

**Narrative of a marvellous cure from a serious attack of typhoide [sic] fever and pneumonia, or (inflammation of the lung), performed within 13 days by Henrik Kellgren ... upon Carl Obach, 314, Brixton Road, London, S.W.**

**Contributors**

Obach, Carl.

**Publication/Creation**

London : Aug. Siegle, [1877?]

**Persistent URL**

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Edgar F. Cyriac

MANUAL TREATMENT.

NARRATIVE OF A MARVELLOUS CURE  
FROM A SERIOUS ATTACK OF  
**TYPHOIDE FEVER AND PNEUMONIA,**  
OR  
(INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS),  
PERFORMED WITHIN 13 DAYS

BY  
**HENRIK KELLGREN,**

*Chief of the Swedish Institution for the Cure of Disease and  
Deformities to Body and Mind,*

OF  
85, ST. GEORGES ROAD, PIMLICO, LONDON, S.W.,  
AND FORMERLY OF  
GOTHA (GERMANY),

UPON  
CARL OBACH, 314, BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

*Outbreak of Disease on March the 22nd, absolute Cure on  
April 4th 1877.*

LONDON:  
AUG. SIEGLE, 110, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.

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KELLGREN



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I cannot help thinking that it might be of interest not only to the medical profession, but also to the public at large to get a knowledge of the following facts, as I believe them to be unparalleled in the history of medical cures, and as I think that so great a benefactor to mankind as HENRIK KELLGREN should be more widely known amongst the people of London amongst whom he is now living. My case is the following, viz. :—

After a few days of severe cold and indisposition, I was on Thursday, March 22nd, and after imprudently leaving my bed in the morning, whilst yet in a perspiration, taken seriously ill of an attack of Typhoide Fever and Inflammation of the Lungs, which the disorder that got hold of me was only too soon proved to be.

I had whilst dressing in a cold room and taking breakfast, been repeatedly attacked by shivers all over my body, but kept about the sofa in the dining room for several hours, hoping to get better. This however, was not the case, and not having any fire in my bedroom, I got between the blankets dressed as I was, ordered a fire to be lit, and soon went off into a feverish slumber. Thus I lay until fortunately Mr. KELLGREN, who happened to be attending my wife in childbed, and whom I have known for the last four years, came to my house about three o'clock in the afternoon. He was sent to my bedroom, and being roused to consciousness, I found myself in the most deplorable condition, that it is possible to conceive. I had two accute pains in my forehead at the right and left of the root of the nose, a very strong

disagreeable pain in my back, between the spine and right shoulder blade, and equally strong pains through the hollows of my knees, whilst the remainder of my body was in a generally dejected condition, and my mind was an absolute "blank" unless I taxed it to think. Mr. KELLGREN at once began to examine and treat the nerves all over my head and body, which responded in a remarkable manner by vibrating under his fingers, most of them evidently being entirely unstrung. He by degrees (in about 25 minutes) succeeded by these means and by giving me one of his "Stomach Exercises," consisting of a rotating movement of the stomach from left to right, in freeing me of all perceptible pain, after which he left me in a state of absolute ease and comfort, to sleep a very fair night's rest and to get contentedly through the next day (Friday) when about seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. KELLGREN paid me his second call.

I partook both on Thursday and Friday of Arrowroot and milk only, and did not take a drop of medicine, as this is an article not known in Mr. KELLGREN'S method of cure. Friday evening the treatment was equally beneficial, and the night comparatively quiet, I seeing in my dreams only dead objects, as tools, utensils and other implements. The fever, however, evidently now was on the increase, a layer of white deposit had settled upon my tongue, covering it equally to the very tip, to the thickness of several sheets of letter paper. I had all the time a slight easy cough, evidently proceeding more from the stomach than from the chest and with it I began to throw up a white frothy matter of the same or kindred substance as the layer on my tongue. I spent the third day with the same amount of comfort both to mind and body, even, writing a letter in my bed and gave my instructions about business matters in the morning and during the day. Mr. KELLGREN came about

seven o'clock in the evening (his third visit only), and treated me as before. This night, (Saturday to Sunday), seemed destined to become the period of the crisis of my disorder. My mind had been very active all day long, and sleep would not come; as soon as I closed my eyes a picture was all ready for me to gaze upon. There appeared before my visions the most devilish and uncouth scenes as depicted by the famous Hell Breughel, Zwott, &c., scenes of Dutch reveleries à la Teniers and Ostade, all the most ghastly pictures that have ever been invented on the torments of the Hereafter; I was tempted like St. Antony and withstood, and then I was called as it were before the last tribunal, there asked my creed, which made me rehearse to myself what I had learned in my boyhood. At the same time I protested that I did not believe in Christ as the *born* son of God, but was convinced that he had lived as a man and had done great good to his fellow creatures as a Healer of Disease and Suffering, was ready to abide by the heavenly doctrines he had advocated and instituted and generally liked to do to my brother as I wished to be done to, by him. I continued in sending aloof the question whether a being who had lived the life which I had lived might hope to come to the eternal regions, and received the answer "Yes." Again I asked, am I then wanted? and the same voice replied: "He may live!"

The path to the heavenly Throne was a sweep of marble figures, towering one above the other. Thenceforward I continued to see nothing but white figures and reliefs representing processions of Grecian Gods, hunting scenes, and various other mythological subjects, as well as such minute ivory carvings, as to make my eyes ache to gaze upon them. *White* and nothing but cold *White*, not a hue of any colour.

With all this I was perfectly awake, my mind was more acute,



and my reasoning sounder than I know it to be in the ordinary way. I possessed the utmost sang-froid, was laughing to scorn the goblins of Messrs. Breughel and Zwott, encouraging them not to be sparing of their pitchforks, oil, fire, and other pleasant implements and elements, declaring these doings as humbug, which I did not believe in and debating with all freedom the question of my religious creed, being as ready and as happy to die as to live.

Apropos of this former eventuality, I had a telegram ready in my mind to send to my brother-in-law in Germany, saying I was given up and going to die, would he come to console his poor sister and arrange matters.

All these doings in my brain may serve as a proof that it was at work and strong fever at hand, also that my nerves were undergoing a strain that was fully up to concert pitch.

The hours waned to three o'clock, and I began to feel tired out from the effect of the everlasting processions of white bas-reliefs before my mind's eye, the room began to get cold, so I called up the servant, had the fire lit, a gas jet lighted, and a red blanket hung before it, so as at last again to have a colour before my eyes.

In quiet meditation of this object and being very tired, I managed to fall asleep very soon afterwards, and than I snatched a few hours of pretty calm rest from the early morn, before I was awakened by the general stir about the house. At eight o'clock in rushed Mr. Kellgren; he had been calculating the chances of a crisis, and was at his post somewhat perplexed as it appeared at the rather low and weak condition he found me in. I soon explained the reason by relating to him my restlessness during the night, and on asking him what he thought of my then state of health and chances of recovery, he told me they were very hopeful and satisfactory. I noticed that he gave me more careful and

prolonged exercises that morning, and am now certain that they broke the neck of the disorders raging within me. In course of conversation I told Mr. Kellgren that I had resolved in my own mind not to let any one but himself treat me during my disease, unless he had reason to believe that my case was a hopeless one, when I entreated him to give me due warning in order that I might set my affairs in order, and that if he wished it, some consulting physician might be sent for.

As Mr. Kellgren was leaning over me the following simile dawned upon my mind, viz:—That his method of treatment was akin to the tuning of a musical instrument, let me say for instance of a harp. Nerve after nerve, or string after string are examined from head to foot, from high to low and any one found out of tune is brought into happy accord with its neighbours, thus producing the extreme delight and harmony of mind felt by the patient.

The visit and exercises were repeated once again the same evening, procuring me a very salutary sleep; two visits each day on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday further improved my condition of health, the fever diminished more and more, the cough became easier, and the tongue grew redder and redder. I was able to be out of bed a few hours during each day, to write some letters, and transact business with the clerks who came from my office on all matters of importance. Of these few days I need only say that next to being out and about quite well, I would like to be at all times ill at home after this fashion. A general tone of well-being pervaded my system day and night, which increased in the night between Wednesday and Thursday to such an extent that I am hardly able to depict the state of extasy that Thursday morning found me in. That night I slept without a single dream or vision before my thoughts, so that I woke up once during the night with

a sensation of such great delight that I had to light the candle fearing a repetition of this overawing sensation.

At seven o'clock, the sun shining merrily through my window, I awoke, feeling like newly born in body and mind, with the morning air rushing through my lungs and body, which made me feel as if I were upon one of the highest mountains of my late parents native country (Switzerland). I felt like Phœnix just risen from the purifying element of fire, my mind as calm, as pure, and I must say as noble as it is possible to conceive. It was evident that the last vestige of fever had fled from my body.

The night from Thursday to Friday was a quiet and thoroughly satisfactory one. Mr. Kellgren having reduced his visits to one that day.

Friday to Saturday night had, however, its fresh troubles and charms. I had been up on Good Friday for about seven hours, had had my first variation of food (which had hitherto consisted of weak Tea, Arrowroot, Milk, Barley Soup, or an egg beaten up in a glass of milk), namely a boiled sole. This treat was brought up to me by the servant, who unfortunately, out of ignorance or good nature, brought a small piece of bread with it, which I, not knowing differently, considered as my ordained due, and ate it with the fish, as according to good old English fashion (using the fork and bread) I was entitled to do. It turned out afterwards that this piece of bread, of which, however, I did not eat the crust, was forbidden fruit to me, according to instructions that had been left about my diet, and that I was not to have eaten even the smallest morsel of solid food. However, the thing was done, and I must say that I did not feel any ill consequences of it while I was about in the afternoon. I went to bed about six o'clock, and to sleep about eight; had a very wholesome sleep up to about half-past ten, when I woke, feeling a very serious sting and pains through the right part of my

lungs, which as it were, nailed me down unto the bed, making it possible by the exercise of strong will only to manage to sit up. I at once recognised that the enemy was at the doors, or looking at myself as the fortress within them, and "out he must be driven," this much was perfectly clear to me.

Was it the morsel of bread I had eaten that was the cause of this outbreak, or was it that my lungs recognised that the moment had come when they had a chance of ridding themselves of all the London fog that had managed to settle there during a stay in this country of now nearly 17 years? I know not, but guessed the latter. This much, however, I do know, that I set to at once get to rid of the intruder, doing this with so much instinctiveness that I now marvel at it myself. I sought for the pains in my lungs through all the crevices between the ribs; I shook and made them vibrate with my fingers ends, beginning at the top of my chest and forcing the pains further and further down until after an hour-and-a-half's self-manipulation I had driven every pain out of my body.

I must mention that the attacks and bursts of the cough during this time were fiercer and coarser than at any time during the whole course of my disorder; however, as before mentioned this cough seemed to be coming more from the stomach than the chest, and I managed to find ease by drinking a good deal of water, or barley water mixed with a little raspberry syrup; I also got rid of an astonishing amount of gases that had generated in my body by retching and otherwise, and mostly whilst in a state of evidently wholesome perspiration. To these gases I attribute the greater part of the pains I suffered throughout my disorder, for no sooner had I each time got rid of them, than the pain invariably ceased.

The matter expectorated by me during the night in uncommonly large quantities, was, as before, more of a froth than a

film, and only now and then a messenger seemed to come out straight from the lungs, showing his wherefrom by a tinge of bluish black.

About twelve o'clock and without feeling the least fatigued from my selfinflicted exercises I went off into a second series of very sound sleep, lasting till towards three o'clock, when I again woke; the pains were very similar to those experienced on my first waking, but very very much less, and instead of being in the lungs they seemed to be about their linings only, for this time it was by calm and gentle rubbing over the surface of the chest and sides, and not by minute searches after the pain in detail that I found most relief. Less than an hour's labour of love sufficed for this once to send me off into a delicious sleep again, and when I awoke, about five o'clock, it was under a sense of the utmost comfort intensified this time even to voluptuousness.

Herewith I knew the inflammation of the lungs, or at all events the worst of it, have been overcome.

The night from Saturday to Sunday was a poor and played-out repetition of the previous night. I slept very well, but woke up every now and then to clear my throat from the froths settled there, got rid of the gases by retching, &c., doing this by stomach exercises, and vibrations of the throat as before and it passed off altogether satisfactorily.

In the morning I felt some new pain in the lower part of my body, and not having experienced them before, I resolved, without feeling frightened, to send after Mr. Kellgren to ask him to see to its removal. He came towards ten o'clock, but before he had put in his appearance, I had myself as much as cured myself by drinking a deal of water. It was evident that this time the liver was at work, wishing in its turn to get rid of all superfluous matter hanging about it. I retched very strongly, and had an inclination to vomit; out it came presently in several darkish brown lumps of

bile, and this finally cleansed my body. I was assisted in this process of ejection by Mr. Kellgren, who had meantime arrived.

Thus I stand here, this Easter Sunday, resuscitated in mind and body, and after an illness of but ten days, with my head and heart open to receive anything that may be grand, beautiful or good on this lovely earth.

I will draw no comparisons between the known methods of curing attacks of fever, and the one I have described in this simple narrative, they must suggest themselves to every thinking mind, I should perhaps have called it a simple cure rather than a marvellous one, seeing that all the means employed were a pair of human hands, and a thinking mind to guide them.

Were I not gaining an honest livelihood, and were I not dearly fond of the vocation I am following, (that of picture dealer and printseller), I would go forth to-morrow to study the anatomy of the human body, in order to try to become a benefactor to mankind, as I know Mr. Kellgren to be, and as I am convinced the world at large will likewise soon recognise him to be.

I have not composed this narrative; it has flown from my mind in a continuous stream, and I have hardly corrected a word as I went along; so I trust it will bear the stamp of truth upon its face. Being a foreigner any shortcomings in style and wording of it, must kindly be overlooked by my English friends and readers.

I shall now stay quietly at home to regain my strength, and trust that it can be got in a few weeks; then I hope to go with my wife, who is nearly convalescent, to some quiet pretty English country, or seaside place, there to imbibe the good fresh air. After this, I trust to be strong enough to return to my post, for the season is fast approaching, when a man of business should be in London, for money must be made to provide for such incidental expenses as doctors bills, and a forced sojourn in the country at an unseasonable time.

I give my name and address in full below, in order that anyone of my readers who may consider this narrative a piece of fiction, may write to me, when I shall be happy to answer, as my leisure time permits, all queries upon this article that may be addressed to me, and I now once more recapitulate in short outline the nature and development of my disorders.

They were without doubt a severe attack of Typhoid Fever and inflammation of the Lungs, contracted through taking cold, while still in a state of perspiration.

By the treatment received during 14 separate visits, the attack was quenched by this manual treatment, and all bad matter finally thrown out of my body by—

1. An almost daily action of the bowels ;
2. The passing of urine which at first was of a darkish red colour, leaving a strong deposit on the chamber utensils, but being now like weak camomile tea ;
3. A continuous expectoration of a frothy matter from the stomach, coatings of the wind-pipe, throat, &c., clearings of film from the lungs, and also in the shape of bile from the liver ;
4. Slight but pretty frequent bleedings from the nose, a few drops at a time ;
5. Very wholesome, and even almost continuous perspiration during the last 5 days at least.

The crisis set in on the third day, the Fever was got rid of on the 7th day, the Inflammation of the Lungs on the 9th, and final healing accomplished on the 13th day from that of the beginning of the disorders.

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NOTES OF THE WRITER.—*The above narrative was written between March 28th, and Easter-Monday, April 2nd, with the exception of the recapitulation of events which was added to it on April 4th, the day of final Cure.*

*C. Obach, 314, Briaton Road, London, S.W.*









