shall send us the largest Club of Subscribers for the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, between the present time and the first of May next, we will present one of WHEELER and WILSON's best One-hundred-and-Twenty-Dollar

## Sewing Machines!

Understand us. We do not stipulate for any particular number of subscribers, but simply for the largest club. It may require not more than fifty, a hundred, or even less, though probably more. But the one who sends the largest list or the most subscribers, gets the MACHINE. Of course, we shall expect some quite liberal clubs, to enable us to pay for the instrument; but it shall be promptly sent to the man or the woman who may become entitled to it. What a rich present from a husband to his wife! There is no nonsense about this. A first-rate Sewing-machine in the family is not a foolish toy, a showy gewgaws, fancy trappings, nor anything of that sort; but this Sewing-machine is a real useful worker; it will save the time and health of ten women, and do the work easier and better. Now, who will have it?

Besides the above, we offer the following

### SPECIFIC PREMIUMS,

to which all will be entitled:

For \$50, one hundred copies of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent to one or a hundred different persons one year, and \$5 in books published at this office, as a PREMIUM to those who get up the club. For \$20, forty copies of the JOURNAL a year, and \$2 in books.

For \$10, twenty copies of the JOURNAL and \$1 in books. For \$5, ten copies of the JOURNAL will be sent one year.

For \$1, one copy will be sent a year.

For \$3. For THREE DOLLARS, a copy of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and LIFE ILLUSTRATED (weekly), will be sent a year to one address. Clubs large and small may be made of one or of both JOURNALS, and the premiums will be sent as above. Please address

FOWLER AND WELLS,

308 Broadway, New York.



### OUR SUCCESS AS SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.

WITHIN the past year our patent business has more than doubled; and notwithstanding the present depressed state of business generally, is now gaining ground. It is not to be supposed that this large increase of business during a year of unprecedented financial embarrassment has been the result of chance or accident. An examination of the files of this department reveals a much better reason. *In the whole of our largely increased patent business, both American and foreign, we find only FIVE applications undertaken during the year that we have been obliged to withdraw, and a part of these were cases withdrawn by the order of the applicants, contrary to our advice, and without a second hearing.*

Our arrangements abroad, as well as our facilities at home, enable us to make applications in all countries promptly, and on the most favorable terms; and we hope, with the favor of inventors, to again double our business during the coming year. Inventors may always be sure of receiving from us courteous treatment, and a patient and careful consideration of their interests.

## Business Notices.

FOR \$50, one hundred copies of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent to one or a hundred different persons one year, and \$5 in books published at this office, as a PREMIUM to those who get up the club. For \$20, forty copies of the JOURNAL a year, and \$2 in books.

THE LADIES' PRIZE.—Already the competition runs high among the friends of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL and good SEWING-MACHINES. There are several who want it, and feel a degree of assurance that they will take the machine. Our object is to obtain the largest possible number of subscribers for the JOURNAL, and we offer a first-rate sewing-machine, worth one hundred and twenty dollars, as an extra inducement, as part remuneration for services rendered or to be rendered. See "An Extra Premium," on another column.

## Literary Notices.

THE HYDRIATIC TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER, in its different forms; or, How to Save, through a systematic application of the Water-Cure, many thousands of lives and healths, which now annually perish; being the result of twenty-one years' experience, and of the treatment and cure of several hundred cases of eruptive fevers. By Chas. Munde, M.D., Ph. D. Price, prepaid by mail, 56 cents.

This very interesting and instructive work should be in the hands of every person who has the care of children. The doctor evidently understands his subject, and presents his ideas in a simple, lucid manner, so that those who are the most ignorant of medical subjects can not fail to understand.

There is no bombastic display of technical terms, but a simple statement of facts that appeal directly to the common sense of the reader. When we contemplate the number of lives that annually fall victims to this insidious disease, we can not but hail with joy everything that promises to enlighten the community on the best means of staying the destroyer in its path of destruction. The work deserves a careful reading, and if the principles therein taught are faithfully carried out, it will, no doubt, be the means of saving many lives. Buy it, mothers, and learn wisdom therefrom. L. W. C.

## Hand Books

FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT.

How to WRITE; A NEW POCKET MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND LETTER WRITING. Just the thing for everybody who has occasion to write—

BUSINESS LETTERS, LOVE LETTERS,  
FAMILY LETTERS, NOTES AND CARDS, AND  
FRIENDLY LETTERS, NEWSPAPER ARTICLES;

or any thing else. No young man or young woman in the country can afford to be without this popular and indispensable little manual. Price 30 cents; in muslin, 50 cents.

How to TALK; A NEW POCKET MANUAL OF CONVERSATION AND DEBATE. Exceedingly useful to every one who would talk—

CORRECTLY, IN THE SHOP,  
CLEARLY, IN THE DRAWING-ROOM,  
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EFFECTIVELY; ON ALL OCCASIONS.

Probably no work in the English language contains so much useful matter on this subject in so small a space; and it is not a grammar, but an interesting book to read. Price 30 cents; in muslin, 50 cents.

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Just Published, in a handsome Volume, contains 820 Engravings, with all necessary instructions in—

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How to MAKE THE BODY LITTLE AND STRAIGHT;  
How to MAKE THE LIMBS FIRM AND STRONG;  
How to GIVE GRACE TO EVERY MOVEMENT;  
How to CURE DISEASE AND DEFORMITY;  
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FOR MEN, FOR THE INVALID,  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, FOR THE DEFORMED,  
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY, FOR EVERYBODY.

This work comprises the most approved methods of applying direct physical culture to the development of the bodily organs and the invigoration of their functions, the preservation of health, and the cure of disease and deformity; and answers in an admirable manner one of the most urgent wants of the time. Were it introduced, as it should be, into every family in the Union, our cadaverous men, sickly women, and puny children would soon give place to a more robust race. Parents, Guardians, and Teachers, examine THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY GYMNASIUM Address,

FOWLER AND WELLS,

308 Broadway, New York.



**WANTED—PHRENOLOGICAL**  
JOURNAL for November, 1887. If any of our friends have copies of this number to spare, and will send them to us, we will be pleased to remunerate them, and also be much obliged.  
**FOWLER AND WELLS.**

## Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for this Journal, to secure insertion, should be sent to the Publishers on or before the 10th of the month previous to the one in which they are to appear. Announcements for the next number should be sent in at once.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents a line each insertion.

Water Cure and Hydropathic Medical College.



R. T. TRALL, M.D., } Proprietors.  
O. W. MAY, M.D., }

Dr. May, of the Highland Home Water-Cure, having united with Dr. Trall in the management of the Hydropathic Institute, 15 Light Street, the sick may rely on having every attention required, and all the facilities for treatment that are known to our system. Electro-chemical baths are judiciously and discriminatingly administered; kineleptic, calisthenic, and all other hygienic exercises are practiced and taught; cancers, fistulas, polypus tumors, etc., are cured by a new and easy process; uterine diseases and displacements in all their varieties and complications are made a specialty; lying-in women accommodated with suitable apartments and proper nurses. Additional accommodations have been provided for the convenience of boarders and the friends of patients. Out-door practice in city and country attended to.

The SCHOOL DEPARTMENT will be found a great advantage to invalids, and, in fact, to all the inmates of the establishment, as they are privileged to attend nearly all of the lectures and exercises of the professors and medical class without additional charge. Prices always reasonable, and due allowance made for the times to those who require a long course of treatment.

**DR. GEORGE F. ADAMS, WATER-CURE PHYSICIAN,** 141 Amity Street, Brooklyn, L. I., receives patients and boarders into his family, and attends to out-door practice, both in city and country. May, 11.

**WATER-CURE FOR LADIES.—DR.** Amelia W. Lines has returned to Williamsburg and taken the very commodious and pleasantly-situated house No. 26 South Fourth, corner of Second Street, which is now ready for the reception of Patients and Boarders. May, 11.

**DR. TAYLOR'S WATER-CURE,** and KINESIPATHIC INSTITUTION 650 Sixth Avenue, New York City. This establishment is thoroughly anti-drying in its equipments and methods of curing disease, and its patrons become thoroughly imbued in the principles of Hygienic-Medical Science. Its location is in the most wholesome part of the city, and is easily accessible by the Sixth Avenue cars and stage. For transient boarders, \$1 per day.  
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**WORCESTER WATER-CURE.—FOR** terms, etc., address S. ROGERS, M.D., Worcester, Mass.

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ESTABLISHMENT is at Saratoga Springs.

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**DR. VAIL'S GRANITE STATE**  
Water-Cure is located at Hill Village, N. H. For particulars, inclose stamp for circular.

**BINGHAMTON WATER-CURE,** Binghamton, Broome County, N. Y. This is the place for WATER-TREATMENT during COLD WEATHER, and to enjoy HOME COMFORTS. All our rooms are pleasant, well warmed, and comfortably furnished; water pure, and location unrivaled in beauty. Patients will find it to their advantage to consult us before going elsewhere. Terms from \$4 to \$10 per week.  
**O. V. THAYER, M.D. 11.**

**THE COMPRESSED AIR-BATH, IN** successful use in Europe, for Pulmonary Affections and all Local Congestions, is now in operation at **DR. TAYLOR'S WATER-CURE.**  
Send a postage-stamp for a pamphlet circular.

**NOTICE!—FEES: WE ARE IN** the receipt of letters from all parts of the country, asking for advice and prescriptions for treatment, to be given to the writers gratuitously. Now, much as we would like to do this were our time our own, our services can not be rendered in this way. Our terms are as follows:  
For Circulars descriptive of the Institution: a postage stamp to pay the postage on the Circular.  
For advice as to the propriety of water treatment: \$1.00.  
For prescription written out in full for home treatment: \$5.00.

For visits to the sick, where we can go and return on the same day: our traveling expenses and a fee of \$5.00.

Where we have to be gone over night—per day—\$10.00. We do not ask business out of Glen Haven, but those who think our counsel worth seeking have—if their own statements are reliable—found it worth what we ask for it. We will gladly and joyfully, and with warm hearts, advise and assist the poor who are sick; but we must be satisfied of their poverty, else we shall ask our fee. Respectfully,  
**JAMES C. JACKSON, M.D.**  
**HARRIET N. AUSTIN, M.D.**

**GLEN HAVEN, April 1, 1887. May, 11.**

**GRAFENBERG WATER-CURE AND KINESIPATHIC INSTITUTE,** New Ulm, N. Y. Electro-Chemical Bath has here been administered with great success for the last year and a half. Address Aug. 11. **R. HOLLAND, M.D., New Grafenberg, N. Y.**

**JAMESTOWN WATER CURE,** Jamestown, Chautauque Co., N.Y. Female Physician, Mrs. C. L. SMALLEY, M.D., of O. Address CHAS. PARKER M.D. Ap. 11.

**GRANVILLE WATER-CURE.—**Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft have again resumed the duties of this Institution, and with many years' experience in the management of the sick, they bring all the improvements, modern curative appliances, and will devote themselves to the interest of invalids. Granville, Licking County, Ohio. 8c.  
Oct. 11.

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**WATER-CURE FOR FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY,** at Columbus, Ohio. Terms, 7 to 10 dollars per week. For particulars, address, May, 11. **W. SHEPARD, M.D.**

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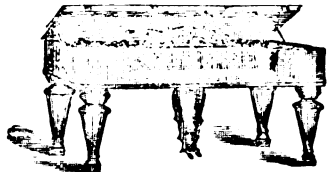
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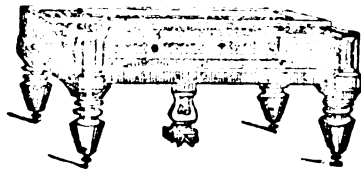


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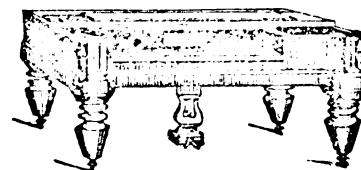
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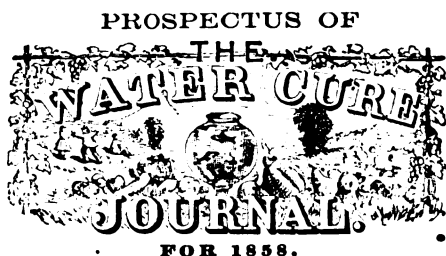
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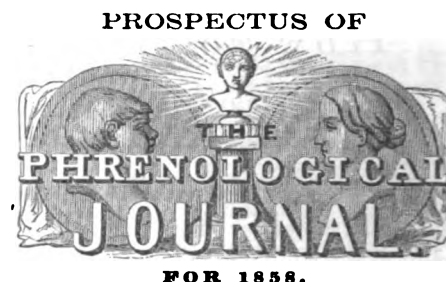
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