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Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life.

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General Articles.

END OF ANOTHER VOLUME.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

THE present number concludes the twenty-fifth volume of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. The last year has been the most disastrous of its existence, financially speaking; yet the most prosperous so far as the principles it advocates are concerned. Never before were we in receipt of so many testimonials of the great and happy influences our health-messenger is exerting in hundreds of places. The people are at last beginning to get hold of the A B C's of our doctrines. They perceive that we have a system, that it is founded on the Laws of Nature, that it is true, that it is demonstrable (and herein differing from all other medical systems that the world has ever known), and that it can be so applied as to rid the world of disease and restore humanity to itself. Many thousands of families, scattered all over the United States, have, aided only by the teachings of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL and our other health publications, achieved an absolute "independence forever" from drugs and drug-doctors. They can take care of their own health. For them doctors might as well not exist, except for "surgical purposes." And who can gainsay the proposition that, if one thousand persons or families of dif-

ferent localities, climates, habits, constitutions, and nations can become well-nigh exempt from disease, and above all need of doctors—drug-doctors especially—all persons and all families in the whole world can not, by employing the same means, receive the same advantages?

It is true that the unexampled pressure in monetary affairs, during the last year prevented us from realizing the usual yearly increase in our circulation. Our subscription list, no doubt, is less by many thousands than it would have been had no "financial crisis" occurred. But the troubled sea of traffic is rapidly subsiding to its wonted calmness. The country, as well as the city, is fast recovering from pecuniary embarrassment. Revivals in all the departments of life are now the order of the times. A wide-spread religious awakening has, let us devoutly hope, brought the world to a quicker and keener moral sense. A dull business season, with the leisure it afforded for reflection, has, we have reason to believe, inspired the public mind with a greater desire for really useful knowledge. And the opportunity for reflection, consequent on the general depression of trade, has enabled a very large proportion of the people to perceive, more clearly than ever before, the first great necessity of humanity, *sana mens in corpore sano*.

The present is, therefore, a favorable time to strike for a revival in our line of action. We want a few thousand missionaries and colporteurs to preach the gospel of health and circulate the means of enlightenment throughout all the land. We would like to convert many thousands during the publication of our next volume, and turn from the error of their self-destructive ways many hundreds of physicians of all the drug-schools, who are now blindly following a false system, and unwittingly leading their zealous and devoted patrons into the slough of disease and the ditch of premature death. Send us, friends, clubs of one, two, five, ten, a hundred, or a thousand. Those who do as well as they can, do as well as the best.

Champion of truth! unwaveringly
Pass onward in thy calling high,
True to thyself, thy purpose true,
The one grand object still in view;
Heed not the coward's voice, nor fear
The fool's derision, skeptic's sneer;
But bravely do, and boldly dare,
And never let thy heart despair.

TO ALLOPATHIC PHYSICIANS.

GENTLEMEN—I did not quite finish in the April WATER-CURE JOURNAL stating the reasons which exist in my own mind in favor of the disuse of flesh-meats as food for man. You, and the readers of the Journal, will please pardon me, therefore, for making meat-eating the subject of criticism in the June issue.

In addition to what I have already said, I offer the suggestion—1. That by far the greater amount of the meat eaten—is *fattened*; and is therefore diseased. The first part of this assertion will not be questioned. It is not simply *fat* meat, but is *fattened* meat, and the difference between the two is wide and clear. The former state or condition of an animal *may be* consistent with natural or healthy conditions. In such case, however, the adipose or cellular tissue bears just proportion to the fibrous, the membranous, the nervous, and bony tissues, and does not impair the health of the animal, being the product of rigorous assimilation under circumstances favorable to the animal's activities. The latter state—the *fattened*—is one which is induced by means inconsistent with the natural habits of the animal, violation of all, or nearly all, the laws of its organization, and productive of, not a disproportion of cellular tissue to the other tissues, but of an aggregation of waste matter in the adipose cells, whose very presence there is *unmistakable evidence of disease*. I assert, therefore, *a priori*, without the least fear of successful contradiction, that all stall-fed, sty-fed, pen-fed, and coop-fed animals, from the fattened ox to the fattened turkey, are *diseased*; that their increase of bulk and weight—is mere *obesity*, and that thousands and tens of thousands of them—were they not slaughtered—would *die* of the *disease of fattening*.

I assert this, because the laws which govern animal life subject the organization to constant, steady, and perpetual change. Every hour the process of *wearing out* of particles is as certain to go on as the renewal of particles is certain to go on. To institute conditions for an animal whereby the elimination of these waste matters is not only interfered with, but absolutely hindered, is of necessity to produce disease—and to insure that the disease shall be general, affecting the whole structure. This is the statement; what are the

facts? It is said that 95 per cent. of the hogs killed in the Cincinnati market show diseased livers or lights—lungs. What say you to their fitness of *flesh as food*? It is said that five out of six stall-fed oxen and cows have, at the time of slaughter, rotten teeth and diseased gums, and that it is not at all uncommon for them to show ulceration of the liver and diseased lungs. As far as such conditions are found to exist, they settle the quality of the flesh of such animals beyond all doubt. It is poisonous, and of such a nature, too, to be easily taken into the human system and poison it. It is not at all difficult to account for the prevalence of *scrofula*, when it is remembered that fattened flesh is the staple of our tables. It is quite as easy to account for a large moiety of the inflammatory diseases which are so common in the West and the South. Depend on it, gentlemen, that climatic influences have had to bear in a large degree the responsibility of diseases which were attributable to conditions of blood consequent on eating *poisoned meat*. It is quite bad enough to eat meats at all—however favorable the conditions of health in which animals are placed while living. But to take an ox, sheep, or swine, and shut him up in a dark place, ill-ventilated, and where exercise is impossible, and thus keep him for months, in order to fit him to be eaten by man, is so thoroughly monstrous to one's moral sense as to admit of no justification whatever.

Some of the results of the practice may be enumerated thus. 1. All *such meat* is diseased—poisoned. To this there is no exception.

2. To a meat-eater, the extent to which the flesh is poisoned is the measure of its quality—"the tenderness," "the deliciousness," "the sweetness" of the flesh being present to the taste just to the degree in which the poison has penetrated and impregnated the tissue.

3. The poison is not expelled or eliminated by any process of cookery at present in vogue, is easily transmutable from the flesh eaten to the circulation of the person eating it, resists with great tenacity the action of the "vital forces," and in a majority of instances remains in the system for a long time, to break out in abnormal forms, when, by reason of weakness or ill conditions of body, the energies of the system can no longer keep it in check.

Many persons dine on scrofulous beefsteak, or bacon, to die of consumption years afterward, then and there induced. Many children die, poisoned at their mother's breast, because their mothers would eat pastry enriched by scrofulous hogs' lard. Many girls and boys die before blossoming, because they are stuffed with grease and gravies, urged into them by wiseacres of your school, traveling about as "Peripatetic Physiologists."

4. The indirect results of eating *fattened meat* are, if possible, more frightful to contemplate than the direct results. Thus, the poison entering the circulation seems to arouse the nervous forces to great irritation, and specially affects the brain. Meat-eaters are proverbially excitable, irritable, easily wrought to anger, are almost universally given to sexual excess, though exhibited within the conjugal pale, and make *gods of their bellies*. Thus they show in the department of the *propensities*.

5. In the sphere of *intellection*—compared with what they might be were they *vegetarians*, and

were not hoodwinked by their blind confidence in you as judges of a true dietetic philosophy—in the sphere of the *INTELLECT* they are superficial, partial, and unphilosophic. To the unnatural excitement consequent on the eating of poisoned flesh is attributable the slow growth of Christian civilization. Nine men in ten are *blunderers*. They make mistakes oftener by far than successes. They see falsely, hear partially, comprehend imperfectly, execute deficiently. They are falsely related to the laws of life, to the principles of *truth*, to the facts that are about them. Illusion is the atmosphere in which they dwell. They are the victims of *poisoned food*, as truly and to all intents and purposes as essentially as the drunkard is to poisoned *BEVERAGE*. The abnormal exhibitions are different, but none the less deplorable. The world suffers to-day more from meat-eating than from dram-drinking in all those higher considerations which affect its redemption, because meat-eating is the base of all the perversity which the appetite and the passions show. Vegetarians do not chew, smoke, or snuff tobacco; nor drink strong drinks, tea or coffee; nor chew or smoke opium; nor take poisonous medicines; nor eat highly seasoned food. On the other hand are they thus habituated, on becoming vegetarians *they put these all away*, while the reverse of the picture is true of eaters of flesh. They drink tea and coffee, eat pepper and salt; the vast majority chew or smoke, and take drugs; many of them drink ardent spirits; are proud, self-willed, selfish, haughty, passionate, vengeful, lustful, and utterly at fault in making harmonious growth of character.

6. Considered in their relations to Christianity, their progress is a sore reflection on its power—

"To transform the heart,
And change it, till it be
Quite made anew,
And swallowed up, O Christ! in Thee."

Their conversions, in many instances, are but focalizations of the passions, stimulated to activity by external surroundings, and thus they fail to impress the unconverted of the power of their principles or their superiority of life. The expenditure of vital energy needful to overcome the tendency to disease consequent upon the eating of *fattened meats* is so great, and so *uninterrupted*, as to make the eater abnormal in all his manifestations of character, and to give his whole nature a *lurch toward destruction*. His bodily organization is deranged and sickened thereby, and wears itself into the grave *untimely*. His intellect is unnaturally active, prompt, restless, and unreliable. Its judgments, its reflections, and its decisions partake of the nature of *THE PASSIONS*—effervescent, impulsive, and vacillating. His passions are brutal, under no control but that of necessity; scorning all restraint, unless hedged around by *THE IMPOSSIBLE*, dragging him like a captive blindly to his doom. His affections wither till shrunk to the meagerest forms, exhibiting in their best estate more the appearance of *lusts* than of *LOVES*, and stamping his brow with the likeness of *THE BEASTLY*, rather than with the *image of God*. Thus we have him as a subject for *culture* and growth. He opens his eyes on earth with strong predispositions to devilism, begotten in him by his father, bred in him by his mother as he lay up under her breast; and from the hour of his birth till that of his death, *your philosophy of*

dietetics subjects him to the control and sway of evil. While a nursing he is the victim of external restraints; on the play-ground he is watched and checked at every corner; at school, some old Dr. Busby hangs *the rod* ever in sight—as he steps full of vigor and of hope on the platform of manhood, the State coils round him its long and crooked statutes till he writhes as in the folds of a Python, and the Church concludes his subjugation by introducing him to a worship as formal as the pleadings of a court, and as soulless as the decisions of its judges.

If asked, "What has all this to do with the eating meat, of *fattened flesh*?" I reply, everything to do with it—just as much to do with it as the moral condition of the drunkard has to do with the brandy-sling he has drunken—just as much to do with it as the state of a wretch writhing in death-agony has to do with the arsenic in his stomach—everything to do with it, gentlemen. Of all the forces that affect man's development, wisely or ill, giving him noble growth or dwarfing him, none clusters around it a larger significance than what he may eat. We may talk of the importance of *knowledge*, of the dignity of letters, of the discipline of science, and the morals of religion; but, important as they are, they become of greater or lesser value as they assist in settling a question primary to them all, and serving as a substratum to them all—*what ought creatures made in the image of God to EAT?*

But, gentlemen, I must close; my professional avocations forbid my discussing this question in its fullness, and so I conclude the subject for the present by asking attention to the following synopsis of the reasons in favor of the disuse of flesh meats:

1. Vegetarianism excludes poisonous foods.
2. It is therefore more favorable to health.
3. It promotes longevity and physical beauty.
4. It insures larger physical growth.
5. It gives superior physical strength.
6. It aids to clear intellection, and develops genius.
7. It promotes purity.
8. It is favorable to high esthetic culture.
9. It is a grand preparative for the inflowing of the Divine wisdom to the soul.
10. And therefore is a noble auxiliary to Christianity.
11. And in days *to come* is to have a marked influence on the question of human redemption.
12. By it will men and women become *strong*, single-eyed, of grand aspiration and intrinsic worth, out of whose ranks Divine Providence shall select leaders to mankind—for they shall be not sublimer in their faith than simple in *life*, and the precepts they utter shall not be more beautiful than the examples they set.

I have no doubt that this very *issue* will yet come to be a dividing point between Christians and men of the world. The former will insist on subjecting their *animal* natures to their *spiritual* natures, and so will abjure flesh-meats as food. They will become simple in habits, refined in tastes, gentle in manners, given to hospitality, and all bitterness and wrath, and anger and evil speaking, shall be put away from them, with all malice, and they will be kind one to another, tender-hearted, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

The latter, then as now, will be flesh-eaters,

making their spiritual natures succumb to the animal in them, and so shall the *works* of the flesh be manifest in them: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, envying, murders, drunkenness, and the like.

And thus the two shall grow apart—
The Christian, with his eye uplifted, shall behold
His crown of glory hanging o'er him,
While the muck-rake man, with eye down-tending,
Shall see his future in his present pleasures.

I am yours, truly,

JAMES C. JACKSON.

GLEN HAVEN WATER-CURE,
SCOTT, CORTLAND CO., N. Y., June 1, 1858.

LETTER NO. 6.

GLEN HAVEN, May, 1858.

From Harriet N. Austin

To

DEAR BLANK: Our position as conductors of a curative institution, and promulgators of new and revolutionary ideas, makes us the recipients yearly of a vast number of letters, of all descriptions, and from all sorts of persons. All manner of chirography, and orthography, and grammatical errors is represented in them. Questions on all conceivable subjects are asked, opinions and views of every shade and shape advanced, and sometimes whole pages are written which are destitute of even the shadow of an idea. Scenes of sickness and suffering and poverty are pictured to us, disappointments, sorrows, and heartaches are shown us, which are utterly beyond our power to reach or alleviate. These necessarily add greatly to our labors, are sometimes exceedingly trying to our benevolence, and not unfrequently are very annoying. Yet I have often thought that the good these stray letters do us more than compensates for all they cost us. They are great educators. They teach us human nature, showing us the secret motives which move men and women, admitting us behind the curtains and uncovering to us naked hearts. Sometimes a single word of encouragement and cheer gleaned from them makes a whole day sunshiny for us. They are often suggestive of thought, and frequently introduce us to characters whom it would have been a great loss not to have known.

I have a letter acquaintance with an old lady of fifty-four, a peculiar old lady, which has been very pleasant to me. She is *peculiar* in that she has a way of her own, thinking and acting for herself, and not always treading a beaten track. She has long been in the habit of reading the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, and of giving it, with all the physiological reform works she was able to procure, as wide spread a circulation as possible. It seems the practice of smoking the pipe has been very prevalent, not only among the men, but also among the women of her vicinity. With her views she could not rest in such a neighborhood. About a year since she wrote me she had procured some tracts on tobacco, and intended to take this matter seriously in hand. She met much opposition and little success, as all do who attack the physical transgressions of men; but as her stimulus to effort was the love of truth, she persevered, and now sees the fruit of her labor springing up. Last March she wrote me, relating some very interesting instances of "anti-tobacco

conversions." She says: "Your Journals" (referring to Dr. Jackson's article in the January number of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL) "are doing excellent execution. Mrs. J. received the truth instantly, and never smoked afterward." And where persons are *obstinate* about receiving the truth she follows them up. She writes pertinent sentences, containing strong truth in few words, and posts them in conspicuous places in their houses or shops, where they are compelled to see them often, till "the sight of their eyes affects their hearts." In one family the oldest son ceased to smoke immediately on reading the JOURNAL. A few days afterward the mother sat by the window, and threw her pipe in the stove, and as it failed to break, she went and broke it with the tongs, determined to smoke no more. Soon "the younger son followed suit, and smashed his pipe." When they told my correspondent she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" On the other side of her, a neighbor, with whom she "had long battled, took her pipe out, laid it on a pile of stones, and demolished it with an axe."

The earnest simplicity of her style, combined with her determination and devotion to truth, always make me laugh heartily over her letters, while I cherish great respect and a warm interest for her. It is a marked instance of what one may accomplish, with small means, who has *faith* in the right and energy.

This lady has had a cavity in her lungs several years, and has only kept herself out of the grave by *determination*. She wears the reform dress, and says of herself, "I turn over a new leaf every April. Last year I left off the use of tea and coffee, and this April I commence to take a daily bath." A capital idea! Suppose each of the readers of this JOURNAL should form the resolution to "turn over a new leaf," in some department of their lives, every April.

Some might profitably take a hint from a letter just received from her, in which she says: "I split a cord of wood last winter, and I cultivate potatoes, corn, peas, beans, parsneps, beets, tomatoes, squashes, cabbages, flax, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and flowers; also sorghum, and made two quarts of molasses last fall. People think it strange, but I know its benefits on health."

HEART DISEASE.—NO. I.

BY DR. GEO. HOYT, BOSTON.

THERE is hardly an organ in the human body subject to such a variety of diseases as the heart, and it is believed there is not one whose derangements are so imperfectly understood.

One evidence of the truth of this remark is found in the observation often made, that a certain individual has "the" heart disease. The same idea I have known promulgated by those who, in other things, would be considered good authority. So is it often said, and occasionally reported in the Journals, that "the" heart disease had been cured, etc., implying its liability to but one. I have examined the record of cases thus described, and have seldom found evidence that the patient had disease of the heart. The only

symptom indicating it, in a majority of cases, was palpitation, which may be, and generally is, symptomatic only of distant irritation.

I need not say all this is wrong. It is so, because an opinion, based on such slight and uncertain evidence, is liable to mislead the public, and especially the individual who is a subject of the supposed disease.

To make the inference aforesaid simply from palpitation is equally preposterous as to affirm congestion of the brain from pain in the head. That congestion is always productive of more or less pain is true. But the same is often equally true of disease located in a remote section. Fever, a bilious or acid stomach, spinal irritation, and a variety of other disturbing elements do the same, under circumstances which positively forbid the idea of congestion.

Palpitation, however, is an important symptom, because it shows disturbance and want of harmony in the vital forces of the heart, and should stand as a "bugle call" to a physician, prompting him to make careful examination—nothing more. It is true there are certain external signs sometimes accompanying it which offer presumptive evidence of the heart's lesion. An irregular pulse, "sinking," and faintness, with a purple tint suffusing the face, are symptoms which naturally fill the mind with apprehensions of what the future will reveal. But no one can be justified in giving an opinion, or what is worse, in placing a patient under a course of treatment, till, by a thorough exploration by "physical signs," and a careful analysis of every symptom, he has, as far as possible, *mastered* the case.

With the greatest care, by an educated and practiced ear, its pulsations do not *always* define the nature of a case so distinctly and absolutely as to make a diagnosis free from doubt. Nevertheless, the general characteristics may be determined, and a physician at least should *always* be able to decide whether the phenomena are to be attributed to organic change or functional derangement.

These investigations demand of him an earnestness, such entire devotion to the interests committed to his charge, and such accuracy of knowledge combined, as will not only inspire with confidence the mind of his patient, but as will also forbid his commission of important errors in his diagnosis.

If it be ultimately decided that there is no organic disease, then the symptoms must be explained on the principle of sympathy; for if not affected *primarily*, the heart is *secondarily*. To search out and accurately determine the exciting cause is sometimes a problem difficult to solve.

Beginning with the lungs, each organ should be subjected to the same thorough and discriminating examination as was the heart. As we pass from part to part, it should be borne in mind that though we meet no positive manifestations of severe disease, we shall probably encounter functional derangements, and that these are quite as likely to explain the irritations of distant parts as do the more active forms of organic disease.

This part of an examination is one of deep interest; for it involves a knowledge of the nature and amount of sympathy existing between different organs, whose functions are generally dissimilar and of opposite character. Besides this,

there is from some more than others a direct influence exerted upon the healthful functions of distant organs, the intensity of which bears no relation either to the directness or quantity of nervous communication existing between the two.

These last propositions are susceptible of abundant illustration familiar to the mind of most physicians—certainly to such as have closely observed the phenomena accompanying functional change.

This whole subject is one of deep interest to the student in physiology, a knowledge of which is more available in aiding us to strike at the cause of physical trouble than almost all others combined. I propose, however, to pursue the subject in a subsequent article.

A PROPOSITION.

BY J. G. PETERSON, M.D.

MAN once lived to near a thousand years; now he does not live to thirty. How long will he live a dozen generations hence? Physicians, instead of banishing the causes of disease and stopping man in his downward career to death and destruction, only hasten his precipitate exit hence. In view of this sad and lamentable state of affairs, it behooves us to make diligent effort to bring about the much-desired physical redemption of man. Therefore, for the purpose of better effecting a reformation in the habits of the people, and that the merits of the different systems of medication may the more accurately be tested, and the knowledge of medical science turned to a good account in behalf of the *people*, instead of being subservient alone to the selfish gains of doctors, I propose that the physicians of all schools, and the people having confidence in them, determine that henceforth it shall be the physician's duty to teach and educate the people in a knowledge of the laws of life and health as taught by their respective schools; and that the people sustain the physician by a fixed or agreed-upon salary, in the same manner as ministers of the gospel are sustained. And, peradventure, the people get sick after having a knowledge of, and due regard to, the laws of their being, it be the physician's duty to treat them gratuitously.

Thus there will be an inducement to teach, and cause the people to obey and remain well; as it can certainly be of no advantage to the physician for them to be sick when he is bound to treat them for nothing. This arrangement would be a decided advantage to the people, inasmuch as prevention is better than cure. It would save pain, sickness, and premature death; and I am sure the people, if properly in their senses, desire neither; and physicians, if possessed of common sympathy, are not desirous of seeing man suffer or die. It would be an advantage to the *physician*, too, inasmuch as it would change his labor from that of *practicing* to that of *preaching*, which is said to be much the easier of the two. He would then be set at liberty to do aright before God and man, and be enabled to pray for the well-being of the people, without asking God to deprive himself of a living by his profession. But under the present rules and regulations of medication, the physician can not pray for the health and happiness of his fellow-men without praying indirectly against himself, and *vice versa*.

Now, how can a physician be a Christian under these circumstances, when he is dependent upon sickness for a living competency? He is in a paradoxical strait, and how he can extricate himself other than by the above, I can not see.

CASE OF TYPHOID FEVER.

BY DR. GEORGE C. WOOD.

As you solicit reports of cases treated by hydropathic means, I submit the following report of a case treated by myself last October.

The patient was a young lady fifteen years old, and quite fleshy; first taken with severe pain in the head, grew worse and worse. An Allopath of many years' experience was called to take charge of the case; under his treatment she got worse. Then other M.D.'s of the *regular* profession were called to his aid; three of them met from day to day at the bedside of the patient. After twenty-one days of scientific treatment the patient was said to be past hope; I was then called to see her; her father told me she had typhoid fever.

I found she had been delirious for days without a moment's intermission; I saw her for the first on the twenty-first day of her illness; she had not spoken for four days, or swallowed for thirty-six hours; was in constant agony, and required constant watching to keep her from throwing herself out of bed, so frantic was she from pain; she was in constant motion, and grated her teeth continually; had been blistered between the shoulders and on the neck; the cuticle had been recently removed from the entire forehead by a blister; what medicine she had taken is more than I know.

Although the concentrated wisdom of four Allopaths had failed to relieve her by scientific applications, I did not think her past recovery.

I wet my hand in cold water and manipulated her temples, for a few moments; I then directed a sheet to be wet and folded several times, and placed under her back; I then resumed the manipulation of her temples, and placed a wet soft linen handkerchief on the poor blistered forehead. In less than an hour she was raised up and took a drink of water, opened her eyes, spoke and seemed to recognize her mother; I watched her closely myself, and was assisted by neighbors who were excellent nurses and strong in the faith of Hydropathy. I cut her hair off and kept her head constantly wet by manipulation. In five days I dismissed the case as out of danger.

In the treatment of this case I depended more upon the wet hand to save life, than all other means I know of, within the reach of the hydropathist. The manipulations were confined to the head and spine.

The result of treatment in this case caused the usual amount of talk; was regarded by some as wonderful, and by others as a fortunate escape from the grave, but no evidence that Water-Cure is not a humbug.

Should you think it worth your while to give this a place in the Journal, and desire me to give my reasons for depending so much upon manipulation, I will give them the first opportunity I have to write them out.

PEORIA WATER-CURE, March 22, 1857.

DELICATE HEALTH.

To look at the long rows of empty desks, every morning that the sun does not shine, would lead a spectator to make some melancholy reflections on the large proportion of invalids contained in the school—girls with flat chest, and lungs nowhere, or such ill-arranged digestions that an inadvertent piece of pie lays them up for the day, or young ladies with nerves of such delicate organization that the excitement of a concert entirely incapacitates them from performing school duties during the ensuing week, are so common as to pass unnoticed.

Now, allowing for all the illness manufactured or enlarged upon for excuses to suit the occasion, there still remains a large proportion of cases of actual sickness, still a number of delicate young ladies who take a turn of incipient consumption, dyspepsia, low fever, etc., at least seven or eight times a year, as regularly as they buy their Easter bonnets. Nor is this wondered at by the fair patients or anxious friends; the former regard it as an interesting feature of young ladyhood, the latter as an afflictive dispensation of Providence. In fact, it seems to be tacitly considered that one of the most lovable and feminine characteristics of a maiden

"Standing with reluctant feet

Where the brook and river meet,"

is an extreme tendency to headaches, general lassitude, and inability to bear the slightest physical exertion. In fact, our whole female population seem to have set their hearts on reducing themselves to the state of Holmes' interesting damsels, who "loathed beefsteaks and hot breakfast rolls, and astonished their relations very much by feeding on slate pencils, chalk, and coal." And they set to work to accomplish their purpose with an energy, or want of it, truly laudable. A persevering course of hard study, joined to other sedentary pursuits, as worsted work, to the entire exclusion of any healthful exercise, never exceeding a walk of a mile and a half, will suffice to reduce the most buxom, rosy-cheeked girl to as pale, poetical, lifeless a young lady as doctor could wish. The poem goes on to say that upon the six young damsels being informed that they were far gone in tubercular consumption, they wept aloud, which so affected six young men, that they all declared their honest love, whereat the young damsels grew well again. Unfortunately such convenient cures as the honest love of young men are not always on hand, and the effects of physical inactivity are visible through the rest of the victim's lifetime, to be seen in her shattered constitution, miserable household, and puny children. And when, if she is not rendered a hopeless invalid in her youth, her illness and those of her unhappy little ones render her husband miserable and her house a perpetual hospital, her friends wonder at the mysterious dispensations of Providence, and sigh over Adam's fall, that entailed such curses upon the unhappy race of man. Dispensations and Adam have both had a great deal more to answer for than their share. If girls will commit slow suicide, by refusing their bodies what is full as needful as food—exercise—they have no right to lay the responsibility either on the dispensations of Providence or the original curse; they have transgressed the plainest laws of health, laws as immutable and unchangeable as those which hold

the planets in their courses, and they must suffer the just penalty.

If laws were outnumbered by exceptions, they would be annulled, there would be no laws; but it is impossible that nature's laws should be annulled till nature ceases to exist. Nobody doubts that death will ensue upon taking a sufficient dose of active poison; they acknowledge the fact as a law, that the introduction of such substances into our systems is fatal to existence, and avoid trespassing on that law with the utmost care; but while acknowledging nominally, also, that exercise is absolutely necessary to existence—that the bones can not harden, the blood circulate, or the lungs expand without it, yet do the great majority of our population, certainly of our school girls, practically ignore any such necessity, diminish their walks to a most contemptible minimum, entail headaches and any number of ghastly lists of diseases upon themselves, and then talk complainingly or boastfully, as the case may be, of their delicate constitutions or sensitive nerves. In fact, it seems to be considered positively unladylike, unfeminine, to be able to exert one's self in any manner but the feeblest. To be able to walk ten or twelve miles, as it is often said every girl or boy ought to do daily, is a strong proof of a masculine disposition; and should a girl make an unfortunate attempt to skate, or coast, or play cricket, or engage in any other generous, invigorating sport, she is immediately tabooed from polite society, set down at once as a hoyden, or more dreadful still, a tomboy. No, the splendid winter afternoons and glorious summer days must be spent by her laboriously manufacturing elegant good-for-nothings, crocheting bags to hold nothing, making wax flowers to catch dust, or working elaborate birds, flowers, or other lovely imitations of nature (and such imitations!) in worsted and chenille. Such trifles as these must give her mind its feminine bend, her fingers a habit of busy idleness, enlarge her intellect, weaken her eyes, cramp her limbs, and last, but not least, flood the house with a deluge of worsted ottomans, cushions, mats, etc., while her more fortunate brothers are rambling in the delicious green woods, or playing in the free, open fields, inhaling air and sunshine, and drinking in the thousand sweet influences of earth and sky. Could we disembodify our soul and enter now upon the full delights of an unclogged spirit, would our purified minds fly back to that sweet, pretty fancy-work that now aids so materially to fill and refine them? And as we yet inhabit living, palpable bodies, it seems rather poor policy to convert them from helpful servants into tyrannical, painful masters, and not even then satisfy the soul. Rightly trained, the mere animal sensations become sources of exquisite enjoyment. To one who fears not headaches, and whose nerves are not shocked at the thought of veins full of rich, rushing life, just to stand erect in the rays of the summer sun, to feel the warm blood bounding to the very finger tips, as if it would make them sprout for very exuberance, the mere sensation of existence is a truly glorious feeling. One actually has a filial respect for the firm, motherly earth on which one stands; one claims brotherhood with the tall trees and sunny flowers, and would emulate the clustering vines in climbing the walls and

terraces from one's own superabundance of life and vigor. Ah, those rare June days, when we bathe as it were in the very essence of sunlight, when we absorb into our own being the glory and richness of the universe! We are, and the sun shines. That is enough.

Now what does the delicate (say weak, rather, 'tis an uglier word) invalid, or headache, languid, premature octogenarian of sixteen know of the delights of healthy, physical existence? What does she know of the immense field of enjoyment that she voluntarily walls up from herself? Botany and gardening, two of the most delightful pursuits in the world, are practical impossibilities to her who can not handle a spade, or walk a couple of miles, or get her feet damp, or her head hot, without being laid up for the imprudence. The power of observation (which constitutes all the difference between a wise man and a fool) becomes extremely limited, if confined to shades of worsted or loves of bonnets.

A free, healthy, generous tone of mind is much harder to preserve, when that mind is continually kept dusty and cramped indoors, than when body and mind throw off their miserable, petty little individuality, and plunge headlong into God's world amid the hills that tell of his might and the waving grain-fields that testify to his loving kindness.

Can any one dare to assert that that which brings us face to face with the handiwork of Jehovah can have a less refining, less enlarging influence than the routine calling, the insipid tea-drinking, the frittering accomplishments and general smallishness of a young lady's life? Does nature only do for the boys? Must girls be contented with that empty substitute—society? Let any girl try an afternoon's skating or rowing, or carry a bushel of nuts three miles up hill, or play ball three hours running, or walk five or six miles after a stray cow, or scratch herself all up with briars getting wild grapes, or go a day's fishing or blackberrying, or ride a mile or two on a hay-cart, or on a horse, barebacked, or even if, poor child, city streets must bound her rambles, walk from the Battery to the Reservoir, with open eyes and distended lungs, and if at the end she feels that she is any less a lady, that she has detracted a whit from her true womanliness, I will give up my walks and my argument.

But there is something more than increased enjoyment of life to be considered. Most girls expect to be wives and mothers in the course of time; now, how are they to fulfill a single household duty, much less rear their children, if now in the prime of youth they willfully throw away the talisman which will enable them to have happy homes and families. If young girls of sixteen and seventeen can not exert themselves enough to stir their sluggish blood, what are they going to do when burdened with the cares and responsibilities of life, and perhaps with a constitution weakened from an inactive youth? The lists of deaths in the papers of women dying in the prime of life and leaving a family of young children to scabble up in life as best they may with no mother's care, tell sad tales of this wasted youth. And a sickly woman is totally incompetent to perform her duty as a citizen. It is her business to keep the wheels of society oiled, while the men clear new paths for enterprise; but if she neglects her duty, and

society has to come to a stand still, while the men turn back to ascertain the cause of the stoppage, and have to puzzle and contrive how the wheels shall go; if half the workmen are laid up, what is to become of society?

While men are pushing sanitary reform in all directions, and appear externally to be gaining great advantages over disease, is it not very discouraging to find out suddenly that all their wives and daughters have become so enfeebled that they can no more be help-mates to them, but burdens, and causes of ceaseless anxiety? What would Eve have accomplished starting in the world with a delicate constitution? Of course we hear a good deal of talk about the destinies of our country being in the hands of women, etc., but one thing is true, *i. e.*, that so far as the destinies of a nation depend upon its health, they certainly are. The health of the next generation depends almost entirely on the girls of this; and they certainly will not be held unaccountable if they willfully throw away, in a fit of laziness, the happiness of millions of present and future households—*Life Illustrated*.

SCARLET FEVER IN TENNESSEE.

DR. TRALL—*Dear Sir:* I am a thorough Water-Cure, and have had three or four cases of scarlet fever, which I treated with water and cured the fever in a short time. They were three negro children; one, a boy about ten or eleven years old, had sore throat with fever; his throat ulcerated, which I soon cured by the application of water, also the fever; but after the fever left, his eyes smarted and became red; then his face, and finally his body swelled; the swelling came on in the night and would go down somewhat in the day. The other two about five and seven years old; their faces, necks, and bodies would swell, and go down partially in the day. I see nothing said about the disease which seems to follow scarlet fever, in any of your books or the JOURNAL. I would like very much to know how you would treat the "after-claps," as I call them, of the scarlet fever. If it is not asking too much, you will please let me know through the JOURNAL your management.

The scarlet fever has been in five or six families in this neighborhood, and all that have employed physicians—drug doctors—which has been five out of six, mine being the only exception have lost from one to two in each family. I have had four cases and have not lost one. Oh, how I would like to have some twenty cases and not lose one! I would like to open the eyes of the people, but they would say my patients did not have the scarlet fever, as I understand some of them have said already. It is hard to eradicate old errors and establish new truths in their stead. I am now fifty-four years old. I would like very much to spend next winter with you, but I am too old to think of studying medicine; but for my own satisfaction I would like to attend your school one session. I would like to be better acquainted with water treatment, as I never expect to take any more drugs, and would be glad to be able to do what is best for myself when sick. The doctors of my acquaintance try to ridicule me out of the notion of Water-Cure, but I tell them I think it much more efficacious than drugs, and much safer if you never do violence to the system. What books ought a person to read if they wish to attend your school? I have your "Encyclopedia," "The Water-Cure Library," Dr. Shew's "Family Physician," besides some other small works. I remain, with much esteem, your friend, CLARKESVILLE, TENN. JOHN T. JOHNSON.

REMARKS.—The sequelæ, or complications of scarlet fever require no special treatment, except

very careful attention to the dietary. We have never lost a case of scarlet fever, and probably you would not if you should treat twenty. It is better to let the patients entirely alone than to give them drugs. The drugs which the doctors call medicines kill ten where the fever itself kills one.

MY SATCHEL.

BY H. H. HOPE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

IN districts of country which prior to human settlement were covered with woods—tall old trees that lift their tops two hundred feet toward the sky—it is common, as soon as a village has started large enough to support a blacksmith, to have some person burn a pit of charcoal. Every one knows what charcoal is, though he may not know *how* it is made or burnt. As the process is of itself interesting, and as I know something relating to it from practical observation, in the following story—which is in all particulars *veracious*—I propose to let the readers of the JOURNAL see how a charcoal heap is made.

Some time in the year 1814 I was called to travel through Western New York, and my route of travel took me through Onondaga County.

I stopped at the village of M—, a quiet and picturesque little place, the hotel in which was kept by a man of the name of Stoughton Morse. He was a jolly landlord—a “*bon-vivant*”—which means, literally translated, that he was a *glutton*. Something connected with the stage accommodations rendered a delay unavoidable, and I was compelled to remain in the place two days. I arrived in town Friday night, and could not leave till Monday morning. So I thought I would make

Of “Necessity

A Virtue,” and *enjoy* myself; for enjoyment in one form or another is the chief end of man in *his own* estimation. He contemplates life from no other point. He may live and *not* enjoy, but, by no consent of his. What he endures at times is marvelous to think of; but if unpleasant, there are no hours of his conscious life that he ceases to struggle to change that which is to be *borne* for that which is attractive.

I have never seen a more lovely morning than the Saturday morning after my arrival at M—. Had the landed proprietor had his own way, he could not have created any influence so potent to win general respect or liking for the country surrounding M— as *Nature* that morning set at work. There was not a cloud to be seen. It was a warm, gentle air that fanned the face of the early riser. Birds were in the branches, their throats full of song; and the smoke which lifted from the chimney-tops rose up till it looked from fifty dwellings like fifty gigantic warrior-plumes, made of *blue* feathers.

The proprietor of the land was a *great* man. I know he was, though I did not see him. I had indubitable though secondary testimony to the fact of his greatness. Pray, tell me, how does one know that Sir Christopher Wren was a great man? that the architect of the Thames Tunnel is a great man? that the builder of the Leviathan is a great man, except by their *works*? It is what men *do* that attests their greatness. Your

loud-mouthed do-nothings are not *great*; they are only *noisy*—occupying space for a time. Now, this landed proprietor was a great man. I had two evidences of it.

1. In clearing up the land he had spared a large number of huge elms and basswoods, together with as many thrifty, yet moderately-sized maple, beech, ash, and hemlock trees as would give the village the appearance of age and great comfort. No addle-pate would have thought thus far; but, on the contrary, would have cut them all down, dug up their stumps at great expense, and set in their places dwarfed or spindled saplings. The State of New York is dotted all over with evidences of just such wastefulness. Trees that have for a hundred years cast shadows a hundred feet long, are smitten by the axeman for no other reason than because he has an insane passion to

“Let the day-light in.”

Fool, gawkie, blunderhead! as though Nature did not act as wisely in providing *shade* as light. Such persons, if they could have their own way, would have *eternal* sunshine. But fortunately for his interests, and for the comfort of the settlers and the beauty of the village, he had spared the *patriarchs* of the forest, and had so plotted the streets and lots for dwellings, that almost every builder had his dwelling o’erhung by one or more beautiful forest-trees already grown.

2. He had also had the precaution to make his streets *wide*, and to reserve a “village green”—what is now-a-days denominated, in an attempt to ape the airs and manners of a city, a *park*—in the center of the village. These two thoughtful reservations made him in my eye a *great* man; for to save is quite as sure an element of greatness in human character as to *destroy*.

In looking off the “tavern stoop,” I saw at a distance a smoke evidently issuing from a smothered or concealed fire. I asked the tavern-keeper what it was, and he said it was a charcoal pit. “O! ho!” said I, “I will go and see it after breakfast. I have never yet seen charcoal-making.”

“If you go over there you’ll be interested,” said he, “for you’ll see something that you never saw before.”

“What is that?” I asked.

He laughed, and replying, “Why, you’ll see them burn charcoal,” turned on his heel and went into the house.

I did not see anything to laugh at in his thus addressing me, unless I was so *green*—in his view—as never to have seen a pit of charcoal burnt; so I ate my breakfast and started out. I went through meadow and plowed field, I traversed bog and hill-side, till at last I entered the clearing, and made my way to the charcoal bed.

I saw no person from the side on which I approached, and stopped to look at and admire the burning heap. It was of mound-like form, and, I should say, 20 feet at the base, and at least 15 feet high—perhaps not more than twelve, but at least the latter. It looked like a smothered volcano, through whose thousand crevices and cracks the fire was striving to burst. Nothing was visible but a huge heap of earth, and smoke issuing from it. It would have frightened any number of savages out of their wits, could they

have suddenly and for the first time come upon it. I was becoming rapidly absorbed in speculation as to the manner in which fire had been communicated to the mass of wood evidently being charred to coal by the action of smoldering heat, when I heard a voice of great sweetness and power sing:

“When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

I started, walked round the pit, and found myself in the presence of a grown-up girl.

I looked and looked again, and said:

“Good morning, miss! I beg your pardon, but I was informed that by walking up here I should see how a coal-pit was made and burned; and not knowing, and having nothing else to do, being a stranger, and being detained in M— over Sunday, I thought I would while away time. Do I intrude?”

“Not in the least, sir. I should be happy to tell you all I know about the process of burning charcoal, for I am proud, girl as I am, to be able to say that I know *how* it is done.”

“And that you help to do it,” I broke in to say.

“Yes; you may add that also, if you please, for I do *help* to do it. From the splitting of the wood to the uncovering of the heap I have my position in the business.”

“May I ask questions of you frankly?”

“Yes, and I will answer them frankly.”

“Why, may I ask, then, do you, a young woman, engage in so unfeminine an occupation as this? Why not do what it seems more appropriate for a *girl* to do—sew, knit, wash, do housework, teach school? I heard the tavern-keeper say, this morning, that he did not know, for his part, what the villagers would do for hired help, girls were so scarce.”

“Fairly asked, sir; and if you will accept of a seat such as I have to offer, I will fairly answer.” She motioned me to a hemlock block sawed off, in length about two feet, and in breadth about the same, and as I sat down she seated herself on a like seat near, and said:

“I have many reasons for working in the open air in preference to housework and among them are the following:

“1. Nature demands that every human being should have habitual and abundant *exercise* in the open air. This may be had from pleasure, or recreation, or by labor. Now, I am compelled to get my out-of-door life in connection with *work*. I am poor. My father is a coal-burner. I can help him; and I have yet to learn what my *sex* has to do with the matter. In making me female she absolved me from none of the great laws of existence. I need to eat, to sleep, to wear clothing, to take exercise, to acquire knowledge, for aught I can see, as much as though I were a *man*. No research of mine has enabled me to feel that foul air, sedentary habits, improper clothing, unfit food, defective exercise, will fail to produce on me their deleterious effects less forcibly because I am a *woman*. If, then, nature will make no exception in my favor, why should I submit to restrictions imposed to my *disadvantage*? I believe in the philosophy of *compensation*. For something given up other things are given back. Self-

sacrifice and self-denial insure reward. He who gives gets. But in this instance, were I to do as women generally do, as you seem to wonder that I have not done, I should give much and gain naught. Think of me as I *am*, with brain calm and clear, and all my senses at command! I can see as far as a hawk, I can hear as far as a moose, I can smell as far as a hound, and can run scarcely less fleet. I sleep as *THE RIGHTeous* only can, and wake with the robins in the morning. My bodily wants are few, easily satisfied, and I find time to study and improve my mind."

"To study! what?" I exclaimed.

"Ha! ha! Why, Latin, Greek, mathematics, history, botany, zoology, astronomy, surveying"—looking at me from head to foot—said she. "You look incredulous; but I am telling you the truth. Our village has a schoolmaster not less learned than Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' had; and I am his pet—just odd enough, unartificial enough, *natural* enough to suit him; and so he thinks me a *genius*. Poor man! he is woefully mistaken. I am the superior of the village girls only in *opportunity*. They have not had my privileges—to live uncramped, unconstrained, uncorseted. They have had no freedom, have lived only by sufferance, and so are undeveloped. Their bodies are twisted out of shape, their stomachs are enfeebled, their muscles are flabby and spongy, their brains are unmagnetic, their minds have no electric force, their souls are low in purpose, and their lives are rapid. To compare me with such persons, and from our relative positions to deduce the conclusion that I am a genius, is not creditable to my dominie's logic, though it is to his *good sense*, for it indicates that he can discern the difference between one who lives somewhat according to Nature and those who violate her requisitions in every direction. However, his mistake is to my advantage; for thinking that I am somewhat extraordinary, he is enthusiastic in his efforts to give me all his facilities for improvement. So I tend coal-heap and attend Virgil at the same time."

I was astonished, and looked thus, I have no doubt; for she raised her eyes—which while describing the dominie's idea of her she had kept on the ground—and looking on me, said: "You seem surprised, sir."

"I am surprised. I never met one like you before. While you are talking, your argument seems fair. But I am convinced it is fair only in *seeming*. Nature never intended that *woman* should occupy the place of *man*."

"I grant it," she said; "and for this, if for no other reason, that Nature never intended that two things should occupy one and the *same* place. Nature never commits absurdities. But is it not quite as true, that while she does not intend that *woman* should occupy *man's* place, she also does not intend that *man* shall occupy *woman's* place? I think it is. If the rule is good in its converse as in its direct application, then the question is an open one—what is the place for either sex to occupy? And this is not to be settled *à priori*, or by abstract reasoning, but by actual *trial*. If, therefore—opportunities being the same—I can do one or more things which need doing as well as you can, the right to do them is mine equally with yours. If I can do them better, then my right to do them is better;

and in equal conditions, you, man though you be, must step aside. Am I illogical or unreasonable?"

"Not very," I replied.

"But am I at all?"

"I can not say, strictly speaking, that you are."

"Thank you. Why, then, should you wonder that I am tending this coal-pit instead of working in some kitchen? To know what I *can* do, I must have opportunity; and in taking that which is offered—as work out-of-doors—I do but consult my preference, for which choice I should not cause wonder in *any* mind, much less in that of a gentleman evidently well-bred. The simple truth is, you men hedge up *woman's way*; you cut off all opportunities for her growth in great practical knowledge, and then proclaim her unfit for varied labor or diversified industry. Do you think this quite ingenious? thus to do wrong, and then to take advantage of your wrong to offer a justification?"

I had evidently found an ORIGINAL. I had never seen such a woman before. She was not over 18 to 20 years old, was clad in plain linen clothes, was modest, pleasant, handsome, of easy manners, and as strong in her simplicity as warrior in coat of mail.

Yet, much as I was interested in her mastery of the points in logic making for the freedom of her sex, I had not come up the hill-side to hear a disquisition on woman's rights, or to be entertained by a young, beautiful, and modern Mary Wolstoncroft, but to find out *how* charcoal was made; so I said:

"I see that, young as you are, you are an apt pupil of Mrs. Wolstoncroft, and have your argument for woman's freedom at your tongue's end."

She looked hurt, so much so as to convince me that I had been *rude*; and I was about to apologize, when she forestalled me by saying:

"Who is Mrs. Wolstoncroft? I never heard of her before. If my thoughts are so much like hers, that you think me her pupil, I should like to know her. Be kind enough to be *just*. It is a hard thing for tyrants to be just. It is scarcely less hard for *privileged classes* to be. Men have all the advantages. Men are, therefore, as you are, self-complacent—exceedingly so—and their ideas of woman are inverse to their ideas of themselves. Now, I am the pupil of no man but ONE; and before you dispose of this question of my *personality*, my *identity*, my *individuality*, my *entity*, or whatsoever name or phrase you give to that of me which I designate by the pronoun—I, *myself*—I insist that you shall hear all that I have to say. You confess that in the province of REASON my qualifications are the test of my liberty. Given the power to do anything, and to do it *well*, mine is the right and freedom to do it—as good a right and as complete freedom as any others who can not do it *better* than I can. I assure you, sir, in my own mind, the right to do *this* thing or *that* thing does not hang on the consent of the reason more essentially than on the assent of the heart. I will be *free*, because my faith and my love demand *freedom*. I am a *Christian*, and the philosophy of Christianity is the philosophy of Liberty."

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is,

There is Liberty."

"May I venture to ask what church you attend?" I said.

"I go to the Presbyterian Church," she replied. "I thought the Presbyterians were puritanic," I remarked.

"Very likely your thought is true. But if it is, it would not trouble me, for I am not annoyed at what is precise; I am simply strengthened by what is *true*. Error does not disturb me as it does some persons, for I am so full of gratulations for the truth's sake, that I rejoice daily."

"I can see clearly," I said, "that you are moved by no ordinary motion to do as you do. You seem to have an *intense* life—a life within your own."

"Yes, my life is not my *own*. The life I live in the flesh I live not of myself, but by the faith of the Son of God; and this faith impels me to regard as *sacred* the laws inscribed on my physical as well as on my spiritual nature. I seek to glorify God in my body as well as in my spirit, and therefore

I burn charcoal.

And now, if you will consent to dine with me, after dinner I will explain the process of charcoal-making, and send you back to the tavern—ha! ha!" and her laugh rung as clear and as beautiful as Music herself could have laughed—"ha! ha! ha! to the tavern, having learned something of a rustic *female*." She rose, and from a little "shanty" brought forth a dinner fit—yes, *fit* for one in my condition.

[To be concluded in the July number.]

MYSTERIES OF MEDICINE

MANY of these are brought to light by George Allerton, in his "Mysteries of Medical Life," a little blue book, in which much truth is outspoken with a fearless simplicity found only with the experienced in the medical profession. With thirty years' practice, Allerton is privileged to expose some of the tricks of the trade, and to throw a few beams of light upon the horrors of Eculepian darkness. Frequently, the *old* physician, who has established his reputation and made a fortune by his practice, frankly confesses to his friends and pupils the ruinous effects of authorized treatment; as an eminent surgeon of this city, a year ago, in reference to a case of opacity of the cornea, said to his medical class, "Gentlemen, I have destroyed many hundreds of eyes (we *believe* he said *thousands*) by my treatment of them, and the doctor who says he has not, only confesses that he has had but little practice." He assured them that the simplest treatment was the only safe one. His prescription was, one drop of West India molasses, dropped into the eye at its outer angle and allowed to run across it to the nose—applied daily for a fortnight. We could simplify the doctor's treatment, giving with it a hundred chances of cure.

But, the *Book*—Allerton says, "There is no doctor so stupid but that some equally stupid person can be found to call him clever." "If any think that the most popular doctors are the most scientific or the most skillful, one glance at them will dispel such a vision forever." "Youth is not selected for the medical calling on account of peculiar fitness or special education, but because his mother wishes to have a doctor in the family. Hence the Nature-stamped inferiorities we see in every town. Families in the humble walks of life are prosper-

ous, perhaps, and they begin to dream of professions for their sons. If they have three, the sharpest is sent to the village lawyer, the mediocrity to the village doctor, and the inferiority to the village parson. If mamma have two, the sharpest is selected for the doctor; but if only one—no matter what his feelings or his faculties may be—he *must* be a doctor, for physic has ever been a mother's favorite choice."

In answering the question, "What is a doctor?" he says it is certain that a great many might be taken for anything else; "yet there is about them an *indescribable something* which bespeaks their mission, and leads you to exclaim, 'This is a doctor, I am sure!' This is not his dress, although that is very emblematic of his 'grave calling.' It is a mixture of prudence, caution, and reserve, in his physiognomy, mingled with doubt, hope, and fear; a mixture of physical dullness and intellectual brightness, an *expression* wrought by a deeply-sunken die, stamped with a weight of injustice, disappointment, and neglect." He quotes from a French writer, who defines a doctor, "A man clothed in black, who puts drugs of which he knows *little* into a body of which he knows *nothing*."

We can not forbear giving our readers a little deeper look into the "Mysteries," by quoting what he says on *Consultations*. "They are useful to young men of limited experience—they are useless to a man of talent, unless in some obscure complaint—and they are farces or deep tragedies, according to the style of acting or the style of the actors. A gentleman is ill, and under the care of a competent surgeon; but an officious aunt or neighbor, not particularly well disposed toward the family doctor, urges a consultation, and the following act ensues, with rarely any variation in its scenes: The doctor is sent for, and arrives in all due state—a chaise and pair, at least. He is introduced by the family surgeon to the lady of the house, whose husband has the misfortune to be the object of all this silly ceremony. After a few preliminary words with the medical attendant aside, he is ushered into the patient's room, where the usual colloquial performance takes place, relieved by the inspection of the tongue, counting of the pulse, and tabbering of the chest; the interesting object of the ceremony being at an amazing premium for the time, and the family doctor at a fearful discount. Seizing the first pause, the patient asks what the doctor thinks is the matter with him, as innocently as if the family surgeon had been a mute during his attendance. The reply is the approved and stereotyped one for all such occasions, 'We will go into another room, talk your case over, and then see you again.' The consultants are ushered into a private room, and introduced to two well-filled decanters of wine, which stand upon a table, surrounded with wine-glasses and flanked by an electro-plated basket of cakes, and a writing equipage, with note paper, etc., complete.

"The family doctor is requested to do the usual honors, and at the same time they are requested to take what they like. With this the door is closed, and an animated chat commences upon the weather and the crops, or the politics of the day or place, these being topics particularly suited to the patient's case. Before, however, they have well entered the field of discussion, and just as

they have poured out a glass of port, and crossed their legs for a lounge, the door opens, and the maiden aunt enters stealthily to inquire *privately* what the doctors think; she is coldly repulsed with the usual phrase on such occasions, 'We are talking the case over, and when we have finished we will ring the bell.' After three quarters of an hour's happy conversation, in which every doctor's practice is duly canvassed, the weather and crops discussed, the patient's occupation, habits, and circumstances talked over, the quality of his wine approved, and the whole artistic, musical, and scientific world reviewed, sundry shufflings, whisperings, and other indications of impatience, are distinctly heard outside the door, which reminds the learned doctors of the object of their visit, and gives them a gentle hint to quicken their proceedings. 'Well, now, what shall we do?' is the first question relating to the case. 'Anything you like,' is the reply. 'Well, then, suppose we give so-and-so, and put a blister on his chest, eh?' 'Very good,' is the reply. 'And I suppose we had better say the case is not quite free from danger, but we hope that he'll do well?' And with this final proposition, without waiting for the nod of assent, the bell is rung; and before the clapper could possibly have passed the summons on, the door is opened by the self-same lady who, three quarters of an hour before, had been requested to retire. She enters with important air and loses no time in renewing her former question, impressing on the doctors how important it is that she should be made acquainted with their *real* opinion, but she shall be very guarded not to let any one else know.

"This, of course, the doctors fully understand, and merely tell her just the same as they tell the wife, but in a more important and confidential tone, which answers every purpose. This farce performed, the doctors are again admitted to the patient's presence, who anxiously inquires, 'Well, doctor, what have you made of my case?'

"With a grave and suitable tone the physician informs him, that they have had a *very long consultation* about his case—that they have gone over *all the symptoms carefully*—that they are quite agreed, and think he is not entirely free from danger, but hope that what they have prescribed will soon bring him round again. He is informed that he must have a blister on his chest, and take a certain diet; he is assured that everything proper has been done for him by his medical man, and that he is in very good hands. With great apparent warmth and kindness the physician takes his leave, and the two are then conducted to another room, in which the patient's better half awaits in 'golden sorrow' the final scene.

"After asking and receiving the doctor's opinion, she inquires in a winning voice, 'Doctor, what is your fee?' 'Ten guineas, madam, if you please.' With marked confusion and astonishment, which she vainly tries to conceal, the lady dives her hand into the depths of a pocket privileged for the occasion to hold her husband's purse, and then repeats, 'Ten, I think you said, doctor?' 'Ten, madam, if you please.' 'Are they to be pounds or guineas, doctor?' 'Oh! we are not particular about that, madam;' and with a smile of satisfaction and of triumph she observes, 'Why, you know, doctor, there are no such things as guineas nowadays.' The doctor admits the truth of this too oft-repeated

remark, for the odd shilling will often pay his rent and taxes—so he pockets the fee and prepares for his escape with all possible dispatch, having overheard sundry allusions to some little boy and girl who are not *quite the thing*, and the hope that the doctor would give them his advice. The doctor of course is too good a judge to weaken the oracle by extending it—he therefore has another appointment, and not a minute to spare.

"He knows full well that when the oracle has been invoked, the sooner the deity quits the temple the better. He has moreover heard the *sotto voce* soliloquy: 'Ah! my poor, dear husband worked very hard for what he has, but we must not grudge it if it does but do him good!'

"The lady who, before paying the fee, asked the doctor when they should see him again, now says, 'Doctor, we will send you word if the patient gets no better.' This finale is all that the poor family doctor could wish; he has been at an awful discount ever since the maiden aunt first mooted the consultation, and now that the oracle has been worked, and its decision paid for, he rapidly rises to par and then to premium.

"Now, *wrong* as this farce may appear at first, and it is *literally true*, on reconsideration we must admit that it has its useful ends. It restored the confidence in the medical attendant, which the maiden aunt had wofully shaken, and it left the family doctor in quiet, undisturbed possession of his case for the whole remaining period of the illness, since no other maiden aunt would be listened to who tried again to alarm the patient out of a ten-pound note."

NO TIME TO READ.

"I HAVE not time to read it if I subscribe for it," said a man to me, when urged to take the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, after I had answered all other objections. He said this while he was "taking time" to smoke himself and his neighbors, not "greatly to their satisfaction," though it seemed to be to his. Yes, he had time to smoke, and had taken time to earn, or at least to get, a great variety of expensive "physiological abominations" with which to gratify a depraved appetite, as I had observed at dinner, for I had taken dinner with him. But the poor, hurried man found "no time to read." He had taken time to have a severe turn of "bilious fever" a few weeks before, and took time, every few days, to have a "terrible time with rheumatism," as he told me. And no wonder the man had "no time to read." Well, as he "had no time to read," I took the time he was taking to smoke to give him a gratuitous lecture on the great economy of attending to hygiene in saving those unpleasant times of suffering, and consequent expense and injury to business. I pointed out and endeavored to elucidate the desirableness of keeping in a condition to perform the greatest possible amount of labor with the least possible fatigue and wear and tear of the system. But I very much doubt whether I succeeded in piercing the cloud of smoke that enveloped his narcotized sensorium sufficiently for him to discern that a free and harmonious play of all the functions of the body was sufficiently desirable to justify him in abandoning his soul-and-body-destroying luxuries. I left a JOURNAL, hoping he might take time to read and think of these things. "Oh, when will men learn wisdom, and be wise?" H. N. H.

The Month.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 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."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

REMINISCENCES.—"Is the Water-Cure running out?" Let us see. Just fifteen years ago this present month of June, in the neighborhood of the present New York Hygeio-Medical Institute, and the Hygeio-Therapeutic College, was opened, on a very small scale, a "Cure" for the reception of invalids, to be treated without drug-remedies. It was the first establishment of the kind in America, and the thing was as mythical and unpopular as the "voice of one crying in the wilderness." The simple sign, "Water-Cure," was a mystery to the whole neighborhood. Not one in a hundred of the passers-by who read it understood its import. We advertised in the papers that we would cure diseases without the employment of anything in the shape of "apothecary stuff." A few poor, forlorn, desperate, and almost dying cases came in from the highways, and byways, and hospitals of the city. Their vitality was very low, and their purses still lower. The doctors had drugged them long and strong, and had charged them according to the quantity of services rendered. Many of them were existing on the charities of their friends, and were unable to pay even the necessary disbursements, to say nothing of room-rent, and the services of physician and attendants. Nevertheless, they were all received for just what they could pay; and, as good luck would have it, all of them recovered.

Others, in higher life and of greater ability to pay, soon began to call on us. Many of these stood on their dignity, and seemed to regard the condescension of patronizing us as quite sufficient on their part, without paying us money besides. Anecdotes like the following were frequent episodes in the history of our *sanctum sanctorum*:

"Five dollars entrance fee! What is this for? It looks very much like a gouge. What does a person get for the five dollars?"

"He gets advice, instruction, an explanation of our system, or knowledge of the laws of life and health; a plan, also, when he leaves, for home-treatment, so that he can regain his health without troubling doctors, if he will, and keep it forever after, if he pleases."

"What do you charge a week for board and treatment?"

"Ten dollars in the best class rooms."

"What! charge ten dollars a week for cold water, plain vegetables, and bread—no meat, no coffee, no nothing good! Why, one can have the best the Astor House affords for two dollars and a half a day!"

"Very well, if you are willing to pay for the living which makes you sick, and enjoy it so well, just keep right on and see how soon you can try the benefits and the comforts of dying."

"Ah, well, ahem! But how long must one take your packs and douches, and eat your coarse trash and horrid trumpery, before he will get well enough to eat and drink what he has a mind for?"

"This depends entirely on the state of his mind. He will get so that he can eat wholesome food by the time that the bell rings for dinner; but he will never be enabled to take unwholesome things and not be harmed. Our system does not aim to subvert the laws of nature, but to bring men in harmony with them."

"Oh, I see! You are very ultra. Are you not carrying matters a little too far? Are you not in danger of running your system into the ground? Would you not do better to be a little more lenient, a little more—"

"Compromising, you mean. Perhaps we should make more money at first by sacrificing our principles, but we should ruin our system in the end. We prefer to represent our system in its truth and in its purity, and have less patronage."

"Well, I'll think the matter over, and perhaps see you again. At present I do not feel that I can come down quite so low."

Others were more mindful of their social position than of their dollars, and would consent to take treatment provided we would conceal the fact from their friends and acquaintances. They could submit to the degradation of being cured empirically; but, rather than lose caste in society, they would die in the hands of the popular physicians.

Allopathic physicians came to us with their patients, and very kindly offered to "divide responsibility," they prescribing the medicines while we performed the Hydro-pathy. The co-partnership was always declined, and the doctors took their patients into their carriages and indignantly drove off.

Homeopathsists called on us to inquire if our system and theirs would not work together. We invariably agreed to answer this question whenever the inquirer would tell us *how* his system *did* operate. But as no one has ever attempted to enlighten us on this point, the great question remains unsolved to this day.

Eclectics, having no principles of their own, could amalgamate with anything; hence, they were ready to recommend Water-Cure, if we would reciprocate by prescribing their mongrel medicines. We had to give them the cold shoulder, and they have ever since called us fanatics.

Physio-Medicals were sure that steam and lobelia were as much hygienic agencies as were water and food; and when we refused them the hand of fellowship, they became as wrathful as Cayenne pepper.

Even some years later, Hydrodrugopathic physicians joined the general cry against our "one-ideaism," and became our most bitter and relentless opponents. Very few of the "Water-doctors" of those days had got their eyes open far enough to see clear through the drug system into the bright light of common sense.

Surgeons of the navy, on furlough, more than once applied for treatment, on condition that they should not be exposed, so as to be lowered in the estimation of the regular profession.

And clergymen sometimes called on us to get advice for some consumptive brother, whose case had been pronounced "doubtful" by the attending physician; but we were not allowed to see the patient, nor to know his name nor residence, lest, peradventure, he might be spoken disparagingly of by a gainsaying world.

Such of our neighbors as were on speaking terms with us would frequently ask what the "Water-Cure" was; and after we had labored faithfully for half an hour to make them understand it, they would confess that it was "very queer," but would solemnly declare that they would not dare trust themselves without *some* medicine. And we usually had the satisfaction of knowing, after exerting ourselves to the

utmost to make them comprehend its first principles, that we might just as well have talked geometry for the same length of time to the walls of a school-house.

Strangers from the country would occasionally call to make inquiries. They had heard of the "Cold Water-Cure," and they felt a curiosity to see it as well as the other "elephants" of the metropolis. Some of them would request the privilege of seeing some one "packed," as though "packing" and "Water-Cure" were one and the same thing.

These incidents are very trivial in themselves, but they illustrate the extreme ignorance and prejudice of the public mind, and show the low estate from which our system has had to work its way toward popularity. When we took hold of the system it was generally misunderstood by the public, always misrepresented by physicians, and really as low, and vulgar, and despised in public estimation as new-born truth always is. But we expect to live to see it the prevailing medical system of this country, if not of the world. For three or four years our establishment did not pay expenses; we supported it from the avails of other business. Now, we have a large and paying institution, a chartered and flourishing Medical School, and our graduates, male and female, have, in many instances, secured a large, and useful, and profitable practice in the first year of their professional life. With this brief summary of the operations of our system in one place, saying nothing of many flourishing institutions in the country, we submit to the reader whether Water-Cure is running out or running in.

MILK SICKNESS.—A correspondent asks us to write an article on the disease known in the Western States as the "Milk Sickness," or "Trembles." Allusion is made to this affection in the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia," in the chapter on Spasmodic Diseases, article, "Raphania." It is probably induced by some narcotic poison, which renders the blood highly putrescent, and produces a disease having all the essential characteristics of typhus fever of a putrid form and very low diathesis. The chief peculiarity attending it is the painful affection of some of the joints. In some cases these are rigidly contracted, and the pain is excruciating. The treatment should be precisely the same as for ordinary putrid typhus fever—*typhus gravior*—with the addition of wet cloths to the affected joints,

either warm or cold, as either proves most agreeable. It is dangerous to use the flesh or the milk of animals when the disease is prevalent. The cow might expel the poisonous element from her own body through the secretion of milk, and thus escape the disease, while the person or animal that partook of the milk would be fatally poisoned.

SCARLET FEVER.—Mad, blind, foolish, wicked, horrid, murderous. We know not which epithet best applies to the conduct of the doctors and the people in relation to this disease. Were we to express our own thoughts and feelings exactly on this subject, we should hurl all these and all similar words in the dictionary at their stupid heads or perverted hearts. The patience of Job was exhausted on a memorable occasion, and ours, like the "sands of life" of the young man in Jersey City who advertises *Cannabis indicus*, has nearly run out, so far as scarlet fever is concerned. Hundreds of doctors have published to the world safe, simple, easy, and sure ways for curing scarlet fever. Hundreds of non-professional persons have treated many hundreds of cases within a few years without losing one. Hydropathic physicians have treated the disease extensively for years without losing a patient. We have, in the city of New York, treated cases continually for fifteen years without losing a patient. Many allopathic physicians have declared to the world that our plan of treatment has, even in their hands, been uniformly successful. And the disease, when left entirely to itself, is scarcely at all dangerous. All these things have been repeatedly published to the world in newspapers, and recorded in medical journals.

But, in the face of all these facts, the children all over the country are dying of scarlet fever. No, they are not. They are dying of the doctor's drugs. We say this deliberately. We declare that the common drug practice is *killing*. We say with emphasis that *five are killed by the doctors where one dies of the disease*. Whenever we hear of the disease, we hear of the same infernal machinery brought to bear, not upon the disease—for the doctors do not pretend to know what this is—but against the patient's vital powers. On the absurd notion that disease is a something, an entity in the system, like a rat in a cellar, that must be driven out, or drawn out, or killed within, the same bleeding, blistering, and purging; the same niter, antimony, and calomel; the same opium, quinine, and al-

cohol that have sent so many millions to their graves in budding infancy and blooming youth, are still the leading remedies. With these reflections, which we write because we feel like it, rather than because we expect they will reach the evil, we submit the following communication, just received from one of the graduates of our last school term, A. T. Hamilton, M. D.:

DR. TRALL.—Since I arrived at home I have been thrown into close connection with an old, learned, and influential physician of the Allopathic School of Medicine.

The scarlet fever prevails in our town, and he has exhausted the virtue of his *materia medica* in the vain attempt to cure this, to him, formidable disease. He says, "I have cured cases of the anginose form, twenty years ago, by pouring cold water over the body and then wrapping them in blankets till they sweat."

"Well, Doctor, why don't you treat your patients in that manner at present?"

"Because the people are so strongly prejudiced against cold water that they fear it will strike the poison in and kill the patient."

"But, Doctor, when your patients die under your drug-treatment, do they ever get afraid of drugs, and say that your remedies killed them?"

"Oh, no! If they die, the medicine has nothing to do with their death, but when they get well, the medicine cures them."

"Now, Doctor, do you think the prejudice would exist in the minds of the dear people against the use of water, if physicians had not created and upheld this dread of water?"

"Well, I suppose not; but the old women are so afraid of these new measures that it is hard to introduce them. I am a kind of eclectic; I use everything that is good."

"Doctor, the eclectics have no principles of their own, and all they have is stolen from the other schools of medicine. Now, Doctor, I infer that you practice without any principle to guide your prescriptions."

He said not a word in reply to that, but remarked:

"If I knew any prophylactic for scarlatina I would immediately adopt it."

"Well, Doctor, we Water-Cure physicians have one of the best prophylactics for all diseases. It is this—A strict attention to the laws of health, which comprehends diet, exercise, air, etc., etc."

"But, you know there is an all-wise Providence who takes care of these things, and people will have these diseases any how; so your hygiene will not ward off the dispensations of Providence."

"True, Providence does afflict us, but it is for the violation of, or false relation to, his laws, and we must suffer the penalty of placing ourselves in wrong relations to his laws. But, stop—if these diseases will come any how, and they are the command of God, why do you dare contravene those commands, or annul the penalty, by giving medicines, when it is the desire of Providence for them to be sick. It seems to me, Doctor, that the idea of giving a medicine to do away with a penalty is absurd, and nullifies the laws to which the penalty is attached."

"I will try water on some of my scarlatina patients, for all my drug-remedies have failed, and if you will give me one of your text-books I will be obliged."

I took down these notes, because they are from the lips of a physician who has had an extensive practice for twenty-seven years. Moreover, he is one of the most intelligent and best booked Allopathic M. D.'s within my acquaintance.

THE GRANITE STATE.—"Morn breaketh in the East." Occasionally we hear cheering intelligence from some of the most conservative portions of New England, like

the following, which we extract from a letter just received from a young lady in Warner, N. H.:

The gospel of Water-Cure is but little understood in this vicinity, consequently your Journal will be as "a light shining in a dark place" to those who may choose to be benefited by its perusal. The people have two things to learn: First, that life and health are *unsafe* in the hands of the drug doctors; and, secondly, that there is "a more excellent way." They are beginning to learn the first, and when, by the aid of your light-diffusing publications, they shall have been taught the second, there is an end of pills and potions, drugs and doctors, with the hardy sons and daughters of the Granite State. True, we have yet made but a small beginning, but when we remember that Rome, the Seven-hilled City and "Mistress of the World," was once only a little village on the banks of the Tiber, we will not "despise the day of small things."

OLD KENTUCKY.—We have liberty to publish the following letter. It has long been our pleasure to read similar communications almost every day in the year.

MESSRS. FOWLER AND WELLS.—I will give you my experience in regard to Hygieo-Therapeutics. I have been a reader of your journals and publications for four or five years, and I can assure you that I have been greatly benefited by their teachings. When I commenced reading the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, I was intemperate in all things. I used tobacco, whisky, and drugs, and a good deal of hog-meat, which I imagined was necessary to keep up my strength; but was troubled with headache and all sorts of aches and pains. I did not really understand the system you teach for a year or two. I still took medicine after I commenced reading your journals, and every time I felt a little unwell I resorted to a dose of pills to purify the blood, as all patent medicines are recommended to do. But one spring I had a severe sickness, and continued reading your publications, and finally sent for the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia" and the "Family Physician," and after reading them I could see clearly how a person can live and be healthy without drugs or stimulants. It is now three years since I have had a day's sickness except slight colds, and it is precisely three years since I have taken drugs of any sort. I used tobacco for seventeen years, but have not used any for more than thirty months. I have also taken a life-pledge not to drink "spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or cider," and I can most truly say that I have never enjoyed life so well as during the last three years. All this change is attributable solely to the knowledge of the laws of health which I derived from your publications; nor am I the only one in this place who has been benefited in this way. I am fully convinced that the system you teach is the only true healing art in existence.

FAIRVIEW, KY., April 11, 1858.

N. WADE.

CLUBS RUNNING OUT.—One of our correspondents, who has sent us a large club of subscribers for several years, sends a small one this year with the following remark: "Nearly all who have taken the WATER-CURE JOURNAL for several years have regained their health and learned how to keep it. They do not feel the need of the JOURNAL any longer on their own account, and, as they care nothing for their neighbors, they refuse to renew their subscriptions."

We are sincerely glad to learn that our subscribers have been so greatly benefited;

that they have received more than a hundred-fold for each dollar they have paid us; but we are both grieved and ashamed to learn that they care nothing for their neighbors. "Am I my brother's keeper?" was never asked save by one person, and that was Cain. Our friends ought to look a little deeper into the science of sociology. They will find, on a fuller investigation of the subject, that the sickness and suffering of their neighbors will inevitably react upon them. It is impossible for any human being to exist in society and not be injuriously affected by all that injures others. Hence, an enlightened selfishness should induce those who have learned the better way to take some pains to bring their neighbors to a knowledge of the same.

MANUAL LABOR WATER-CURE AND SCHOOL.—We learn that the establishment of Rev. Mr. Estee, at Petersburg, N. Y., is soon to be enlarged. The private school has been changed to a public one, and a stock company has been organized for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings. They are expected to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils, and be ready by the first of August.

THE NATURE OF DISEASE.—Dr. Bedortha informs us that he has sent a second article on the Discussion, but it has not come to hand. We are sure that if he will meet the question as we proposed in our last article, the truth can be established and the whole matter settled at once. And we are quite as sure that it can never be settled satisfactorily to the public in any other way. We have on hand two communications from physicians who wish to debate the question, their views coinciding with those of Dr. Bedortha; but their dissertations happen to be irrelevant. They discuss everything *except* the real matter in issue. When they will write to the point, we will publish their articles and reply to them. We hope this will be a satisfactory reason for rejecting their articles, and we hope that they will not think that we are afraid to publish them.

To Correspondents.

Answers in this department are given by Dr. TRALL.

WEAK EYES.—W. Y., Jefferson Barracks, Mo. The patient is a man of 29 years. About two years ago he had an attack of paralysis in the left side of the head, left eye, and the mouth. He was under allopathic treatment for it for seven months. He has got over the paralysis, but suffered since the 20th of August, 1857, from weak eyes. He has been since that under allopathic treatment for the eyes, which consisted principally in blistering in the front and back of the ear. He can not bear the light on his

eyes, and particularly the left. The eyes are always more or less inflamed. Sometimes the head feels painful. He uses tobacco, strong drinks, coffee, pork, etc., considerably. Are the bad eyes caused by the paralysis, and can they be cured? If so, how? If they can not be cured, can they be relieved, and how?

The bad eyes are caused by tobacco, coffee, pork, strong drink, etc. He must sacrifice them or his eyes, whichever he pleases.

FOUL BLOOD.—R. C., Guilford, Ind. I am troubled with a dizziness of the head. This seldom occurs except when I move my head suddenly, stoop down and raise up quickly, or look up, or turn over in bed. I am frequently so dizzy that I have to remain stationary a few seconds before I can safely attempt to walk. I am always *scorched* when I do not get my usual amount of sleep. When I am most troubled with this feeling, there is a continual unpleasant sensation in the frontal region of the brain—a kind of dull pain.

I am thirty-eight years old, a farmer, and have always enjoyed general good health. I am five feet eight inches high, rather stout built; weight about 145 pounds in summer to 165 in winter; full chest and large head.

I never took much medicine, and during the last ten years I do not know that I have taken a particle of any kind. I abjure tobacco, tea, and coffee. I do not think I am intemperate in exercise, though I have a large family to help support (I am a Woman's Rights man), which necessarily keeps me pretty busy. Although I have been a reader of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL for a number of years, which I am quite certain has been a decided advantage to my family so far as health and the saving of doctor's bills are concerned, yet I must acknowledge that my diet has not been strictly physiological. For instance, I *sometimes* eat a little pork, beef, or mutton. I eat leavened bread, butter, pie, the crust of which is shortened with lard; sweet cakes, etc.

I use a good deal of fruit, use no pickles, no pepper or spice of any kind, scarcely. I seldom feel any inconvenience from anything I am in the habit of eating; and at the present time my appetite and general health are as good as usual. Now, doctor, will you please indicate the probable cause of my difficulty, and the remedy, through the JOURNAL?

The probable cause is the foul stuff you eat—pork, lard, etc. The remedy is an anti-hog diet.

DRUGGERY, ETC.—R. M. R., Stratford, N. Y. Dr. R. T. Trall: Dear Sir—A friend of mine wishes to obtain your opinion relative to her daughter's case, through the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. About the first of August last the child, who was nine years of age, was taken with a violent pain in her left ankle (having complained of a slight lameness for two or three days previous). Punctures of every description were applied, but the pain continued excruciating, attended with general inflammation, and darting pains throughout the system for three weeks, when the ankle had become so much swollen that it was lanced. The fever subsided after about eight days. She had regular allopathic treatment, and was constantly under the influence of morphia. About this time the right knee began to be very painful, and became much swollen and inflamed. Leeches and blisters were applied, also iodine, and various ointments of calomel, etc., to prevent, as the doctor said, white swelling. This continued painful and swollen four or five months, when it broke on the under side, and still continues to discharge. The incision on the left ankle healed, but subsequently five running sores broke out upon the same leg below the knee, out of which pieces of bone are frequently discharged. She has been able to walk some, with assistance, for three or four months.

Her general health seems good—appetite good. She has taken a great variety and quantity of medicine, among which are meadow saffron, iodine, calomel, cod-liver oil, etc., etc. Her diet, by the advice of her physicians, has been stimulating, consisting of varieties of animal food (pork excepted), and strong beer, wine, tea, etc., etc.

The drugging was abominable, and the dietary is not much better. We doubt if she can now be cured by home treatment. The worst things about her case are the drugs within her. The electro-chemical baths are useful in getting the drugs out. The diet should be restricted to the plainest vegetable food, and those foul poisons, cod-liver oil, wine, beer, etc., abandoned soon, or the poor child will be but a miserable wreck for the rest of her days.

NECROSIS.—E. S. S., Osborn, Ohio. Send the child to an establishment. The fact that you allowed a doctor to drug him because home water-treatment did not cure so soon as you thought it ought to, shows that you do not understand the disease nor the treatment well enough to manage either.

PARALYSIS.—R. M. M., Vienna, Me. What is the cure for a hand and arm which has become nearly useless from a paralytic shock?

The affection of the hand and arm is merely symptomatic. The primary difficulty is in the large internal viscera, the liver, spleen, etc. Restore the functions of these organs and the paralysis will disappear. Your description of the young lady's case gives us no clew to the original cause of the malady. If we could see her we could ascertain it at once.

FOOD FOR STUDENTS.—J. T., Butternuts, N. Y. Please tell me, through your valuable paper, what kind of food is the most beneficial for a person while attending school. Are eggs hurtful to a student?

Bread and fruit are the best food in the world for all persons in general, and for students in particular. Eggs are not so good as bread and fruit.

BOILS.—M. H. T., Baltimore, Md. Boils and eruptions of all kinds are evidences of an unhealthy state of the system, but they indicate a remedial effort in the right direction. To cure them, eat, drink, bathe, and exercise, so as to purify the blood as rapidly as possible.

ASTHMA.—J. S., Caseyville, Ky. Your complaint is asthma, arising from an enlarged liver. The plan of treatment should be the wet-sheet pack two or three times a week, and one or two sitz-baths daily, the wet girdle a part of each day, and a strict vegetable diet. Avoid salt, grease, and milk.

SKIN DISEASE.—H. W., Fairview, Ky. Eruptions in warm weather indicate gross blood or a torpid liver. The remedial plan is, free the system from the biliary elements, and purify the blood. A plain and very abstemious diet is the first essential. Abstain from grease of all kinds, salt, and condiments. A tepid sponge-bath should be taken morning and evening, and a "pack" once a week would be advantageous.

PIMPLES.—I. C. It will require years for you to get rid of the blotches and eruptions on your face. Bathe daily; eat only plain, wholesome food; work according to your strength in the open air, and let Nature renovate your constitution in her own good time.

COSTIVENESS.—R. S. P., Providence, R. I. Give the child a little Indian or wheat-meal gruel or mush, three times a day, with the diluted milk. Do not give it any more sugar nor scalded molasses.

DIDAKO.—We are in possession of your "preliminary" article, as you call it, on the nature of disease. Is it wholly irrelevant to the subject. Send on your argument, and we will attend to it. Several other physicians have written us long preliminaries, promising that after we have published them, they will write something to the purpose. This is all *bosh*. Either argue the point at once, or save your ink and paper.

FAILING HAIR.—W. G. M. D., Greenfield, Mo. We would be pleased to know what will prevent hair from falling off, at about an inch from the head, giving the appearance of baldness. Will such wearing away of the hair necessarily result in baldness, or may it not be restored to vigor?

It is a self-evident proposition that loss of hair has a tendency to baldness; but whether it will result in baldness, depends on the length of time the causes continue to operate. The remedy consists in abandoning all erroneous habits of living.

DYSPEPSIA AND DRUGS.—S. A. C. You have too many drugs ever to get entirely rid of your difficulties. By careful management, you may enjoy comfortable health. Plain, dry food, tepid sitz-baths, and carriage-riding are the best remedial means. The electro-chemical baths might be serviceable.

SCROFULA.—E. H. S. Cases like yours can be cured at any time before it settles on the lungs. There is always a tendency to tubercular consumption, hence the only safety is in arresting the first symptoms. As your family is consumptive, it behooves you to be particularly watchful.

Reports of Cases.

RHEUMATISM.—By E. B. Ort, M.D., Lewiston, Pa.—Dr. Trall: Dear Sir—I send you the particulars of the following case, to let you and my classmates of the school know how we are prospering with the great reform in central Pennsylvania. Myself and Dr. Hamilton will attend your college next winter.

July 8th, I was called to see Mrs. H., of McVey-

town. The message also informed me that I should meet several allopathic physicians in counsel. So of course I went prepared. On arriving at the house I met two of the learned M.D.'s. One of them set about making fun of my youthful appearance, with, as he said, "no hair on my chin yet." After attempting to ridicule me and my system awhile, he asked me if "our school or college could give a legal diploma, and if I had one?" I assured him I was in possession of a diploma, and that I did not *buy* it, which brought his blarney to a quietus. The other M.D. treated me with marked politeness, and coincided with all I said in relation to the patient. The first-named M.D. now left, declaring, as he went, that I would certainly kill the patient.

The patient—Mrs. H.—had suffered severely from rheumatic pains for three months; her limbs were much swollen, and some of her joints were greatly contracted and distorted. I applied wet cloths to the body and hot bandages to the limbs, which soon allayed the pain. Tepid ablutions were also applied, and after these applications she was decidedly better. The prescription then was, wash with tepid water twice a day, and wet linen to the limbs and joints whenever swollen and painful. The diet was properly regulated.

In a week I visited the patient again, and found her able to be up and walk about the room, with no pain nor swelling, and all the joints except one of a normal appearance. On the 23d July I received the following letter from her husband: "Mrs. H. is still increasing in strength. This morning she came down the walk in front of the house without any assistance. The swelling has left her altogether; the joint of the second finger has returned to its natural appearance. We can not express our gratitude for what you have done for us."

DROPSY.—By Dr. A. Smith.—Mr. J. G. was brought to our cure in a private carriage, not being able to travel in a public way, and suffering with apparently the last stages of that much to be dreaded disease, dropsy of the abdomen and lower extremities, caused by a severe sprain in the lumbar region of the spine, and strong doses of purgative medicines. This patient, before he was brought to our place, had been pronounced incurable by the most eminent allopathic physicians; in fact, he was told, in our presence, that it was not in the power of any system of treatment to restore him to health. His physician did not think it possible for him to live over twenty-eight days from the time he was brought to our institution, as the pressure on the internal viscera, diaphragm, etc., would be so great that suffocation must necessarily take place in that time. The patient asked us if we thought it best to tap him, in order to relieve his critical condition. We answered, Yes, though not with the trocar, but with Nature's great therapeutic instruments, the water-cure appliances. We did so, by placing him in a wet-sheet pack, where he remained one hour; from there the patient was placed in a warm half-bath, at 94°, where we kept him one hour and a half. This was done to relax the distended skin, which it did do, and the diseased matter oozed through the pores of the skin, so much so that by scraping the fingers over the limbs or abdomen the fingers would adhere together. And by placing this diseased substance in the fire, it would burn similar

to any resinous substance. After the warm-bath, immediately a cold sponge-bath, to strengthen capillary circulation. His abdomen and limbs were sponged over with water at 66° at 6 p.m.; his bowels were kept open with tepid injections. This treatment, with the blandest food, we gave for two weeks with the most happy results.

The patient then being out of all immediate danger, we continued the wet-sheet pack as above, following it with a half-bath at 90° one hour—friction all the time while in the bath. At 4 p.m. a sitz, at 70°, ten minutes. The warm half-bath was always followed with a cold dash or sponge-bath; at 8 p.m. a sponge-bath, 65°. His bowels were kept open with copious injections of water, ranging from 65° to 80°. This, with the exception of the small douche that we gave on the lower limbs, and over the lumbar region of the spine, for the last three weeks, constituted the treatment in this case. The patient remained with us twelve weeks, at the end of which time the dropsical swellings were all gone, the skin became clean and smooth, and he could walk five or six miles with perfect ease—something which he had not done for some two years previous to his being brought to our cure. As the patient returned home, his friends could scarcely realize that he had been restored to health by water-treatment.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

Miscellaneous.

WAR, WINE, AND WATER.

WHEN Homer's sightless eyeballs rolled,
As tales of gory fields went round,
His hand a mighty harp then swayed,
And almost made them holy ground.

Too long have war and warlike men
Usurped the power, and gathered praise!
What might a Homer's genius done,
If PEACE, not War, had fanned its blaze?

Erin's Anacreon tuned his lyre,
And bade it sound in Bacchus' praise;
His fame's extended, *not increased*,
By his Bacchanalian lays.

Learning, and wit, and poet's skill,
May round a goblet laurels twine,
But all combined can never bring
Fair Virtue down to cups of wine.
Priessnitz! amid his native hills,
Unaided by the power to sing,
Hath on to-morrow writ his name,
And taught it to each purling Spring.

He soothed, he healed, he brought the rose
Back to the cheek disease had blanch'd;
The wound that drug and lancet made,
Priessnitz with simple WATER stanch'd.

Far higher theme than camp or bowl
Shall from the future harvest fame:
Who rends the veil from error's brow
Alone is worthy of a name.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

D. ROBERTSON.

HOMEOPATHY has just achieved a great triumph in Little Rock, Arkansas, according to a report furnished by a correspondent of ours in that

place. One of the citizens being a victim of hypochondria, imagined himself to be a goose, and proceeded to *set*! The doctors of medicine of the old school were called in, and all their prescriptions proved unavailing. He was bled, but he still would *set*; he took calomel, but he would *set* still! A newly-arrived homeopath was now called upon, as a last resort. "Like cures like," is the motto of his school; that is, it takes a goose to cure a goose. He ordered a pair of feather breeches to be worn by the patient, and a dozen eggs, too, were brought to him! The spell and the eggs were broken together, and the patient was himself again.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe; with all its mines and mountains; oceans, seas, and rivers; with all its shipping, steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the sciences and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance and get ready to enter upon its possessions. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, MEN, of the future, are all boys, whose feet, like yours, can not reach the floor, when seated upon the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.—*The Learned Blacksmith.*

Literary Notices.

GOOD BREAD.—"Good Bread—How to Make it Light without Yeast or Powders, Receipts for Plain Cooking, Hints on Health, etc." is the title of an unassuming little book published by William Hunt.

Several new books on cookery have appeared in answer to a growing conviction of the importance of the subject to which they relate. The great fault of all these has been that they suppose resources which are not at the command of most housekeepers. For instance, "Christianity in the Kitchen" supposes a standard of Christianity among milkmen which *certainly* have only too good reason to know is not recognized by them. The great merit of the little book now before us is that it gives "receipts for *plain* cookery." There are some twenty of these mostly for varieties of bread, not one of which involves the use of butter, cream, or eggs, and only one or two that of sugar. It is to the receipts for *bread making* that we desire to call particular attention. To use the words of the author, the housewife who has at hand *good flour, cold water, and a hot oven*, can have on the table in less than fifteen minutes enough good, light, delicious bread for an ordinary family." This may seem incredible, but from long experience we can affirm that, with *no* ingredients but cold water and good flour, and with the single condition of a hot oven, that greatest and we may also say rarest of all luxuries, good bread, is positively attainable by every one. Moreover, bread so made possesses this advantage over the fermented, that it may be eaten hot with perfect impunity, so that dyspeptics even may have bread which is light, tender, and *hot*. We commend this little book to every housekeeper as worthy of attention.—*Boston Bee.*

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KENT KANE. By William Elder. Octavo, 416 pages. Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia. Sold by subscription for \$1 50.

But few men of the same age have become so widely noted as Elisha Kent Kane. His connection with the Arctic expeditions fitted and sent out to aid in the search for Sir John Franklin has rendered his name familiar on both continents. Before his death, his exploits and achievements were more the subject of public interest

than the history of the man himself, and it is surprising to see how little even those who are intimately acquainted with his public works know of his private history. One cause of this is undoubtedly Dr. Kane's indisposition to make himself individually prominent. In his writings we find no self-laudation or egotism, no reference to himself or his own acts more than is indispensable for the truth of the record. Modest in the extreme, he purposely avoided public notice, and chose to record his actions instead of his history for the world's consideration.

But the early history of such men should not be lost, and in obedience to the demands of the public, Messrs. Childs & Peterson caused to be prepared the work under notice. The editorial supervision thereof was placed in the hands of Dr. William Elder, a gentleman whose well-known literary abilities and personal acquaintance of Dr. Kane and his family rendered him extremely well fitted for the task. Into his hands were committed the various journals, letters, and other manuscripts left by Dr. Kane, from which copious extracts have been made. In referring to these extracts, Dr. Elder says: "I have not been obliged to suppress a letter or a line for the sake of his fame."

We hope our readers will, from the perusal of this sketch, be interested, and inclined to buy the book. We especially recommend it as a work that should have a place in every district school library.

Business Notices.

THIS NUMBER closes the 25th Volume of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. Volume Twenty-Six will commence with the number for July.

PHYSICIANS and others who would aid in promulgating the principles of Hydropathy throughout the world, may do so more effectually than in any other way, by extending the circulation of this Journal.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL COMMENCE with the month in which the order is received.

SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received at the yearly rates.

CLUBS may be made up of persons receiving their Journals at different post-offices. It often occurs that old subscribers are desirous of making a present of a volume to friends at a distance.

IT IS BELIEVED that a greater blessing can not possibly be bestowed on the human race than the universal diffusion of the life and health-saving principles advocated and taught by the WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

A FEW MOMENTS' TIME is usually enough to convince every *reasonable* person of the great superiority of the Hydropathic system over that of all others known in the healing art. Ye who *know* the truth, promulgate it.

CLUBS to commence with the new volume should be sent in at once.

FRIENDS and CO-WORKERS in the advancement of the Water-Cure should see that every family in the land is provided with a copy of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS are our main reliance. Those who know the utility of the Journal will work for it, and recommend it to their friends and neighbors, that they too may participate in the benefits of its familiar teachings.

HAVING BEEN a member of a club at some previous time *does not* entitle persons to renew their subscriptions at club rates, except a new club is formed. Our terms are: for 10 copies (ordered at once) one year, \$5; 5 copies, \$3; single copy, \$1.

CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS will send, in addition to the above, six cents with each subscription, to pay American postage to the lines.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for either of our publications—the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, or LIFE ILLUSTRATED—may be ordered at the same time; but care should be taken to specify particularly which is wanted.

SPANISH QUARTERS AND ENGLISH SHILLINGS are received for 20 cents only.

WANTED.—Volumes 2 and 4 of The Phrenological Journal, for which we will pay double the original cost, or more, if required.

Address FOWLER AND WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

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.



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 Laight 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; kinesiopathic, 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, indeed, 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.

THE SWEDISH MOVEMENT-CURE,

and the COMPRESSED AIR BATH, are used in America only at Dr. Taylor's Water-Cure, 67 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York.
GEO. H. TAYLOR, M.D.
CHARLES F. TAYLOR, M.D.

PATIENTS WHO WISH THE BEST

possible treatment should go to the NEW YORK WATER-CURE, No. 52 Morton St., New York. Dr. Wallace gives his personal attention to his patients, and has the best of attendants.

Cancers are treated successfully, Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints. Diseases peculiar to females are made a specialty, and in most cases cured. The house is in a convenient, quiet, and healthful locality. The rooms are newly and tastefully fitted up, and every facility afforded for the patient's comfort and a speedy and permanent cure. Send for circular.

THE BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

Water-Cure Establishment is located at Nos. 63 and 65 Ocean St., Brooklyn L. I. Rooms for patients and boarders. Outside practice attended to both in city and country.

G. F. ADAMS, M.D.,
Physician and Proprietor.

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.

MERIDEN MOUNTAIN WATER-CURE,

at Meriden, Conn., on the line of the New York and Boston Railroad, midway between Hartford and New Haven.—Dr. TRALL and MAY, of the New York Hydropathic Institute and College, No. 15 Laight Street, New York, will open the famous Meriden Mountain House as a Water-Cure and Hygienic Institute, on the first of June.

This is one of the most romantic and salubrious places in New England; four hours from New York; three trains run daily each way. Superior advantages for female patients and lying-in women. Terms very reasonable.

DR. ROBERT HAMILTON, FORMERLY connected with the Saratoga Water-Cure, has associated with him Prof. M. CALKINS, M.D., of Philadelphia, who will open their new Institution for the reception of Patients at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on the 30th March, 1858.
For Terms and Circulars, address
ROBERT HAMILTON M.D.

DR. BEDORTH'S WATER-CURE
ESTABLISHMENT is at Saratoga Springs.

DR. MUNDE'S WATER-CURE
ESTABLISHMENT AT FLORENCE (three miles from the Northampton Depot) Mass.
Price for patients, \$12 per week. An allowance made to persons in narrow circumstances. May 31.

MOUNTAIN GLEN WATER-CURE.
PLAINFIELD, N. J., twenty-eight miles from New York by Central R.R. of N. J.
Possesses superior advantages in purity of air and water, romantic scenery, and personal attention. Now open.
Address
May * **A. UTTER, M.D., Physician and Proprietor.**

JAMESTOWN INSTITUTE.—A NEW school will be opened in Jamestown, Chautauque County, N. Y., on Monday, May 10th, for pupils of all ages and both sexes. It will be original and peculiar in all its modes of unfolding character. Great pains will be taken to strengthen the physical, by gardening, dancing, and physical training, to harmonize the spiritual with the physical, and discipline the intellect so as to unfold the power of thought rather than load the memory with the thoughts of others. We shall not only welcome the healthy and strong, but solicit the care of the feeble, and are confident we can raise many to strength at the same time we instruct.

The present season we will take parents to board with children, if desired. A prospectus and statement of plan may be obtained of S. T. Munson, 8 Great Jones Street, New York, or of the proprietor. Jamestown is beautifully situated on the outlet of Chautauque lake, and can be reached from Westfield, on the Lake Shore Road, by stream, at almost across the lake, or by stage from Little Valley, on Erie Railroad.

Terms.—\$4 per week, and pupils will be received at any time. See prospectus and circular.

O. H. WELLINGTON.

ATHOL WATER-CURE.—FOR particulars, address **GEO. FIELD, M.D., Athol, Mass.**

GLEN HAVEN.—WERE I TO write a volume in praise of my mode of treating human diseases by Water-treatment, it would not weigh with the public as much as the volunteered testimony of the persons whose statements I below. I shall add nothing to it further than to state that in my assistant, Miss Harriet N. Austin, M.D., I am fortunate in having a woman equal to the demands of her station, and whose reputation as a Physician of Hydropathy is, without doubt, far ahead of any woman in the United States.

Should any person reading this wish minute information of the Glen, it can be had by inclosing a three-cent postage stamp, and a Circular will be sent, and also a copy of THE LITTELL BOX, a monthly journal edited by Dr. Austin, and devoted to an exposition of our manner of treating the sick and of health at large. I have also written and published tracts which, if the Health-Reformers of the United States will circulate in their neighborhoods, they would do incalculable service. They are as follows:

Dyspepsia.....	8 cents.	Dress for Women,
Scorbuta.....	8 "	By Dr. A.....
Female Diseases.....	8 "	To the Young Men
Spermatorrhea.....	6 "	of the U. States..

I will send the whole, prepaid, for nine three-cent stamps, and if he who orders them does not think, when they have been read and put into circulation among neighbors, that the money has been well and wisely invested, I will refund it.

Route.—From East or West, come on N. Y. Central Railroad to Syracuse, thence by Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad to Homer, and stop at Van Anden's Hotel, then to the Glen by ferry. Or, from East or West, on N. Y. and Erie Railroad to Binghamton, thence on Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad to Homer, and so on to the Glen by ferry.

Post-office address, Scott, Corland Co., N. Y.,
For the Proprietor,
JAMES C. JACKSON, M.D.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned, Patients of Glen Haven Water-Cure, having experienced great benefit from Dr. J. C. Jackson's peculiar method of treating disease, desire to express our opinion that there is no place in the United States where superior facilities for obtaining HEALTH are afforded to the sick.

His peculiar mode of applying water, his dietetic regulations, which are quite original, the great importance which he gives to physical exercise, the pleasant social influences, the power which in a very remarkable degree he possesses,

of controlling the mental conditions of his patients, together with his instructive and entertaining lectures, make this Institution a most desirable residence for the invalid; and in proof of our conviction we affix our names and places of residence.

GLEN HAVEN, March 8, 1853.

Henry Patrick, Lemuel Patrick, Ornelius E. Dunshee, Frank Richardson, Jesse M. Keel, Francis E. Lester, J. L. Davidson, S. G. Davis, W. A. Prentiss, Leonard Johnson, Nicholas G. Gungar, Mrs. E. E. Gungar, Calvin Oatis, Charles A. Strong, Fred. Van Riper, Mrs. E. Garrison, Rev. Wm. A. Simmons, Mrs. G. Simmons, Mrs. J. M. Stone, James D. Spear, Duncan Campbell, Theodore L. Taft, Harriet E. Tucker, W. G. Markley, Harvey L. Brown, J. T. Clapp, Mrs. F. M. Case, A. W. Hubbard, N. A. Hamilton, R. R. Walling, Mrs. Clara Blaydes, A. H. Brown, David H. Paine, Mrs. M. Paine, Rufus T. King, Mrs. C. W. King, Mrs. Martha B. Mosser, Mrs. Virgil Rilyer, Mrs. A. W. Dittmar, Edward Parsons, Mrs. E. Parsons, Frank D. Barton, Miss Emily S. Newland, E. K. Ruess, Miss Emma Eggz, Mrs. Jane B. Godfrey, F. Wilson Hurel, B. A. Blair, Warren Earle, A. D. Babbles, D. H. Blair, John F. Moore, J. Sanford Sears, Mrs. Ann C. Joy, Joseph Black, T. B. Starr, John T. Wilcox, John Shirk, Mrs. M. N. Cotton, M. W. Simmons, Mrs. L. A. Clark, J. R. Hastings, Charles S. Fullerton, Margaret Wier, Miss Francis A. Coles, John R. Holmes, Joseph A. Seel, Wm. H. Sandford, Esq., James H. Perkins, George F. Martin, Mabel M. Eyer, John Ternill,	Grand Rapids, Michigan. " " Kalamazoo, " Almont, " Yorktown, N. Y. East Schodack, N. Y. San Francisco, Cal. South Westport, Mass. Prentissville, Pa. Hooper, N. Y. Joliet, Illinois. " " Waukesha, Wis. Olean, N. Y. Cayuga, N. Y. Cedar Falls, Iowa. Griffin, Ga. " " Newark, Ohio. Springfield, Ill. Perth, C. W. Barrillville, E. L. Cortland, Ill. Skeppackville, Pa. Sandy Hill, N. Y. Mentor, Ohio. Bryan, " Knoxville, Ind. Fayetteville, Tenn. Boston, Mass. Muscatine, Iowa. Sidney, Maine. Bonsacks, Va. " " New York City. " " Marietta, Pa. 88 Broad St. New York. New York City. Chicago, Ill. " " Vergennes, Vt. Otego, N. Y. Iowa City, Iowa. " " New Haven, Ct. Bridgeport, " Hartstown, Pa. Edwards, N. Y. Eaton, Ohio. Hartstown, Pa. Meriden, Ct. Seneca Castle, N. Y. Nantucket, Mass. Forksville, Pa. Rome, N. Y. Pawtucket, E. L. Chambersburg, Pa. North Chenango, Pa. Brockport, N. Y. Wisconsin, Ill. Lee Center, Ill. Chicago, " Marietta, Pa. Syracuse, N. Y. Buxton, Mass. Sullivan, Pa. Genevieve, Ill. Clyde, N. Y. J-richo, " Marietta, Pa. Pleasant, C. W.
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IN REPLY TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES made to my friends in New York, and in particular to one directed to a lady at this Institution, I take pleasure in stating that I am still here and yet under contract with the proprietor of this "Cure," **WILLIAM L. CHAPLIN, Esq.,** until next spring.

WILLIAM JANSEN, M.D., Hydrastic Physician.
GLEN HAVEN WATER-CURE, Scott, Corland Co., N. Y.
June 1.*

NEW GRAEFENBERG WATER-CURE. near Utica, N. Y., has been improved and enlarged during the past year to double its former capacity, and is now in perfect condition. It is now over eleven years since its first commencement, during which time it has been under my own supervision, which is a longer period than any similar Institution in this country has been under the management of the same individual. The Electro-Chemical Bath is here used with great success.
For full particulars address
R. HOLLAND, M.D., or DR. WM. THOMAS.
NEW GRAEFENBERG, N. Y., May, 1853. 11.

PEORIA (ILLINOIS) WATER-CURE.
—This Institution is now opened. It is a beautiful situation. The proprietor has had many years' experience as a Water-Cure Physician, and has been eminently successful, especially in diseases peculiar to females.
DR. GEO. C. WOOD, Proprietor.

MOUNT PROSPECT WATER-CURE.
Binghamton, N. Y., 215 miles from the city, by N. Y. and Erie Railroad. This establishment has one of the most beautiful natural locations in the Union. It is our intention to offer the best facilities for the restoration of health and for passing a season pleasantly. For circular address
J. H. NORTH, M.D., or MARTHA FRENCH, M.D.
June 11.

BINGHAMTON WATER-CURE,
BINGHAMTON, BROOME CO., N. Y.—This establishment has been greatly enlarged and improved during the present spring, and is now open for the reception of guests.

For the following reasons it holds out rare inducements to such persons who contemplate visiting a Water-Cure for the benefit of their health.

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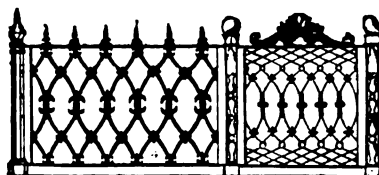
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