

Life at the water cure : facts and fancies noted down during a month at Malvern : a diary / by R.J. Lane ... and ... Confessions of a water-patient by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

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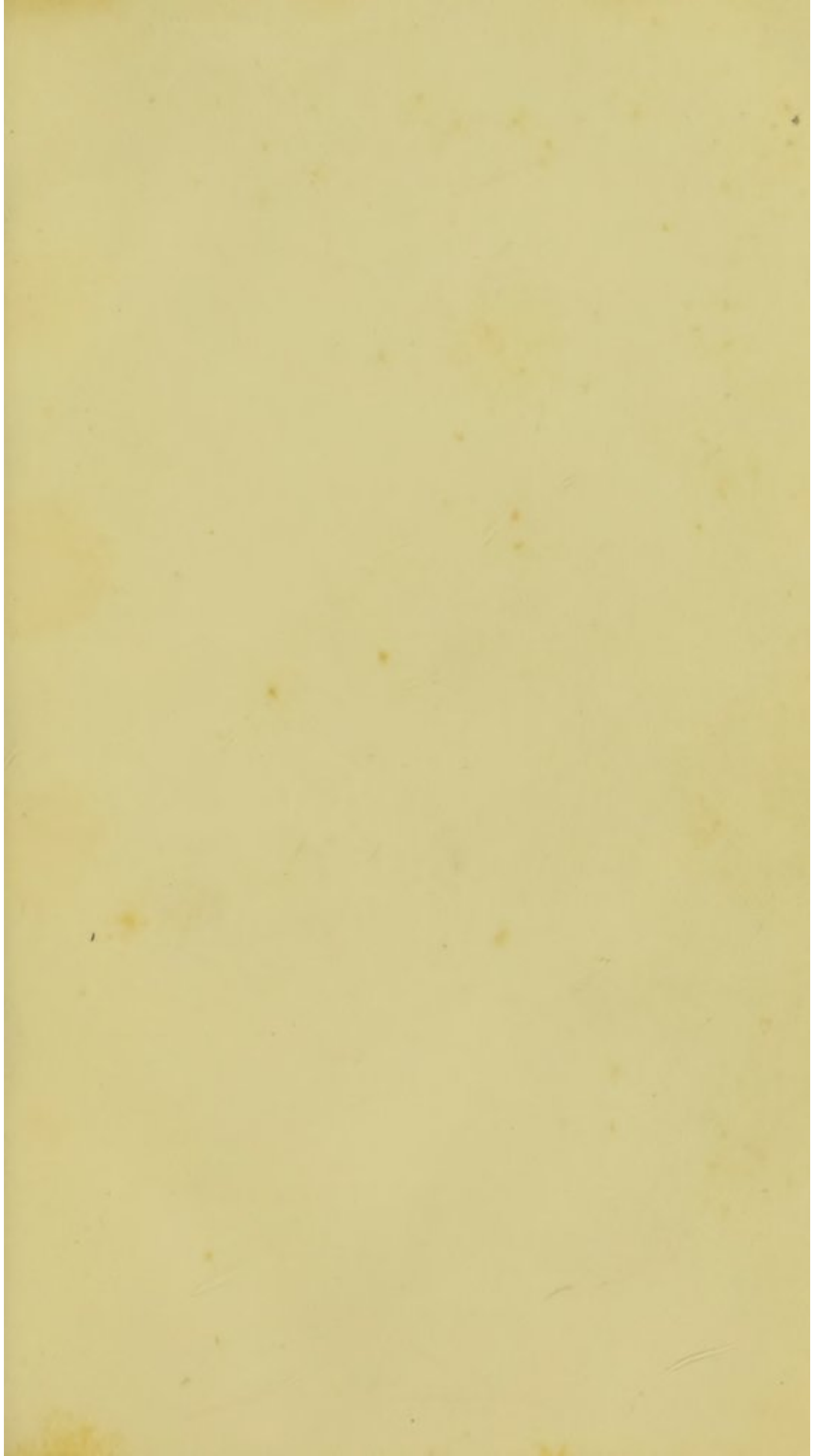


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James Wilson

Great Malvern

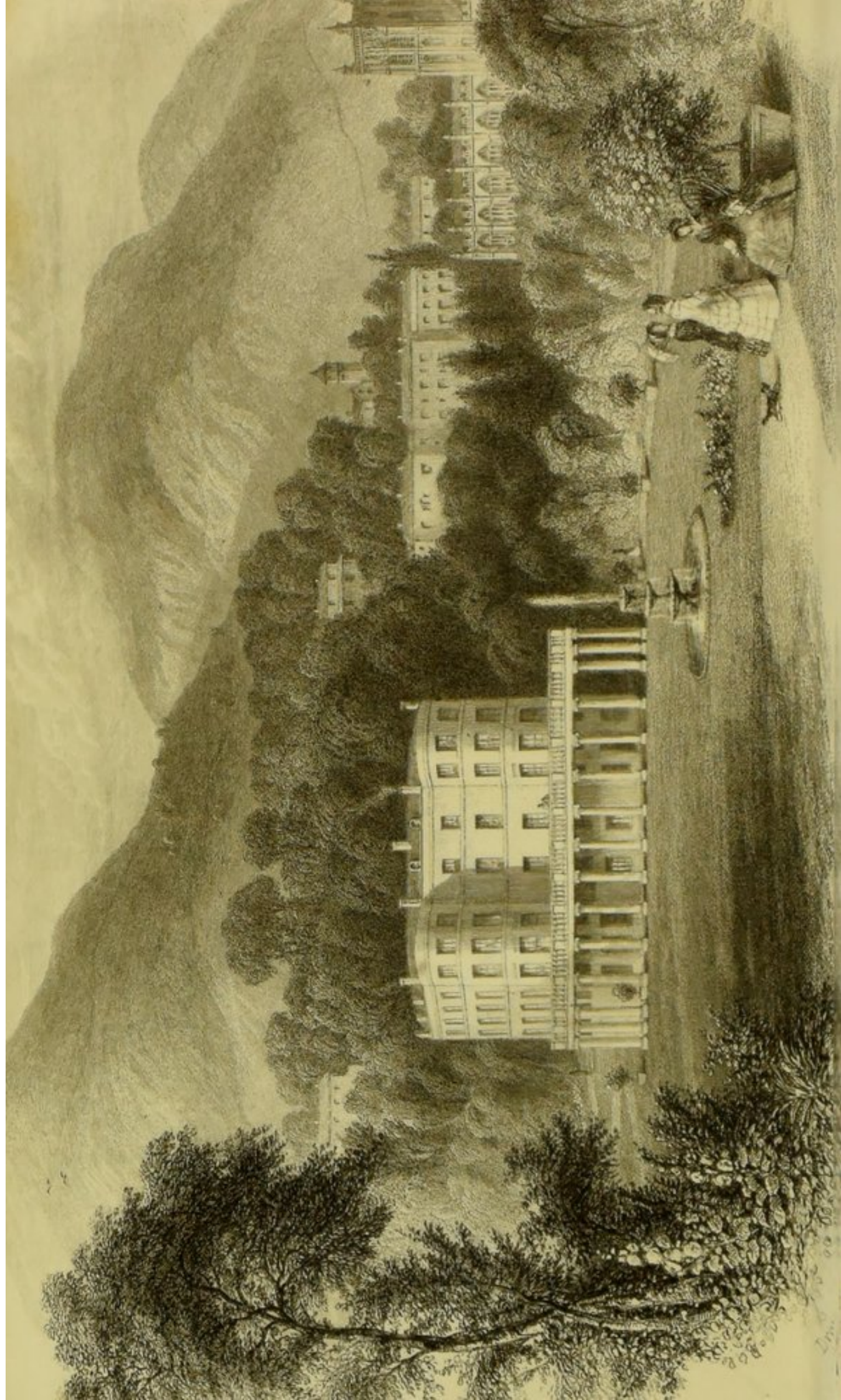
Worcester

to

Miss M. Tennant

with kind regards

Yours



LIFE AT THE WATER CURE

FACTS AND FANCIES

NOTED DOWN DURING

A MONTH AT MALVERN

A Diary

BY R. J. LANE, A.E.R.A.

LITHOGRAPHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE ALBERT

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM HYDROPATHIC AUTHORS

AND (BY PERMISSION) A REPRINT OF

CONFESSIONS OF A WATER-PATIENT

By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON Bart.

"At the Water Cure the whole life is one remedy"

New Edition

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

L O N D O N

WILLIAM HORSELL, 13, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1851.

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P R E F A C E.

Dr. Wilson's, Great Malvern, Sept. 1850.

DATING from this house—where I have been for three weeks, packing, bathing, doucheing, and sitzing; reading, writing, thinking, and reconsidering; asking questions, and noting down answers; accompanied in my walks by a flower-loving child, who climbs the steepest paths, paces the sheep-tracks, and runs from height to height to greet the Sun's first ray; and associated at home with about seventy patients, of whom some sixty (ladies and gentlemen in about equal proportion) join the general meal—and these comprising a party, distinguished by high rank, professional honours, and mental culture, with those who are the strength of the nation—from the merchant prince to the provincial man of business; all congregated for one great object—the regaining health and learning how to keep it, and living together in good fellowship, without formality or exclusiveness: From this retreat—with every deliberate conviction ten-fold confirmed by all that I read, and hear, and see: From my quiet room—as the sweet breath of a Malvern autumn fans me through the open window, I send forth this edition.

It will be seen that I have made considerable additions; cut away repetitions and other superfluities; and done what I could to render my diary more amusing. For the spirit that has influenced me in all this, I appeal to an authority no less weighty than SAMUEL JOHNSON, who apologised for writing a long letter by pleading that he had not *time* to write a *short* one. I now *have* time to compress and strengthen what was done in much hurry and excitement, and in the days and nights of a fortnight.

The luxury of rest and peace that I enjoy in this house, leads to the conviction that there is no condition of being so conformable to the physiological laws as the whole discipline of a Water Cure Establishment. I know of no *other* laws and regulations that may be rendered so entirely subservient to fixed intervals for the routine of rest—exercise—early hours—and wholesome diet; involving in its alternations, healthy appetite—sound digestion—sweet sleep—buoyant spirits. In short—a Water Cure Establishment is *the only place* where a man does, or can, devote himself altogether to his health.

One is supposed to escape, for the time, from all worldly cares: and this, under the initiatory treatment generally demands no effort. He needs not be worried by tavern bills nor indefinite travelling expenses, nor even carry a purse. He has time for intellectual luxuries, beyond those that arise, unbidden, from a healthy tone of body: with home comforts of every kind.

Glance at the ordinary autumn trip; or cross the channel—take a well-selected route—be for eight or ten hours in a *diligence*—don't forget your passport—look to your luggage—be ever straining to remember something—spend your money—enjoy your high living, your wine, your soup, and your sofa;—be full of irregularities in all your movements—take your fill of such excitement—and how is it? Why (you answer) that is just what I enjoy ten times more than *your* beef and mutton and pudding—your morning walks, and your boasted baths—your bread and butter and water. That is what suits me, and agrees with me—what I like, and what I live by.

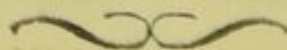
Now, what is my rejoinder? Very well—you get what you seek, and you have your reward; but does it never occur to you, O merchant, that while *we* are accumulating capital of health, *you* are borrowing on that capital at seventy-five per cent?

In the unasked and unanswerable testimonies that meet me on every side, I see enough to justify my enthusiasm for the cause. Rapid amendment and remarkable cures attest that the WATER CURE has made—is making—cannot but make rapid progress, and is supported by an array of facts that defy dispute and disarm opposition.

(The truth is like a cork in water, which may be held down by repeated efforts; but which, ever and anon, will be bobbing up to the surface—until, the depressing power being tired out, its own intrinsic nature keeps it afloat.)

We find, too, that the foremost of our great Physicians practice and inculcate those healthy habits, which are, at least, the sworn associates of the Water Cure—the first step towards a recognition of its moving power; that, taking that “first step,” from the bed to the bath, they court the morning air: and cease not to drive their patients from the smoke and dirt—the strife and bustle of the town, or the modified impurities of the suburb; and in singleness of heart say to Mr. Tooley—Mrs. Threadneedle—Alderman Leadenhall—Little Mary Axe—Young Birchim, or Old Jewry—Really I cannot cure you in the City.

Writing from this House I would not omit to mention that I find the Doctor has been for three or four years engaged on a systematic work on the Water Cure: (he promised me some extracts for my Appendix, but has failed to send them—the Book will however soon be published)—nor that, in order to render this Sanatorium all that can be desired for the invalid, he has availed himself of the services of DR. L. STUMMES, late Physician to the Water Cure Establishment at Grasmere.



I dedicate this Book

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

I do this for several reasons. First, because I have the *power* to print just what I please.

I am no X Y Z, nor “Constant Reader of your valuable Journal,” who, after glancing through the columns of *The Times* for a week, regardless even of “The Gorham Controversy,” in his search for the interesting letter, brings his subdued spirit to bear upon the general notice touching “rejected communications.” I am not the poor contributor to a magazine, who, having waited month upon month, to see in print his irresistible—his accepted essay, finds that when at length it appears, it does not appear *at length*; all the best things being Editorially cut out. I am not a Poet, who, on the representation of his Play, goes distracted on discovering that the Manager has cut down his best soliloquy—only sixty lines—to three and a half! I am writing a book—I am; and having it all my own way. I am an Author, who give my order, and stand up for it. The little boy who calls for this paper to-morrow morning, takes it to press; and “I’ll print it every word:” or know the reason why.

That I am likely to do this, I have made pretty clear in my intercourse with Master Printer. It will scarcely be believed that, the word “water” occurring in the early part of my MS. (which is in itself a remarkable fact), he “laid it on” by

prefixing the words "that invigorating beverage" to fill up a gap, and save the breaking up a "PAR.;" but I was at least up to that, and cut it off. I, a water-cured man, writing at this moment under the benign influence of something stronger than water, cut it off: and then his *boiler* burst, perhaps under the pressure of pent up feelings regarding cold water,—or to give the Steam Press a holiday. He then converted a "*fiend*" into a "*friend*"; amplified "*was in bed*" to "*was very bad*"; softened "*modified*" to "*mollified*"; sweetened "*ample*" into "*dimple*" (as applied to cheeks); when I made a "*concession*" he gave me credit for "*conception*", and furnished me forth with a "*valet*" instead of a "*watch*;" in all of which corrections he no doubt intended to do me a service, or "to point a moral"; and he carried it so far as to "adorn a tale" by the insertion of a figure of MERCURY! as a "tail piece"; but I was not going to stand that, and I wrote to him, that I objected to *Calomel* in any form, and made a *rule* of it—a "double rule." I actually began to write out an ERRATA, but soon stopped for laughing, and wound up with a general "notice to quit" to intrusive romans and *italics*.

Thus much for my *power*. I arrange my Pars as I like; put in the punctuation any how; distribute my "Caps," great and small, where I deem them fitting; dress my book as I like, and do it cheap. And now to render it complete in its component parts, I write a Dedication; and delight myself to think of the aggravation that the Printer is going to be put to to-morrow morning, when he brings his feelings to the task of setting it up in type.

I dedicate to CHARLES DICKENS, because I wish it to be evident that my book does not contain any advocacy of extreme opinions, nor one unwholesome element; but is put forth in the cause of Truth and Health—as I believe.

So, to my Creed. I believe in Water—the bright, the only pure, and most precious drink. I believe also in Wine and Brandy: and in good Ale and Porter, in a subordinate sense. I believe in Tea, Coffee, To—no, *not* tobacco, (because, although I think it probable, I never learned it), nor Snuff.

In favour of Tobacco and its mysteries, something may be urged. I know a Poet, who smokes very long pipes—and likes it. I know a matter-of-fact Genius who beats him hollow at it. I know some who do it, and regret it; and I have seen boys who smoke, and *pretend* to like it. But if I give to *smoking* the benefit of a doubt, I have nothing to say in excuse for *snuffing*, which is abominable, pitiable, and “stinking in the nostrils.”

It is Christmas time; and I profess Punch and Pudding; with occasional sitting up late: I believe in the suggestions of a crackling wood fire, and I know a ghost story, that arises out of a house belonging to a connexion of mine: a house from which Rebel Lords used to step out at the first-floor windows to be beheaded: where my connexion discovered a passage, which dipped down right under the moat, and communicated with a vault in the Tower: where, one night, two young ladies were sitting up together—dreadfully late, and one said that she should like a glass of porter; upon which the other took a chamber candle, and—so the story begins. But to my creed again. I believe in a great many little things, and don't think that there are such things as trifles. I believe very implicitly in a little old-fashioned china tea-pot, and in a musical box. In summer time I believe in Butterflies, and in all seasons I believe in Little Children, and how we should learn and *unlearn* in our intercourse with them.

I believe in the easy chair in my study, and in a bookshelf, within arm's length, devoted to the works of Dickens. That chair might tell many a tale, how, when the fresh morning air had, in vain for me, succeeded to a long night of sorrow, the hand has been put forth for the well thought of tale, or sketch, or carol; and so, softened it may be by tears, that bring the heart relief, or beguiled to genial merriment, and even to that very good thing—a hearty laugh, the healing power of “a word in season” has not failed me. Or, looking down into the deep shades of suffering and of crime, we still trace the glimmering of our guiding star, which *is* the spirit of childhood; the steady light of “that little candle” penetrates the gloom; we are counselled to exertion, and endurance,

and forgiveness ; and in the higher matters of faith and practice, to give heed to the teaching of the Saviour, and to rest upon God's Providence "with a child's trustfulness and confidence." So prosper the aims of the Author.

I am looking at a portrait of Stothard ; and as the bland, benevolent face calls up, in classic purity, the grace and sweetness of his conceptions, a lovely race of maidens and of gallant youths arise about me, with a sprinkling of white beards and of matrons, to "see fair;" and the dance begins. And now, a long avenue of trees is peopled, in the chequered shade, and in the air above in broad sunlight, with a troop of rosy children ; and I believe in them even more than usual, for the Painter's sake. I believe in STOTHARD, and in his twin spirit the gentle FLAXMAN. Akin in genius as in simplicity, inseparable in their youth, led by the same Divine impulse in the pursuit of their object, and both exhibiting that most rare quality of art, that begets in the spectator a fellowship with the Artist, which rises to respect and affection.

And so with Dickens : we—the many, who are all but strangers to his home and his where-about—and content to be so, find ourselves stirred to a sympathy with him that grows and strengthens to personal regard. He takes his place at the hearth : we find him abroad in our walks or merry meetings, and he cheers us in the seclusion of the study.

An English settler in the Backwoods of Canada was visited by a friend of mine in the year 1840, who found his entire library comprised in THE BIBLE and "Pickwick : " some casualty having cut off his SHAKSPERE.

I may probably believe in a great deal more to-morrow, but it will suffice to believe to-night in the aforesaid ; in my own note book ; in Charles Dickens ; in my reasons for inscribing to him my book, which has done a great deal of good, and is going to do a great deal more ; and in the pleasant fancy that he will not be displeased with me ; finding himself in the "best of company," with some of his own familiars, and especially associated with one most honoured and attached friend—SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

INTRODUCTION.

It was on a bright morning of the first week of June last, at half past-five of the clock, that two pedestrians might have been seen, by the few who were in a condition to look out o' window, to step from the Water Cure Establishment of Doctor Wilson, of Great Malvern. There was a settled purpose in their whole deportment that bespoke, as plainly as the knapsack on the back of each, and the oak sapling in hand, something more than the accustomed early walk of the Hydropathist.

The elder was between forty-eight and fifty years of age, in stature no great things, in frame rather sinewy than muscular, and of complexion clear and fresh, though leathery. The younger was within a year of the age of manhood, within an inch of the height of his ambition—viz., six feet, and full of buoyant hopes and bright promise, that were deemed as sure of attainment as the twentieth year and the full stature on which he was about to enter. Both had journeyed to Malvern our years ago, the one wasted by long continued and increasing illness, every faculty in subjection, and almost hopeless of recovery; the other in a state rendered delicate by school duties, by irregular hours for food and exercise, and such ordinary evils as furnished a good excuse to *Number One* for taking the comfort and the enjoyment of his boy's companionship. They now walked forth, firm of step and full of health and energy; having together planned a walking tour to the Beacons and Black Mountains of Breconshire, the valley of the Usk, and the banks of the Wye.

Bent on the full enjoyment of their well-arranged trip, it was as reasonable as delightful to make Malvern the starting point; taking a good week's training in wet sheeting, douching and sitzings, testing their powers and "tasting their legs," by an amateur walk to Worcester and back, and making due exhibition of that sort of "pluck" which, after a twenty miles' walk effectually excites to the enjoyment of drawing-room exercises in the evening. It was pleasant to give evidence of gymnastic powers among the hopeful invalids, which one would not have done for the world, but to give them a confidence in their own promising condition. It was most delightful to hear repetition and reiteration and verification of reports of the amount of good that had been done by the publication of a *Journal of daily experience* which was sent forth in "a dear and dignified form," met with a hearty welcome and a rapid sale, fulfilled the purpose of its mission, by teaching the timid

not to be afraid of the water, and was pronounced by the highest and most valued authority to "*attest well the pure enjoyments that accompany the cure and smile away all its hardships*," which induced hundreds to "throw physic to the dogs," proceed to the fountain head, and in a thankful and generous spirit give evidence to its author of their obligations to him and to the Water Doctor.

All this was *very* pleasant, and determined the said author to agitate the question of the issue of a cheap edition of his book, to which should be prefixed a singularly original and remarkable Introduction, comprising a Diary of a walking tour with notes of preparation, and memorandums, for the guidance of those whom it might concern.

It may be asked—"Is a Hydropathist who undertakes to walk 200 miles expected to walk upon water?" Certainly not—unless he prefer the pure element to any other drink. *Number One* desires to record that, being at the expiration of eighteen months from his return from Malvern, effectually washed of all trace of ailment: not having moreover imposed upon his conscience any heavy burthen, he gradually subsided into an occasional use of strong waters, and was deemed by certain of the "total abstinence" movement, to be "little better than one of the wicked."

Thus, not having taken the vows, he does not desire to "take the veil," by concealing his conviction that a grateful appreciation of water does not involve an utter abandonment of the other good things of life: he would rather proclaim that the Hydropathic mind—set free to expatiate in fields *accustomed* and in pastures *old*, returns to the thankful enjoyment that springs from quickened senses and the keen appetite of health, unfettered by the rules of a diet table, and in no dread of indigestion and the legion of horrors attendant or consequent upon it.

It is natural that a water-cured man should, under the influence of renewed faculties, and in the enthusiasm of pure gratitude, resolve to continue a mere water drinker, but he will learn to battle against extreme opinions, to admit that there are occasions when tea may be considered severely proper, and coffee but a venial indiscretion; when ginger-pop is only questionable—cyder a peccadillo—and perry not positively piggish: when ale and porter are not decidedly wicked, nor wine atrocious. He will thus arrive at the conviction that being "temperate in all things" he may eat and drink what he likes, and be spared the disagreeable task of still studying what is more or less wholesome, and of weighing his breakfast.

Of the preparations for a walking tour none is so important as a well arranged and duly regulated stomach, and a healthy appetite; as secured in the case of our two pedestrians, by a few days of Malvern training, during which *Number One* was

implicit and indefatigable, and *Number Two* was guilty of no flagrant breach of discipline, beyond an occasional request that a SITZ might *do* instead of the mid-day DOUCHE (he being deep in the 1st or 2nd vol. of MACAULAY, or the current number of COPPERFIELD).

In the matter of *Clothing*, a shooting jacket is all that needs be specified as necessary to comfort, and *straps* to the trousers as unnecessary and vexatious ; which two items will suggest the principle on which the outfit should be made. Shoes (called high-lows or Oxford shoes) are infinitely preferable to boots, and these should be well tested by two or three long walks before the day of starting. A KNAPSACK, furnished with *broad* straps for the shoulders, (not india-rubber—"there's nothing like leather") will not at all impede freedom of motion, while a *Stick* will imply freedom of opinion.

Of the contents of the former it may be well here to give a list, while of the sapling wielded by *Number One* it may be remarked that if the depository from which it was selected, or all the depositories and all the woods and forests of the known world could possibly furnish its fellow or its equal, why, then a description of its crook—its strength and lightness—its taper form—its knobs, and the exquisite grace and balance of its form, would only be received as a puff for the Malvern Library, whose proprietors could sell guinea sticks for sixpence.

A knapsack, then, should contain two shirts, a night shirt, and two pairs of socks : a *case* for hair brush, comb, shaving brush, and nail brush : a *wrapper* for tooth brush, razor, scissors and pencils ; sponge in oil'd silk wrapper ; screw boxes for shaving soap and cold cream : blotting book, with writing paper ; pens, envelopes, and wax ; clothes brush, ink bottle, towel, yellow soap, extra shirt buttons, and slippers.

The weight and bulk of this amount of baggage is very trifling.

The coat and other pockets should contain knife, drinking glass, cards with name and address, tin colour box, telescope, and *note book* ; which important item demands especial attention, and should be the only book—excepting *One*, that is admitted by the walking tourist as a travelling companion. Its pencil must be of easy access, and its cover without clasp, or "soft ideas" will often "fly" while *unclasping*, and the more you try to call them back, the more they wont come. (The only way to journalise is by dotting down thoughts or occurrences as they take place, (or rather *subside*) and so have nothing to *write up*. The effort to retrace is often fatal to simplicity.)

There is an article of luxury for a walking expedition, the existence of which might *alone* set on foot some thousands of such trips—The Ordnance map of England and Wales. This wonderful map clearly defines every road, every "right of way" across a field, every inn, farm, park, mill—brings boldly forward

every CASTLE, CHURCH, STONE, or other antiquarian object—shews, at a glance, the chief buildings of every town, and effectually points out the best or nearest route for each day's journey: how far to breakfast—where to dine—when to linger—what to sketch. The *scale* is one inch to a mile: so that where the miles are not marked (as they *are* in every *road*) the eye immediately measures the cross-country, and anticipates each stage. This map has been lately published by Government authority, in portions about the size of music paper, at the price of *sixpence*! being a quarter of the original sheet (now sold for two shillings) and multiplied through the agency of the electrotrope. These sixpenny maps, being *once* folded and put into a pasteboard cover, may be tucked into the knapsack, without opening it, and be at hand for immediate reference. (This is better than rolling).

Walking tourists should be *two*, that they may enjoy the prospect of continuing *one* in object and perfect fellowship through their projected trip. The admission of a *third* to their plan is probably the introduction of an element of discord, while it certainly builds up a *majority*, that in the event of any difference of opinion must leave one dissatisfied.

Two brothers may in a single walking tour establish, or confirm, an affection that shall never fail as a retrospect: but this is speculative. Let experience tell that when they are father and son; a man may, by making common cause with his boy—establishing a perfect equality of position—bringing him out where he is strong—feeding his emulation and showing interest in what delights *him*—yielding, or winning over by gentleness, where to give way would be wrong—taking no pains to exhibit superior strength or courage—surmounting difficulties *together*, and never trying to give him the “go by:” thus, may father and son, mutually dependant on each other, get so close in affection that nothing shall thereafter move them: and a few days passed in such association may do more to establish sympathy and mutual understanding than years of the ordinary intercourse.

It was under the influence of these feelings, and in the prospect of many annual June walks, that the foregoing notes were made: it was in such anticipation that father and son kept their joint diary in the summer of 1848, on their first excursion, when the resolution was made to do something of the sort every year: with such feelings, abundantly confirmed, was the tour, here to be described, accomplished; and now, in the hope that an enjoyment so unalloyed and so enduring may be pressed upon the notice of others, are the brief details put forth by him who has lost his beloved companion, and whose walks are ended.

JUNE 6.—“Gently—gently,” said Ned, as we began to pace along the road ascending to the Wyche, “I say—don’t you remember that we agreed to give twenty minutes always to the *first mile*?” Putting his hand on his father’s breast, and seeming to say, You’re a pretty fellow to make rules, it was thus that *Number Two* started “taking care of *Number One*.”

Never was a start more auspicious. The thunder storm of yesterday had cleared and cooled the air, and well washed the hard chalky road, and the singing birds were in ecstasies. Looking over Herefordshire as we passed through the Wyche, the apple blossoms still powdered the orchards, and as we neared our old friend, the Camp Hill, we despised it for a moment “in regard” of the Black Mountains then in full view, and looking very *white* in the distance. The wind, “by express desire” was favourable—the Sun *backed* us; and as we drank at the Willow spring, we began to think that Ledbury was over near for our first halt.

This going westward at early morning when the Sun is bright, and looking on his influence instead of staring him in the face, is good for the eyes. Three early village cocks, each mounted on his own proper dung-hill, did “salutation to the morn:” other early villagers did the same to us, and one little boy asked us “What’s o’clock,” which is a personal and particular compliment. Having walked about four miles, we each mumbled a biscuit according to rule, and got to LEDBURY in such excellent condition that Ned was not at all disposed to stop, and only anxious not to tire *me*.

We looked about for a tempting Inn where to breakfast, and made several enquiries, when, being told that only three miles on the road was the “The Fleece”—such a “*nishe ’ouse*,” where we could get anything that we desired, on we walked, and so accomplished eleven miles before breakfast. Resting at the “Fleece” and after our meal, sauntering for about an hour, we were again on the road. As Ned found no indication of CASTLES or CAMPS on our map, we disciplined our minds to lane scenery and hedge-rows, with orchards and occasional parks; and in a rather lonely place had a promising encounter.

A strapping Irishman, with a very thick stick, came striding along the road, and long before he met us proclaimed his country by his brogue. “Genlemen! I passed a big house a mile back, where I saw a DOG atin good vittles!” This remark, made by a ragged rascal, at about fifty paces—in a roaring voice, and addressed to two rather slight pedestrians with knapsacks, seemed to imply a profession of hunger, to assert a superiority over the “inferior animal,” and to be evidently intended to prepare us for another sort of appeal. “Ugh! you big blackguard I’ll be bound the dog has *earned* his food, and deserves it; which you don’t.” This remark was made by one of us (aside to the other), who threw the man a penny because there was nobody else in sight, and *only* a penny because he was a brute.

Through TARRINGTON and STOKE-EDITH to the river Frome, (called by the natives “*Prum-my*”). It was very warm—just one o’clock—there was a sheltering bridge, bright water—a fall at hand—nobody to see; and so

under cover of a lovely June sky we bathed—dried ourselves in the Sun, and proceeded the other five miles to Hereford, where we arrived at 2.40, went to the “Mitre” Inn and ordered dinner; retained the Verger to show us the Cathedral &c. at four; and sat down more than satisfied with our first day’s walk of 25 miles.

Here am I in HEREFORD. At the age of six I left this town: I have never seen print or drawing, or heard any description of the town, and yet I have professed a clear recollection of the shape of the ground about the cathedral, the locality of my father’s house, and the Bishop’s palace, the form and character of the Castle-green &c. I have stood in the Cathedral (a *miniature* compared with what it had grown to in my mind) and, enclosed by the walls, have precisely indicated the several places, and described the arch—or the gateway—that lived in my faithful memory; and I have walked from the cathedral with no *other* guide to the old haunt of my childhood—the Castle-green, telling Ned as I entered the gate, that when he got to the other side of the green he would see the river at the foot of the slope.

But the green is not half its proper size, though the trees *have* grown with me. The whole Town has dwindled and shrunk to meanness.

JUNE 7.—All the cyder that we took yesterday on the road and at our dinner has not done us any mischief. After a sound and refreshing night’s rest, we started at 6.30, arriving at The——, on the banks of the Wye, (where we had promised to breakfast) before 8.

More beautifully situated than any private house that I ever saw—the grounds and the slopes arranged with a breadth of de-

sign that showed all refinement of cultivation without the *affections* of landscape gardening—the natural charms of the situation heightened by well considered art—full grown trees brought in to bold relief—never failing springs of brilliant water, lovely flowers too—then the house, the welcome, the sumptuous meal—the country manners, the farewelling by host and hostess who accompanied us on foot for a full quarter of a mile (a great feat for the lady whose feet were never quite large enough to bear her twice the distance) all occupied a very happy three hours, and we pressed on in high spirits, having settled to sleep at HAY, on the border of Breconshire.

Through LETTON, WILLERSLEY, and WINFORTON, to WHITNEY-BRIDGE, was 17 miles: and at the Toll-house we got refreshment, first by a plunge into the river under the bridge, and then in the article of food, and reliable information that “The Swan” at The HAY would feed and lodge us to our heart’s content.

Here we are at the “Swan,” at 5 o’clock, having done 21 miles of road to-day.

We are in Wales, and Ned is bent on giving places their proper names, and insists that we have arrived at “TRE GELLI,” (which is *British* for Hay). The Inn is eminently situated; the view from it quite a novelty to us. In *another* sense, I have a pretty prospect before me; for if I am to follow Ned in writing down the Welsh names of places I must look sharp at the map, and have little demand for vowels. Double consonants are the rage—such as CWRTT, FFORDD, LLWYNN, PWLL CWM. Of a fine castle that was destroyed by King John, no trace remains but a gateway.

We have done this second day's walk in perfect comfort. That we are not foot-sore may be attributed to the plan of anointing our socks (inside) with *yellow soap*, laid on with a brush (in a thick lather) over night. There is another excellent *dodge* for those who fear blisters on the feet—to change the socks when the day's distance is *half* accomplished, (the right to the left), as a blister is occasioned by a *crease* or other unequal pressure, which is so transferred to the other foot.

Ned is Castle hunting on the map, and finds none between this and "MAESLOUGH," near GLASBURY, where we are expected at breakfast to-morrow,—a nice walk of five miles.

JUNE 8.—Out at 6.25, thoroughly refreshed, and seeming to have acquired a habit of walking 20 miles ad lib. Arrived at *Glazebury* (so pronounced) at 7.35. Disappointed on getting near to "*Musloo*," (so called), which, in the distance, seemed a venerable and magnificent Castle: but which actually dissolved into an array of windows and window blinds, civilizations and other abominations; being positively a lovely place to live in.

At ——— House, a country welcome, worthy the "Lady Bountiful" of the place, and a luxurious breakfast; after which our hostess declared her well-arranged plan for the day. We were *not* to proceed to BRECON to dinner, which, being only eleven miles distant, was beneath our notice. We argued—made gentle resistance, and the Lady got the day, (a lovely day and a most precious memory). A kind and thorough-going guide went with us, after we had bathed in the Wye, to the foot of the Black Mountains, taking us in turn to all the exqui-

site points and nooks that he knew would please us, and giving Ned good opportunities of sketching "BWLCH Y FINGLL and RHEW WEN from BLAEN DIGEDI," "CEFN CWM BLWCH from PEN-R-HOEL," "RHEW WEN," "CRYB Y GURTH," and other RHEWS and BWLCHES.

At the foot of the mountains at 12.50, our guide left us, telling us that we were not expected til 5, and we began to ascend. Ned particularly desired to know whether I *intentionally* chose a *water-cure chapter* in the Bible this morning? Our Hostess had installed me as chaplain, pro tem, for the Family Prayers, and I opened the book at the story of *Naaman the Syrian*; perfectly innocent of intention, but having certainly lighted upon a beautiful incident appropriate to our subject.

"If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee
WASH AND BE CLEAN."

Getting to the summit of what Ned writes down as "TRWYN UECK," (the highest point), at 1.35, we paused, looked *down* on Malvern, in the distance, gathered wild flowers, saw many pools of ink black water, filled my drinking glass with the black peat and sand, a very fine powder which did not dirty my hands, and then took a walk from height to height, making the most of our time, and looking at GLASBURY with the determination to take a steeple course from "MYNDD BYCHAN" to dinner; which we did, but with an interruption that I shall not easily forget. We descended,—wheel-barrow fashion, where the steep slope of short turf seemed uninterrupted, and went down at a great speed. Suddenly, I missed Ned, checked my course, and, with some difficulty, stopped

myself, excessively alarmed, as I had been calling his name all the while. As I came to a stop, I saw Ned's head far away to the left, looking over a mound, and heard him say, "What's the matter?" The wind, which had carried my voice to him, had not served to bring *back* his replies; and now a new cause for alarm was presented to Ned, who saw that I was near the edge of a precipice of at least 40 feet, over which I must have fallen had I not checked my speed effectually in my anxiety for him. Even when I got to my feet, this precipice was not in any degree evident. Let those who mount mountains bear in mind that the descent is dangerous, (as chasms are not seen from above), and that "wheel-barrow fashion," like other fashions, is sometimes out of place.

As the clock struck five we entered the porch of ——— house, having accomplished about twenty miles, as we carefully measured on the map. To get home in time we had to make some efforts. It was a regular steeple-course. We overed hedges, throughed brambles, alonged questionable tracks, undered spreading trees, and outed upon private property without hesitation or remorse—for we did no mischief.

After tea, to MAESLOUGH CASTLE, and the grounds. Ned had good sketching time before twilight; and soon the Moon did good service.

JUNE 9.—Thoroughly refreshed and renewed, we started at 6.30 from ——— House. The Sun blazed forth with a fresh, inspiring breeze. Nothing very interesting on the road to BRECON until within two miles. There was, however, one castle, BRONLLYS and a MOAT that we

could not find; and so, never minding it, with lovely airs (and graces too in some of us) to help us on, we began to descend the valley north of BRECON at 9.40.

The hill north of the town is called PEN Y CRUG. From this the descent presents a quick succession of enchantments, of which water is the chief element—rushing, rippling, gliding, resting; playing over rocks or pebbles—heard among the brambles, peeping, here and there, occasionally a bright jet from the rock—in every variety, and never out of place. Surrounded by full grown trees and commanding masses of rock, with the BRECONSHIRE BEACONS in view, I was tempted to exclaim, "Oh, Misther Creswick, Misther Creswick, you thief o' the world! where are ye? that ye don't live here six months and put it all down in writing?"

After a little resting and sketching, climbing, and loitering, and drinking, we proceeded to the Castle Inn, at BRECON, to breakfast, having well earned it by nearly twelve miles' tramp. The walls of the CASTLE, and other objects, employed an hour or so, and we took an open carriage to the foot of the BEACONS: arriving there at 3.30.

At the little inn where we put up the horse, and engaged a guide, the parlour was pretty full of natives, who on our entrance attempted to talk English, but I begged them to speak *Welsh* for our express edification. The ascent to the Beacons occupied an hour-and-a-half.

The excitement here is great respecting two young men (brothers) who lately fell over the tremendous precipice north of the highest point. They were seen by some of their party to wrestle or fight, or play, close to the edge

and suddenly to disappear. The search for them continued all the evening—all night; and the bodies were not found till the next day.

Passing many rivulets and running streams, our guide took us to the bright spring which is the source of the usk; and during the whole ascent we had never-failing brilliant water of the most delicious flavour—all tributaries to this lovely river.

At five we achieved the summit of the Beacons—Arthur's Seat—or, according to Ned, "Cefn-cwm-llwch," and "Y-Fan-corn-du." Seated on the higher of the two, which is to the Malvern Beacons what they are to Primrose Hill, I wrote home, "On this 9th day of June, 1849, in the 50th year of our age, and 25th of our reign:" and enclosed flowers, which grew thickly among the soft turf. A little plant which has leaves of a rich red brown is plentiful here and gives a beautiful tinge to the mountains. We were at an elevation of 3,025 feet above the sea's level. Our Malvern Beacon is 1,400. The earth black as our friends of yesterday.

Of the extraordinary luck that attends us in the article of weather, I cannot say enough. We have had a bright exhilarating day: and at six, after enjoying the wonders of the distant objects, came lowering mysterious clouds, producing a gloom like sudden night, that quickly passed away and sufficed to shew the mountains in all their grandeur and every variety of effect.

We made a collection of specimens of the rock, of a dark red colour, and chiefly in strata of about an inch thick; scattered about in small oblong rectangular pieces from 2 to 10 inches long.

Leaving Slwchtump on our left, at 7 we were again at the foot of the Beacons, and while driving back to BRECON resolved to proceed three miles on our road to CRICKHOWEL, which would make that place attainable by breakfast-time tomorrow.

We arrived at the "New Inn" at 9. 30. A very small house with limited accommodation. A very lovely young landlady, not at all conscious of her personal charms, shewed us to our room, where crouched, smiling at me from its corner, a *Sitz bath*.

Sorry to find that it had been necessary to displace the baby who was fast asleep in the best bed when we arrived.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10.—Off at 5.50, having eleven miles to do before breakfast.

Really, having walked more than 100 miles we are in good training for another hundred, in every respect. Lovely Sunday weather, exquisite valley. We made several diversions, detours and retours, consulting the map.

On one of these examinations, as we sat together by the road side, Mr. Evan Evans on his pony seemed hesitating whether to pass us, and then played such antics, the pony kicking and he thrashing it, that it seemed done for our amusement; but presently he called to us, "I say! If you will hoide your peaper, I shall be loike to get by," so I rolled up the little map that was frightening our Welsh pony.

Of the scenery of this valley, every fifty yards presents a new and beautiful variety, with other valleys opening into it. Turning for a moment, the mountains were always in sight, and the sky deep blue. Paying due respect (though not much) to a "STONE" and to "TRETOWER CASTLE" we

got to the entrance of GLEN USK PARK, and asked permission to go through the grounds, which was readily given (a very picturesque and beautiful place) and so got to CRICKHOWEL at 9 15 eating no end of eggs and mutton chops, and making a decent appearance at Church.

We were however in some trouble about four miles short of this place. Ned professed a tenderness on one toe, and thinking to relieve the pressure walked on without his sock. The incipient blister was thus established, and on arrival here we went to a chemist, who told him to open the blister with a needle and apply a solution of alum and camphor, which would effectually cure it, but, he must not walk for four or five hours. Here was an opportunity for me to try my paces by a walk of six miles. After some trouble I persuaded Ned to devote his energies to a

sketch of the CASTLE, and then to take the Mail to ABERGAVENNY and give me the meeting at the "Angel," carrying our knapsacks with him.

I then went to the mile stone, and taking in hand my dear (*cheap*) little pocket companion, that had never deceived me, I waited for four o'clock. The first mile I did in less than ten minutes, (I had, however, occasionally broken into a trot when long strides seemed to cramp me). I then resolved to *walk*, religiously, and the second mile occupied 11m, the third (rather up hill) 12m.—the fourth 11½—fifth 11½ sixth, 11—I thus accomplished in 67 minutes and a few seconds, my six miles, and walked on another mile at the same rate of speed to the "Angel" to give Ned the Meeting.

Let me measure the merit of this feat by a statement pro and con.

PRO.

Clear bright air and a side wind.
Cool invigorating breezes.
Sunny faces, and Sunday dresses.
Clean children—retty too.
Hard road chiefly level.
Chequered shade.
Springs of pure water.
Refreshment thereby to the *inner man*.
Strength ad libitum.
High health and spirits.
Emulation Hydropathic.
Desire to tell Ned the result.
Sunday.

Thinking all the while.

CON.

New scenery, seen for the first time.
Turning on my heel (therefore).
Retrograde progress on such occasion.
Twice giving up, fearing to be conspicuous.
Stopping four times to drink.
A Cow that would'nt get off the path.
Other unyielding animals (bipeds),
Two uphill half miles.
The want of Ned by my side, pacing with me,
and calling time. In plain English—
The absence of concurrent and collateral aid.

From ABERGAVENNY we quickly proceeded to LLANTHONY; as our great object was to get the first view of the Priory when backed by the glowing sky before sunset; and here was another excuse for nursing Ned's foot; so I engaged a Fly to the entrance of the Valley, through which we had to walk six or seven miles to Llanthony. This we fully enjoyed. It is a most romantic place. The river Honddu sparkling, or rippling, or resting, through its whole

extent;—enclosed—hemmed in on all sides, by wild protecting mountains, (hard to spell), seeming to rely on its own abundant resources and to have little to do with the outer world.

As we paced on, our sympathies became enchained. Ned called it the Happy Valley. Springs of the purest mountain water were frequent. The deep blue above was relieved by light fleecy clouds. Here and there rolling masses came on, clinging to the mountain-

tops as if to suggest a greater height, and seeming to surmount them with difficulty. The wind due north: bracing air: every fifty yards presenting a perfectly new and beautiful subject. All this we had leisure to dwell upon, having good time before us, and Ned's foot being perfectly at ease; but the walk was quite seven miles. As we got near the Priory, it was arranged that we should enjoy the first glance together; so we "hooked on," and had our wish.

To describe LLANTHONY, is as far beyond my powers as to express my appreciation of the VALE OF EWIAS. Venerable in its naked grandeur, and magnificent in its form and details, the picturesque resources seemed as inexhaustible as the charms of situation are mysterious. To renounce the world for this place would not involve penance or mortification. So thought the Poet-Lord of the Valley, when he built him a noble house here, and hoped to make it his home. (So thought my boy and expressed it in his own loving way, when we promised each other to return next year, and stay here a week).

Arriving at 8, we had leisure to measure the grandeur of the place before sunset, and to watch the after-glow that was unusually bright. We found one of the towers completely modernized in the interior, and prepared for visitors, as well as for the residence of the family. The room in which we are to sleep has two beds, "with all appliances and means to boot." After an excellent meal we had a careful survey of the Abbey, sketching a little: and to bed at 10.

We were scarcely in the room when Ned, who had been ferreting, by inserting himself into every secret and mysterious passage in the place, and lamenting

that there was no dungeon, discovered a small door, and taking the candle, disappeared. Looking after him, I saw him turning a corner, and heard him remark, "How *thin* these monks must have been! wherever I go I am obliged to *sidle* along the passages."

JUNE 11.—Up very early, and poking about among fragments, carefully preserved. Examining the ruin at all points, doing all sorts of sketches, and getting a great craving for breakfast; after which we took a reluctant leave of our kind communicative host, a *very* reluctant leave of mine host's daughter, and paid our bill: which I mention, not to profess that we did not run away in debt, but because it was a remarkable document. It involved the choicest of every thing for supper and breakfast, with beds, the washing of shirts and socks; (and attendance, which *alone* would have been cheap at a guinea); the written amount being 7s.!

Deeply affected by the manifold charms of the place, the waitress, and the bill, we proclaimed our promise to go to Llanthony for a week next year, and getting up to a break in the chain of hills called "Rhiw gwrw," we looked back upon EWIAS VALE which had had brought us closer together in love and sympathy than any former experience, little thinking that we should never again visit its happy confines.

This was at noon—we had a good 20 miles to walk, having arranged to sleep at SKENFRITH, not for its own attractions but because it lay in our course to GOODRICH, and we settled to take a steeple walk from town to village. Resting awhile and consulting our unerring guide (the map), we descended and made CLODOCK our first point—a very quiet pretty

village. In the churchyard I remarked the prodigious amount of tomb-stones, and moralizing thereon, Ned called my attention to no end of *babies* (per contra) in the village and the fields. He has been delighting in the butterflies which have been plentiful and very beautiful, but he is not *entomological*—he does not stick pins through their stomachs, or in any way cut short their brief, and bright existence.

Over the hill called "Myndd Ferddyn," we then made for ROYLSTON. Entering a field where we saw a formidable bull (a town bull) occupying the centre, a countryman shouted from the other side, "I say! where be you goin'? mind the bull!" Feeling "suddenly *limp*," I didn't show disposition to turn back; so we kept pretty close together, and faced the bull, making a segment of a circle, of which he was the centre, and when we got to the other side where our friend the alarmist still stood, he said with a loud laugh, "I was only a chaffing—*He* would'n't hurt you."

To get to "Monmouth Cap" we had to ford the "MONNOW," taking off shoes and socks, and trousers, and carrying them with us across the stream.

At the Cap we had a too simple dinner of bread and cheese, and perry, not being tired, nor disposed to wait for cookery; then on to GROSMONT, where is a ruined castle, and a church worth seeing. To SKENFRITH was but five miles. The castle is only remarkable as being the oldest in Monmouthshire.

Finding an airy sleeping room at the inn, we ordered supper. Presently, being annoyed by the smell of tobacco, &c., proceeding from the low little parlour, I preferred a request to have our

meal in our own room. This request was so ungraciously received, that, finding Ned fully disposed to go further, I cut short the preparation for supper, we donned our knapsacks, and told our hostess that we should go on a few miles in search of better accommodation.

It was 6:30: we crossed the Monnow bridge, slighted the Castle, and stepped on to an important house indicated in the map as the "Southwell Arms," only 3 miles further. Approaching the house we found that it had been converted to a private dwelling. One mile on is "The Broad Oak," but such a filthy place that we held a consultation. Ned is not at all beat. I am disposed to push on for Ross or Goodrich. To Ross is 8 miles. Looking over the country at the commencement of a cross road GOODRICH being bright in the sunshine and apparently not 6 miles distant—we look at each other to put the question—Ross against all Goodrich—road *versus* fields, lanes, stiles, and villages.

It is settled—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

We proceeded through a succession of tidy farms, and the village of LLANGARRAN, and arrives at GOODRICH at 9:30—saw the word "HOSTELRIE" painted on a board, and incontinently entered the house, where we were speedily established in great comfort, resting, eating and drinking, and sleeping. Our distance is honestly stated as 40 miles on foot this 11th day of June.

JUNE 12, 7 o'clock, a.m.: Exceedingly comfortable in bed (both of us) we resolve not to walk before breakfast, and save

ourselves for the COURT and the CASTLE. We are not beat, but if I had foreseen the Skenfrith annoyance, we would have waited for a steak or chop at Monmouth Cap.

Ned rushes into Chivalerie, and dates from "Ye Hostelrie." He had said when first we spoke of walking that he would rather see GOODRICH than any place, and he is in his glory. Armed with a substantial breakfast we progresst thorough ye grounds to GOODRICH COURTE and crossinge ye drawbridge, announced our arrivalle.

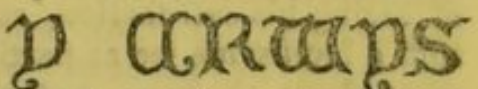
Admir'd much att my sonne Nedde hys gayte and deportemente on crossyng ye quadrangular courte where wee were tolde to wayte till ye Warder, who mett uss, hadde pass'd rounde to admit uss at ye grande entrance. Ushered into ye Hall, we were encompass'd by glaives, halberds, crossebows, and trophies with huntynge tools; in describenge whych Nedde putt ye servaunte to his PPP and QQQ and made him, though fatte enuff, remarkably smalle in his owne eyes, so that I didde begin to thynke how he would smashe him when we gott to ye helmets breastplates, battell axes, gauntlets, cuisses, &c., and sure enuffe, on enterynge ye armorie, as ye sunne his rayes shotte askannece ye appartemente, he first didde him exceedyngely browne, and then annihilated him.

Here is a representation of a Tournamente with two Knights mounted, and others lookynge on. Nedde has a distinguished gayte and bearynge, with an occasionall air of defyance, and raises his hand as if graspyng a speare; then both would emulate a two handed sworde. Yet altogether, he sayd thatt ye appartemente, albeit verry interestynge, is suggestive of a minour theayter, and that ye Heralds,

Poursuivautes, &c., and ye folke in ye royall boxe are apparrelld in tynsell and tawdery.

Walkynge rownde ye courte after wee hadde finisht insyde, didde thynke toe make a prospecte of Nedde his face att ye momente when wee smelte ye usuall stynke proceedynge from ye pigges theyr styes over against ye courte itt's backsyde, which abominable thyng did partly disenchaunt us. We then marcht across ye groundes to GOODRYCHE CASTELL which is nobly placed.

It was occupyd by ye Saxons as a frontier post. Ye gate was built for dubbell porteulliss: ye showman verry intelligent. Ye castell, and commanding syte altogether most sublime. Nedde was embowelled half ye time of our staye, but turned up occasionally to say "all righte guvve." Down to ye village by ye river bankes wee sketcht a picturesque littel house, its fronte

call'd 

(pronounced *croos*) somehow connected with ye Courte and Castell: then marcht to ye Hostelrie, where wee satte down to discuss ane pastie, and to settell our affairs; and att one of ye clocke beinge readie, steppt into ane littel barque, crosst Huntshame hys ferrye, without iniury, payd ye woeman who paddld uss over her smalle amount of tynne: and soe wee wente oure waye, and shee wente shysne; and wee gotte out of ye domayns of Chivaleri.

Passing through HUNTSHAM to wooded banks of the Vye, or engages a boat to transport us as far as we might choose on the way to Monmouth. This is a choice portion of the river with its allows and rapids.

We found a lovely bathing place, but in leaping from the boat I

sadly splashed Ned and the boatman, and made my toilette with clean shirt, having used one as a towel.

The rich banks are every where dotted with cottages and burning kilns. We landed at a point opposite HADNOCK, and walked on to MONMOUTH.

At the Beaufort Arms we ordered dinner. Here we find an irresistible waiter. When we suggested fillet of beef and a tart as satisfactory, he insisted on adding *a trout* just landed with other "fixings." Yet he was not obtrusive; it was the perfection of manners and good taste. He was patriotic too, although he spoke of the man cook. We saw at once (and in good time) that to rush unprepared into a fillet of beef was a thing not to be borne. There was nothing for it but to give him full swing—let him have his way in everything—to be punctual to the appointed hour, to eat even more than convenient for the treat of seeing his satisfaction, and give him a handsome fee at parting. We went about the town, but had not time for the castle, which they say is not particularly interesting, besides we were longing for RHAGLAN. A gentleman gave me a sermon and I put it into my knapsack. We are bound to Rhaglan, Tintern, and Chepstow, and hope to find "sermons in stones."

We engaged front seats on the Mail for RHAGLAN, not to disturb digestion by ill-timed exertion after a dinner so well-timed—so served—so appreciated. We parted friends with the waiter. It has been said that a servant's definition of *enough* is "*a little more*"—not so. To ensure a farewell at an inn-door as smiling as the welcome, it is as unnecessary to be profuse in the matter of gratuities as it is painful to be stingy.

The drive of eight miles from MONMOUTH to RHAGLAN was de-

lightful. Arriving about seven (here again we are at the "Beaufort Arms")—we soon found ourselves at the CASTLE. Neither of us outstripped the other, but Ned after a hurried question or two to our guide, plunged into the subterranean passages until quite satisfied, and then rejoined us to take each object in due course, having made acquaintance with colonies of insects and scared the bats. The grooves for the double portcullis and the terrible uses of the cage, so constructed—well described by both my guides.

The gentleman who attends visitors here is an *Artist* who resides in the tower, which is admirably fitted for the comfort of his family. He is invested with authority to controul the ivy which has been long smothering the noble ruin and clinging to the finest trees, and to cut down timber wherever he sees fit, and his deliberation, extreme caution, and good taste are everywhere evident.

More and more and more ivy! Ugh! you Parasite! If I had the office in this household of GENTLEMANBILL-HOOK AND RESIDENT SHOOTING BOOTS, I would, in extreme cases, cut down ivy—tree and all; for to disentangle from the top would be impossible, and by cutting your leaders, I should but make the dead wood cling closer to the victim, and put him out of his misery a little sooner.

A journey from London to RAGLAND alone, would well repay any one by the contemplation of the admirable balance which is here kept in favour of the most magnificent castle in the kingdom, while the work of the axe and pruning knife is so warily done that the natural beauties of the place are ten-fold increased; the choicest trees get elbow room, the majestic mountains are seen from the well-

considered opening, and in all the scene, the castle is the monarch to which the beauties of its situation are tributary.

We were to ascend the KEEP last (which is surrounded by a moat and a wall), and as we returned to the castle from the surrounding walks, a bright golden colour on the tops of the towers at the entrance, contrasted strikingly with the cool court-yard, and told of a brilliant sunset. Our guide was first at the summit of the KEEP or yellow tower, and hastily telling us to be quick, we came upon the most gorgeous-heavenly sight that we ever dreamed of, and which actually made all three speechless awhile after the first exclamation. The Black Mountains intervening—their clear outlines intensely dark—a sky made up of fantastical forms quickly changing in the clear summer breeze, except where the far-off clouds seemed to pause and present their faces to lend a glory to the flood of departing light. We lingered long after sunset. *Sic transit gloria Tuesdi.*

Our guide who had been in the habit of repairing to this place with his wife to watch the sunset, confessed that he had never been so entirely fascinated as on this evening. Thus had everything combined to interest and surprise us at Ragland. The magnificent entrance—the general character of the walls—the space occupied by them (above four acres) and the surrounding walks.

We returned to the inn with an impression of the glories of the close of day that is not to be forgotten; and ruminating upon Monks—Puritans—Malignants—Spiritual Warfare—Spoyle—Mur—and ye Devyll.

One remark on the subject of our good luck in the article of Weather. We have ceased to be speculative or, in any degree anxious on

this head. To-morrow we want clear bright weather for the view from the WYNDCLIFFE, and we shall have it. We are to walk 12 miles to breakfast at Tintern, and we don't want *dust* nor *rain*; we, moreover, desire a fresh morning breeze, and *not* a head-wind. We are going to have our wish—a few springs at easy intervals too, if you please—nothing else.

Ned worked up his sketches a little, and we turned in (after journalizing)."

JUNE 13.—The sun, fulfilling his "promise of a goodly day," awakes us at 5, and we are out in half an hour. The sweet summer day, that is coming on with the wind, shews brightly behind the distant mountains. A light cloud a-head gives a sprinkling of water, and presently the road is well dotted with drops, that effectually lay the dust. Our walk is, for five miles, along the road, so we may as well let our friend, which Ned calls our own particular *water cart*, proceed at a respectful distance.

Passing farms and mills, and a brook or so, we arrive at LANSOY, and soon at LLANFIHANGEL. We insult a number of tall abominable trees, which shoot up to a great height in a serpentine form, (having been periodically stripped of their branches), and end in a top like a mop—very like rockets. At Llanfihangel we get up a steep hill, and passing an old man with a team, he remarks, "It's a smartish hill to get up." We *don't* reply that it's nothing to us who have been all over the mountains. We pause and turn and make a panoramic outline of the mountains. The water-cart has been careering on before us, thoroughly laying the dust and heightening the scent of verdure and foliage, but not a drop has touched us, and now, as we are

entering on field-tracks and "rights of way," we drink at a brilliant spring from the rock, and take one last look at the mountains.

Descending on the other side of the hill, and looking at TRELLECH GRANGE, I ask a little boy the nearest way, and he tells me. I don't believe that little boy, because I have conceived from the height a *short cut* to the left. Ned remonstrates, but I persist, and eventually turn back, nearly to the point at which I strayed. Ned crowed a little over me, as my *short cut* cost us more than a mile of nasty road, (the only objectionable portion of our walk.) When we get right again by the map, and I ask a labourer if I am "right for the Grange," he replies, "I s'pose 'e be," and, further on, another answers the same question, with "ees sure." I now humble myself to Ned. The top rail of a stile on which I rest for a few minutes, breaks, and I fall ingloriously. Ned does *not* laugh at me, and I make an effort to laugh, just as if I was not hurt. While we rest and examine our map, an old labourer passes us with a greeting, and as we overtake him and remark that we are "giving him the go-by," he replies "You ought to did."

A mile beyond Trellech Grange we begin to descend a beautifully wooded valley, and coming to a farm, we cross that stile, gang that gate, and are again greeted by sparkling fountains glittering in the Sun. Down into the cool shade we descend, and the rippling water accompanies us, resting in clear pools, falling over stones, and gathering force as we proceed. We pass a forge and large furnace, sipping as we go. Now, a water-wheel is turned by it, and there is an enormous fall that sends up

its incense of foam, and makes a great noise; then another, and a *gigantic* water-wheel. All this is subservient to the iron and wire works; and as we get deep into the valley, the paths are formed of cinders, the men, women, and children very black with coal dust, and the trees, on either side, taller and taller, as if determined to get up to the clear air; and not stopping to examine more than the outworks, we get to the foot of the valley, through a narrow lane called Chapel Hill, and turning short to the right, look up together at TINTERN ABBEY. Had we caught any glimpse of it *from above*, we had arranged to turn away.

Unspeakably grand and graceful, Tintern may well be considered the chief authority for all that is elevated in its style. I wish I had the power to describe it or its effect upon me. We go to the door, (closed at this early hour 9.30) and after ordering breakfast at the cottage, hard by, return to the Abbey—getting over the dwarf wall that surrounds it. I sit down upon the new mown turf,—my back against a heap of grass, and there, as I look up at the great western front, I fall fast asleep—dream of Tintern and my Boy,—and, after twenty minutes, awake with my face upturned, and my eyes opening on the same object: then to breakfast and to hear Ned's account of his researches since our arrival.

We talk too of the Monks—their exquisite taste in the choice of situation, and of the abundant resources of this place, the majesty of the style and general form. We make sketches of many beautiful fragments, and go carefully through the place and its purlieus: I say *through*, for there was one of us who kept firm

footing on the ground, shuddering as the other climbed, and proclaimed himself "all right" from places inaccessible by his companion.

At 12.30 leaving Tintern, which every way exceeds our anticipation, we proceeded along the high ground towards the celebrated WYNDCLIFFE—through a well-shaded shrubbery. Getting out upon the fields, we pause at PICCADILLY (a high field so called), and discover that we have overshot our point. We turn to the left and have a beautiful glimpse of the Cliff to reward us, cross the fields, and soon getting through the close wooded path, arrive at the topmost seat overlooking the river, and commanding an extent of view that I believe stands unrivalled in this country for variety and completeness.

Here we sit, the sun having just retired behind the trees that overhang the seat, on purpose to cool it for us, and pack up our wild flowers, &c. We are at an elevation of 1,000 feet, looking over nine counties and the Bristol Channel. More than satisfied, we descend the rock to the Moss cot-

tage and take luncheon, then proceed our last three miles, to CHEPSTOW—and our walk is done.

There is no boat to Bristol till to-morrow morning: so we pause and think, and compare notes, and then go to CHEPSTOW CASTLE in the evening (said to have been built by Julius Cæsar). It made a stout defence against Cromwell, but after a long siege was taken and its defenders put to death.*

"Where's Martin's dungeon?" says Ned on entering, and vanishes on the instant—Very well—It's very fine—that will do—Ned does not find Martin's name cut by himself, or any particular trace of the 30 years' prisoner—Never mind—Yes—and there's a square tower—stone walls with ivy fixings—very well—but we have had enough this time.

We have only done about 17 miles of actual road to day—and nearly the same distance yesterday, including the survey from Court to Castle, and along the Wye banks; and Ned's report gives a return of 207 miles in nine days.

* Guide (Leigh's) to Wales and Monmouthshire.

And now we sit in the evening, having nothing to do but to be happy together; and bring forth our notes of last year's walk round the ISLE OF WIGHT. I copy Ned's Diary, and make a *hash* of his and mine together—thus—

A two or three days' walk may well be undertaken without knapsacks. An inside pocket to the shooting jacket, from the waist downward, may be furnished so as to present no unseemly figure, nor involve the least inconvenience; such items as are not required except at the Inn, being packed and buttoned in behind.

MAY 4.—LONDON to GOSPORT by "Express" at 10.30—at RYDE at 2—dined—started at 6 to ST. JOHN'S—the Priory—ST. HELEN'S, through lovely lane scenery—Ned sketched old church tower while I slept on a bank—crossed the ferry—sketched CULVER CLIFFS—brought out Geological Hammer—Tea at BEMBRIDGE—slept at SANDOWN—excellent roads, up and down—no long roads—hilly.

MAY 5.—Started at 5.15—birds—primroses—country court-seys and greetings—got into private grounds—not ordered off—bathed at SHANKLIN CHINE—glorious morning—calm sea—bright clear air—LUCOMBE CHINE—hard sands—to the road again—pure springs—BON-

CHURCH at 8.15—breakfast—sauntered till 10—on to VENTNOR—charming undulating road—ST. LAWRENCE WELL, pure and sparkling as Malvern—CHURCH, the smallest in the kingdom—to BLACK GANG CHINE—mysterious and romantic—grand impending masses and fallen portions—Sun hot in the deep fissures and the valleys—dinner—"justly celebrated sauce"—pretty maid in tortures with suppressed laughter as we sat each with his feet in a pan of water all dinner time—abundant blushing—no "impudence"—after dinner, exploring and sketching till 3.30—to WARREN—no finger-post all the way—through fields, where we found a wheel track or beaten path—always closing gates care-

fully—we wet the soles of our shoes in the frequent streamlets, and drink at the springs that feed them—to ATHERFIELD across the meads—pushed on through YAFFORD, BRIXTON, MORRISTONE, and slept at a farm-house at BROOK, arriving at 7-50.

MAY 6.—Started at 5—down the chine to the sands—exquisite effects of receding tide—climbed the cliff in advance of Ned, and almost smothered him (while geologising) with sand and stones—on—singing as we went—glorious breeze on the downs—the wind untying our shoe-strings—down again at COMPTON CHINE—virgin sands—hard enough for wheels—explored while Ned sketched and hammered—FRESHWATER GATE at 7-50—bathed—breakfast—boat to ALUM BAY, round the NEEDLES—sun at our backs, and bright on the cliffs—sea calm as a silvery lake—boatman a character—spoke small of YARMOUTH, where there is nothing to see but *stuffy* of Lord Holmes—he talked politics—“We don’t want republics and that, though Joe-in-Willy *did* come here to Freshwater to be nursed”—of every point and cavern, and the marvellous natural arch at SCRATCHHILL’S BAY, he gave us what he calls his “rowmancing”—Ned sketched the Needles and the cliffs in the boat—returned out to sea, for distant effect of the cliffs—wonderful colony of wild fowl—the highest cliff 1,000 feet above the water. The circuit of the island is a favourite trip in a steamer—we think it would be a succession of chalk and sickness. Brought away specimens of Alum Bay sand, and hard-boiled gulls’ eggs—from Freshwater Gate at 11-15 to the village—thence to the top of CHURCH HILL at 12-50—and proceeded from height to summit along the highest ground, looking over the whole Island and the surrounding sea—Monarchs of all we surveyed.

To get to the greatest eminence, we crossed ploughed fields, and climbed hedges, using double exertion in fear of injuring the growing crops; this was hard work, and the mossy downs that seemed but half a mile a-head, ran further off as we proceeded: but what a delicious thing is a *difficulty*! We got into great perspiration, and pressed on with fresh energy; then getting to the top, we looked down over the space that we had traversed with moist triumph—stretched our full length on the turf, our feet towards the north, and limbs extended. In ten minutes Ned proclaimed himself “all right,” and we started to our legs.

We kept the tops of the hills, and made for

NEWPORT. Soon I saw cause to say, “When we get to that height, and look down to the hollow, you will see a farm-house and accompaniments.” “Why, so there is,” called Ned, when he had reached the point of observation. We descended, and asked for a cup of water—We were welcomed—then for a tub and four or five pailfuls—placed it in a nook of the garden concealed from mortal view, while the woman kept up a running accompaniment, protesting that we were bent on murdering ourselves and each other, being *shot*; but failing in her influence, begged us not to “irrigate the dog, what wouldn’t bear it” (irritate, exasperate, aggravate), and went away and locked herself in the house while we satzen. I “cried first,” and got out of reach of growler’s tether, who kept his chain at full stretch, tightened round his neck, and making his eyes unnaturally protrude—his growl incessant, and only broken into short crises by Ned’s blandishments and personal compliments. He knew himself *not* a “good old dog,” and when Ned patted his knee, and got pretty close to him, he snapped and snarled, and professed that he was no hypocrite, that he hated him, and wanted to bite him. I sat in the tub—I swore at the dog, and the dog swore at me—Ned looked on, and laughed—a boy stood on the door-step, edified and amused; and having in ten minutes taken the chill off the water, I yielded possession to Ned. Then, renewed and invigorated, we said good bye, and got on the hills again.

Then it was that we eat (Oh, horror!) our gulls’ eggs—sticking to our teeth, and *not* hard boiled; but neither confessed his disgust, till Ned offered me his last bit, and then we had it out, though neither gave in. Effectually bronzed by the Sun on one side, we disciplined our minds to walk backwards occasionally, to put our cheeks on equal terms.

Our walk now bounded on either side by flowering farse, we proceeded along the downs, arriving at CARISBROOK CASTLE at 6, which we carefully examined in every part not covered with ivy, and arrived at NEWPORT soon after 7—got a *sea water* sitz at the hotel—a sumptuous meal, and a good night’s rest.

MAY 7.—Started for COWES at 7-10, arriving at 9—crossed to Southampton in the afternoon, and returned to London by rail; where, stepping out of the carriage, we were again hemmed in by dust, and hurry, and bustle, and wrangling, swearing cab-drivers—our walk about sixty-eight miles in two days and a half.

The island is a lovely place in spite of an invalidish aspect and consumptive associations. We found no beggars—and we wanted finger posts—Ned writes geologically of getting over downs—under-cliffs, into caverns and chalk pits—makes some *personal* mems: scorning a man with a parasol—hating another, busy with an entomological net,—noting down of another that *breaking stones* on the road is very sad as an evidence of poverty, but gives good thinking time for an *old* man—laughs with the pretty maid at Black Gang Chine; and pays a tribute due to herds of clean healthy rams and two crouching foxes.

JUNE 14.—One of us is up early this morning, and, getting to the top of this inconsiderable hill sometimes, looks down from the height that he has achieved; like “mighty Cæsar,”

“Scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.”

Like him too, he tries to lose his way, and succeeds; but unlike “Great Julius” asks—finds it again—comes down in time—and eventually condescends to

small things, and calls the other to breakfast.

At 10:30 we are on board the steamer. Is our walk done? Not quite. We "walk the deck" to Bristol; going over our memorandums, some of which are here recorded, and arranging the details of our next year's walk.

We propose to reach Bango by rail, (taking Llangollen in our way) to visit the Tubular Bridge, and then commence our walk southward—Snowdon and Capel Curig—Cader Idris—the Plinlimmorn range, to see the source of the Wye, thence by the Devil's Bridge, &c., to get into Brecknockshire by Builth; to repeat our visit to Glasbury—then over the mountains to Llanthony, and there to abide a week: thence, via Abergavenny to Merthyr Tydvil and along the Taff valley to Caerdyv; there to embark for Bristol.

Two females are very poorly—quite in a mess—A *Lady* and a *Person*. A *Woman* too is unwell, and going to be ill. If this should spread it will be very unpleasant—what shall we do, "si sic omnes" but we are soon in smooth water, and thus we glide along the river; looking back upon the happy trip, now successfully accomplished, looking forward to the more extended plan for next year, and looking up to St. Vincent's rocks—and higher than St. Vincent's rocks, in anticipation of the enjoyment which we think is in store for us.

Here follow a few memorandums, involving some details of our experience with which the gentle reader needs not be troubled.

Arrange a walking tour upon the principle of never retracing your steps—go on from place to place, and even should such at-

traction as called us back to Glasbury present itself, take a fresh homeward route.

Always walk before breakfast.

Rest at the slightest fatigue, and if exhausted by toiling up hill, lie down flat on your back for ten minutes.

Don't *vow* to walk on water only. Worcestershire and Herefordshire grow *c der*—at Crickhowel and Abergavenny is very good ale—Monmouth Cap furnishes unspeakable perry—at the Beaufort Arms, Monmouth, is excellent port, and at the Moss Cottage capital ginger pop.

If you ask a direction of a little boy, (a resident of the place), that mystifies you, believe him, and act upon his answer.

Don't suffer holes in your pockets, in regard of the pence, &c. that *will* fall through.

If a villain shoemaker professing to know where the shoe pinches, lames you by his scientific alteration, cut out the piece that threatens to torment you.

If you arrive first at any point of great interest, *don't look* until your companion comes up with you.

Walking up hill, use the same action as in walking up stairs—keep tolerably erect, and bend the knees effectually—by this half the labour is saved.

Walking *down* a steep soft turf, *tack* to the right and left, and tread on the sides of your feet.

If you find yourself involved in a mistake avow it readily, and if your companion, though the younger, be in the right, thank him. Thus is an embryo dispute soon annihilated.

If any friend gives you a sermon, or book, demanding abstract thought, put it into your knapsack, in the inner pocket.

Write notes distinctly—there is no knowing how many precious

memorandums are here lost to the world because I can't read my own writing.

Now with entirely new and improved noses we step into the railway carriage at Bristol, relieved of all desire to visit foreign parts for some years, and in due time we find ourselves in "fog and filthy air." We have

returned to the great town, where sustained energy in any wholesome pursuit is a continued effort, where every breath of air comes laden with impurity, and the entire atmosphere, except at early morning is tainted; to striving-smoking-stinking London; and yet to habits, and duties, and associations that make even London enjoyable—at the outskirts.



PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

"As Mr. Knag was garnished with much less hair than a gentleman of forty or thereabouts usually boasts, Mrs. Nickleby whispered her daughter that she thought he must be literary."

I AM persuaded—very easily—to print the following Journal. Indeed, I am not sure that the idea of publication did not first occur to me ; but I am quite certain that I conceived no such fancy until I had nearly completed what was simply designed to record my experience for the amusement of my own family, and to remind me and mine of the deep obligations that I owe to the "Water Cure," to the kind friend who dispensed its benefits, and to the happy circle assembled in his house, whose generous attention rendered my absence from home full of domestic comfort and wholesome recreation.

- That I might preserve a record of my daily experience, I noted down my own progress, I talked with my fellow-patients, with those who were going to the Cure, with those who were undergoing the Cure, with those who had passed through the Cure, and with our faithful friend the Doctor, who was ever frank and without disguise, transparent and true as the element of which he is the minister.

I yet felt convinced that to achieve any good by publication, it would be well to wait until the result of the benefit effected during the month at Malvern had been confirmed and tested by time ; and, in September last, while actuated by renewed desire to make known my experience, I saw a paper put forth by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, called "The Confessions of a Water Patient," in which the charm of style is not more calculated to appeal to the intellect, than are the simplicity and truth with which he has detailed his experience, to enlist reason and common sense on his side ; and with this paper before me, at once encouraging and forbidding to tread the same ground, my plan was matured.

I went through what I had written, cutting away all that I deemed either feeble or overstrained, that I might intertwine

the flowers of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in which I saw mirrored and put into shape much that I had vainly tried to describe : and in thus adorning my plain detail, I am more than satisfied to think that what I have written may be read as a sort of running commentary on his "revelations."

I have also (in my enumeration of the Malvern party) ventured to retain his name : while, with the exception of our Host and Hostess, the other personages are disguised. For myself, I assume no mask, as the step is from the frying-pan into the *water*; and my Boy is quite content to accompany me through the pages that tell of his affectionate companionship.

That my book might be something like Creswick's "running brooks;" and emulate the completeness of his delineations, as the current is diverted in its course by obstacles that for a moment arrest, but to give it new life and motion, glancing off in playful foam, or falling in bold and deepening masses ; I had prepared to introduce, here and there, a *stone*, judiciously thrown in as a *break-water*, but in this whim having been thwarted, the less ponderous obstruction of wood blocks has been substituted ; and now having got into the Publisher's "wet sheets," I am beset by vague misgivings regarding the under-current of *personalities* running through my "rivulet of text," and imparting life and motion to the surface.

If these details be regarded by any one as a sort of breaking out of bounds, let me earnestly plead that, having laboured to separate from my pages everything of a personal nature, and having found it impossible to do so without destroying the interest which justifies my title, I found no alternative, but publication or entire suppression. I therefore go to press, bent on disabusing the timid mind of the vague and groundless notions of danger or discomfort, that prevail in general society ; while I readily admit that there *is* danger in the Water Cure to those who act upon the precept—Every man his own washerwoman.

It cannot be too strongly urged, that the rules of Hydro-pathists are not to be suddenly and indiscriminately adopted. The *initiatory* treatment in any case demanding the watchful superintendence of a learned and scientific director, and a thorough knowledge of the human body in health and disease.

I quote the tribute to Dr. Wilson's character, which has been put forth by Sir E. B. Lytton :—"All the powerful auxiliaries of Malvern are subordinate to the diligent, patient care ; the minute, unwearied attention : the anxious, unaffected interest, which Dr. Wilson manifests to every patient, from the humblest to the highest who may be submitted to his care. The vast majority of difficult cures which I have witnessed, have emanated from his skill. A pupil of the celebrated Broussais, his anatomical knowledge is considerable, and his tact in diseases seems intuitive : he has that pure pleasure in his profes-

sion, that the profits of it seem to be almost lost sight off; and having an independence of his own, his enthusiasm for the system he pursues is at least not based upon any mercenary speculation. I have seen him devote the same time and care to those whom his liberal heart has led him to treat gratuitously, as to the wealthiest of his patients; and I mention this less to praise him for his generosity, than to show that he has that earnest faith in his system which begets an earnest faith in those to whom he administers. His treatment is less violent and energetic than that in fashion on the continent. If he errs, it is on the side of caution. . . . It is a comfort to know, that whoever resorts to Dr. Wilson, will, at least, be in hands not only practised and skilful, but wary and safe."

Of my antedeluvian state of existence, a brief detail must here be given:—

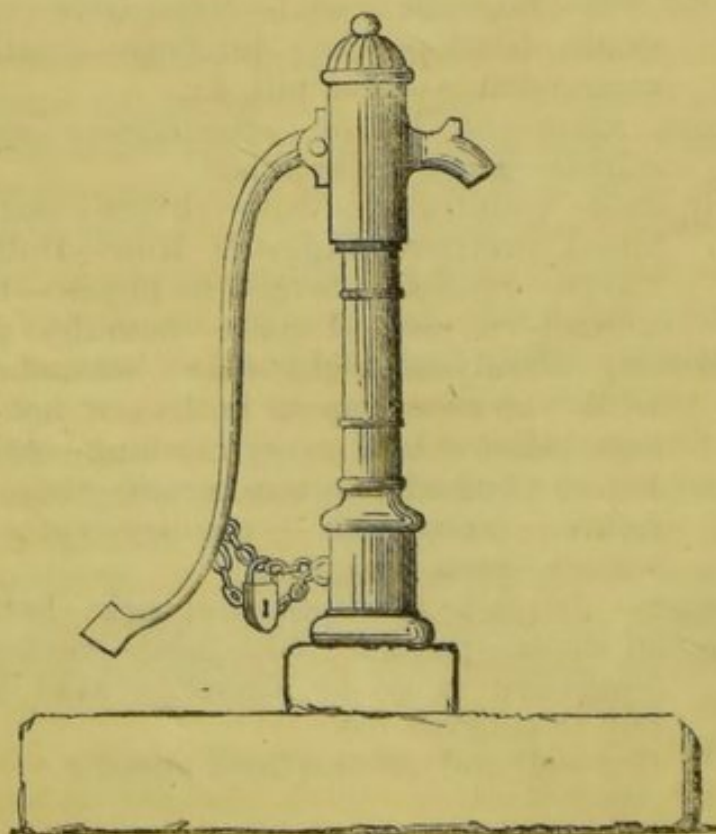
- 1819.—(Age 19). Excessive bleeding. On each of six successive days, 12 to 15 ounces of *life* extracted.
- 1820-1-2-3-4-5.—No great things.
- 1826-7-8-9.—Occasional lancet—frequent appeal to medicine—little exercise, and of the wrong sort—late hours for every thing—hot rooms, &c.—early rising, but not for bathing nor walking—indigestion—low fever—lancet—pill—tendency to apoplexy.
- 1830.—Influenza—lancet—neuralgic pains—hurry-scurry—too late for everything—so-so.
- 1831-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.—Regent's canal—clay-banks—malaria—toad stools—black poplars—lumbago—sciatica—lancet—vapour-baths—blue pill, &c.
- 1840.—Influenza again—*no* lancet—consumptive symptoms (so called)—more rheumatism.
- 1841.—Shabby state—country air—cow—drives—sarsaparilla—habitual exercise—Chigwell Row—Dolly Varden—Raven—remitting fever—no physic—better.
- 1842.—Fever—calomel—worse and worse—neuralgic pains.
- 1843.—Threatening Paralysis—right side benumbed—memory weak—no more vapour baths nor hot water washings—shower bath every morning—walk in the park before breakfast—taraxacum—strict diet—early hours—excursions—country visits—no strong waters—even tea cut off.
- 1844.—Galvanism—drives to Brompton and back—better for a time.
- 1845.—Worse and worse—pains more frequent—no use to any body—advised to go to Malvern—went and took my boy to comfort me.
Got well and wrote a book about it.
-

In all this, Self is, of necessity, my subject. Going to Malvern I fancied that Self and Doctor would, with my boy, make up my resources for comfort and enjoyment; but I awoke on the first day with enlarged fancies. I had already escaped the narrow bounds; and in that freedom will, perhaps, be found the best excuse for extending beyond my own circle the details of my diary.

Let SELF take the most closely wrapped egotist to the scenes, and initiate him in the habits through which I have passed. I know no circumstances in which I could wish to place such a man, so favourable to the cultivation of self-knowledge, so humanising in their tendency, or so influential to foster that happy temper, that "content with self, expands in benevolence to others."

Now, thrice welcome the evidence of Sir E. B. Lytton. He has faithfully revealed, and I have truly attested. Let other patients acknowledge their obligations, that we may establish a sort of peaceable agitation, a gentle movement against that hostility to the water, whose "backward voice" is prone "to utter foul speeches and to detract," and the shallow, narrow prejudice

Whose nature's anything but kind,
That fain would keep us very blind,
And clap a padlock on the—pump.





LIFE AT THE WATER CURE:

A DIARY.

1845.

MAY XIII.

By Birmingham Railway from London to Worcester, and the remaining eight miles by coach, I reached Malvern in about seven hours with my Son, speculating upon Dr. Wilson's confident opinion, that I should "return home with renewed blood and renewed energies."

I had in the railway carriage a distressing attack of pains in the leg and arm, which subsided to the usual dulled and benumbed sensation. I fear that the peculiar motion of the carriage encourages these symptoms, or perhaps the fact of their frequent occurrence under the same circumstances, acts upon the sensitive nerves so as almost to produce the thing dreaded.

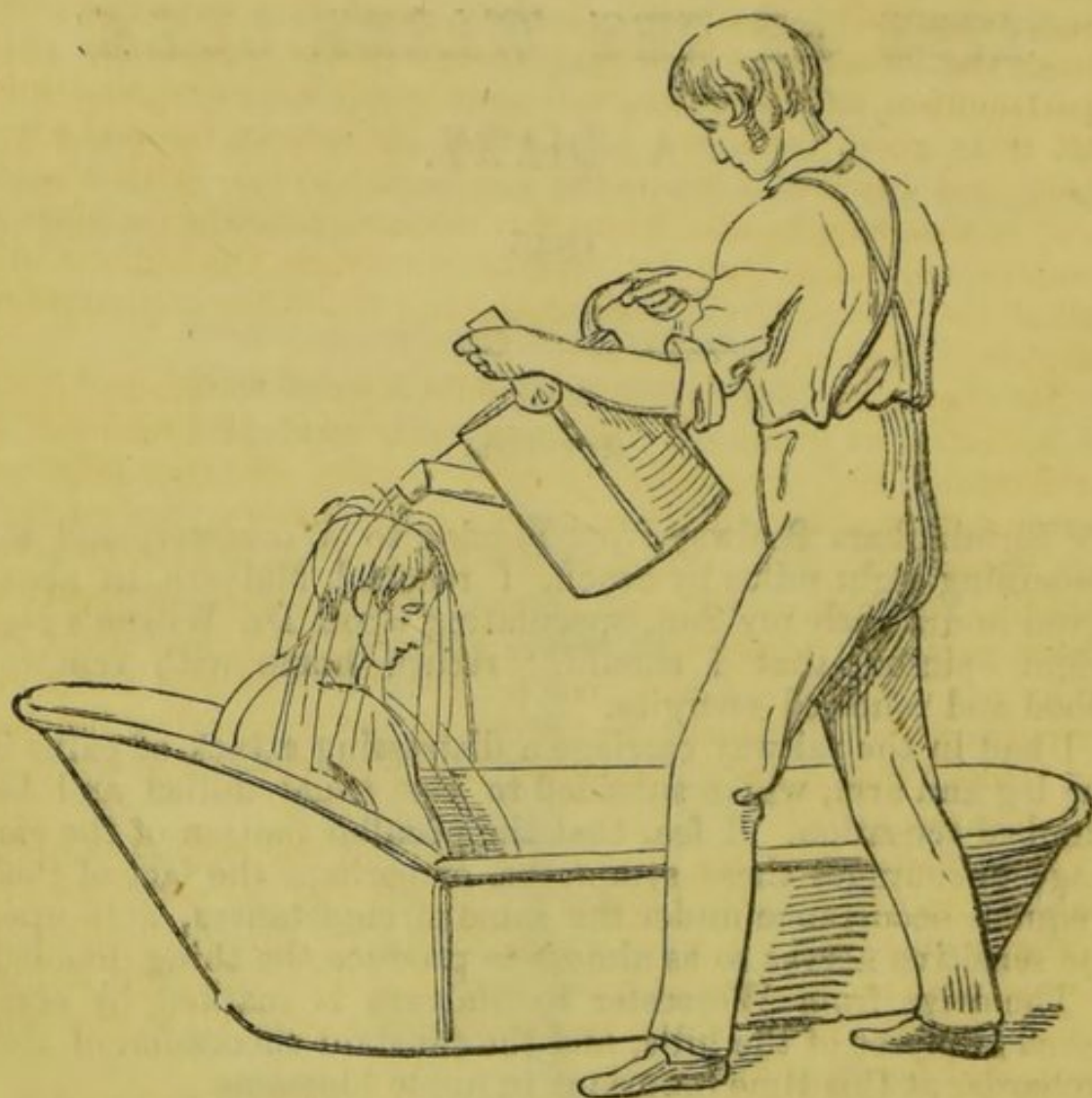
The drive from Worcester to Malvern is marked by occasional glimpses of the hills, and the constant succession of rich orchards, at this time luxuriant in apple blossoms.

Here I am in the temple dedicated to Dame Nature and the Elixir of Life. The Doctor is not at home, but has left a message that we are expected at a pic-nic at St. Anne's Well. Too tired to go, we went to our comfortable room, and, being refreshed, waited for the Doctor, who soon returned, and severely scrutinized my person, asking me divers questions. He found my boy in exactly the state which he had expected, and

confidently predicted the change to be wrought in him. To me he boldly said, "Give me a month, and I will teach you to manage yourself at home." At supper, (eight o'clock) we were presented to our fellow-patients, all graciously welcoming the new comers. This is the final meal of the day, consisting of bread in many varieties, butter, and biscuits, with bottles of water and jugs of milk. Tea, although allowed in some cases, is not encouraged. The house overlooks the beautiful Abbey church : is sheltered by the hills, commanding the extensive plain, and receiving the first rays of the Sun.

At this time (September 1850), I find the hours thus fixed:—Breakfast, 8 ; dinner, 1.20 ; tea or supper, 7. To bed, at ten.

MAY XIV.



THE SHALLOW BATH.

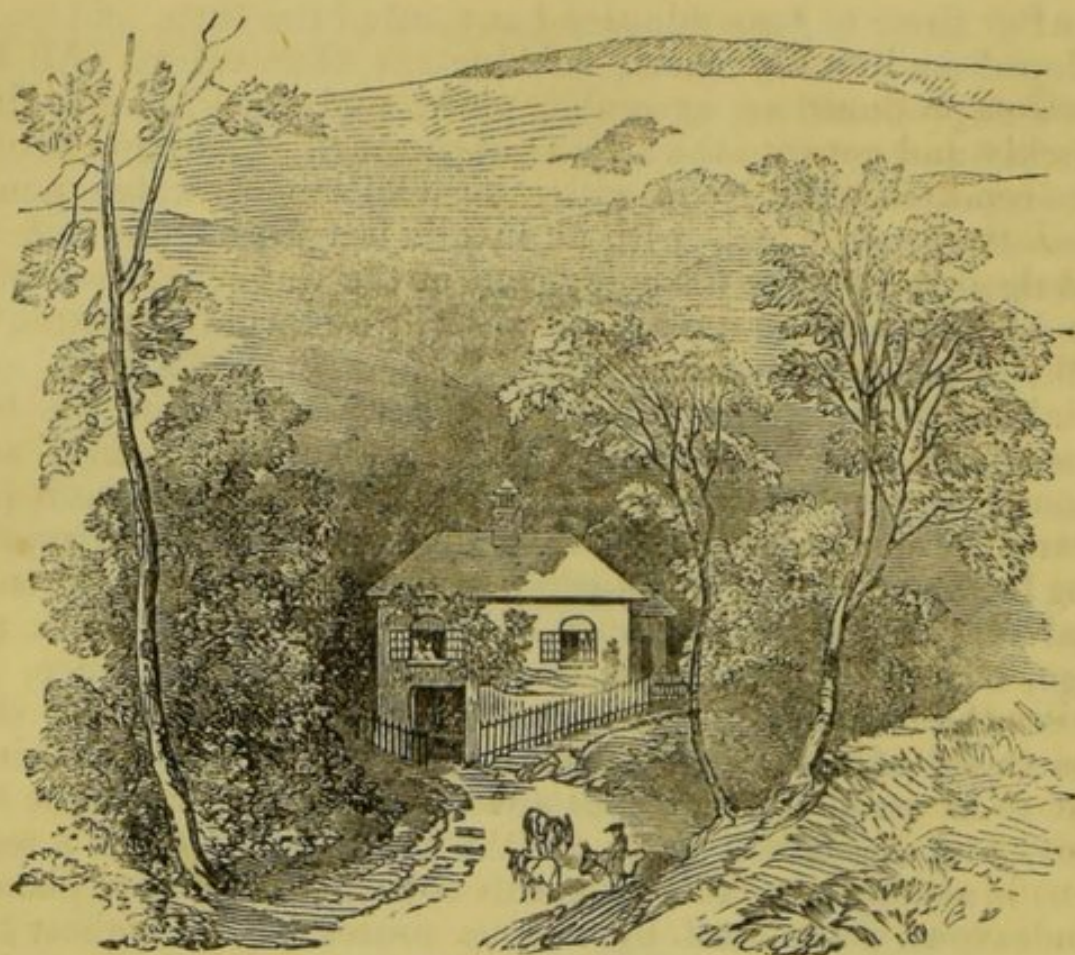
At a little before seven came the bath attendant. He poured about six inches depth of water into a bath, five feet long, and directed me to get out of bed and sit in it. He then poured about two gallons of water on my back, and over my shoulders, and commenced a vigorous rubbing, in which I assisted. This is the SHALLOW BATH.

After three or four minutes I got out of the bath, and he enveloped me in a dry sheet, rubbing me thoroughly. All this friction produced an agreeable glow, and the desire to dress quickly and get into the air was uppermost. The same process was repeated with Ned, with the addition of water poured *upon the head*, which with an invalid is against rule, and was indulged in to show his enjoyment of the water. Then, when we had each taken a glass of water, we started to mount the hill. I got as far as St. Anne's Well, with Ned's help, and, drinking there, sauntered about the terrace walks on the hill. The fountain of St. Anne's Well is constantly flowing, and, though varying in quantity, never fails. I am told that it is at nearly the same temperature in summer as in winter. In sparkling brilliancy, as well as purity, it stands unrivalled, even at Malvern, except by the water of the "Holy Well." A cottage, beautifully situated in the hollow of this eminence, encloses the fountain, where it escapes from the rock, the chief apartment of which is free, and open to all who wish to drink; but it is good taste to put down a half-crown upon the first visit, and inscribe a name in the book, which (with a ready pen) is also open to all. From this cottage, a favourite place of rendezvous, paths lead by various routes to the highest hill, called the Worcestershire Beacon, and the other commanding heights. We shall see I trust.

Another glass of this exquisite effervescent water, and home to breakfast at nine. We have several sorts of bread (all in perfection) and excellent butter; bottles of the brightest water and tumblers duly arranged on the table; jugs of milk for those who like it, and to whom it is allowed. One jug *smokes*, and the well-known fragrant flavour soon suggests to the nose *tea*! Surely this is irregular, or why the disguise? Why not a teapot? Alas! that tea should be wicked under any circumstances. It seems to be one of the fascinating illusions of "life," that must be dispelled while at the water cure, in some cases.

The Doctor took his seat at the head of the well-surrounded table. In the place of honour on his left was the patient whose longest stay in the house entitled her to the distinction. I found that precedence at table is arranged by this rule, subject to the intermixture of the gentlemen, who prevail at the other end, and herd together.

I am happy to find in the whole party nothing distressing to look at: no lameness, no appearance of skin diseases, no sign-post or label to proclaim an ailment, neither sore eyes, nor eyesores; nothing in short, worse than here and there a pallid or blanched personage like myself; and I am told that all who have any palpable or disagreeable infirmity, are treated as outdoor patients, or keep their special apartments; which whole-



ST. ANNE'S WELL.

some regulation gives full play to the proverbially high spirits of hydropathists, who almost immediately jump from a state of dejection and perverse brooding over their ailments, to an anticipation of good, even on the first day of initiation into the treatment. The appetite, too, is generally ready for the simple, wholesome meal. Nobody ever enjoyed a well-earned breakfast more than I on this morning. Ned is as happy as a king, and every one kind and attentive to him.

It is evident to my mind, that for the production of this milk, real cows are a highly useful, not to say necessary, article—healthy cows too ; on the word of a Londoner.

After breakfast, we are called in turn to the Doctor's room for examination, and the bath attendant takes his orders.

At twelve I was *half packed*, after a short walk. This is sort of feeler, and preparatory to the entire process. Lying upon two blankets on the bed, a wet towel was placed upon me, extending from shoulders to knees, and I was enveloped, as in the complete packing (which I shall describe in its place), with all the blankets upon me, and then a down bed, with a counterpane to tuck all in, and make it air-tight. The desired heat came readily, and the sensation is soothing and agreeable. I was surprised to find the warmth much greater where the wet towel clung to me, than in other parts in contact with the blanket. After an hour I was unpacked, and had the shallow bath as before ; and I was aware how greatly the enjoyment of

the bath is promoted by the heat engendered in the packing. I took a brisk walk with the Doctor before dinner, who told me that he had treated nearly a thousand patients successfully at Malvern.

I spoke to him of my limping gait, and the impossibility of straightening the right leg, from a strain in the knee, super-added to the general weakness; and he replied, "In a week you won't know that you *have* a knee!"

I asked how it was that my eyes did not water, as was always the case when I walked before breakfast, without first eating a biscuit or a crust. He told me that water strengthens the eyes, and that I should probably not feel that weakness again; that *absorption* should be first promoted, and the digestive organs kept at rest at least an hour after rising.

Wrote to home, and dressed for dinner—white neckcloths, and other fascinations, being in vogue with the present party: though perfect unconstraint and ease are the only rules of the house.

Before dinner (two o'clock) we were presented to our Hostess, who keeps her state at the dinner-table, all among the men at her own end, as they happen to constitute the majority under the present administration, and of course go to the bottom: and so hemmed in—there is that perfection of graceful cordiality that seems to assure every one that Mrs. Wilson has looked forward with pleasure to the greeting at the dinner-table. The Doctor again usurps the head, that, in the exercise of his absolute sway, he may apportion his favours, so as to control the often too eager appetites of his guests. Mark the thoughtful glance with which he regards the florid gentleman who has made an appeal for his second portion: like Oliver, asks for more, and, unlike him, will get a little. He remembers how plentifully he supplied the first plate; and, reconsidering, abstracts part of what he had already cut off and deposited on plate the second; collars and *cuts it off* again, in the Lillyvickian sense, and so inculcates moderation. The appetite of the water patient more frequently requires the *curb* than the *spur*.

They are all perfectly sure that I look exceedingly ill, but no one tells me so, the ruling genius of the table evidently demanding that all should be cheerful, and seem to forget their troubles. How such a feeling can prevail among people whose grave ailments have induced them to leave home, is a matter of surprise; but, although the palliative and soothing effects of the water treatment are established *immediately*, and the absence of all irritation begets a calm—a lull, as instantaneous in its effects upon the frame as that experienced in shelter from the storm, much must be attributed in this case to the really distinguished and delightful party whom I have the good fortune to meet in this house.

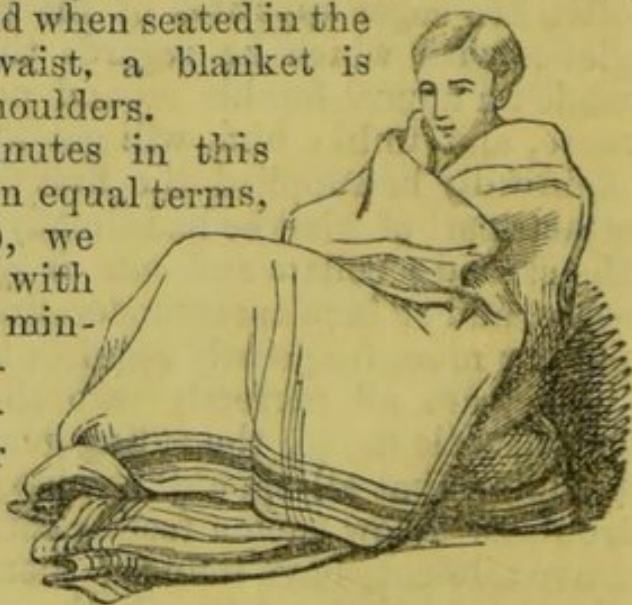
At the head of the table, where the Doctor presides, was the leg of mutton, which, I believe, is every day's head dish. forget what Mrs. Wilson dispensed, but it was something savoury of fish. I saw veal cutlets with bacon, and a companion dish ; maccaroni with gravy (a very delicate concoction) potatoes, plain boiled, or mashed and browned, spinach and other green vegetables. Then followed rice pudding, tapioca, and some other farinaceous ditto, rhubarb tarts, &c. So much for what I have heard of the miserable diet of water patients. The cooking of all is perfection.

After dinner, the ladies did not immediately retire, but made up groups for conversation, both in the dining and withdrawing room. A most happy arrangement this, which admits the refreshing influence of society in such a house.

A drive had been proposed, and, by the invitation of two of the ladies, I joined the party. Through picturesque lanes, we went to Madresfield Court, the seat of Lord Beauchamp (Ned on the box). We saw the conservatories, and grapes in succession houses, and pineries. The principal furniture in this house, carpets, tapestry, &c., were placed exactly as they now appear more than fifty years ago. It is a very romantic place, abounding in a great variety of trees of magnificent growth. On our return, I prepared to take my first *Sitz* bath. It is not disagreeable, but very odd, and exhibits the patient in by no means an elegant or dignified attitude.

For this bath it is not necessary to undress : the coat only being taken off, and the shirt gathered under the waistcoat, which is buttoned upon it; and when seated in the water, which rises to the waist, a blanket is drawn round, and over the shoulders.

Having remained ten minutes in this condition (Ned and I being on equal terms, and laughing at each other), we dried and rubbed ourselves with coarse towels, and after ten minutes' walk, proceeded to supper with good appetite. Although there was neither "tay-tay, nor coffee-tay" for me, I fully enjoyed the meal. It is very reasonable



THE SITZ BATH.

to insist upon such an interval between dinner and supper (I must forget to call it tea) which is generally made to tread on the heels of the substantial meal, and however delicious, is chiefly desirable to dissipate the effect of a late dinner.

After supper, an interesting and varied conversation. These people have (the majority of them) travelled on the

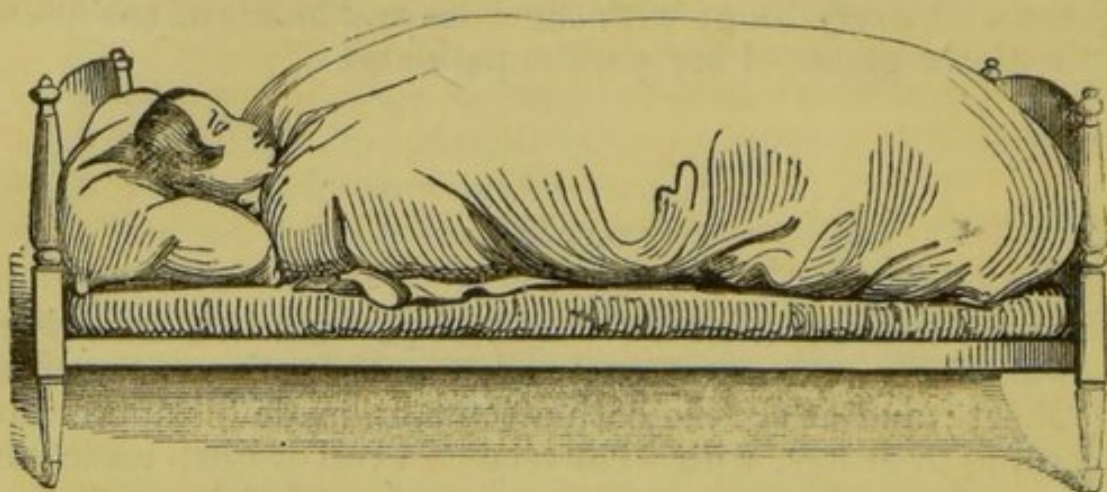
Continent: and, in battledore fashion, give and take, to the great delight of us who know nothing of their whereabouts except from books and these welcome traditions. While they bandy jest and merry recollections, with more substantial details, I rejoice in the character of a listener. Went to bed delighted with everything; with the rules and habits of the house, and with the guests (I beg pardon patients).

MAY XV.

It was not the experience of the half packing that caused me to awake early, but a certain dread, in anticipation of the whole wet sheet; and at six the bath attendant made his appearance according to orders, with what seemed a coil of linen cable, and a gigantic can of water, and it was some comfort to *pretend* not to be in the least degree apprehensive. I was ordered out of bed, and all the clothes taken off. Two blankets were then spread upon the mattress, and half over the pillow; and the wet linen unfolded and placed upon them. Having stretched my length upon it, and lying on my back, the man quickly and most adroitly folded it, first on one side and then on the other, and closely round the neck, and the same with the two blankets: by which time I was literally in a *vapour bath*, and sufficiently composed to ask how the sheet was prepared of the proper degree of dampness. I was told that being soaked well, it is held by two persons, one at each end, and pulled and twisted until the water had ceased to drop; or that it may be done by one person putting it round the pump-handle, or any similar thing, and holding and twisting it at *both* ends. Two more doubled blankets were then put upon me, and each in turn tucked most carefully round the neck, and under me. Upon this the down bed was placed, and over all, another sheet or counterpane was secured at all sides and under the chin, to complete the *packing*. By this time I was sure of being fast asleep in five minutes, and only anxious to see Ned as comfortable, for he was regarding the operation with silent horror. He however plucked up, and before Bardon (the attendant) had swathed him completely, favoured me with his opinion, conveyed in accents in which a slight tremor might be detected, that "packing is jolly."

What occurred during a full hour after this operation neither man or boy were in a situation to depose, beyond the fact that the sound, sweet, soothing sleep which both enjoyed, was a matter of surprise and delight, and that one of them, who had the less excuse for being so very youthful, was detected by Mr. Bardon, who came to awake him, smiling, like

a great fool, at nothing, if not at the fancies which had played about his slumbers. Of the *heat* in which I found myself, I must remark, that it is as distinct from perspiration, as from the parched and throbbing glow of fever. The pores are open,



THE PACKING.

and the warmth of the body is very soon communicated to the wet sheet ; until, as in this my first experience of the luxury, a breathing—steaming heat is engendered, which fills the whole of the wrappers, and is plentifully shown in the smoking state which they exhibit as they are removed. Still it has a soothing effect which the vapour bath cannot impart. I shall never forget the calm, luxurious ease in which I awoke on this morning, and looked forward with pleasure to the daily repetition of what had been quoted to me, by the uninitiated, with disgust and shuddering.

The softness and delicacy of the skin under the operation is very remarkable, and to the touch, clearly marks the difference from a state of perspiration or of fever. I cannot conceive the long existence of any cutaneous disease under this process.

Bardon brought his can of water : and, always ready to bathe, I felt doubly prepared to enjoy the next operation, by the satisfactory state in which he found me.

The shallow bath was repeated as yesterday, and the can emptied on my head as I sat in the water : the same friction used, and the careful and active dry rubbing.

I then fully experienced the bracing and glowing effect of the bath, heightened by the preceding wet sheet packing.

I had been annoyed by scorbutic spots, and the rubbing was painful. I however resolved to bear it, feeling a confidence in the Doctor's assertion that they would not long trouble me.

Having reined in my longing to get into the air by waiting for Ned, I was glad to hear him pronounce the bath capital

un, and shew that disposition to be pleased with everything, which goes far towards actual enjoyment.

We took each a glass of water, and started for St. Anne's Well, where we had two more ; and having strolled about for an hour, returned to enjoy our breakfast with keen appetite. I was very much struck with Ned's sudden activity and briskness. His langour had been very distressing, particularly after any attempt to walk before breakfast.

I will here quote Sir E. B. Lytton, taking the heads only of the following sections :—

“The first point which impressed me was the extreme and utter *innocence* of the Water Cure in skilful hands—in any hands indeed not thoroughly new to the system.

“The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which, under this system, good habits are acquired, and bad habits are relinquished.

“That which, thirdly, impressed me, was no less contrary to all my preconceived notions. I had fancied that, whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings, as to dwell upon the mind as amongst the happiest passages of existence.”

Now for his experience of the impulse and the enjoyment resulting from the wet sheet, the bath, and the drinking, the every morning's introduction to a Malvern day :—

“The rise from a sleep as sound as childhood's ; the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh, and the birds first sang ; the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring ; the delicious sparkle of that morning draught ; the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below ; the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy : and this keen sentiment of present pleasure, rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I had witnessed in others, that that very present was but the step—the threshold—into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.”

Had I possessed at that time such a record of experience as I have here quoted, I might have derived increased enjoyment from an excited fancy. I had indeed an instinctive sense of confidence in the course on which I had entered, and a sudden accession of high spirits ; and had been encouraged in all

by the same feeling of contrast with other modes of life, which Sir E. B. Lytton expresses, when he remarks, that "at the Water Cure *the whole life* is one remedy. The hours, the habits, the discipline, not incompatible with gaiety and cheerfulness (the *spirits* of Hydropathist are astounding, and in high spirits all things are amusement), tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable. All that interests and amuses is of a healthful character. Exercise, instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame, braced and invigorated by the element. A series of reactions is always going on, the willing exercise producing refreshing rest, the refreshing rest willing exercise."

After remaining at home for about an hour, we started to accomplish the feat of getting to the top of the Beacon. The weather was delightful; and taking our time, we gained the summit. By well-arranged paths, this enviable walk is rendered easy. The leading path is broad, and adapted to the donkey's tread, or the mule carriage, and others of steeper ascent and less frequented, shorten the journey for aspiring pedestrians.

The sleek turf, well-nibbled by the many flocks of sheep, is a delicious carpet, and over the whole surface the rock frequently peeps out in picturesque relief. Then, from the summit, looking towards the North Hill, which is second in height to the Beacon, there is a beautiful contrast in the level character of the Worcestershire plain to the right, and the undulating surface of the Herefordshire side: here and there a little patch of smoke and fog indicating a town. Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Tewkesbury, &c. Westward, I saw the Welsh mountains in bright relief, their white tops against the blue sky; and turning southward, looked over the whole chain of hills, terminating with the Camp Hill, or "Herefordshire Beacon."

There is a marvellous extent of country on all sides, full of variety, and only wanting *water* as an object of beauty. The Severn is, however, clearly defined in fine weather, but at too great a distance to aid the landscape, except as a silvery line across the plain.

I saw on this morning varieties of effect bewildering to my excited mind. Ned had, by a short cut, made his way first to the top of the hill, by steep paths and steps cut in the turf, and returned to me at St. Anne's, having qualified himself as a guide to the best route, by which we ascended together. While waiting for him, in a sort of rapture, engendered by the sparkling fountain, I conceived some verses in enthusiastic eulogy of the sheltered cottage and the Elixir of Life, but I have nothing

to show as a result. Imagine, then, half a dozen stanzas rted here ;—" Call you them stanzas ? "

" Suppose that you have seen "
A wasted gentleman, of five and forty,
Vowing eternal friendship with the bright
Translucent element. " Oh, do but think "
You stand within the cottage, and behold
A promise in the constant goblet dancing
Of health as yet untasted. " Follow, follow ! "
" And eke out our performance with your mind."

On our return an hour before dinner, I took a half hour's rest on the sofa, and then the prescribed Sitz, after which a short walk.

It is not enjoined to drink much water between breakfast and dinner ; the principal drinkings being before breakfast, and an hour or so before supper. We take in water in moderation at dinner ; but it is forbidden to drink soon *after* meals. The dinner was most welcome, and every thing bright and happy.

After dinner, and half an hour's rest, we drove about ten or twelve miles into Herefordshire, rich in orchards (now in great beauty), and trees of full growth ; and, making a circuit of the hills, returned by North Malvern, in time to separate, each for the accustomed Sitz before supper.

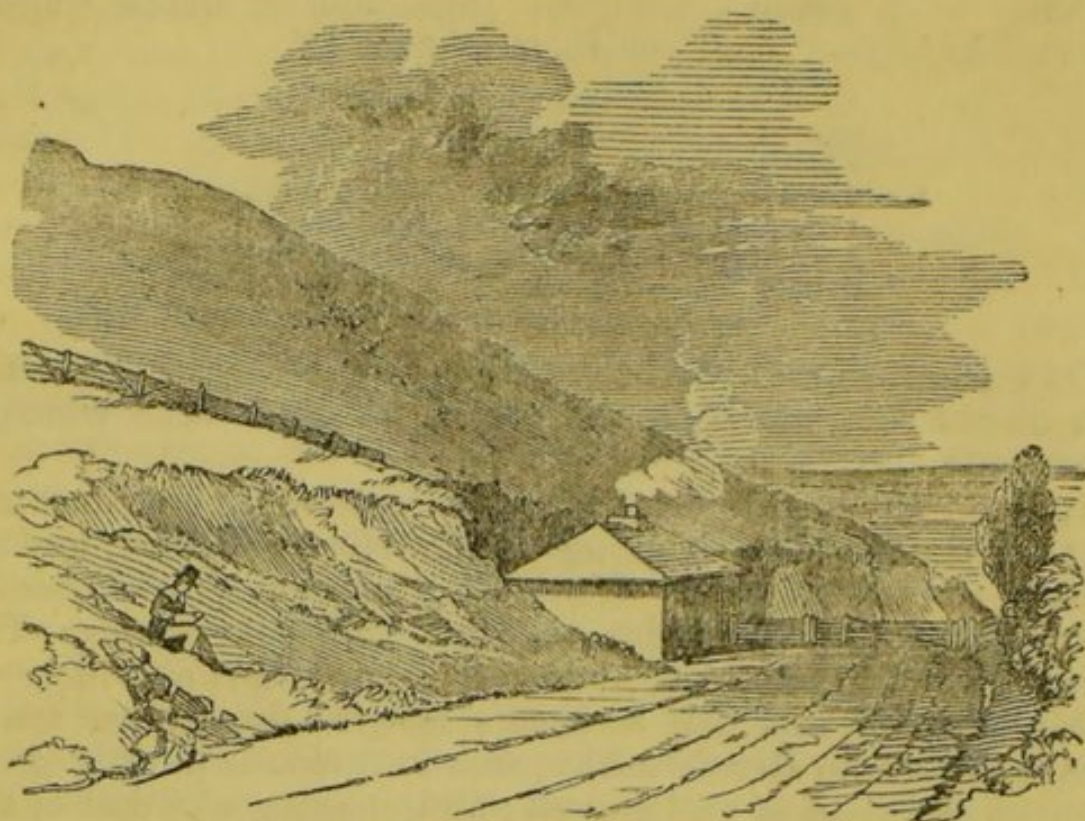
One of the ladies told me some interesting particulars of a Quaker who was lately a patient here.

For my part, I am glad to bear evidence to the courteous and *friendly* deportment of this fraternity in society. I have always rejoiced in the good fortune which, at a watering place, or during a country visit, or in a stage coach, brought me into contact with a " friend." Ever seeking occasion to show consideration for others ; happy (as it seems to me) to be sociable and communicative—fond of a cheerful holiday when herding with their wives and children, and having no solitary nor selfish recreations—the happiest accident for me has been to find myself associated with Quakers. And this man is described as bearing the same distinguishing traits that I have noticed,—bland in manner, and at first reserved, as if feeling his way, but speedily assured, and at ease.

Some feeble and malicious attempts have been made to prejudice water cure establishments ; but the private interest in the question was too evident to influence the public, who are prone to believe that English Ladies and Gentlemen can associate, on such ground, to their mutual comfort and advantage.

I find that there is to be a Servants' Ball and Supper in the house to-morrow evening, and that Host and Hostess, with all the patients, will be admitted to open the dance.

To bed at ten.



WYCHE TURNPIKE SPRING.

MAY XVI.

AT half-past five this morning, before my packing was completed, my eyes were watery, although there was no sense of weakness ; and, helpless as I was—my arms pinned to my sides, and bandaged like a mummy, I asked Bardon to wipe them. I had been expecting him about half an hour, and he had not left the room ten minutes before both I and Ned were fast asleep. We both slept an hour. On awaking I felt an acute aching in my lame knee, which was the cause of my being disturbed. It left me in the bath, the enjoyment of which was perfect, and the re-action all that could be wished.

We drank, and started for a two miles' walk, calling at the springs with our drinking-horns, and then home to breakfast. Having taken my place in the Worcester coach, I started soon after breakfast, and walked two miles on the road, before the coach overtook me ; leaving Ned at home. I had leisure and inclination to enjoy this drive more than when anxiously journeying to Malvern. At Worcester I called to see an old friend who was on a visit to the leading Physician of that place, and committed a great indiscretion. Forgetful of his host, who was present, I gave him a hug, and said "I'll be hanged if I don't get you encased in the wet sheet before I have done with you." However, I was not made to feel more than my own conscience imposed.

A sense of present happiness—of joyous spirits—of con-

fidence in my proceedings, possesses me on this, the third day of my stay. I do not say that it is *reasonable* to experience this sudden accession of merriment, or that every body is expected to attribute it to the course of treatment so recently commenced, I only say, *So it is* ; and I look for a confirmation of this happy frame of mind, when supported by renewed strength of body.

“Cares and griefs are forgotten ; the sense of the present absorbs the past and the future ; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour.”

“The animal tissues are composed principally of water.” If this be disputed, I shift the responsibility of the assertion to the head of the Lecturer at the Polytechnic Institution, for I heard him say so, and noted down his words. In this affinity of water to the animal system may surely be found a palpable and reasonable argument in favour of the Water Cure, and a key to the sudden effect of the various processes in the great majority of cases.

At Worcester I talked too much, and altogether over-exerted myself. Returned at five in time to join in a drive. Ned had a pony. The ladies again spoke of Mr. Bradley, the Quaker. His had been a severe case of long-standing indigestion. He made great progress, but could only spare three weeks at Malvern, and had returned home a fortnight since, having been directed how to continue his packings, &c. On our return to the Doctor's, to the surprise of all, and my delight, there was Friend George Bradley standing at the door.

“Glad to see you all ; very glad to come back, indeed ;” and he shook hands cordially with every one. Then, to the inquiries as to his health, he said,—“Oh, very well ; just as I expected. I have a CRISIS. My ailment is at last *boil-ing* over.”

The Doctor had desired him to return, if the daily *packing* and occasional *sweating* should produce (as he expected) this result.

We all went to see the dining-room, as cleared and decked for the Servants' Ball, and taking our supper in the next room, prepared to open the dance. It was a very merry party. Mrs. D——'s pretty Swiss maid was the belle of the room, and eagerly sought as a partner. In the country dance the couples occupied the whole extent of the long room.

Among the men there was also a leader, a sort of Duke of Wellington ; and this was Bardon. His office gave him weight, and his own personal qualifications and deportment added to it. He had been in the army—in the 14th Dragoons—wearing a brass helmet, which Ned considers the only unexceptionable

shape in the Service. No wonder then that his bearing was *distingué*, and more the pity that (being now a *foot* soldier) he had hurt his toe, and could not join in every dance. As a packer and bather he may be said to retain his military character. He has left the Cavalry for the Infantry—the Dragoons for the Coldstreams.

He was unambitious, and occasionally reserved, conscious, and self-satisfied. It had been arranged that the ladies should propose to the beaux—thus reversing the ordinary usage ; and we made a spirited start. Mrs. D. led us on and gave the other ladies courage. I heard her selected gentleman reply to another, who asked him what sort of a lady she was, that she was “a very nische young ’oman” (this was but fair). We retired, well assured that we had not spoiled sport, nor interfered with the evening’s merriment, and had a dance among ourselves in the drawing room.

Ned had watched the arrival of the company from a balcony commanding the yard, and said that nothing could be more perfect than the whole arrangement by Mrs. Willow, the house-keeper. The laundry, a long commodious room, was decked with laurel, &c., and the supper set out in admirable style. The mangle made a capital sideboard.

None of us invaded the supper-room, but somehow information was brought (Ned again) that the beaux were disputing for their partners for the dance after supper. I then went to bed.

MAY XVII.

WE were awake early, and Ned told me that all ended delightfully last night. The ladies rejoined the party after supper for one dance, and retired much regretted. There was a chill *audible* through the whole circle. They soon fell to singing, and our people put the door ajar ; but the Doctor coming in, conceived an objection to this, being desirous not to interfere with the party, and closed the door authoritatively.

What was the delight of the ladies, when they saw, in the noiseless re-opening of the door from the other side, practical evidence that they were not excluded by the general voice. Ah—Doctor !

Bardon was rather late this morning. He spoke of the party, and said that “there was no enjoyment, Sir, after the ladies went away.” In the wet sheet my knee began to ache as before. My eyes too were running with water. While Ned was being packed, I was surprised to find that the sheet was warm before the surface of my body ; so that, moving my hand where the

sheet had not been in actual contact, I found it speedily warm, while yet the skin was cold—or colder than I thought ; for even before the heat is thrown back from the sheet, the tranquillizing effect is such, that I am only aware by contact that I am not warm ; and this is of course a result of the compact bandaging defying evaporation. The packing becomes a sort of *fomentation*. Is it not wonderful that this experience of delicious peaceful repose should exist under a pile of blankets surmounted by a feather bed and counterpane ? No turning to cuddle the pillow ; no gathering of the knees up to the chin ; no power to turn on one side or the other ; and, above all, no *wish* to move, even when the bath attendant comes to “call time.” The glowing, humid, breathing heat increases, and the fancy, content to wander, is warmed, and keeps pace with the body. On this morning I had awakened with a dry feverish tongue, a parched mouth, and throbbing head ; and before I moralized upon the imprudence of my doings yesterday at Worcester, went to the water bottle for relief. In the wet sheet I became gradually calm. How true is it that the action of the wet sheet soothes the nervous system. I bade farewell in prospect to my scorbutic spots.

Any eruption must be brought forward by this process, and make its escape from the surface.

“In fever, as the warmth increases, the pulse becomes soft, and *falls* rapidly.”

“It is a *poultice* to the whole inflamed surface of the body,”—and, by sympathy, to the *internal* surface.”

I was delighted to lie awake, and think, and succeeded in the effort. My wet sheet musings may be thus shaped:—

Honour to Captain Claridge. I had cursorily looked at his book when first published, and was much interested by his daring theories, and a passing longing possessed me to go to Graefenburg. When I think of his chivalrous progress lately through Ireland, armed with ample experience ; attacking, without hesitation, every form of fever, agues—inflammatory diseases of all kinds, and freely relieving suffering wherever he found it by the sure and simple appliances at his command, my heart goes with him in the benevolent Crusade. In one instance which I have heard authenticated, when he was about to apply the *wet sheet*, he was warned by two surgeons who had attended the patient, that, being in extremities, and there being no hope of saving him, he (the bold Captain) would probably get himself into trouble. The Captain was not daunted, and the patient was saved. To a less energetic mind, think of the hazard besetting every step ! Quackeries abound, and the victims to pills, and balsams, and restoratives, “which,

like a poisonous mineral, gnaw the inwards," are multiplied. Now should *one* only misapplication of the wet sheet result in death, or any dangerous symptom, which might terminate fatally ; should a single *accident* accrue, a nice position would be that of Captain Claridge ! He might be tried for *murder* ! But there is no fear, and he knows it. Honour to Captain Claridge.

Sir E. B. Lytton, on the subject of the wet sheet, writes :— Of all the curatives adopted by Hydropathists, it is unquestionably the safest—the one that can be applied without danger to the greatest variety of cases, and which I do not hesitate to aver, can rarely, if ever, be misapplied in any case where the pulse is hard and high, and the skin dry and burning. . . Its theory is that of warmth and moisture, those friendliest agents to inflammatory disorders. In fact, I think it the duty of every man on whom the lives of others depend, to make himself acquainted with at least this part of the Water Cure.

THE WET SHEET IS THE TRUE LIFE PRESERVER.

When Bardon came to unpack, and bathe me, he gave me very kind and substantial advice, for which I was not the less grateful, because it was a new version, or clencher, of the Doctor's injunction. "Don't you walk too far, sir, and drink too much ; most of 'em throws 'emself back by *overdoing* of it in every way after a week : they get so strong." It may be guessed that I had been boasting just then. In the bath, I had additional manœuvres ; not only was the can emptied on my head and shoulders, but Bardon threw water plentifully on my chest as I sat, using his hand as a ladle. He told me that the Doctor would walk with me, and I was soon ready. Ned waited for the ladies. The Doctor was glad to hear of my enjoyment of the sheet, and said that it was the greater, because I had need of it after my Worcester debauch. My tongue told tales. He desired me to break my promise to go there again. He said, that the Water Treatment is in itself so great and so agreeable an excitement, that he must insist on depriving me of all other. A very long and lucid lecture—I will heed it.

He remarked that I should discover the power of the Sitz bath by frequent repetition. It is wonderful how surely it restores the tone of the stomach and bowels, as well as of the nerves generally.

Admiral Beauman, lately a patient of the Doctor, called the Sitz *hatching health*. The effect of this bath in his case was miraculous.

One of the great advantages of the Water Cure, is the

power of repeating the remedies. Suppose a bleeding to thirty ounces produced a good result, the Doctor might say, "If the patient could bear two or three more bleedings, he might be cured ; but I dare not try it." Not so with the Water Cure. Where a *bath* does good, the patient may take one hundred or one thousand, under proper management, without doing any harm to the constitution ; "and by this power," said Dr. W., "we are able to cure chronic diseases, and many that are considered incurable." In bad fevers the wet sheet is often applied four or five times a day. The Doctor told me of Mr. Bradley's *crisis*. Nothing could be more favourable ; he was then in the *sweating*. He explained that, in this case, Nature had gained ascendancy over the stubborn disease, and there was a *transfer* of irritation. He would be quite well speedily.

I was glad to witness a result of the state which I had heard so much dreaded ; but which, in cases like this, is earnestly desired by the Doctor.



WILLOW SPRING.

We had our drinking horns, and stopped at a spring beyond the Wyche to drink. A gentleman passing, kindly paused at my request, that I might include him in my sketch as he held his drinking horn to the spring. To my delight, he placed his left hand on his knee, and persevered during full ten minutes, in slowly and majestically moving his horn from the spring to his mouth, and back again, sipping at every arrival of the supply: as he thought that I ought to represent him *in action*.

This drinking at intervals of a quarter of an hour or so, is very beneficial, as exercise encourages the absorption. Here is a great advantage in Malvern: the water is every where bubbling forth; and Dr. Wilson has inserted pieces of lead pipe at the principal outlets of the bright sparkling spring. At other establishments in this country, I believe, that the quantum of water said to be proper, must be taken at starting to insure its purity. He told *me* to take altogether four glasses before breakfast, with proper exercise.

He pointed out to me a very interesting case :

We met a venerable looking man—a Quaker, taking his usual walk. He is a patient of the Doctor, and in his eightieth year. He came here with a heart disease, unable to walk across the room without palpitation; and now he firmly, and without any oppression or distress, walks up hill.

This has been objected to as an extreme case. The only serious imputation that has been conveyed to me respecting my details, is in allusion to “the Quaker.” I am told that in attempting to prove too much I prove nothing, as “*heart disease is incurable.*” I have probed the Doctor on this head, and he tells me that heart disease cannot exist alone, without other impairments of the body; derangements, which act and re-act upon the heart till they produce a fatal disease: that the poor *Pump* is not always in fault, but the pump *handle*, or other bodily powers, by the due regulation of which the heart is eased of half its labour and suffering.

Do I then retract my statement? No—I append *another* case, of a gentleman *who sits next to me* at table, on this Sept. 16, and who, after some interesting conversation on these vital matters, has, apropos to the matter in question, given me, under his own hand, the following conclusive statement:—

“Being at Birmingham on business of importance, and having been for some time in a bad state of health, I determined to consult Dr. —, who is well known. After a careful examination, he pronounced mine to be a case of incurable heart disease. This decision, tantamount to sentence of death, had an alarming effect upon me. The palpitations increased in a violent degree, and sharp pains were felt for the first time at the seat of the heart. In spite of whatever resignation and fortitude I was enabled to summon up, anxiety and pain kept me awake all night long,—and I lay arranging in my mind the disposition of my worldly affairs, and communing with myself on subjects still more solemn and essential, when the thought struck me that as I was quite unfit to return home to business, I would go to Malvern—give the shattered nerves a

few days repose, and hear what Dr. Wilson would say to me. "I accordingly left Birmingham by the early train, got here by 10 o'clock, saw Dr. W., and after half an hour's interview felt myself wonderfully comforted and assured. He pledged his reputation that there was no disease of my heart—pronounced it to be a strongly marked case of *nervous dyspepsia* of long standing, and assured me that it was only one of a multitude that come to him, under the same mistaken impression.

"In the evening I underwent a thorough examination, the result of which substantiated Dr. Wilson's opinion. I went to bed, slept well, and awoke in the morning with fresh and healthy feelings: and up to the present time, I have gradually improved in health. The excited nervous system is toning down—the palpitations are decreasing, I feel another man, and the Doctor says there is no reason to prevent me enjoying good health for twenty years to come."

"Malvern Sept. 20, 1850."

On the last day of going to press, I hear that this gentleman is "well and jolly."

A striking case this, not of the PUMP, but of the PUMP HANDLE.

I told the Doctor of the watering of my eyes when in the packing, and he said it was a positive relief, and would cease after a few days; that in cases of weak sight it always occurred, and that my eyes would be greatly strengthened with my general health. I mentioned the continued pain in my knee while in the wet sheet, and he referred me to his promise of yesterday. He told me that life may be supported thirty days on water only, but not four days without food or water; that the moisture in the human body constitutes the greater part of its weight. He illustrated this by the *mummy*, and the dead bodies in Egypt, where putrefaction does not take place, and which are dried by the arid climate. The weight of bone, flesh, muscle, and sinew is scarcely a fourth of what it was in life.

He says, that "the Water Cure is the *Cold Water Cure* in time and place." There are many states of disease in which he applies *hot fomentations*, and when even a *blister* is advisable with cordial draughts, and active internal stimulants. These cases are very rare; but I have heard the Doctor say, that, with *hot fomentations* to the stomach, and *stimulants* administered internally, he has often *saved life*, that the body may be afterwards cured by the Cold Water.

On our return we met Mr. Bradley airing himself after his blanketing, and looking very mottled. He said he felt relieved and very happy.

At breakfast there is *treacle* for some who wish to have it. We had pleasant recollections of the servant's party. This society is so entirely free from extraordinary formality that it refreshes and recreates. Talked with Mr. Bradley of his case, which is most interesting. He was in a state of extreme weakness from long continued indigestion and its consequences, and could scarcely walk half a mile. After a fortnight, he walked frequently five-miles before breakfast, and ten afterwards; and often to Worcester and back in the day—more than twenty miles.

Ned made acquaintance with a colossal donkey, named Moses; and subsequently, in honour of good Queen Adelaide, who, with condescension truly reginal, actually and bodily backed him from Malvern to St. Anne's, he was re-christened, with a surname, "The Royal Moses." Yet—except as a supporter and subject to that Right Royal and munificent Lady, I have little sympathy with a donkey; and I say to any one who differs from me, and calls names, "you're another."

Nasty vicious brutes.—A great ass tried to kick me for nothing the other day. A donkey did his best to kill a child of mine. Feed him well, and *don't* work or lick him, and just see how he will behave. He will not *face* you neither in his vice, but puts back his ears—*turns tail*, and flings out at you.—Yes, yes, and the *she* brute too.

I'll not *back*—

"The Bard who soars to eligise an ass,"

nor any other donkey—at Malvern or elsewhere. I will rather walk till I drop.

Having eaten rather too freely—I had a good nap after dinner. I take my Sitz regularly, at about noon, and at seven. The Doctor won't even tell me *when* I may Douche. This is my only trouble. What a remark! I may be classed among those who cease to require medicine as if by a charm—who having met with a new excitement which supplies the place of all others "return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday."

These walks are varied to the heart's content. To-day I have not walked far.

After supper Mr. Bradley found us reading aloud, and me parading my powers of memory by giving recollections of an unpublished play; and disappeared on the instant, as if by a vertical trap-door. It was a thing to see, and to remember.

Presently the Doctor came in, and although all was quiet, he confidently accused me of exerting my lungs, and the rest of edging me on, and was positively severe. He reproached me

gently by quoting my morning's promise to shun all excitement, and it was to little purpose that I assured him "I didn't *go* to do it," and wasn't at all excited. He said, *he knew* : and I promised that I would be good, if he would pass it over this once.

But here had evidently been treachery. Presently walked into the room, in his quiet courteous manner, friend George Bradley. What was he rubbing his hands for? He had been *telling*, it was clear! and was he pluming himself upon it? That was not in his nature. However we were all crest-fallen, and it was aggravating to see him so placid. Mrs. D. plainly asked him whether he had been telling. He held up his hands imploringly : "No, no, I didn't tell ; I didn't tell ; I only :"—"Only what?" interposed one of the gentlemen. "I only spoke of the play, and"—"Then you *did* tell. Now what shall be done to him? Shall he be bumped, or sent to Coventry?" "No, any thing but that." "I dare say, indeed!" said another, "a new boy comes here, and we like him, and *he* likes *us*, and we get up a little quiet fun, and then you walk in and spoil all by going and telling. You are a *sneak*, you are."

Mr. Bradley still *affirmed* his innocence of any wicked intention, and tried to conciliate ; and upon his pleading "You shouldn't be so hard upon me," the instant reply, "You're another," was deemed conclusive and satisfactory—backed by the usual retort, "You wouldn't like it yourself." And so we parted friends all, and took our chamber candlesticks.

SUNDAY, MAY XVIII.

I HAVE been told, or have read, and, if the latter, it must be in Captain Claridge's book, "Put a man into the wet sheet who had contemplated suicide, and it would turn him from his purpose." At least I will say, let me get hold of a man who has a pet enmity, who *cherishes* a vindictive feeling (no matter how great his provocation), and let me introduce him to the soothing process : I believe that his bad passion would not linger in its old quarters three days, and that, after a week, his leading desire would be, to hold out the hand to his late enemy.

Packed at half past five this morning, I got thus far in my Sunday morning's musings, before I went to sleep in the sheet. After the bath, I was out before seven. Ned started off to St. Anne's Well, being under promise to attend the ladies. I walked towards the Wyche. After a genial rain, the Sun broke out in all his glory, as if to proclaim the holy day.

Every thing seems to rejoice in the Sabbath. How incalculable the benefit of this *rain*.

Welcome "The light of the morning, when the Sun ariseth, a morning without clouds, the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."—Jer. xxii. 4.

I met again the old Quaker. He was returning from his early walk, unfatigued, and with steady step; a calm, settled peace on his brow, and the ruddy glow of health on his face.

The objection of these people to go through the form of an oath in courts of justice, is surely very untenable. The form takes it entirely out of the pale of prohibition, as expressed by the words, "neither by heaven nor by the earth," &c. Correctly speaking, we do not *swear*—it is no *oath*. It is a declaration that we will speak the truth—appropriately concluding with a prayer for God's help. The ceremony of kissing the Book is simply emblematic of our veneration for the sacred volume.

Every habit—every temper, induced by this system, presents to the mind salutary and thankful thoughts. By the early homage to the Sun, the riches of Nature, light, warmth, and fertilization are made palpable. The dews of sleep have been as sweet to us as to the now opening flowers; and as refreshing as to the renovated verdure.

Poor *Gas-lit* flowers! who shall tell your sufferings? The Sun sinks and you close your eyes, gather together your foldings, veil your faces, and drinking the welcome draught, bend in thankful rest: but in the first sweet sleep—a strange unwholesome glare breaks in upon you—your rest is broken—the air polluted—unnatural noises assail you—your bright colour, the child of the Sun, fades, and the sweet morning ray cannot restore the freshness or the fragrance, that the mis-spent night has dimmed and checked.

Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, take pity on your flowers—and on yourselves.

"I lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help."
and my fancy goes wandering through the manifold analogies, and similes, that abound in the Bible, where every thing of health and purity and brightness, is symbolized by water.

In the early morning walk is no solitude. If the resolves of the morning could be sustained, how good some of us would be. The Abbey bells called me home.

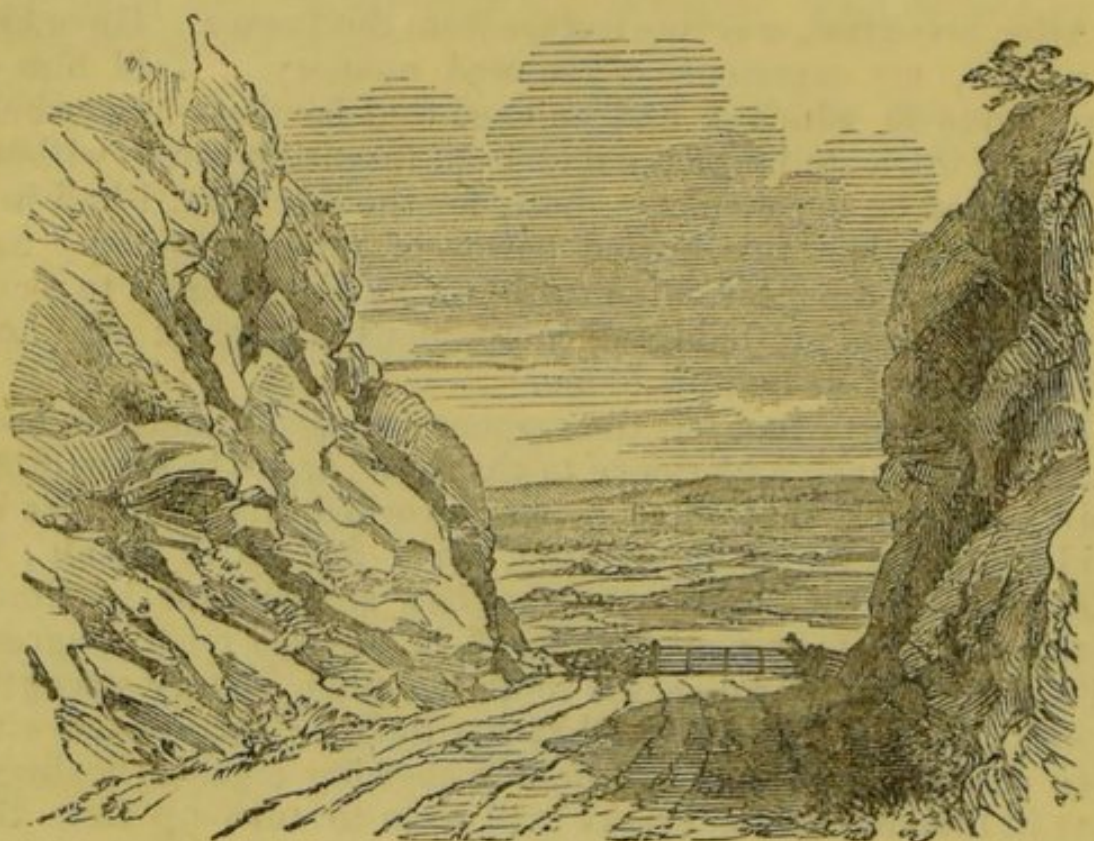
After breakfast, a severe lecture from the Doctor. Gave him as excuse, my experience of renewed memory. Told him of the degree in which I had enjoyed that faculty—how whole pages of intricate language had been insensibly, and without effort, fixed on my memory—how, for the last year, I had in a great degree lost this envied power of retention—how I had been distressed at this, often testing it by the attempt to recall what had been my habitual companions for years: and how miserable my loss had made me.

Last evening I had felt the response renewed, and had been too happy in such experience to check the desire to show it off. I did not think that in so doing I worked the brain, (as he said,) in a degree to do mischief, for I felt no ill result; to which the Doctor replied that he had stopped me in time; that I should abuse a good thing if he allowed me. I agreed with him that I was disposed to do too much for my strength, in every way.—He tells me that my tongue, surrounded with deep cracks at the edge, is already shewing signs of healing; that in a month these cracks will seem to turn up from the inside, as a wound that is healing, and the deep furrows be filled. All fever has entirely ceased, nor have I had the least sign of ulceration in tongue or mouth, which had been my habitual plague.

“The spirits of Hydropathists are astounding.” True; but Hydropathists ought to be more careful. It is really too bad. Here is a man, who has only been here ten days, comes in from his walk—makes a “getting up stairs” of two or three at a stride, his head of course bent forward, and butts against one of the servants as she is quietly coming down. It was a marvel that she did not fall to the first landing. His excuse is that he was afraid of being too late at church. Church indeed! a pretty preparation for church, to rush against a poor girl in that fashion, and double her up.

Foot-bath and to Church. The interior of the Abbey very interesting. (See “Malvern Guide.”) After church, a short walk—a Sitz—and then a *good* walk. Ned is ambitious, and does me credit, touching himself up in the article of dress, and desiring additional fascinations from his home stock. At dinner, roast beef (vice mutton)—the usual Sunday’s dinner—kale, asparagus, Maintenon cutlets, &c., rice, tapioca, and arrow-root puddings. To bed betimes.





WYCHE LOOKING EAST.

MAY XIX.

PACKING, bathing, and out with Ned.

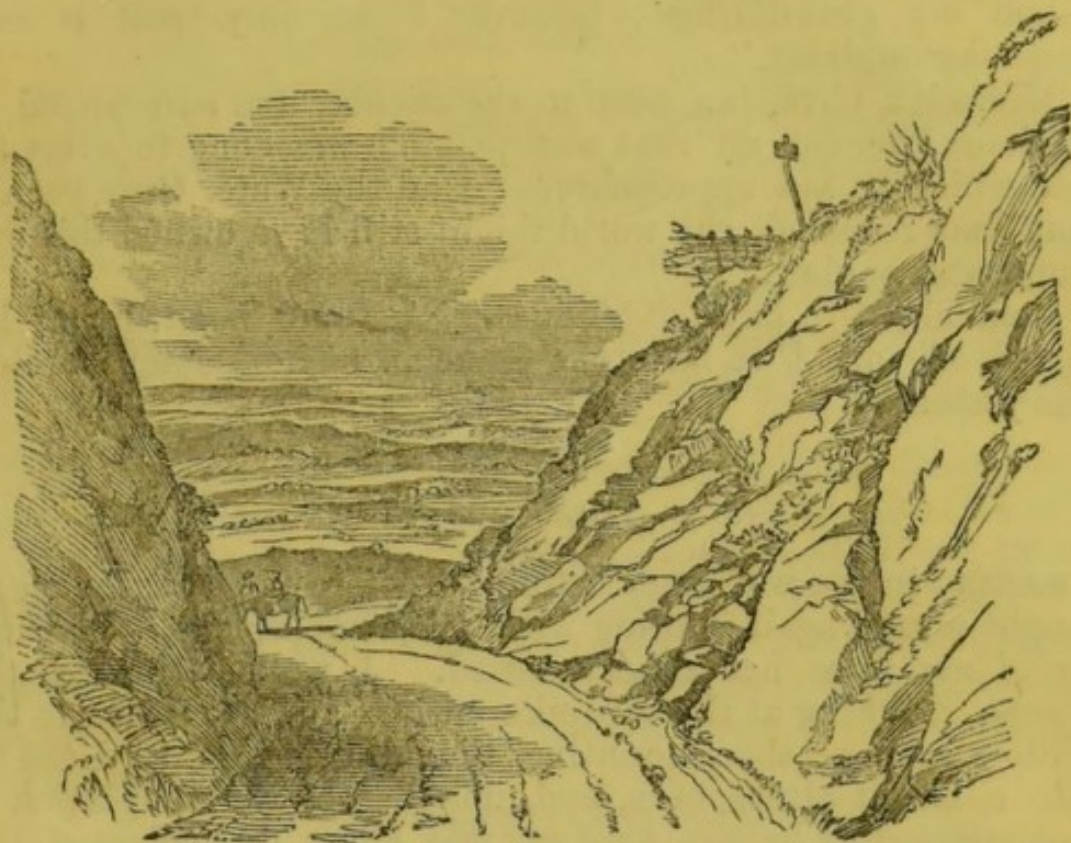
Sustained delight at my positive gradual improvement.

At St. Anne's, when I remarked to the woman at the cottage, that I wondered at my power to mount these steep hills, she replied: "Indeed, so do I, sir, but when I tell how the Water Cure patients get strength to come up here, after a few days—and how well they look, some gentlefolks are hard enough to say the Doctor *pays* me to say so." She advised me not to take too much water. She has seen some drink twelve or twenty glasses before breakfast! And here they sit, without any exercise to speak of drinking glass after glass—If on the hills and careering from height to height in a full flow of energy and exertion, they might drink *ad lib.* Well—they take their own course (not the Doctor's) and I must take care of myself—It shall not be said of me, as the man says in Hamlet:

"Too much of water hadst thou poor Old fellow."

Enormous appetite. The Doctor begged me to rein it in,—to "leave the table with an appetite."

After breakfast, through the Wyche. This cutting is the only pass for carriages through the hills. The contrast between the flat expanse of plain on the Worcestershire side, and the



WYCHE, LOOKING WEST.

undulating, rich country on the Herefordshire side, is here very interesting ; and, pacing through the Wyche backwards and forwards, to compare, I waver with the varying atmospheric effects.

To-day I am all for Herefordshire. A light mist covers the plain to the east, while, on the other side, the rising, wooded hills are everywhere looking out of it. On my return, I had to say,—Please, Sir, may I go to see my cousins at St. Anne's Well ? I wrote to them that you would not let me go again to Worcester ; and so they have come to see me, *which* one of them has just called to ask me to go with him." Obtainin leave, I went to pic-nic with them, and a very merry two hour we had.

There are two parties here against the Doctor,—the tavern keepers, and the donkey boys. The disinterested opposition of the former is easily understood ; the latter don't like him because the patients always get strong in the legs, and *walk* up the hills.

I often dwell upon the fate of WOLLASTON. For some months previous to the fatal stroke which paralised his whole side, and obscured his reason, until (after three weeks) he died ; he was, I believe, in precisely the same state which I suffered before I came here. Frequently remarking the numbness of his arm, he would say, "I know what it means. My father died of it

—and my grandfather ; however I can only treat it as a *stomach* complaint.”

Himself a physician, deep in the science, and surrounded by anxious friends, all that was possible was done to avert the fate which he saw approaching. Had the Water Cure been at that time revealed, the world might still have owned this profound philosopher.

I am about to have a bilious *crisis* ; and not till that has passed off, am I to have the Douche. The Doctor foretold this yesterday.

MAY XX.

AWAKING in the wet sheet before Bardon came to bathe me, I caught myself again smiling with self-complacency. The aching of my knee had almost ceased. I walked through the Wyche, drinking at the turnpike spring, and proceeded to the Willow spring ; then mounting the hills beyond it, I got up into a bright atmosphere, and, impelled by the temptation of each succeeding height, kept my way along the ridges of the hills with no thought of turning back. The preparation of light, dreamless sleep—one uninterrupted nap, succeeded by the influence of the process which I have described, and followed up by the bracing, invigorating bath ; the experience of strength which seems unbounded : all is crowned by the loveliest of midsummer mornings—and the enjoyment of a scene, changing at every step—and dressed with fresh beauties.

Nearly three miles from home, I suddenly thought of the breakfast hour—looked at my watch, and, for a moment, started off to run homeward ; then suddenly checking my speed, I actually waved my hand aloft, and said, “Let ’em wait !”—and laughing at myself, remembered that, for breakfast nobody waits for anybody ; the meal is spread, and the patients come to it as they like, within half an hour of the time fixed. This was a comfort. I met and spoke to the old Quaker, who more than returned my courtesy. Passed a man whom Ned calls a “broken down swell.” He certainly seems sadly used up.

After breakfast—the Doctor was delighted with my appearance, and surprised to see my tongue so much better. I am to leave off under waistcoats as soon as the wind changes to another quarter. A particular result promised by the Doctor has occurred—the approach to a *bilious crisis*. Walk with the Doctor. He criticises my skin ; and says, that I shall “soon cease to rejoice in white hands, of a deadly—bloodless hue.” But I *don’t* rejoice in anything of the sort, Mr. Doctor.

I am writing in the Sitz without spectacles, and without any want of them. Another walk—Dinner.

I give a drive this afternoon. Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. D., Mrs. M'C., and Mr. P. are my party. Weather propitious, and all successful—thanks to Mr. P.'s pilotage. Ned on a pony. We had a sixteen miles drive.

"The air of Malvern is in itself hygeian."

"The water is immemorially celebrated for its purity."

"The landscape is a perpetual pleasure to the eye."

If my eyes are getting strong, let me not try them.—No nap after dinner to-day nor yesterday.

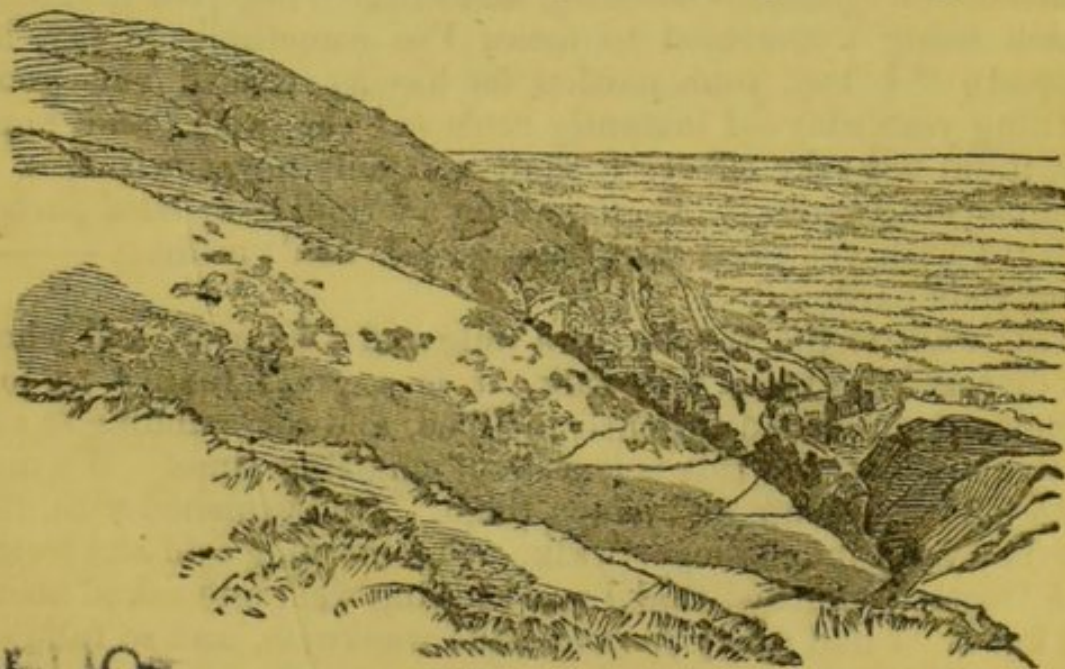
The doctor imposes no orders to drink during dinner—we follow our inclination—an hour or so before dinner, we take *at least two glasses*. You see, SHAKSPERE, who knew, by inspiration, all that a man ought to know—all that any man ever did know before him, and everything that any one might, could, would, or should know in after ages; whose plays are full of water-cure fancies, and who was never in extremes, prescribes this for the afternoon.

"Past the mid season, at least two glasses."

Ariel had been in strong exercise, and Prospero told him to "come away" and prepare for "more work."

Ned is at billiards. We must be off, and return at six to our *sitzes*. Come away Ned—

"The time twixt six and now must by us both be spent most preciously."



MALVERN, FROM THE HIGH HILL.

BELL

COLL. FRAG.

ED. EDIN.

MAY XXI.

PACKED at half-past five. The same slight discharge from my eyes. After drawing and reading three hours yesterday without spectacles, I asked the Doctor if my eyes *appeared* distressed, as they neither ached nor felt fatigued. He said *not*: and I asked if it is reasonable to hope for renewed strength of sight, after wearing glasses for a year. He told me that restoration of strength of body would not exclude my eyes; that many a man of weak sight had been so benefited; and that he had a patient nearly blind who was restored to sight, and whose eyes every morning discharged thick matter in the wet sheet; an evidence that the System attacks not one malady alone, but pervades the whole frame;" in fact, the system *chiefly* attacks the weak and faulty part.

We got out before seven with the Doctor. Introduced to a new patient who arrived last night. To his kind manners Ned gave a quick response, and walked on with him, leaving me and the Doctor to our talk. The new boy is a well-built fellow, about six feet long. He vaulted over the turnpike gate in good style.

Mr. Neal said "good morning" yesterday to a man who did not respond, but looked at him—like MACREADY in Werner (when a stranger offers him his purse) saying, "I do not know you." Neal met him again this morning, and said, "I beg your pardon," (which being understood to mean I've something to say, he stopped), "I beg your pardon for having wished you good morning yesterday—I instantly *retracted* the wish, and hope that it did not take effect: I shall certainly never wish you a good morning again." Then making a formal bow, Neal parted with "I wish you good *mor*—no—no—I don't mean it ——— I beg your pardon."

This walk to the Wyche is a mile and a quarter, and when not disposed to extend the walk, it is a great luxury to jog homeward on a road so gently inclined, and commanding so extensive a view; and this is excellent chatting time. We met some fellow patients and joined them. Ned vanished with the new boy for a much longer walk. The morning cold and fresh. The Doctor remarked that I was walking well, and asked about my knee. I had really *forgotten* the weakness, and so fulfilled his prediction to the letter: and he crowed over me. We mounted the hill on our homeward walk, and called and drank at St. Anne's.

My home letter asks whether I suffer from the late irregular fluttering or palpitation. *Both* in a degree when opening my

daily dispatch—and carried home by the contents: but otherwise the heart is at rest, even in strong exercise. Such appetite for my breakfast—although this bilious symptom prevails!

The new boy is nervous. He was indulged with *tea* this morning, and spilled it on the way to his mouth. He was so confounded, that I tried to comfort him by saying, that “I did just the same thing the first day *I* was at school.” He laughed, and Ned trampled upon him by roaring with delight.

I have known these people just seven days, and am altogether delighted with my company. Of the fourteen at table, nine tell of Italy, Germany, France, &c., as familiar subjects; and all have passed much time in travel.

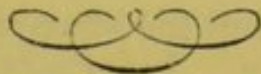
Mr. Waite came in to breakfast, telling us that he had carried a *donkey* up to St. Anne’s Well. I said this was pretty well for a man who but yesterday talked of being in a decided consumption.

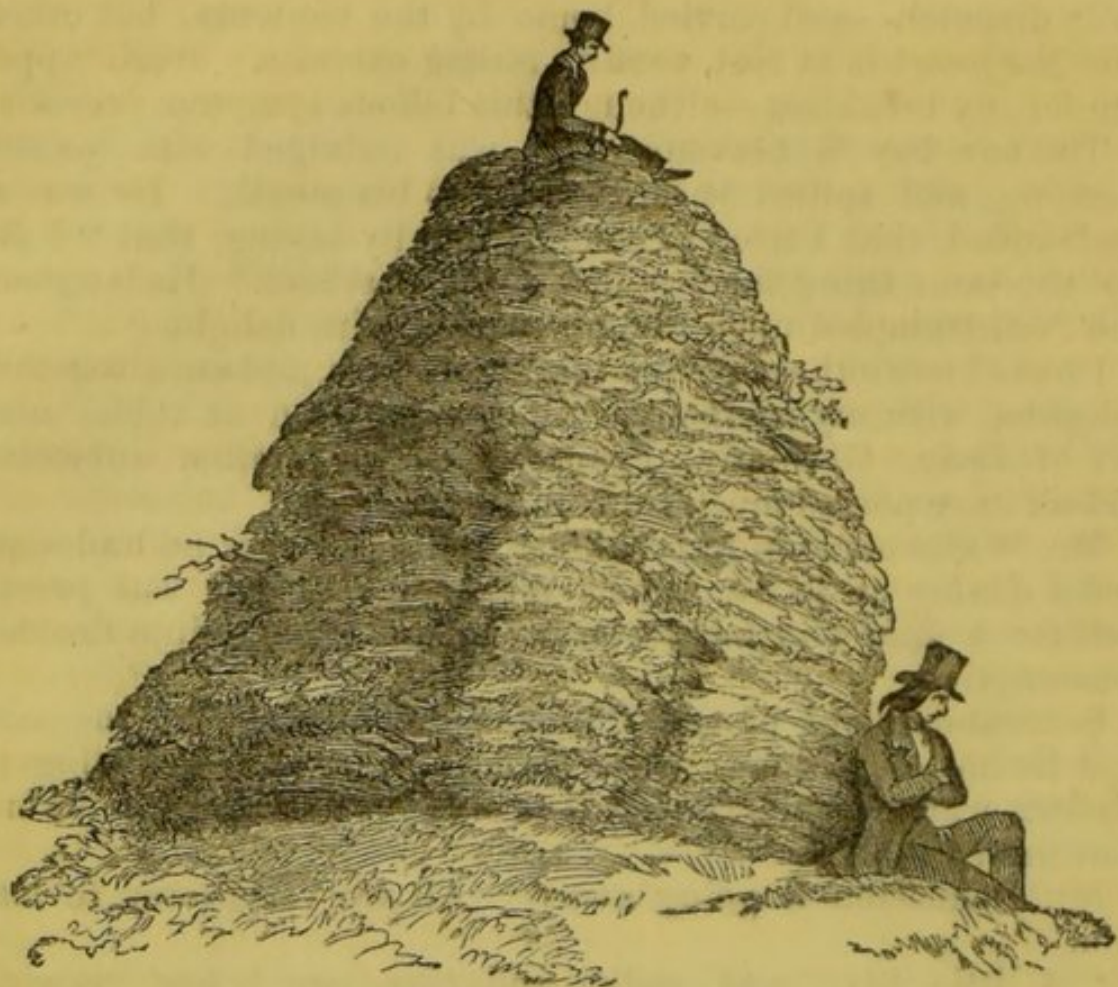
Several opinions of the “broken down swell.” One said that he has seen him in three several coats, and appealing to his own watch for the time. It is only his face and framework that are so shabby.

Mr. Pennerton is going away. All are very sorry to lose him.

“A little Sitz,” and walk; and then two hours’ drawing without the slightest need of spectacles.

Went to the Chalybeate, a Spring or well, near the Abbey church. The term chalybeate is used *ironically*. *We* don’t drink it. After dinner—a drive with the ladies. Our bouquet will lose a flower to-morrow. Mrs. H. and her brother are going away.





TURF MOUND.

MAY XXII.

BARDON aggravates me by always asking when I mean to Douche, and saying, there's nothing like it.

Before breakfast to the top of Beacon, with Mr. Sterling (the new boy) and Ned ; calling, of course, at St. Anne's Well. Saw Mr. Waite's donkey ; it was a baby donkey. The turf mound at the summit is a good landmark. My two companions made it a resting place. Our elevation is one thousand four hundred feet above the sea's level. Malvern itself being five hundred.

After breakfast, two hours' walk. I have never any irregular pulsation on climbing the steep hills to shirk the paths ; of course I do it unwarily. I am getting into excellent training. The scorbutic spots that annoyed me have vanished, and thin new skin supplies their place.

Adieu, under waistcoats. Fleecy hosiery, I wish you well. Go to comfort those who want you ; no more coddling for me. I shall enjoy the refreshing change of linen by contact.

I have not looked into the "Times" or any other newspaper since I came here, although they are punctually "ordered to lie on the table." When at home, I must have my twenty minutes

every morning for the news. A quarter of an hour in Sitz, might, however, be well occupied with the paper; but I am always busy then with my Diary.

The "broken down swell" is an out-patient of the Doctor, a victim of two varieties of "infallible" remedies, self-administered; and so, shut up and jumbled together, no wonder they quarrelled, as their betters would. He is to take but nine ounces of solid food in the day, and to drink as much water as he can. Poor fellow, such a stomach!

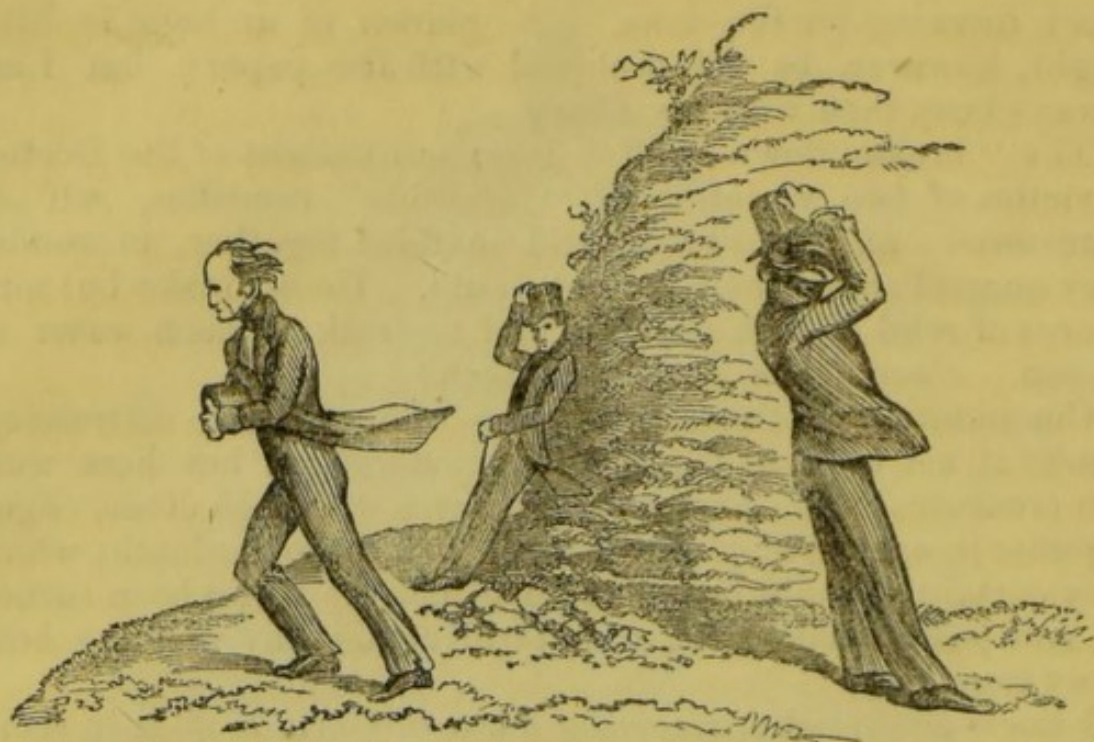
Combination of things *congenial* often produce distressing results if not brought together in moderation: but here were two creatures on the worst possible terms with each other, caged together in excessive quantities as if to fight to the death; which they certainly would have done, had not the water been turned on, and put an end to the unnatural contest by washing both away together.

I knew a man who, receiving a box of German pills, in scorn of the size of it, swallowed the twenty-four doses on the instant. To be sure, the pills were not larger than mustard seeds, but each pill a dose, and a good one. To abide by his desperate act, he ran away from his agitated friends, and refused to take an emetic. On the following day he was at his office at early morning; but before noon!!! * * I pass over details. After a fortnight's suffering he was out of danger. Nothing but the fact of his having swallowed the well-packed *box* with the pills had saved his life. The friendly box sealed in its wrapper, only gave out just enough at a time to be singly dealt with while it inflicted its tortures, and so—he didn't die.

Highly appropriate to our "broken-down swell" is the story of his Majesty the king of Delhi, who being deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage produced by *Seidlitz Powders*, commanded that a right royal consignment should be made to the palace.

A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve *blue* papers, and having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained, that in the *combination* of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose—staggered—exploded; and, in his agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!" Then rushing from the throne—fell prostrate on the floor.

There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the



compound, spurting like ten thousand bottles of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death.

To descend to our hero. The mystery is solved—the charm is broken. He is *not* a town rake—wasted by late hours, and proclaiming by his gait and bilious complexion that useful lesson, Beware the demands of the London season. He is *not* a used-up nobleman. He is a respectable hairdresser from a large manufacturing town, who, by his appearance, must have been born for other things; but whose whole energies (when he had any) were bestowed (and spent as we see) on his intellectual profession. “Easy shaving was his nature; cutting and curling his pride and glory.”

MAY XXIII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT BEFORE SEVEN.

WHILE in the wet sheet Bardon told me that “the ladies are *bolder-like* with the wet sheets and Douches, and that, than the gentlemen.” Of course they are.

Out with Sterling to the Well and the Beacon. Ned in glorious spirits, getting to the top and returning to us; then up again. At the summit a tremendous wind. The clouds careering along below us—sometimes surrounding us. We had been almost wet through with the thick mist on our ascent, and even now in bright sunshine. In the pocket of one of us three half-pence in copper escaped from its wrapper, or the paper from it; and went on an errand of its own—shoe strings were generally untied. The dewy gems sparkling on the turf

mound, and on our whiskers. I never felt such a wind. Hats were a nuisance ; any attempt to put a hat on the head would have ended in starting it to Hereford at least. As we were under the hill a perpetual *frown* would occasionally keep it, when lightly pressed, on the head, but ever and again it must be held.

At the summit—I shall never forget it—we had an AIR DOUCHE, and stood against it—Ned shirking the full stream of wind, and I being foremost, of course. We proceeded after a time along the tops of the hills to the Wyche, and then returned by the gently inclined road. Any one seeing me would think that I had not a care in the world.

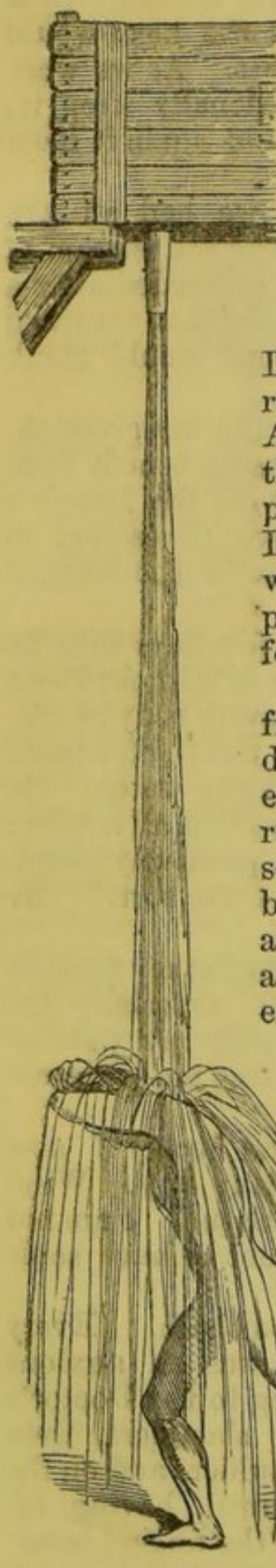
Having now but three weeks more to carry out my great object in leaving home, and receiving still increasing benefit from the treatment, I resolved to be firm in following the Doctor's advice : having somebody to help me, moreover, I resolved to obey the impulse to make the most of my time in the way of exercise, and attend strictly to rules.

A new boy has arrived ; only to stay for a few days that he may decide whether he can exist for a week or so without Town life. He is out of his element. He knows every body of distinction. There is not much the matter, but the Doctor has a great regard for him, and persuades him to try the water. He does everything under "protest," and therefore it is all a bore ; so excessively *unusual*. As to the Sitz, it is positively dreadful ! besides he does "not *want* any thing of the sort." He "can go to bed at eleven, but to rise at *six* !"

After breakfast the Doctor talked to me, looked at my tongue, scrutinized my person narrowly—"sounded" especially the digestive organs—tested my state of brain—felt my pulse—thumbed me a little, and wound up by authorizing me to *douche* at one o'clock.

My crisis had subsided. How straight and firmly I now walked—my legs on equal terms. A brilliant day. Wind north-west. I hope the Douche will agree with me. I am not afraid—oh dear, no—but it is an encouragement to have some one to *see* how well I mean to behave.

I have had my experience of this glorious bath. Every symptom proves that it agrees with me. It was an anxious point with me to take it discreetly,—according to the Doctor's directions. First on the back between the shoulders, then from side to side, and chiefly on the right shoulder, and on the whole of the right side ; *never on the head*, until, having received it one full minute, I placed my hands (the fingers interlaced) over my head, and so broke the compact column into a shower of foam. The fall of water is about eighteen feet from



the cistern, from which a pipe descends about two feet, tapering downwards to concentrate the force of the fall. With me the re-action was immediate. On going to the dressing room I was instantly *hot*. The attendant (my friend Bardon) said that I shone "like a new guinea." Had I headache? No! Was I giddy? No. Warm?—Am I not? All was perfection!

Sterling is examining the furniture at the Douche Baths. In a corner of one dressing room is a broken chair. "What does it mean?" A stout lady—being alarmed at the fall from the cistern; to reduce the height carefully placed what *was* a chair, and stood upon it. Down came the column of water—smash went the chair to bits—and down fell the poor lady prostrate. She did not douche again for a fortnight.

The force of the water may be conceived from this fact. Last winter a man was being douched, when an icicle that had been formed in the night was dislodged by the first rush of water, and fell on his back. Bardon seeing the bleeding, stopped the Douche—but the Douche *had not felt* the blow as anything unusual. He had douched daily, and calculated upon such a force as he had experienced.

I may have instilled into my description of this bath something to feed the dread of it which every one feels *at first*; but let me add that I never asked any one his or *her* estimate of the Douche, who did not eulogize it highly.

That it is dangerous in certain conditions of body there is no doubt; and the indiscriminate use of it, has produced disagreeable results. See the caution of the Doctor in my case.

Hear also Sir E. B. Lytton, "Never let the eulogies which many will pass upon the Douche (the popular bath) tempt you to take

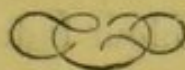
it on the sly, unknown to your adviser. The Douche is dangerous when the body is unprepared—when the heart is affected—when *apoplexy* may be feared."

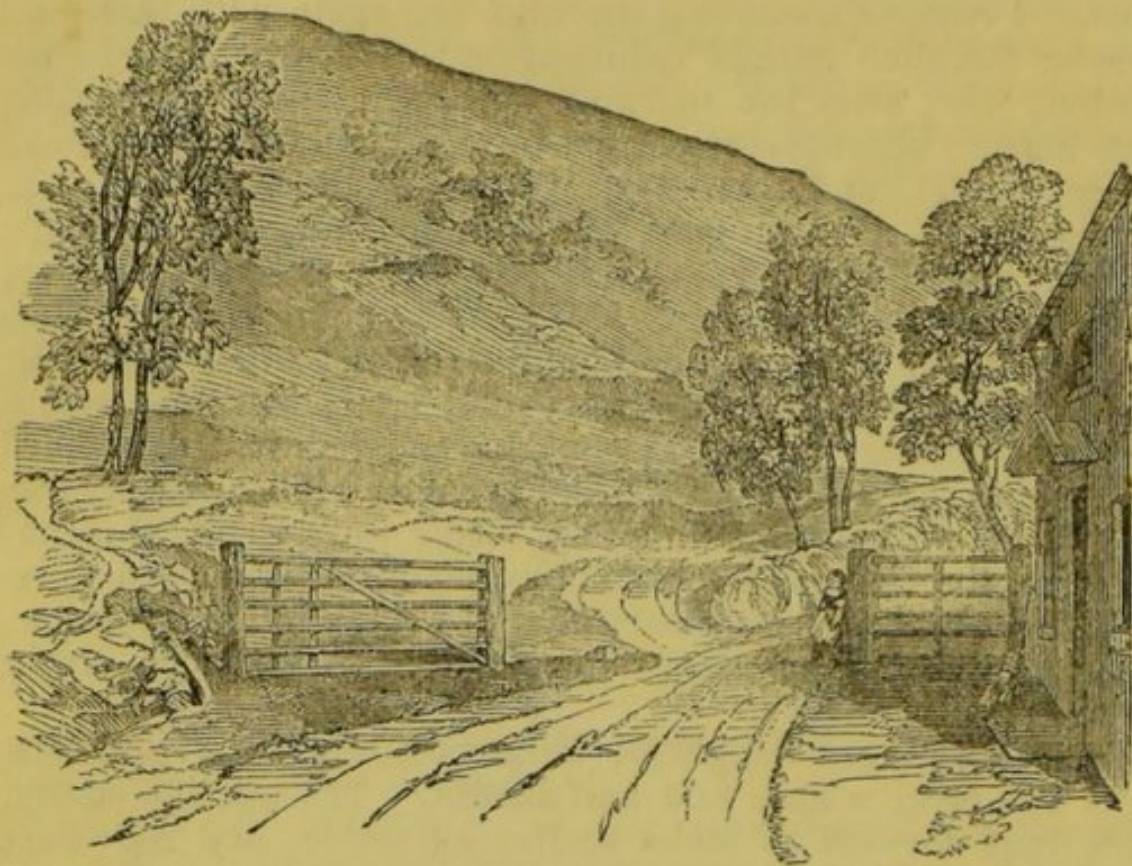
How I enjoyed mounting the high hill again with Sterling ! I never felt such animal exhilaration ! He is delighted with Bardon, who, after the morning bath, scratches him horribly with his new sheet (every patient buys a blanket and a pair of coarse sheets), and then says, "Never mind, sir, you'll soon get used to it :—" and goes on polishing away with double energy. Sterling shirks the Doctor—gets behind the door when he sees him coming. Miss A. is going away. The Doctor has more than once found tarts, and other combustibles, concealed in her drawers ; and lately saw the warming-pan walking up stairs ; but he collared it, and scolded the maid for consenting to help her to such an inflammatory bed-fellow. A warming-pan in a Cold Water Cure Establishment ! Miss A., for that misdemeanour, was politely requested to return home—such a propensity might be catching, and insubordination must not be allowed to prevail. Moreover she shirks her Sitzes. Naughty.

In the evening a delightful walk with Mrs. St. J. and Mrs. M'C. to a farm, a mile and half distant. The weather sunny, with light showers to make shelter agreeable, and reproduce the fragrance of the fields. I am sure that there is no climate where the unvaried glare prevails, that could give half the delight that I feel in our alternations of showers and sunshine.

Sitz. After supper a very merry incident. Mrs. M'C. is not only gifted by nature in the sybil line—as far as the outward woman is considered, but lays claim to an unearthly power very far beyond common fortune telling. Many are the wonders related by her friends of this mysterious gift ; and now the Enchantress was ready to deal with the cherished wish of my heart. This she did in the most summary and positive manner. She had rarely been known to be so decided ; and never was prediction more signally fulfilled.

A stroll—and to bed at ten.





LOWER TURNPIKE SPRING.

MAY XXIV.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT BEFORE SEVEN.

"I DON'T know how it is, but I am so very merry, papa." So said Ned before being bathed. We both slept soundly in the sheet. To the Wyche and back only. Sterling is much amused by Bardon's care of his *hair*, which is long and dark. Having packed him, he touches him up, and parts his hair neatly; then goes to a distance—put his head askant, and so regards him; again advances—gives another touch, and he "will do."

I have no discharge from my eyes; the cracks in my tongue are partly closed, and its colour indicating perfect health. It has rained all night. Morning fine. I read so for two hours in Mrs. Wilson's room without spectacles.

Proposal to *pack* baby. The sheet a cambric handkerchief, the bed a down pillow. Douche at one.—I so fully enjoyed it to-day, that I had every disposition to *fight* with it; only modified by the warning given by the Doctor, that to take it on the head might be injurious. Thought of our friend T. P. Cooke, who derived great benefit from the Water Cure here,

and is a zealous hydropathist. He used to play the "Fighting Gladiator" in the Douche, and other such creatures; in his own graceful and classical manner. Thought also of a lady friend, who has more than once douched at the Niagara Falls. Close to the terrific rush of the chief torrent she has sought a baby-fall of about sixty feet, and received the rushing-water amid the din of the whole cataract. Here was a Douche! Bardon may well say the ladies are "bolder-like" with the Douches than the men; and well did a native remark to the father of our heroine, while contemplating the tremendous scene: "I say, stranger, that's an almighty water privilege!—suckles mother ocean a deal!—You could n't show us anything so handsome as that in *your* country."

Bardon said to me, as I was helping to dry and rub myself, "Do n't you be a rubbing your head so, sir, you'll rub off the *young hair*." I was amused. Has a new start taken place? Rain at two; the country looks grateful for it. Sterling is very eloquent on the subject of the Sitz, and thinks the attitude very humiliating—indeed. On rising out of the water after his twenty minutes have been completed, he proceeds to polish; and, after vigorous rubbing, complains that the skin is as cold as a fish, and *feels* as wet.

Mr. Townley, who has just arrived is more visitor than patient. He did just get out before breakfast. I have not heard how he bore this morning's packing. He looks very well—his dark arched eyebrows constantly raised as in dissatisfaction, and yet courteous and gentlemanly, although rather sleepy, all day. I wonder the water does not brisk him up. I hope he will Douche. He is a perfect embodiment of discretion, and deserves, and *expects*, that the butter at breakfast, and every other luxury shall come *pat* to his hand as a matter of habit. On entering the room, he fixes his eyeglass in the socket of one eye, which adds slightly to his habitual look of surprise at finding himself without his accustomed appliances, and then the very glass—instinct with sympathy, falls despairingly to the extent of its ribbon, and gives it up.

Ned asked me to go with him in the evening to the "Ivy Rock," and led the way, climbing up the steep hill north of the Beacon: and admiring his activity, I followed, until finding the ascent very steep I felt insecure. Still Ned was calling out. "We are almost there!" and I kept my eye upon the nearest ridge; but, having achieved that, another and a higher presented itself; and on went the boy, looking eagerly for the rock. By this time, we were at a great height; he had missed the route—path there was none; and I, venturing to look back became very giddy; the precipice was frightful, and I was

"losing my head." To return was impossible, and to stop very dangerous. I had in the morning hesitated—and refused to buy a stick. I would now have given a guinea for any staff. Ned was alarmed for me, and climbed like a chamois to a high rock to look for a path, and report progress. In the meantime I had my eye upon a slight tree, about a dozen yards above me, and while I was resolving to get to it on my hands and knees if possible, he was calling out, Oh! poor papa, don't be frightened! and I begged him to keep silence, as his voice frightened me the more. I crawled to the tree, and gave it a very tenacious hug—keeping my hold until I regained something like self-command, and not venturing to look down, until Ned having rushed from height to height espied a path, and, returning, cautiously and safely conducted me to it.

I had always been much distressed to look from an eminence (one result of over-bleeding, I am told). Mr. Bradley interested me much with his case. He is quite well. He told me, that in the autumn of last year a friend of his who had been for two or three years in a miserable state from a complicated stomach complaint, told him that he had been obliged at last to give up his business. He described his sufferings as most severe, and Mr. Bradley said that he appeared "one not long for this world." Being zealous for the Water Cure, Mr. B. lent him a book on the subject, and begged his attention to it. A week or two after this, the father of the young man came to Mr. Bradley, and "in a rather angry manner" demanded how it was that he had interfered to recommend his son "to go and drink himself to death with cold water?" "Shocked and taken by surprise (continued Mr. B.) I did not know what to reply, and felt so confused, that I only just acknowledged having lent him the book—and my friend went away angry."

"Well—time passed on, and I believed that my friend was dead; but one day, about three months after this, a fine young man—the very picture of health, comes into my office to say 'How do' to me. I started back and called out, Bless my life! and confessed that I had thought he was some time before summoned from this world. He said, 'It was quite a mistake—that he had been to Malvern to Doctor Wilson, that he was perfectly restored to health; and that he came to thank me for being the means of his recovery. I told him what his father had said, and congratulated him that he was so poor a prophet.'"

"As I was at that time (continued Mr. B.) very ill—confined about two months with an intermittent fever, and so weak that I could not walk a mile without being greatly exhausted, I at once concluded to try what the Water would do for *me*, and so

set out for Malvern. Before I had been here a fortnight I walked to Worcester and back in one day; being upwards of seventeen miles. So I may well bear testimony to the good of the Water System."

Of the unmeaning nature of exclamations, more or less vulgar, or indecent—or even blasphemous; but yet, having no more definite *meaning* than Mr. Bradley's "Bless my life," Heartley told me a very beautiful example. Some soldiers were talking in a group, and a venerable clergyman passed, as one of them used the ordinary imprecation. He stopped, and laying his hand on the soldier's arm, said, "My friend, you surely mean, 'God *bless* my soul!'" Looking at the benevolent face of the old man, and quite abashed, the soldier, as if involuntarily, took his cap from his head, and said, "Yes sir—thank you sir—at least I *did n't* mean the other."

And here is another instance, given to me by a friend of the clergyman mentioned. At a country party, one of the company, in the course of a very emphatic conversation, said "Why—God bless my soul, I"—A clergyman of the party interposed "amen;" and the pause which followed was only broken by his continuation, "I never hear so good a prayer as that, without seconding it; *may* God bless your soul."

The same gentleman had been distressed during a day's visit to a friend by the conversation of Major—who accompanied even the most ordinary remark by irreverently using the name of God. On his return home Mr.—wrote to the Major of the habit that he had contracted, and pleaded in excuse for such intrusion, a rule which he had long observed, never to hear God's name lightly used without some shew of remonstrance.

The Major took this letter to the principal Inn of the chief county town; and said "A fellow named——has sent me an impertinent letter, which I place *open* upon the table of this public room for a month." He then left the house. When this step was made known to the writer he said, he was exceedingly glad that his letter had been so exposed, as no one who had seen or heard of it would be likely to infringe good manners by blaspheming in his presence.

It should be added that the Major soon took the most courteous and unequivocal mode of assuring his friend that he was very sorry for having taken such a step.

Saw a very important person to the health and well-being of the water patients, the purveyor of our exquisite mutton; shall I call him Butcher? He is seen under different aspects. He is notable and busy in personal attention to his patrons in the shop; when he walks out into

the field where his well fed and healthy muttons are enjoying their fated life, it is admirable to mark his deportment ; thoughtful and calculating—he casts his eye over the unconscious victims ; it rests deliberately upon a spot twenty paces off, and he advances in that direction ; then pauses—reconsiders, and turns to the right. He brings his powerful eye to bear upon two or three who are feeding very near him, and strokes his chin. A slight frown, like the passing cloud, disturbs the serenity of his brow, and in that upward glance might seem involved the fate of nations ; but it is gone—his decision is matured, and he walks away to give his orders. Mark him again step from his door for a ride in the evening. You then see him to full advantage ; not only is he well mounted in respect of horseflesh, but a *better* mounted tip-top country gentleman you never saw. He has the perfection of that careful distinguishing costume that bears with it the true Old English character, beautifully appointed from hat to top-boots, and yet exhibiting no shade of dandyism or affectation.

Mr. Bradley gave me a paper on the subject of Water Drinking, from which I extract a few sentences :—

“ Many of the highest medical authorities unite in proclaiming that all spirituous and alcoholic drinks are *stimulants*, not *nutritives* ; that they drive on the circulation of the blood, and give a temporary vigour to the system, which is always speedily followed by weakness.

“ Dr. Buchan says, ‘ Malt liquors render the blood sily and unfit for circulation ; hence proceed obstructions and inflammation of the lungs.’

“ Dr. Beddoes.—‘ Vinous liquor acts as a two-edged sword. By its first operation it promotes indigestion ; its second depends upon the change into vinegar, which wine, however genuine, always undergoes in the stomach.’

“ Dr. J. Barker, U. S.—‘ General Jackson was once asked if soldiers required ardent spirits. He replied, that he had observed in hard duty and excessive cold, those performed the one and endured the other better who drank nothing but water.’

“ Dr. Cheyne.—‘ Water was the primitive and original beverage, as it is the only liquid fitted for diluting, moistening, and cooling—the ends of drink appointed by nature.’

“ Dr. Rush.—‘ Spirituous liquors always render the body more liable to cold ; the temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by chillness ; nor do these liquors lessen the effects of hard labour on the body ; if they produce vigour in labour, it is transient, and is speedily followed by fatigue.’

“ Dr. Darwin.—‘ When a man who has not been accustomed to strong liquors drinks a quart of wine or ale, he loses the use

of his limbs and understanding ; he becomes a temporary idiot."

"Dr. Garnet.—'The idea that wine and other spirituous liquors assist digestion is false. Those who are acquainted with chemistry know that food is hardened and rendered less digestible by this means.'

"Dr. John Pye Smith.—'The general notion is, that intoxicating liquors impart strength and vigour ; but they only urge to a more rapid outlay of it. Stimulating is analagous to goading an ox, or spurring or whipping a horse.' "

Upon my word, this array of words is almost enough to make me a Teetotaller—not quite, except "*under treatment.*"

A happy evening with music.

SUNDAY, MAY XXV.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

IN my helpless condition this morning I wanted to scratch my nose excessively—and no exertion of mental discipline could make me think that tickling is fancy. Imagination *adds* to its intensity until the water comes to the eyes, but fancy cannot alleviate it, nor shift the torment from that precise spot. The degree of self action of which the nose is capable does little. I slept, however, sooner than I expected, the little fiend being tired of teasing me.

Although wet, we went to the Wyche turnpike. How very delightful to see the working of Ned's appetite. He takes to eating in right earnest. I am thus reminded of a poor Irish woman who was thus invoking "Bad luck to Father Mathew, who had been the *roon* of her childher, by gettin' her husband to take the *plidge*." "How can that be?" said one, "your husband used to drink dreadfully, and I hope he has left it off?"—"Ah! yes, your honour, he *did* dhrink and get dthrunk entirely, and now he's sober as a judge ; but since he left off dthrinkin—he's took to *atin*!"

Mr. Townley has not been here long enough to take a particular fancy to any of us, and seemed this morning in sad want of something, not exactly within his reach—was it a book?—or a newspaper? are his letters unwelcome? He sat in thoughtful silence. He went to church, but was no better for it, as far as I could see. Many people are not a bit the better for going to church, but they seem to be, or they think they are—and that is something. Mr. Townley did not pretend anything of the sort. After dinner he rose, as there was nobody to sit with him—nothing on the table to sit *over*; and then with an expression of despair, fixed his eyes intently (one being assisted

by his glass) at a side of the room ; to which—following his half-abstracted gaze—I looked, and saw the well-known cellarette, which the Doctor permits to keep its place—the door always ajar, as if to tempt the devoted Townleys to peep in, and aggravate them by its arrangement of mere napkins, and anything but bottles.

Here is a gentleman not tainted by any vicious indulgence—any intemperance of any kind, having yielded himself to the stream of fashion and bad customs, late rising, late dining, late parties, all sorts of public time-killing recreations, until the habit became second nature, and his best friend had laboured, with disinterested regard, to turn him inside out by the Water Cure. I longed to see him respond to the influence, but feared that it was of no use ;—habit too deeply rooted.

After the morning service at the Abbey Church, we took the welcome path to the Douche Baths ; and, as the rules of the house give rest to the servants as far as possible, Ned went with me to pull the cord of the Douche, and remarked with satisfaction that there are smaller pipes to admit a gentle shower for the delicate patients, or any who have the least dread. He bespeaks the little pipe.

Starting in the full enjoyment of that inspiriting impetus, given by battling with water, we took a good walk. The day had become bright, and the Sun made the beautiful expanse of country glisten with the accustomed varieties of effect.

“Now, what is the use of keeping a horse ?” Sterling said this so very thoughtfully, that I knew he was rather soliloquizing than putting a question. I, however, could not lose so good an opportunity of asserting my opinion, so remarked, “To be sure.” The force of this argument did not interrupt his train of thought. “I say, why should a water patient incur the expense of a horse, when a SITZ answers every purpose ? There goes the Doctor—he is bent on seeing forty or fifty patients in two hours—so he has a *motive* in saving time ; but to gallop across the country in that style, merely for health and exercise, would be absurd. Why, you know, if one *must* stay at home all the morning, until very ill for want of exercise, it is only necessary to open the window, and then—take a Sitz—say, a mile a minute—a twenty minutes’ Sitz, equal to a twenty miles’ drive ; and the result is in either case precisely the same. But, if you *will* ride, and return fatigued by *too much* exercise, why then—you have your remedy. Take a ten minutes’ Sitz, and you rise from the mysterious bath as fresh as before you started ; besides, I can *groom* my own Sitz. I shall certainly economize.”

After dinner, Mr. Hope told me of the "Plymouth Brethren," a section of which party meet in a house at North Malvern; and, it being impossible to doubt the sincerity of these self-sacrificing people, three or four of us went to attend the evening service, with something more than curiosity. The house in which they met is one of the very meanest in the place, the entire furniture of which is studiously coarse, and barely sufficient for the purposes for which tables, chairs, &c., are intended. There was deep attention in the hearers, and an expression of *anxiety* in the countenance of the speaker that was painful to contemplate. He was deliberate, and evidently labouring to be impressive. *Words* he had, but during the half-hour of our stay I heard nothing but the repetition of one trite thought. He held a Bible in one hand, and frequently appealed to it by laying the other reverently on the cover of it, as if to imply—this is my authority, and to call attention to the book. Anxious to avoid distraction, he did not (I think) once look at any one of his hearers, but fixed his eyes, not at the opposite wall, but with an expression as if it reached (but with an unresting gaze) midway between himself and it. Still he laboured on, and the frequent repetition of the words, "Dear friends," and "You see, dear friends," with the action which implied a reference to the Bible, seemed to me to be adopted as if to stir up his own unready faculties, and to gain time for the thought that would not come. I was never before present at one of these services, and the effect upon me was extremely distressing and humiliating.

By a natural transition, we passed on in conversation to a man of gigantic power, who for a long time exercised great influence in London, and whom I frequently went to hear—EDWARD IRVING—whose thundering denunciations against the Papacy I well remember, and how his wrath agitated his whole frame, as he impatiently longed to fight them at the battle of Arrrrrmageddon!—shaking his black locks as a lion shakes his mane in fury! He was a stately tree, which, in God's mysterious providence, was at length blasted at the top.

Of my own recollections of this extraordinary man, I am glad to record a few brief particulars.

In the midst of his fresh popularity, he was companionable, fond of society, fond of music, and readily taking the recreation so afforded. No wonder that *he* knew the relief of the unstrung bow!

Upon one occasion, when a friend of his, with whose family he was passing the evening, introduced the Bible, and was proceeding to read and expound a portion, Irving objected that it was *ill-timed*—that he had been deep in study all day, and had

looked for the relief that music and social conversation afforded ; and protested against the indiscriminate introduction of the sacred volume in an evening party. I admired the nice discernment that gave him so accurately to measure his own capacity of intellect. Alas ! that such a mind should have been led by fanatical imposture to withdraw from self such a safeguard as his then keen sense knew to be necessary.

“ The best of things beyond their measure cloy,
Sleep’s balmy blessings—love’s endearing joy ;
The feast, the dance, whate’er mankind desire,
E’en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.”—POPE.

Irving was devoted to high art. Here was another intellectual relief of the purest kind. He employed a young sculptor, of great talent and congenial mind, to model for him ideal heads of the Apostles of our Lord, not attempting that of the Saviour. These beautiful works were his delight.

He knew the luxury of home affections, and was ever cheerful and playful *when* at home.

During his late years, when the indecent exhibitions of “unknown tongues” were authorised by him—the dupe of those whom he trusted—it was painfully evident how his reason was impaired. He was snappish and irritable in the pulpit, and often made such exhibitions of temper as one which I witnessed, and which has a peculiar humour of its own.

The service having commenced, two young ladies came into the chapel. Irving having immediately *paused*, the new comers (not knowing that he had stopped to rebuke them) walked up the aisle, not carefully, seeming to congratulate each other at having arrived during a pause in the service ; and then looked from side to side, in astonishment that no one opened a pew to them, while every body else was remarking with apprehension the gathering storm. Unconscious of the severe and still deepening brow that, eagle-like, was bent over them, they advanced close to the pulpit, and he spoke :—
“ Those two young maidens, who are interrupting the congregation with their light and flippant step ” (here was a movement of agitation) “ had better have stayed at home to tend their household ” (sad distress of the two victims.) “ They should recollect that it creates a *great* disturbance to *some*, and *considerable* disturbance to *all* ” (here they were very fussy with pocket handkerchiefs ; one pulled the other, and they moved towards the door). “ Go not away to hide your shame ; but stay and hear the word of advice ! ” (as they still moved). “ Go *not* away ! ! ” (on they went, and he said in loudest tone), “ Go not away ! ! ! ” (but seeing that they *had* escaped, added, in a low voice), “ Then *get* you gone ! ” and quietly resumed his sermon.

It was distressing to see this single-hearted man, with impaired powers of mind and wasted body, clinging during the latter years of his life to his town duties, his sphere of usefulness usurped by designing mountebanks, and himself in the midst—oppressed by a sense of unworthiness, because the pretended *gifts* were not vouchsafed to him. Often did I long to start him off to his native vales, and to the enjoyment of his native songs, when I turned to contemplate his tall, gaunt, haggard figure, as he passed about the New Road and the narrow streets, upon a pony so small that his long legs almost reached the ground—a most ungainly object, to all but those who knew his great mind, and his true and exalted character.

MAY XXVI.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL,

But instantly turned *in* again. It was raining after a fashion, that even to me, seemed to promise no interval nor alleviation.

We turned into the dining-room, and, pushing the seats of the chairs under the table, we made a clear space for walking round the room. Our dining-room is forty feet long; and, after a minute's discussion as to our intended route, it was settled that we should go (by the watch) to the spring beyond the Wyche. I opened the windows, and Ned arranged water bottle and tumblers on the table, undertaking to announce our arrival at the several springs. He had marked the distances by the time occupied, and so we started; and having walked from end to end of the room, and round the table ten minutes, Ned called that we were *at the turnpike*, and we stopped to drink. We then passed on, doing all sorts of small talk with a friend who had joined us, until we got as far as the Wyche and to the Willow Spring; then we drank again, and just having started, we met, at a turn of the road, Mr. Townley, who came suddenly upon us, and joined our party cheerfully. There were frequent overtakings of each other, and at the corners of the table we contended for the sharp angles, and carried out the rules of the road by passing on the proper side.

Mr. Townley walked as well as the best of us, and was a delightful walking companion; full of anecdote, of solid information, and a quiet dry humour all his own: but we could not inoculate him with a love for Malvern. Enumerating the varied attractions of the place, I unluckily wound up with the charming drives; when he admitted that it is “a delightful place *to get away from*.”

What had become of Sterling? Lazy fellow, I should have

thought that he would have been the most active of all, except me.

The time passed merrily, and we paused at the Turnpike on our way back, to the delight of Mr. Townley, and in ten minutes more we were at home, comparing notes as to the result of our exercise, and congratulating ourselves and each other on the appetite so engendered. Then, as the breakfast was not ready, we determined to take another short walk *as far* as the Chalybeate, which was accomplished in good style. Having yet some time on hand we played with battledore and shuttlecock, and then went to shave before breakfast. There is one luxury for shaving that nobody ever gets anywhere. Every earthly comfort is attainable here, and brought to hand, except hot water e x c e p t h o t w a t e r, e x c e p t h o t w a t e r. *Hamlet.*

But I suppose this is a *virtue* in a Cold Water Cure house.

At breakfast time, and before the ladies had made their appearance, in walked Sterling, and was greeted with a *groan!* as a reproach for his laziness; but he made no answer to this, beyond what was implied in the remark, "Oh—indeed!" and proceeded industriously to his task of cutting bread and butter, being excessively *hungry*, as he said. I desired to be informed what right he had to an appetite? The villain—he looked as fresh as if he had been walking; it seemed as if a mere packing and bathing could scarcely have produced such a result.

When all were assembled, we, who had walked, began to crow over Sterling, and crush and trample upon him, to disgrace him before the ladies, and he bore it very well; but when we had quite done, he looked as if he would say—"Mark how plain a tale shall set you down," and in a few words announced the fact that he had actually started before seven, and walked to Malvern Wells (three miles!) and back (six!); that, proceeding along the hills, he had seen a young woman in difficulties with a sheep, that *would* (pig-like) go in the wrong direction. Both girl and sheep were slipping about in a most grotesque manner in the clay and mud, and the sheep would certainly have got away, had not Sterling rushed forward, reckless of all but the relief of the distressed damsel, and succeeded in cutting him off. At the moment of triumph, however, and in the very act of poking the sheep back to his destiny with his umbrella, he lost his footing; the bank was very steep and excessively slippery, there was no stopping,

the umbrella was either stuck in the mud, or had flown some fifty paces off; his hat seemed to his flashing fancy to be carried by the wind to Worcester at least; he made a spasmodic attempt to check himself by legitimate means, but all to no purpose; he was doomed to an involuntary Sitz in the puddle. In this degrading attitude, poor Sterling resigned himself to speculations upon the probable conduct of the young woman. Would she laugh at him? would she come and help him up? He couldn't stand that! He ventured to turn and look. She had averted her face. Did any one else witness his abject state? A man just hove in sight; and Sterling rigidly fixing his eyes upon the advancing figure, slowly raised himself out of the muddy water, still looking hard at the man as he rose, until, having regained his dignity by the erect position, he let fall the skirts of his coat, to cover, as far as possible, the unseemly patch behind, and resumed his walk home. There were not many persons out at the early hour; but, for the first time, he must have wished his shooting jacket with longer skirts.

Here was a change in our relative positions! We were very small indeed in comparison with Sterling—and before the ladies too! It was a thing to remember; and I vowed that no weather should ever deter me from my early walk again. Sterling had retreated on his return to his room, and changed his clothes, having some passing idea of keeping on his wet shirt just to carry out the system by a *preparatory compress*; and thus was accounted for the fresh colour with which he presented himself to us, and which would have been sufficiently aggravating, without the additional touching up and polishing off that he had enjoyed on his return.

Mr. Bradley is gone, quite well, and in high spirits. Ned *requested* to Douche with me (bravo!) A slight twitch of countenance might be detected as he waited my answer. (It was proposed to please *me*.) Sterling too was Douched. He looked at me, and I knew it, and was thus encouraged to be very fierce in my deportment. I afterwards looked at *him*, and such a back and shoulders I had not seen for many a day. What a pity that he should not have a stomach to match, for there is nothing the matter with his external build. Ned behaved pretty well. Sterling speculated upon the leg and wing of the chair that had yielded to the weight of the poor lady and the Douche torrent. Rather vexatious to leave these trophies in the dressing-room as if to remind the patients to ask what they mean. Coming out of the Douche baths we started to spite the weather that wouldn't clear, and walked briskly to the Wyche, and beyond it, all through the drizzle,

"This Sitz," (began Sterling). "Which? (said I). The involuntary?" He protested he was speaking in generals, and that I had put out of his head what he was going to say. (confound it!) He pointed out the scene of his morning's adventure, and the marks of his nether person in the mud. Again the subject of the Sitz is started. He heard Miss P. audibly console herself for the badness of the weather, "Never mind—I have had my Sitz." Ned having a passing fancy for a donkey ride, and all the saddles being wet, Sterling dissuaded him from the "locomotive Sitz." He put a case:—If the good Doctor's best friend's wife should run away with a rival doctor, what would he recommend? *Not* to go after her and fetch her back—by no means. Finding him in agonies of despair, he would order him a *Sitz* of two hours, at the expiration of which time the injured husband would be more than reconciled to his bereavement, perfectly composed and satisfied with his new position.

Is not this delightful? Here is a most disagreeable day, intrinsically; but a little energy, a pleasant companion, and the Douche have turned the scale with man and boy, and all is bright within. We have gained a day.

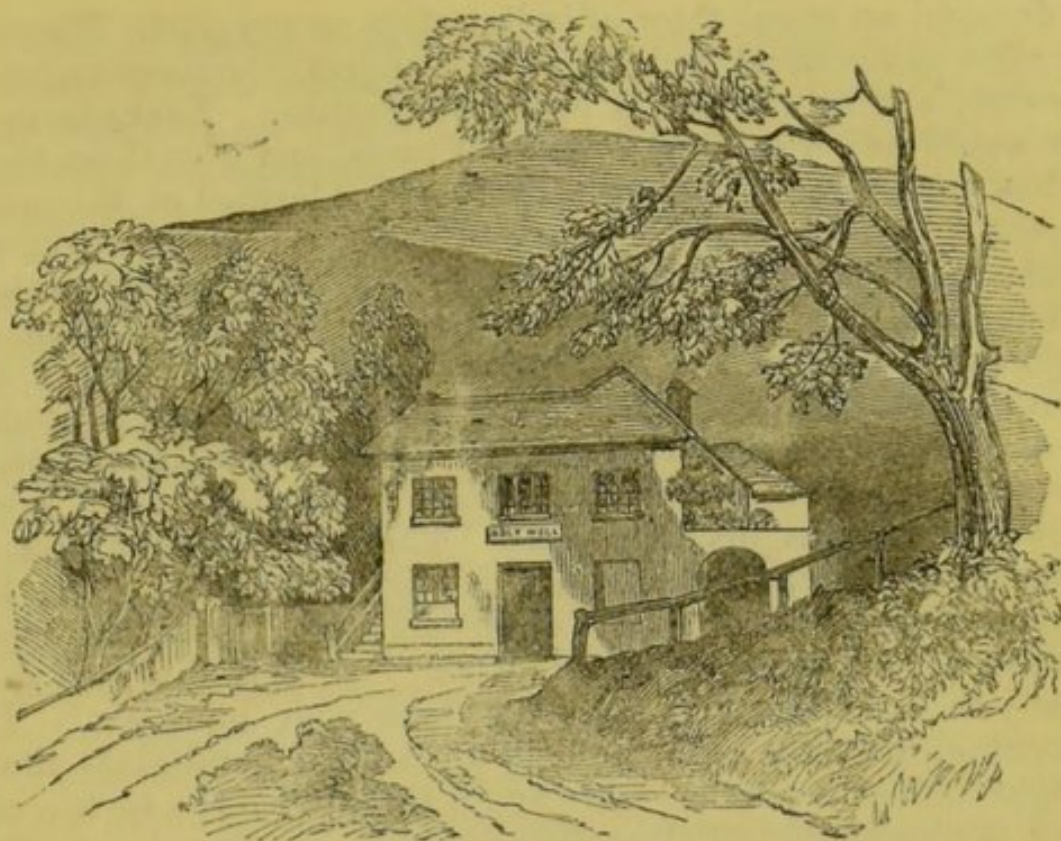
If we can but have a week of fine weather, it will set up Sterling. Met the old Quaker walking well, and braving the elements. "Now mark," said Sterling, as we neared the house; "the Doctor will come from his ride, and tell us gravely, that he found the weather unpleasant, and that it affected his spirits; but that on coming home he just took a ten minutes' Sitz, and was perfectly refreshed."

So he did; the first remark that he made after grace at the dinner-table *was* to that effect; and the best of it is, that it was strictly and soberly *true*.

Sterling just ventured a look at me, which meant, "I told you so;" and was in danger of choking, or spirting the maccaroni out of his mouth.

In the evening, a little music, and to bed betimes.





HOLY WELL.

MAY XXVII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

SURELY the variable nature of our climate is a source of constant, never-failing interest. Here is a brilliant morning, following a day that seemed to give no hope of a change. Walked with Sterling and Ned to the Holy Well at Malvern Wells, then mounting the hills to the Beacon.

The work published by Dr. Card tells of extraordinary cures effected by the water of the Holy Well. The monks of old used to wrap in cloths steeped in this water persons afflicted with leprosy or other eruptions; and "make them lie in bed, and even *sleep* with the wet cloths on the diseased parts." Here was an instinctive use of the Wet Sheet Packing of very ancient date.

Sterling remarked, as we went along the grassy path to the Wells, that we might readily fancy ourselves pacing the pasturage of the lower range of the Alps. He owes the Doctor a dodge for an unlucky remark which he made in the fulness of sincerity. The Doctor passed some compliment upon Sterling's manners, and added, "Do you know I at first thought you rather *lackadaisical*." Sterling mentioned this to me as a thing scarcely credible, and appealed to me inquiringly, as if

to demand an equal show of indignation on my part. The more he allowed his mind to dwell on the subject, the more angry he became, and he eventually vowed vengeance. Lackadaisical ! He would buy a shilling's worth of tarts, and give them to the ladies under the Doctor's very nose ! Alarmed at this awful threat, I felt it my duty to try to soften the matter. It was perfectly right to punish the Doctor :—I quite agreed to that ; “but when he spoke to *me* about you, he gave quite a different opinion.” Sterling's curiosity was thus excited, and I told him that the Doctor had conceived him to be a medical student in disguise ; come less as a patient—than to see the establishment. “A medical student ! *medical ! why* medical ?” I ventured to suggest his long hair. This was the first *personal* allusion that I had made to my new friend, and it made him thoughtful. “Bardon talks of my hair too,” said he ; “yesterday after Douche, he said, when I conceived myself quite ready to start off, ‘you have n't done your hair, sir.’ This morning, after the bath, he held me a little hand-glass that I might look at my hair.” He again threatened the tarts ; and, as I saw no chance of altogether diverting him from his purpose, I proposed that he should moderate himself to gingerbread, and that I would join him so far. He objected that gingerbread was *scarcely wrong*, and would give no promise ; his *then* feeling was, that he would buy the tarts, and shirk his Sitz ! Excessively alarmed at this evidence of growing depravity, I begged that we might drop the subject for the present ; and, as we went along, Sterling lectured me about *driving*, which from the cramped position and inactivity, he pronounced scarcely better than sitting at home. As we had walked full six miles at that time, I was in a state to agree with him. I had reason to be sure, as we entered the house, that Sterling held his purpose as to the tarts.

How we enjoyed our breakfast, earned by seven miles walk ! We were to Douche at twelve. At half-past eleven, Sterling, having deliberately carried out his vindictive purpose, walked into the room with his cargo of tarts, and with a grace—as if there was no harm in it—handed them to the ladies ; and all partook except himself. We then started together to the Douche Baths,—and he was better. Having douched, I heard a laugh in the next dressing room, and was afterwards told that Bardon had been as solicitous as before with the looking-glass, comb, and brush. I had worked an hour before the Douche ; and we now started off like giants refreshed. Mounting the hill we saw some boys playing with hoops, and Sterling wanted to make one. After the manner of “Dear old Mathews,” he so successfully adapted himself to their sport, first by his talk,

and then by taking a good run with the biggest boy's hoop, that when I put the finishing touch by saying to one, "he's a funny fellow, is n't he?" a perfect understanding and companionship was established between them, and he was in all respects the big boy of the party. There was one of us, a very small pale boy, who had no hoop, and yet he ran and jumped and romped with the rest; and another *little* boy lent him his hoop for a turn. It occurred to me to put him on a footing with the rest, and after a little chat, finding that he hoped some day to possess a hoop, I settled the point with a bright sixpence, and so made him quite happy.

It is delightful to think how Providence has, with children, tempered their capacities for enjoyment to the circumstances that surround them, and to watch their little wants. Here was a child who had come in to a *fortune* unexpectedly—who had only looked to a sixpence as a distant possibility. As they grow, the degrees of evil are too evident in its advances, (e.g.) The big boy of this party (not Sterling), hearing my inquiries as to the price of a hoop, interposed, "a hoop for *that* boy, will cost a *shilling*, Sir," but he was at once put down by the little one.

Having mentioned "Dear old Mathews," (as he is affectionately called,) I will quote from Mrs. Mathews' delightful book, a passage illustrating that love for children, for which trait I have honoured Sterling by a comparison with him. "His behaviour with children was of the most simple kind. He generally addressed them in the tones and manner of childhood, always *making himself* the age of those to whom he talked. At first the little creatures would look surprised, sometimes frightened; but this effect wore off as he persevered, and it always ended in his being accepted as playmate. The first wonder over, he was considered by them as a boy; for such was he, in voice and manner." Mrs. Mathews relates, that she "saw him with half a dozen boys of about eight years old, playing at marbles, bawling and wrangling about the game in their childish manner, and every one of his companions as grave and earnest with him as if they were of all the same age; and had been used to him all their lives. There he was squabbling, 'You, Bill Atkins! I say, you've no right to that taw.' 'I *have*,' said Bill. 'I say you have n't!' 'I say I *have*.' 'Ah! you *cheat*! I wo'n't play with you *no* more;' and thus he picked a quarrel with one of them, and taking off his coat, offered to fight. He was met with spirit by the boy, resumed his good humour, made him a present of the marbles he had won, and left them all pleased with the 'large boy.'"

"He had asked them to let him play, and when they looked grave and sheepish he repeated his request, and the youngest

boy said, 'Let him play, what harm? but has he got any marbles?' 'No,' said Mathews, 'but I've got a penny;' so he bought of one of the boys, and knuckled down. They soon acquired a through confidence in the reality of his being a child, though of larger growth, and as he quitted them, he said he must go to his 'Ma.'"

This charming trait of a good and generous heart, I have slightly abridged from the third volume of Mrs. Mathews' eloquent and interesting biography of her husband.

On our return from this merry walk we saw a boy, who seemed intent on breaking his neck. He was running and leaping and throwing his arms aloft, in a style that seemed to threaten a frightful fall at every repetition of the feat. Descending the hill, where it was so steep that a short trot would give a dangerous impetus, he took two or three headlong strides, and then a high leap; and when we looked that the increasing speed would render him unable to check himself, he gently dropped into a sitting position, and so slid down several yards, then to his legs again, and repeated the same antics: evidently conscious of our admiration.

Sterling wondered whether *we* could do this—marked well the step and figure—and resolved to try the dance to-morrow. It was evident that, high as he leaped, he kept the centre of gravity rearward, throwing his legs forward and keeping them in advance, to be ready for the sitting attitude. By this direct route he gained in one minute, the point that could not be reached in ten by the path.

The Doctor had proposed a *drive* for four o'clock. I liked the party, and made but feeble resistance. He had arranged it in the morning, and it would be a pity to disappoint his kind motive. At dinner I scarcely dared to look at Sterling. I was ashamed of yielding, although I had taken three good walks to-day. I went--the route was pleasant--the company charming—but I *felt* the truth of all that Sterling had said; and, when we got home, was so benumbed and cold that I went to Mrs. St. J. and proposed a walk. She immediately complied, and we had an agreeable chat, and a walk to the Lower Turnpike, and to the Common, and all about Barnard's Green; and having accomplished a good three miles, we got home, I having practically proved that the ill results of a drive may be counteracted by a brisk walk. Then why indulge in what produces an ill effect, merely because I have a ready antidote? Driving is pleasant, but wrong, (moral). I then took a contemplative Sitz, of ten minutes, at the expiration of which time I was in that tranquil state, that made it a satisfaction to seek out Sterling and humble myself, confessing how wrong was the

drive, pleading how I was all the better for the subsequent walk, and winding up with an eulogy on the SITZ—to which I added (to strengthen myself in my good intentions) an inviolable promise, that, whatever the temptation, I would not drive again at Malvern.

Sterling told me, that finding himself alone, he had amused himself about the slopes of the high hill, and laid about him upon a flourishing community of stinging nettles, demolishing the whole colony, old and young, in one confused and shapeless mass, with his walking-stick; which he displayed, like brave Jack Falstaff's sword, only that the stick *was* hacked and notched in actual fight. I told Sterling of the attempt of Mrs. St. J.'s physician to prevent her coming to the water. Having tried, by all sorts of hard words and technicalities, to frighten her, he told her that, in her case, the first experiment would probably result in death. Bold practice this, but common.

Mrs. St. J. told me, that for many years her life had been a misery to her; that the most eminent of the faculty had uniformly advised her to take as much air and exercise as possible, and as little medicine; but that medicine had become necessary to her, with tonics to counteract its debilitating effects, until, between the two conflicting powers, her irritated stomach rejected almost all food—the nerves had been overstrained: she had endured “many years of agony of mind—fatigue and distress of body—and was apparently reduced to death's door.”

When she was induced, by the urgent advice of a friend (who had been restored to health from a state of weakness from which her medical attendants gave her no hope of recovery), to try the Water Cure, she met the strongest opposition from her physician, who wrote to her of the capillary nerves, and used all means to terrify her sensitive imagination against the wet sheet, &c. However, she read certain books, and soon resolved to bear like a *man*, the first ordeal.

On arriving at the Doctor's, she was soon comforted by his good sense and kindness; and when, on the following morning, she found a large merry party at the breakfast table, she was quickly at home. She had never passed four months more happily, and spoke warmly of the Doctor's kind attention, and of Mrs. Wilson's.

Returning home for a short period, Mrs. St. J. came back here—had passed the whole winter here, and now a great change has taken place,—and without any Crisis (the bugbear of the Water treatment).

In December I had the pleasure of witnessing the wonderful alteration in this lady's appearance, and of hearing her say, that although she considers herself well, and all her friends

are astonished at her improvement, she yet intends to be so thorough-going an Hydropathiste that she will go to Graefenburgh, and it may be *winter* there next year.

And the intention was fulfilled ; Mrs. St. J.— went to Priessnitz, and was not entirely washed to a thread paper. She returns perfectly strong and hearty, and full of enthusiasm for the cause. Her account of one day's, (as contrasted with our Malvern) practice, is interesting, shewing the comparative severity of the treatment.

5 o'clock. Whole packing 15 minutes. Plunge bath. Out at 6. Four or five glasses. Breakfast at 7. Strawberries in abundance. Black bread and sour milk. Strong exercise in the air. Douche at 10.30 (a mile and half walk to it.) Sitz 15 minutes on return. Then walk till dinner time. Dinner at 1. Boiled beef and veal, (mutton rarely !) Scarcely any vegetables ; but stewed prunes, salad, fried potatoes. Excellent puddings. Rest till four. Walk.

Then begins the afternoon cure. Dripping sheet. Sitz 15 minutes. Walk an hour and half till 7. Read for an hour. To bed at 8.30 or 9 at latest. Go fast asleep. Awake refreshed and renewed, and begin it all over again.

Going through such severities, this lady writes in high spirits, dating from "lovely Graefenburg—2,500 feet above the level of the Baltic."

Of her sister, Mrs. M'C., Mrs. St. J. told me, that having been reduced last winter to a state of extreme debility by the injudicious applications of potent drugs, she became in a state almost of hypochondriasis. She had in vain tried change of air ; but at Malvern, the Evil Spirit fled before the Genius of the place and its pure waters.

Let no circumstances that may arise in after-life (and who can tell ?) ever influence me to fail in heartfelt grateful recollection of Sterling, as he shewed on this day. I had *felt* it right to lecture Ned. Sterling, in the fulness of his generous heart, made cause with my Boy, and *not* against his Father.

Let me still see him, walking some twenty paces a-head of me, with his arm round my beloved boy's neck.

I am yet *bilious* to-day. My Diary is partly written, as usual, in the Sitz. Doctor says the result will pass off entirely to-morrow.

I bit my tongue severely at dinner. Will the wound ulcerate as heretofore ?

In the evening, music and other fascinations, to encourage one to do too much, and rebel against rules.

To bed late—past eleven : very tired.

MAY XXVIII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

WITH Sterling and Ned to the Beacon. Another boisterous morning. Above the clouds, and watching their course below us—standing with difficulty against the tremendous wind, we had a second edition of my *air douche*.

We walked along the very tops of the hills to take all the air, and there was enough of it. Sterling showed me the piteous corpses of what were stinging-nettles. What a moral! Had they in death their weapons, or were they stingless? We did not try. I told him that I had suffered a slight twinge of the old neuralgic pains in the night, not strong enough, however, to have awakened me had I been asleep. He rightly attributed it to the undue exertion of the previous day and the imprudent sitting up late. This was but the second return of that symptom at Malvern. The nerves cannot *suddenly* partake the sound health of the body; besides, I was yesterday unfit for party doings.

As we jog homeward, the country people greet us generally.

The children *always*, and the boys as readily as the girls. Very pleasant, this peculiarity of country manners. Coming out into the clear air, I have not *quite* enjoyed it until I meet some one to whom to say, "Good morning." I must, however, confess, that even in London, one does sometimes get a morning's greeting—from an Irishman.

Suppose that I want to be directed to any desired spot, and ask a countryman to help me, he does it in a thorough going hearty manner. In London if I say, "Can you direct me to — Street?" I get an answer, but of a different kind, "Right straight on, and ask again:" and my informant does not check his walk to give me so much. I perhaps rejoin,



Is it far ? and he calls out, " No, 'taint *fur* ;" nor is there any incivility in all this—he is too busy and intent on his present errand to do more. Still it is a strong contrast.

Let me not be hard upon the towns-folk : they are the creatures of circumstances, and must economise in matters of time and breath. A great poet, worried past endurance by the long-continued monotonous cry of a Jew salesman, and his vile inarticulate pronunciation, at last spoke to him, " Why will you never say the word clothes, but always O CLO ?"

" If you'd cot to shay old cloashe two an forty tausan taimes in d' day, you'd be clad, too, to leave out d' hard letters."

The same prudent economy of lungs is evident in several of the sounds by which our early visitors announce their errand after ringing the bell. We always have at breakfast time,—cher! -ker! and, the thrice welcome, -per!! The hydropathist, ever putting the brightest construction upon an uncertain sound, always believes that which *first* salutes his ear to be -per!

Compare two of another class : the Omnibus Driver and the Country Coachman. The former labours *from fifteen to twenty* hours every day, to accomplish fifty or sixty miles through every sort of hindrance and annoyance—in all weathers. He must bear to be abused by the passengers, who expect that, when they strike or poke the conductor, with stick or umbrella (the dirty end), the machine is to stop on the instant, forgetful that their command must be followed by gentle treatment of the horses' mouths ; and then, getting out, salute both with threats and foul language. All this is of hourly occurrence. I have been frequent witness to the grievances which these men are taught to endure, and have wondered at their forbearance and characteristic good temper.

The Driver takes off his glove, and exhibits his maimed, distorted palm: the fingers contracted, and the whole so crippled in its " capabilities and vital endowments," that it is disabled for any other occupation, but to drudge with the reins. The Conductor, too, is as ill treated, but generally keeps his temper, and really seems to exercise a sound philosophy in the characteristic quaintness of his replies.

Turn to the Coachman of a long stage. After his ample breakfast he takes the reins for a drive of forty or fifty miles, which he accomplishes in five or six hours, through varied scenery, and lacqued by the best of country manners. Every body courts him, and pets him ; the rich greet him as a friend, and the poor are proud to be noticed by him ; his life is one long holiday ; and, like the immortal Old Weller, he is " on the best of terms with forty mile of females, and not one of them ever expect him to marry her."

Of the Omnibus Servants, whether on the box or on the shelf, I know a great deal. I have been a very frequent passenger for the last twenty years, during which period my passing observation has qualified me to assert that they have, as a class, earned a character for civility and respectability of deportment; and that the *incivility* of passengers is generally met in a spirit of endurance, to which the Conductor, especially, has been disciplined by habitual ill-treatment, or want of due consideration.

I would not assert that every Driver drives his calling, and every Conductor conducts *himself* like a born gentleman. The facility of access to such employment renders the *City* omnibuses a sort of "refuge for the destitute," and many disreputable characters occupy the box or foot board, for a brief space, until detected, punished, and dismissed. My experience scarcely extends to the *City*, where, amidst conflicting crowds, the Omnibus servant must not be expected, alone, to maintain a bland and composed deportment.

For a certain three weeks of August, 1849, I turned my attention to the character and condition of the omnibus servants, and arrived at the conviction that their character is much in the hands of the public, and that *by* the public they are very roughly handled.

I considered that the accommodation afforded by this mode of transit constitutes a claim to the thoughtful regard of the public, while the laborious nature of the servant's duties should make it an *agreeable* duty on our part to ameliorate, by the exercise of courtesy and consideration, so hard a lot; to give no unnecessary trouble; to be provided with change; or, at least, not to make common cause with the sovereign people, who will sometimes tender a *sovereign* for a threepenny fare; to consider that they suffer exposure to all weathers, are victims to cold, asthma, and every variety of rheumatism, and shut out from the only remedy—*exercise*; that their pay does not exceed the wages of a bricklayer's labourer, while their daily term of service is fifteen, sixteen, or even twenty hours! That they have no time for meals; that they have no day of rest; no alternation, but of weary toil, food, and sleep; no exercise, no recreation; that they have no time to make the acquaintance of their children—scarcely to keep up the connection with their wives; and that they rarely attain the age of maturity.

Let us bear in mind that these men number, in London alone, above *ten thousand*; that we, who are, by the Omnibus system, enabled to live at the outskirts of the town, in the comparatively pure air, and to proceed to and fro, *cleanly, quickly, cheaply, and without fatigue*, owe something to the men upon whom the working of the system mainly depends: and then the men, taking such steps as bespeak self-respect, will grow in the consideration of the public. They are a powerful body of men, powerful for good or for evil, who are, as yet, subject to a most oppressive and monstrous monopoly.

From the pay of 16s., or at most, 20s. a week, the Driver must give 3s. 6d. to the "horse-keeper;" 1s. 6d. to the "time-keeper;"

1s. to the man who puts grease to his wheels; and 6d., at least, for "beer money."

The man who drives the railway omnibus is on the box from 6, a.m., till one the next morning (except on alternate days, when he works but seventeen hours), often having the hurried meal handed to him as he "sits up aloft."

In addition to his pay (reduced by 6s. 6d.), the driver has the benefit of one outside passenger's fare in each journey, which, in wet weather, amounts to *nothing*. He also engages to wash, brush, and clean his omnibus before starting. To such shifts is the Driver driven; and I trust that I may, at least, show that, like dear Tom PINCH's rump steak, The Driver "should be *humoured*, not *drove*."

During the three weeks that I have alluded to, I spoke much to the men, and obtained reliable information. I journeyed more than usual, and noted down some facts, of which I give a sample: and I read in the *Times* several striking things, from which the inference is obvious. On August 4, a *gentleman* (so self-styled), who put his dirty feet on the cushion of the carriage, and refused to remove them, when requested to do so (twice) by the conductor, was brought before the magistrate "for having violently assaulted the conductor" (when he attempted quietly to lift his feet from the seat), and "covered his face with blood." The decision was honourable to the complainant, who was proved to have performed his duty with temper and discretion.

I attended at Marlborough-street to attest the character of a Driver of an omnibus, who had been summoned on a false and malicious charge; but the case was cut short by the good taste and feeling of the magistrate. To say that this man was *proprietor* of his omnibus, and could afford to lose his day's pay, fee Mr. Lewis to defend him, and make holiday, with a demonstration of respectability that made the office door a perfect nosegay, does not weaken my case.

A Conductor was summoned for refusing to give change to a passenger, and so obliging him to go beyond the point at which he had desired to be set down. The conductor proved that he asked all the passengers for change, having exhausted his amount of copper money: and the prosecutor was obliged to go *one street's* length beyond his destination!

Mr. Alderman Something said that *he knew* these men had a *fund* for the payment of fines inflicted by a magistrate, and would try what a little *hard labour* would do; and sent the conductor to the tread-wheel, to be associated with felons!

It does not require an alderman's head to decide that a *conductor* is not bound to provide change for passengers, whose duty it is to be provided previously, and to pay on leaving the carriage; and every magistrate should know that *there is no such fund* as that, of the existence of which the Alderman said he *knew*—no alternative, in such cases, but to pay a fine from his own poor pocket, or go to prison, and lose his situation.

I stood on the foot-board of a Pimlico omnibus, in Piccadilly (the

carriage being full), and asked a few questions of the Conductor, "How many hours did he work?"—"Fifteen?" "What time for meals?"—"None to-day, Sir, as we are *late*; but generally fifteen or eighteen minutes for dinner, breakfast before we start, and supper at night."

Standing there, I thought, "*This is not a very rowdy life,*" and called to mind the numberless instances which I had witnessed of the thoughtless or wilful ill-conduct of the public, who, on desiring to be taken up, frequently avail themselves of his arm with a snarl, trouble him with vexatious questions, and, ordering him to stop, abuse him because the order is not obeyed on the instant, with no tender regard for the horses' tender mouths.

Impetuous Gentleman (striking him with his umbrella). "Conductor! Is this omnibus going on?"

Quiet, dry Conductor (wet through). "No, Sir, it's a standin' still!"

Violent Lady in a snow storm (poking the conductor with parasol—the dirty end). "If it goes on snowing in this way, I will not go further than Oxford-street!!!!"

Sympathetic Conductor. "Serve it right, ma'am."

A Driver told me that he is obliged to leave home at six to get his omnibus from the yard, and that he never gets home at night till twelve. Another, giving details of the same amount of labour, added, "When I *do* get home, you see, there's my supper ready, in course, and after that I *must* have a good wash, you see; but, as for a *short pipe*! why I don't manage that more than twice a week!"

A Driver was so grossly insulted by a passenger, that it seemed a wonder how he could sit and endure, giving little evidence, even of hearing what was said; but, on arriving at his terminus, he proposed to his assailant to "talk to him" of his conduct when he had given the reins to the horse-keeper, and put aside his metal badge. The fellow sneaked away: he had only courage (or cowardice) to attack him when his hands were tied.

I read a letter in the *Times*, of August 4, from a gentleman, who requested the Editor to announce the startling fact, that a Conductor, on being presented with a sovereign by mistake, returned it to the lady like an honest man; publishing, thus, satisfactory proof that there exists in this town one Omnibus Conductor who is not a thief! But stop a bit.

A few days later, a gentleman left a parcel of forks and spoons, of the value of £25, in a "Waterloo" omnibus, of which the Conductor took careful possession, and, wonderful to tell, proclaimed that he had found it; and, failing to find the owner, deposited it at the office established for the reception of such articles!!! So, "*There's two Uniques!*"

A Driver, lamenting that he had no holiday on the Sunday, told me that he could not afford to go to church, as, if his master would allow him to pay a substitute for two or three hours, he has not the money to spare. Go to church! Why, unless a man has taken proceedings to attach to himself a partner for life, before he entered

on the slavery of the *box* or the *shelf*, it is not easy to think how he could make time for those preliminaries of courtship and company-keeping that *lead* to the Church, as a natural result.

What right has an Omnibus servant to marry at all? I should like to know what he *means* by it. "If you were to see me," said this man, "of a Sunday afternoon, in a dress coat, with a white choker, and all that sort o' thing, why you wouldn't know me!" Very likely not: but is it the part of an honest man to entrap a nice young woman by over cultivation of his whiskers, and such blandishments as dress coats and white chokers, to become the wife of an Omnibus driver?

He *buys* a holiday, and goes to Church, where he takes upon his conscience impracticable vows, and *undertakes* impossible duties, swearing to "love, honour, and cherish."

After a few days he mounts the box. It is a case of actual desertion. "He *loves*, and he rides away:" he may *honour*, too, as he goes along; but where's the *cherishing*? Where? when? how?

The wife, (however and notwithstanding,) conforms to circumstances:—adapts herself to her position,—("The *mare*," says Mr. Newman, the job master "is the perfect animal,")—and the husband, considerably used up by four or five years on the box, puts a good face upon the matter, is always cheerful and full of anecdote, of babies one, two, three, that have sprung up at home, between whiles.

The eldest boy is a genius. Somebody has given him a drawing-slate, and he ups with a pencil and draws a HOUSE in no time to speak of. Never was such a house! and he must show it to father when he gets home, who holds it askew, being a true connoisseur, spies at through his hand, with his head on one side, and says it is a *perfect stunner*! and, in the simplicity of his heart, must needs try *his* hand at a house; but "bless your two eyes," said the governor, "I had no chance at all. I couldn't come the uprights, let alone the chimneys and windows; so I rubbed him out and tried again, and after all made a reg'lar mull of it, and looked as stupid as you like."

"Never mind, father," said the boy. "If you'd had a sharp point like I had, you'd have done it much better than I,—in course."

Good boy. Something shall be done for such as you and your mother, who shall no longer look forward in gloomy anticipation of the time when her husband shall be done perfectly brown. You shall have *schooling* to bring out your talent, whatever it may be, and (who knows?) have a *house* of your own, some day.

This statement, and these facts, arise out of the experience of only three weeks. They are not a tithe of what that brief term qualified me to bring forward, though sufficient for my object: and I hope that I do not "run on" to no purpose.

The omnibus Proprietors *must* study the condition of their *men-servants*, as they do of their *brutes*. They give their horses *one day's rest in four*, and find their account in it.

They *must* give the *men* one day's rest in seven—one holiday: and by the employment of extra hands (for which the men them-

selves would pay willingly), they would give work to 3,000 more in London alone! They must give encouragement to "THE OMNIBUS SERVANTS' PROVIDENT SOCIETY," which, while it creates a fund for the relief of "Aged and Infirm, Widows and Orphans;" establishes SCHOOLS for their children, and adopts the most direct means of raising the character of the men, may be almost said to be constructed *chiefly* for the public good.

The Civic mind shall be enlightened to see that the men do not combine to shield ill-conducted Conductors from merited disgrace and penalties; and the condition of the men shall be so far ameliorated that they shall "go-a-head" with the sure hope of being permanently raised in the scale of society.

The Driver shall know when Sunday comes round by other signs than the well-remembered *flower* for the button-hole, which his wife gives him as he goes to *work*.

Man and beast shall enjoy the conditions of their existence, and the ten thousand be free to recruit their bodily powers by the enjoyment of a happy holiday some one day in seven; to refresh their minds by religious exercises; to cultivate the society of their wives and babies; to *come out* rather strong in the article of dress, and to set their fancy free in the intellectual mazes of "a short pipe."

May their dreamy anticipations not end, like my wanderings, in *smoke*!

Between town and country—the omnibus and the long stage—I have thus raised a question, accompanying the career of the *driver*, or the steps of the *conductor*, without any stoppages to speak of, and keeping altogether out of the *pale* of the *waterman*; to which, or *into* which, I return, as to my proper element.

I am again a Waterman—a Malvern waterman!

We discussed the salutations of the ancients, from the Sacred writers, and the eloquent *SALVE* and *VALE*, to the modern "Top o' the mornin t' ye," and were quite agreed on the subject of habitual greetings, and farewellings. Our *Good bye* is God (*or good*), be with you.

To breakfast in good time. Having commenced, in came Mr. Townley, looking as fresh as the best of us. He had started on that windy, boisterous morning, had mounted the hill—down on the other side—made a half circuit round by North Malvern, and was impatient for his breakfast, having walked at least five miles. He had taken in water according to rule; and now, having broken the ice of cold bad habit, here he was, looking so handsome, that he had nothing to do but to go and get married—throw his handkerchief where he chose, he might have any one. Alas! alas! he is going to London at half-past-nine; his *flare up* is the flicker of the expiring flame. He has responded to the genial oil, and is going where is no one to feed the lamp.

One week for him and he is made. Regrets are unavailing ; and he will forget this morning's experience, or only remember it as something "unusual," and wonder how he *could* have done what had been so very pleasant. Why not stop a week, and make the most of his popularity ?

A very nervous, fanciful patient asked Sterling whether he thought the water would cure him ? "If you'd any thing the matter with you it would," was the reply.

I asked the Doctor why he had not applied a *compress* in my case. He replied—because I had taken so kindly to the wet sheet and the blanketing. He described the compress. About three or four yards of linen, twelve inches wide. One end is soaked in water (about a third of it), and the wet part first wound round the stomach. Then a bandage of caoutchouc cloth covers all, and confines the moisture, preventing evaporation.

Sterling had been looking about for a house, with good stabling and double coach house. I gave this fact to the ladies for speculation. He was going to be married, of course. Traitor-like, I told Sterling what I had said, and its effect. At breakfast one asked him how he liked Malvern. "So well," said he, "that I should like to settle here." "*Settle!*" it was settled.

There is something the matter with poor Sterling, for the Doctor orders him to-day half an hour's Sitz, and a *sweating* to-morrow morning.

Vale—Salve—Mr. Townley's gone. I hope we may meet again.

What with sound sleep, early packing, good exercise, excellent appetite, and perfect digestion, Ned is as happy as a king : the Water Cure being a sovereign process for the development of Nature's bounties.

Dr. Wilson was a year and a half under the most active Water Treatment ; and it is by this that I account for his extraordinary anticipation and insight into the precise effects that he can produce, by the means at his command. He has "a fellow feeling," that makes him wondrous *wise* as well as kind. My right hand was becoming powerless—my eyes that guided it were failing,—and now, through God's blessing upon a skilful application of the Water Treatment, eyes and hand are restored in an almost incredibly short space of time.

To the hills with Sterling and the Doctor after Douche, Ned asks to douche the next hot day. Bardon had made this memorable speech, while polishing off Sterling, and enjoining him as usual to dry well his hair : "Somehow, Sir, I should have liked to have douched that Townley, but he was *raather* shy

of any body seeing of him undressed." This, from the most discreet and well conducted—well mannered man that ever touched up a gentleman, *did* his back hair, or encouraged its growth, was most striking. It was, however, easily analyzed, and proved to exhibit nothing beyond a kindly—respectful solicitude, and a fair tribute to Mr. Townley's characteristic delicacy. These military men never lose their straight-forward sincerity of manner.

During our walk, Sterling, having selected his ground, proceeded to go through the boy's exercise of yesterday. He began boldly, and took one grassy Sitz, but quickly got up, and pleaded that his trowsers were not velveteen, nor his seat protected from furze. It was, however, very well—for him.

At the Beacon I exhibited my strength of lungs, in singing after the Tyrolean fashion, with that peculiar slur which is audible at the distance of several miles. It was very well—for me. Truly this system does attack one at all points. I asked the Doctor whether *Mr. Water Cure* is an *oculist*? He said—that exquisite sense is more surely benefited by general bodily health than by any merely partial and direct application.

Sterling told me of Doctor Jephson's system of enforcing exercise. A friend of his was under the care of Dr. J., and he called one day to take him a drive, although the patient professed himself unable to crawl to the carriage. He did, however, accomplish it, and they started. At a distance of two miles the Doctor begged him to alight, to see a beautiful point of view; and then stepping into the carriage, to the dismay and horror of the invalid, drove off to his patient's house, and waited for him, where, in reasonable time, he arrived, in a profuse perspiration, and found all appliances ready to carry out the desired result.

Sterling brings his mind to bear upon the long Sitz of the evening, and wants to rebel. He says that he is sure, that if alarmed by the house being on fire, the Doctor would order for each patient a Sitz: not to assist in quenching the devouring element (being of six-bucket power), but to allay their agitation.

At dinner, all teased Sterling about his prospects; I trotted him out, and he took good care to encourage the fancies, the existence of which I had treacherously made known to him.

I have now no distress after meals, nor have I slept after dinner for a week past.

After Sterling's Sitz another walk with him, before which I had a foot-bath.

A most glowing and solemn Sunset. We lingered on the hill—drank at St. Anne's; and then home.

“The Sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer.”

Happy evening. Music. To bed betimes.

MAY XXIX.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

OAK-APPLE DAY. Waited for Sterling, who was in the blankets. Presently he came; not much subdued, nor very languid. Bardon had said, that “such a good one” he seldom saw.

Coming down the hill I was rather venturous, and admired Sterling's tact. If I had slipped, there was a strong arm within reach, a broad back just before, or a hand ready to help me.

I have a sense of growth of flesh, and a glow of health, that (I think) I never felt before. I could enjoy even the sharp morning air with the very slightest clothing. Ned is as merry and active as ever—running, climbing on the rocks, or leaping about on the slopes.

Sterling is revived, and so is his mischievous vein. He confesses to this propensity. He never walked behind those men who, at Rome, carry on their heads long tin boxes, containing hot dinners from the cook-shops; but he handled his stick with such “an itching palm,” that he felt it to be his irresistible destiny to raise it some day to the nicely-balanced and compact object, and tip it over, to the astonishment and dismay of the porter, and the damage of his nose.

We had been to the summit, and had the usual passages, for which sports the high wind was accountable, almost losing hats, &c. Two of the ladies in trouble—the wind almost blowing their dress to shreds. It is not a day for them, as they “carry sail”—we go by *steam*, and in the teeth of the wind without damage. It might be the wind that made Sterling say, with enthusiasm, as we approached the house, “Oh, if I had but a Brunswick!” “Well, and what is a Brunswick? Is it any thing wicked?” “Decidedly; and the Doctor will be very angry—let us get some.” “But what are they?” “Why don't you know?—the very nicest thing of

petits pains that is made." So we astonished Miss Trinder, by carrying away six Brunswicks, and defying her and all Malvern, when she gently asked whether the Doctor was *aware*?—"Let him do his spite!"

We were first (and second) at the breakfast table; so cut our six Brunswicks into twelve portions, and deposited one on each plate (there was one over). We then waited *im-patiently* for the patients, who soon assembled, and each glanced inquiringly at her or his plate, delighted in anticipation of the treat, and in wonder at such relaxation of discipline. The Doctor wouldn't come; and as we could not count upon universal discretion, we were obliged to let them eat, resolving to "do it again," as boys always do. Presently I saw mischief lurking about my friend's countenance, and asked him what he was thinking of. To which he replied, "Oh, I know;" and proceeded to deposit on the Doctor's plate the remaining half Brunswick. We then made the joke universal, to crush the Doctor: and Sterling said, "Now, mark me! if the Doctor happens to be as dreamy as he was yesterday, he will eat it up, and know nothing about it." He came—took his seat—apologised for his lateness—pleaded his hard morning's work, having seen twenty thousand patients: and cut, and commenced his forbidden morsel. An animated conversation kept his mind occupied, and so, by sure instalments, his body received the whole destined portion!

We did not *then* put him to his purgation, No—we let him off, to be the more sure of him, and hear him *deny* it on the morrow.

Going after breakfast to Mrs. Wilson's sitting-room—I had the hardihood to tell what we had done, but we did *not* get an accomplice.

I forgot to note down that my tongue is quite healed, leaving no sign of ulceration. I was reminded of it by another severe bite, while laughing.

The ladies are decidedly of opinion, that Sterling and I should be engaged by the Doctor as *decoy drakes*; always running about—performing all sorts of gymnastic feats—and for some part of the day paraded, like "animated sandwiches," with two boards each (before and behind), on which is to be written,

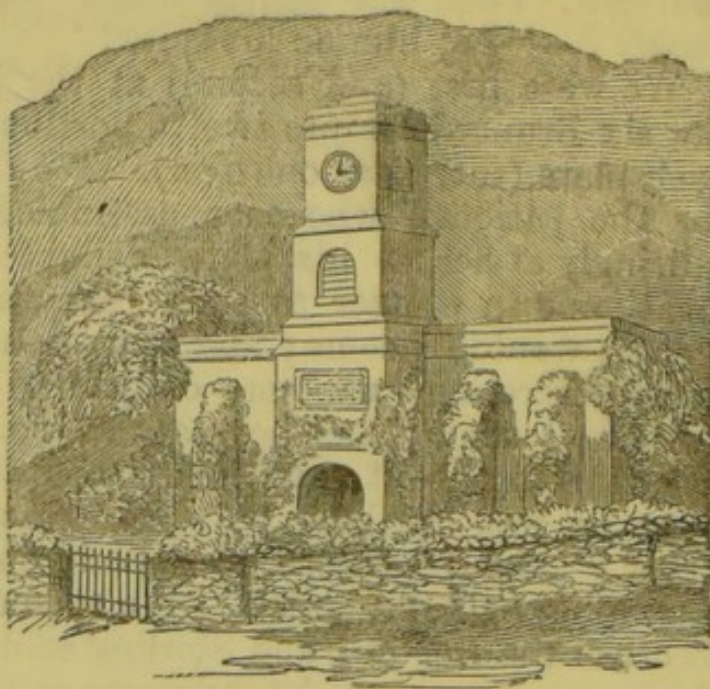
WATER PATIENTS AT DOCTOR WILSON'S.

At half-past eleven, we went to Trinder's again. Ordered some gingerbread to be baked expressly for us (with citron in it), and brought away a parcel of tarts and cakes. Miss Trinder again protested that Doctor Wilson was "so good to her"—

“she wouldn’t for the world”—of course not, how could she? so with soothing words, we possessed ourselves of the goods; and having announced previously our purpose, returned, and found the party ready for the treat. Unlike some other school-boys, Sterling did not eat any, but gave all away.

It was time to Douche, and we soon started. Bardon repeated his request that I wouldn’t rub my hair off. I had desired Ned’s opinion, and, looking intensely, he had positively confirmed Bardon’s pet hypothesis.

After Douche—walk again. At North Malvern is a tank containing above 50,000 gallons of the water of the hills.. Over the tank is erected an edifice, within the porch of which is a capacious tap, with a ladle attached; and above the arch the following inscription:—



TANK AT NORTH MALVERN.

THE INHABITANTS OF NORTH MALVERN
HAVE PLACED THIS STONE TO RECORD THAT THESE TANKS
WERE ERECTED AT THE SOLE EXPENSE
OF CHARLES MORRIS, JUN., ESQ., OF PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON,
IN 1835 AND 1836.

YE YOUNG AND AGED POOR,
PRAY
THAT THE BLESSING OF GOD
MAY BE ABUNDANTLY POURED UPON HIM
WHO HAS HERE POURED ABUNDANT BLESSINGS UPON YOU.

Opposite, is the Charity School, with dwelling attached: also founded and endowed by Mr. Morris.

At dinner we did not allude to the morning's sports, but were all, the ladies included, genteel and discreet. "Union is strength."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is coming for a few days.

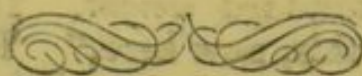
I am now in the habit of walking ten or twelve miles in the day, with no shade of distress.

A walk with the Doctor. He is too happy to trace our meriment to the working of the influences of the Water Cure upon our temper, and natural tendencies, and he has no objection to be a butt in moderation, *but* he will not allow unwholesome things to be brought into the house. I trembled and suggested—gingerbread? but found that he had no hostility to it, if not indulged in at improper times, to anticipate his roast mutton (which he had no desire to *save*). In confessing that gingerbread is my weakness, I bore in mind that, we were to call at Trinder's (each with half-a-crown), on the morrow, for our batch, with citron *ad lib.*; and defied him to bring against me any other impropriety, in the same candid spirit as an Irishwoman, who single-handed, had been *manfully* carrying on a furious contest of at least twenty to one, when (words being their only weapons) she was unfairly borne down by numbers, and pushed into a corner. Like an exhausted volcano, this "*poor crater*," having spent her fire, spied her "own lawful husband" within call. Then it was that she made a last effort—hugging him round the neck, and keeping her strong hold before her assailants, and thus continued—"Now, then, what can you bring agen me, barrin that I *am* a thief and fond o' the men?—and he knows it the darlin! What else? *What else!*" (The Doctor delighted with my story.)

But, seriously—I agreed with the Doctor in all that he said; and promised to moderate myself to the jokes arising out of the respective characters of schoolboys and master.

I had walked a blister on my foot. The Doctor told me to put three or four folds of wet linen upon it, and tie my stocking round it at night.

After supper, a little music; and to bed betimes.



MAY XXX.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

NEW MOON. Splendid morning. Walk with Sterling and Ned beyond the Wyche, and over the hills on our return. As we returned, we encountered the boys with their hoops. The little boy was not provided, and we asked him how it was. He had sent the money to Worcester, and the hoop was to come by the coach to-day.

At breakfast Sterling somehow made a slip in carrying his tumbler to his mouth, and spilled the water within his waistcoat. Always glad, as he said, to carry out the system, he would not change his shirt, as the *accidental compress* might be beneficial.

We got our gingerbread, and dispensed delicate portions to all ;—but there was nothing *wrong* in it now—alas.

Sterling is *bilious*. I am very glad of it, as the Doctor has been watching for this symptom. His extreme care and caution, and his insight into the causes of my *formerly* weak and nervous state, were never more evident than on this day. *Seeming* to leave me to run riot for a few days, he had been watching me attentively, and now came down upon me with the announcement, that I was to “*sweat*” to-morrow morning. How Sterling will crow !

When the strength and energy given me by this system induce the belief that I am equal to anything, the Doctor sees that I may afford to *lose* a little.

He has observed me, lately, *writing* immediately after dinner, and rather than irritate or vex me, at the time ; he now firmly—kindly tells me, that if he sees me writing he will take leave to remove ink and paper from my very hand. To work the *brain* while the digestion is busy, irritates and inflames both stomach and brain. I shall have no boils nor skin eruption.

He says that when I get away I shall begin to gain flesh, adding—“The water treatment puts a man into *condition*. If too fat, it melts it away ; if too thin, flesh is surely gained. It brings a man to his *standard weight*. There are several well-marked examples of this, now here.” The Water Cure asserts that a Corporation is *not* a “body politick,” and dissolves it.

I have occasionally taken milk-and-water for breakfast. I now drink water, neat as imported.

Ned has brought home a little water-wagtail that he found in difficulties—not able to fly,—and a boy throwing it aloft.

Sterling has taught him how to feed and manage it, and Ned writes to his little sisters on the subject.

Home to my drawing for an hour. Most brilliant day. No Douche.—Rather too bad.

The sound of a child's crying is most distressing in *all* its varieties ; but there is none so painful, to the ear, as that prolonged note (such as I heard to-day) of a sad—bitter distress, which rests on the little heart, and tells of some affliction of which that long—quiet, miserable moan is the after-birth. It is accompanied by abundance of tears, and for the time will not be comforted. Every one must have suffered on hearing this peculiar sound, which resembles the two consonants *b v*, held on as long as the breath can last,—and then, with a catching sound of sob, or spasm, commenced again. It must have way, and is (we hope) a relief to the sufferer, whose pent-up trouble would be insupportable.

A visitor at dinner, who purposes to be a patient. He is dashing looking, and by no means shy. Directly he opened his mouth, he “put his foot in it.” I wonder that some of his questions to our people were answered.

Nap after dinner, and then out with Sterling. It is refreshing to see and hear the bubbling—sparkling water at every turn. A wonderful freak of nature—these gigantic hills starting out of the plain. Are they volcanic? In the first volume of the “Geological Transactions,” Mr. Horner has an elaborate account of the Malvern Hills.

As we returned, I experienced the danger, in descending the hollow of the hills, of walking over the heaps of loose stones. They are easily dislodged ; and some being very large, are likely to commence an unequal chase after us.

Sterling wanted to remind me of something that occurred two or three days since, and, forgetting the day of the month, said, “It was the day I shirked my Sitz.”

I had to say this afternoon, “Please, sir, may I go out?—my cousins are come again.”

It is a great comfort to be relieved from the necessity of sitting at table after dinner, while the wine is passed. Although, with Cassio, I may confess having been led into an occasional excess, for which I never could plead the excuse of a passion, natural or acquired—although I have said, “I’ll do’t, but it dislikes me,” I always felt, with him, that “I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.”

A happy evening. A lady visitor to tea. Music.

MAY XXXI.

At five o'clock in walked the executioner, who was to initiate me into the SWEATING process. There was nothing awful in the commencement. Two dry blankets were spread upon the mattress, and I was enveloped in them, as in the wet sheet, being well and closely tucked in round the neck, and the head raised, on two pillows; then came my old friend, the down bed, and a counterpane.

At first I felt very comfortable, but in ten minutes the irritation of the blanket was disagreeable, and endurance was my only resource—*thought* upon other subjects out of the question. In half an hour, I wondered when it would begin to act. At six, in came Bardon, to give me water to drink. Another hour—and I was getting into a state. I had for ten minutes followed Bardon's directions, by slightly moving my hands and legs, and the profuse perspiration was a relief; besides, I knew that I should be soon fit to be *bathed*, and what a tenfold treat! He gave me more water, and in a quarter of an hour more he returned, when I stepped, in a precious condition, into the cold bath; Bardon using more water on my head and shoulders than usual—more rubbing and sponging, and afterwards more vigorous *dry* rubbing. I was more than pink, and hastened to get out, and compare notes with Sterling. We went to the Wyche.

This process is very startling. How different from the ordinary vapour bath, produced by stoves and steam, and the head generally inclosed in the heated air. Here is the head in pure cool air—the window open—the lungs refreshed by inhaling it—cold water administered, and the close packing encouraging the body to make *its own* vapour. I find the sweating in blankets is now partly superceded in Dr. Wilson's house, by THE LAMP BATH, by which the same, and more powerful results are obtained and all the time and irritation of the old process is spared.

In the celebrated Russian baths, the perspiration is produced by stoves, and the patient inhales the hot air; and in that state, being rubbed with *snow*, the process is far more severe than our's at Malvern, and yet we have heard of no dangerous results produced by it.

The “Bain de Voyage” has been described to me by a friend who, exhausted by a hurried journey from London to Paris, went to the Chinese Baths on the Boulevard Montmatre, and was *renovated* in half an hour. He highly eulogized the whole process, rather crowing over me, and pitting it against

the wet sheet and the subsequent bath. Why—the *principle is the very same*, only the French process is troublesome, and carried on at a cost of eleven francs and two to the man.

The “broken-down Swell” is not only better—he is more than “looking up”—getting wonderfully well.

After breakfast, a pleasant chat. Speaking of a particular result of the “*sweating*,” the Doctor contrasted the simple working of that process, with the certain irritation produced by a dose of medicine, passing through and worrying all the lanes and alleys before it reaches its destination. A patient here had been in the habit of taking two pills every night for many months. This seemed positively necessary. Since he came here he has not (of course) taken one. “Fancy,” said Dr. W., “two pills dissolving in the stomach, with a quantity of half-digested aliment; what a mess! This is to pass over, and remain for hours in, the delicate stomach and bowels. Is it any wonder they are *palsied* for days afterwards? This purgation is nothing more than your inside throwing off, as quickly as it can, a noxious poison which you put into it.”

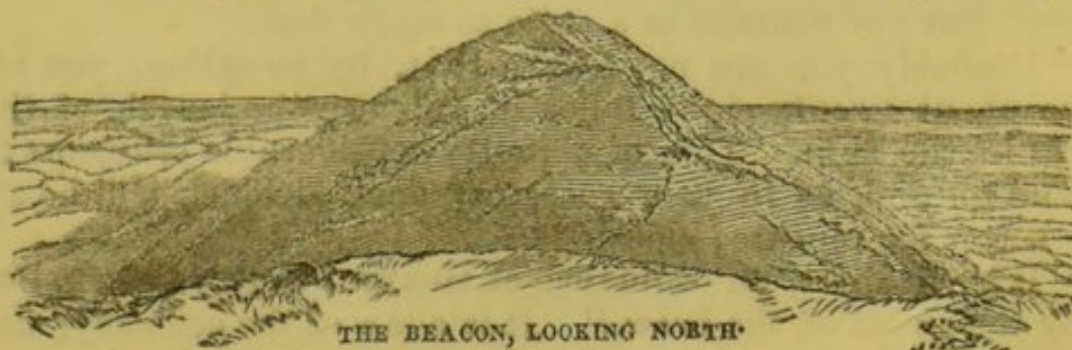
I have twice eaten gooseberry pie. I won't do so *no* more, while under treatment. Fruit at noon is wholesome, but certainly not immediately after meat.

A walk with Sterling to the Holy Well. Then mounting the hills, we made a towering route, calculating, when we neared home, that we had walked eight miles.

“Mountains offer the exercise most suited to the cure.” “ONE MUST HAVE MOUNTAINS,” said Priessnitz.

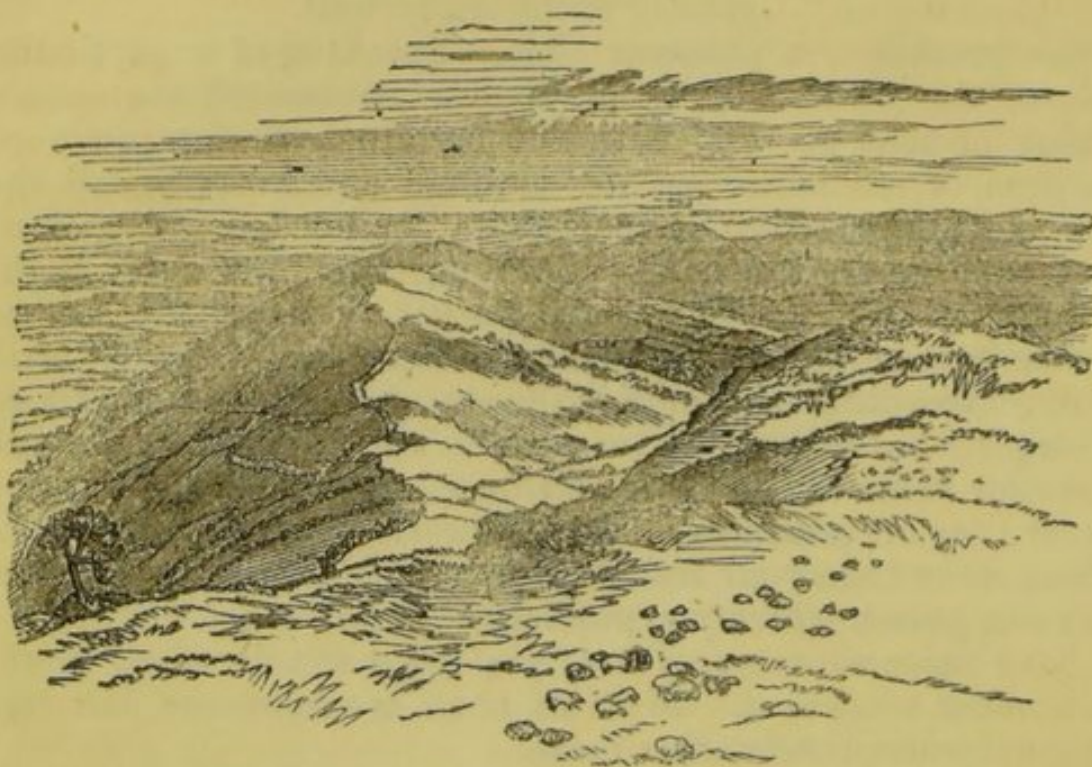
After the walk, how refreshing the Foot-bath! I always now stand in the water while I sponge and wash my head and face before dinner. If the feet remained cold I should walk afterwards, but they are speedily glowing; and all trace of fatigue seems removed by bathing simultaneously the antipodes.

After dinner a nap; (the Doctor desires me to sleep, if possible, for half-an-hour, while I take so much exercise.) Then out with Ned and Sterling to the top of the Beacon:—a calm lovely evening. We stood upon the turf mound; then pro-



THE BEACON, LOOKING NORTH.

ceeding southward, turned and sketched the Beacon, with the contrast of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, and from the same spot, looking south, drew the whole range of hills terminating with the Camp Hill.



RANGE OF HILLS—THE CAMP HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

Back to supper, and out again from nine till ten with Sterling. He is going on Monday.

Colonel —— protests to the Doctor that he is *afraid* of the “sweating process”—that it might *weaken* him. He replied, “You are deceived by the idea of reducing *Jockies* in weight by sweating; but even then they are not weakened, and the weight is *regained immediately after the ride*. A reaper sweats more in one hot summer’s day than a water patient in nearly *two months* of treatment. *You* sweat in a quiescent state—he in great exercise; *you* are instantly refreshed and invigorated by a bath—he must let it subside upon him. Your stomach is fortified with the best mutton and beef—the reaper has no such reinforcement to look to; and yet he thrives upon the sweating. Don’t be afraid of ten minutes’ sweating. You lose a little *water*, but put yourself in a state to make *flesh*.

“Probably you are not aware that, by sweating, you relieve about twenty-eight miles of tubing—the length of the pores in the skin. This is a pretty considerable *sewerage* to attend to, and, as in your case, my dear Colonel, will be all the better for repeated clearings.

“It is, in short, an ordinance of Heaven, that we are to live “by the sweat of the brow.” It is a law of the economy, and wise are they who get the sweat in some way or other.”

The Doctor ended by repeating the lines from *Don Juan* :

“ The peasant’s sweat is worth his lord’s estate,
Let this one toil for bread—that rack for rent :
Who *sleeps* the best may be the most content.”

An eminent physician once remarked to me, that while medical, surgical, and anatomical science has been successfully directed to most abstruse and deep-seated points of study, while the most intricate and hidden questions are the best understood—the surface, THE SKIN, which receives the first influence of the external agents, and which, in its healthy or morbid state, involves one of the most important evacuations of the body, is rarely studied but as a *superficies*.

A happy evening. Music. To bed betimes.

SUNDAY, JUNE I.

AT five o’clock, a repetition of yesterday’s “ sweating.” Not so irksome, as the result came more speedily and satisfactorily. Slight showers, and then fine. We had our usual walk beyond the Wyche. The burning kilns do not look like *rest* ; but this passing idea is as absurd as the joke against the brewers, that they should not permit the *beer* to *work* on Sundays. *I* have been made to work considerably this morning, in the blankets. However, the tendency towards rest pervades everything.

It is, I am told, an historical fact, that all men of great intellect, who have, at the last, by stretching too far their powers of mind, lost their balance and committed *suicide*, have been, by habit, Sabbath-breakers. I do not allude to neglect of the first religious duties of the day, but to making it a day of occupation in worldly affairs—of a continuation of the week’s labour, either of mind or body ; instead of leaving the bow unstrung, that it may be renewed with more vigorous tension on the first working day, and prepared to encounter the exertion of the week. The Sabbath is not so much a day of rest after the toils of the past six days, as of preparation for the *coming* week.

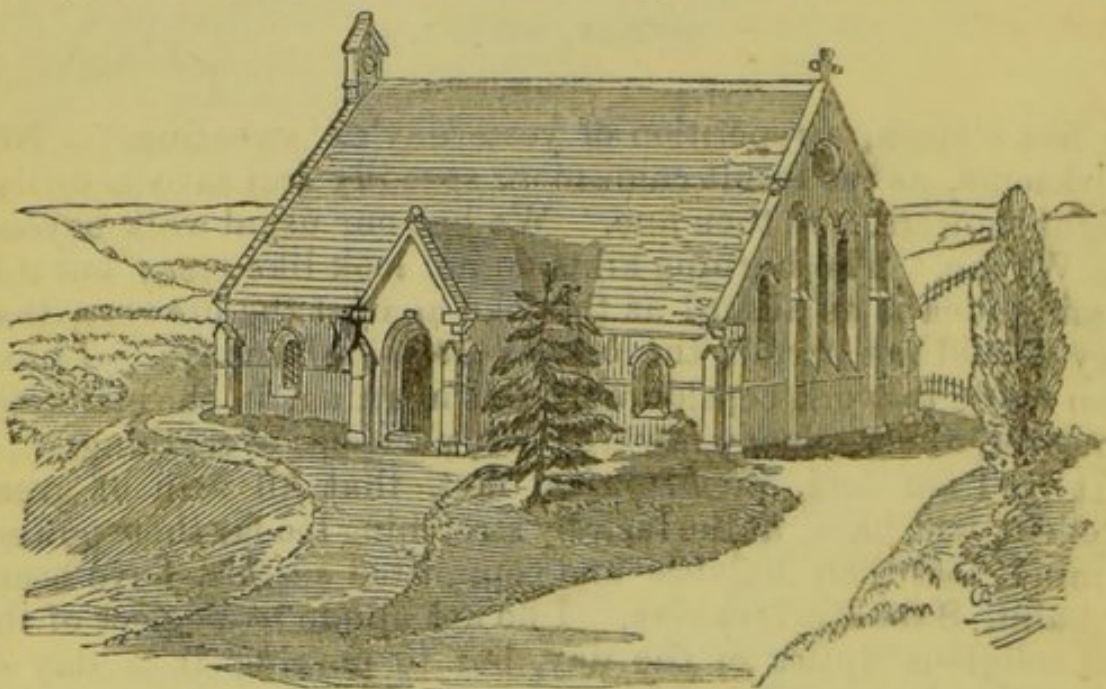
Looking to politics alone, our memory must furnish abundant evidence to support the opinion that I have quoted : names esteemed and beloved, but for ever associated with heartache and deep humiliation. I believe that the week’s work of a cabinet minister, at a period within our own recollection, was always arranged in detail at the cabinet dinner of the Sunday, and that the day so occupied was one of extreme labour and

anxiety. In inculcating the observance of the Sabbath, surely it is well to *begin* by cessation from labour, and the mind will then be in a state favourable to the cultivation of higher duties. I have always believed that, when nature is left to the instinctive impulse which, not in idleness, but relaxation, is allowed free play, the tendency is generally towards good. I use the term relaxation as implying remission of labour, and therefore the very opposite to idleness, which is, of itself, so fruitful in every vice, that labour becomes the only relief to the poisonous habit.

Idleness is the "toad" that "swelters venom."

Sterling will stay another week, and make the most of it.

After breakfast we started to cross the hill to a little Church at a parish called Mathon. The village, a small group of cottages. We had been attracted by the external character of



CHURCH AT MATHON.

the church, and were no less pleased with the interior. With the exception of six enclosed pews (three on either side of the communion table), all were free seats.

The building, it will be seen, was of the cross form ; and in all its architectural details there was nothing wanting and nothing superfluous. It was suitable to the neighbourhood, the service simply performed, and its effect strikingly evident in the deportment of the congregation.

Close to us was a man of most noble countenance and finely-formed head, and (though quite erect) of a very great age ; his dress a clean smock frock, which was the general costume of our congregation. From the cold calmness of his face, I could have fancied that he had survived all passion, and even the

consciousness of life and motion—that he was *deaf*, too, and had taken his place there in the simple attitude of waiting; but that the blank expression, which at first distressed me, received a passing gleam of more than intelligence as the words struck upon his ear, or when he bent his knee, and when his beautiful white head bowed low at every mention of the name of the Saviour.

There was no organ, and no singing, which was the only deficiency; for the pause occupied by the minister's change of place was uncomfortable.

After dinner to St. Anne's Well, and a quiet stroll about the slopes and terrace walks.

The Doctor says that Sterling has got me into such good training, that his stay another week will be invaluable to me, in the continuation of our habitual exercise. This reminds me of a story that I heard, of two men upon a crazy raft, one at either end, when Number One calls to the other, "I say, if you don't sit still, you'll drown *me*!"

The Doctor, in answer to my remark, that the Water Cure had failed at Bath and Cheltenham, said that it deserved to fail in those places—that the profession have taken a wrong impression from this fact of failure. "If I give my horse green meat in a close stable, I could hardly call it sending him to grass; nor was it the Water Cure in those places. No good and difficult cures can be made in low or damp situations, by swampy grounds, or near the beds of rivers. With scrofulous constitutions, for instance, you have no chance in the valley, or any low situation: you must have mountain air."

Another walk in the evening at nine o'clock. To bed betimes.

JUNE II.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

WITH Sterling to the Wyche. On our return we met three of the ladies, and joined them. I must say we were a creditable looking party for "wretched water patients." Mrs. D. told me that it had been said by the enemy, that all who come in and out the front way are shew patients; but the Doctor keeps *the others* in back rooms, and makes them go out by the garden-gate, if at all.

Among the array of letters on the hall table are many newspapers. Sterling respectfully begged to know whether newspapers are to be held sacred until the owners arrive to claim them; it being part of the *system* that we are not to be

thwarted. It was decided, after some discussion, that all covers should be respected, and the seals unbroken, except PUNCH, whose envelopes it should be lawful to violate.

A glorious day. Everybody holiday making.

Douche at one. Therefore we do not take the mid-day Sitz.

Mr. Hope lent Ned a young and valuable horse, and Sterling hired one to accompany him; which office had I assumed, Ned would have had the task of taking care of *me*. Presently some antics of the horse unseated Ned, to his great disgust; and Sterling immediately dismounted, secured the horse—and backed him, giving the spiritless hack to Ned. On their return, Sterling spoke of Ned's seat on horseback. It was very graceful, but insecure. He had been taught at the *barracks*. However—the Guards ride better than those of old; for it is not to be forgotten that it *was* said, “None ride so ill as a sailor, a tailor, or a cavalry officer.” Ned's ride, according to Sterling, resulted in a *Dusty Sitz*.

The Doctor told me, that “of all the remedies tried for *sea sickness*, there is none like the Stomach Compress and Bandage.” He added, “A patient of mine, the Princess S., tried it when very ill, with immediate success. The irritation of the stomach was calmed,—she fell asleep, and did not awake for hours.” Sir E. Bulwer Lytton lately found the same result from the same remedy: and so did his Secretary, whom he persuaded to try it, when in the midst of sea suffering. I asked the Doctor how he explained the action of so simple a remedy, and he said, “The bandage supports the bowels and stomach, and serves as a *point d'appui* for the abdominal viscera, to resist the uncertain tossing and tumbling feeling, caused by the *involuntary* motion to which the body is subjected; and at the same time, the moisture of the *Compress* soothes the irritated ganglions, worried it may be by physic, food, or fretting.” I should have been glad of this recipe on an occasion when I (by signs) implored a Captain to pay himself out of my pocket, and when a designing villain seeing my state, and watching his time, offered to *reach* me anything, or, going below, to *bring up* some brandy and water for me.

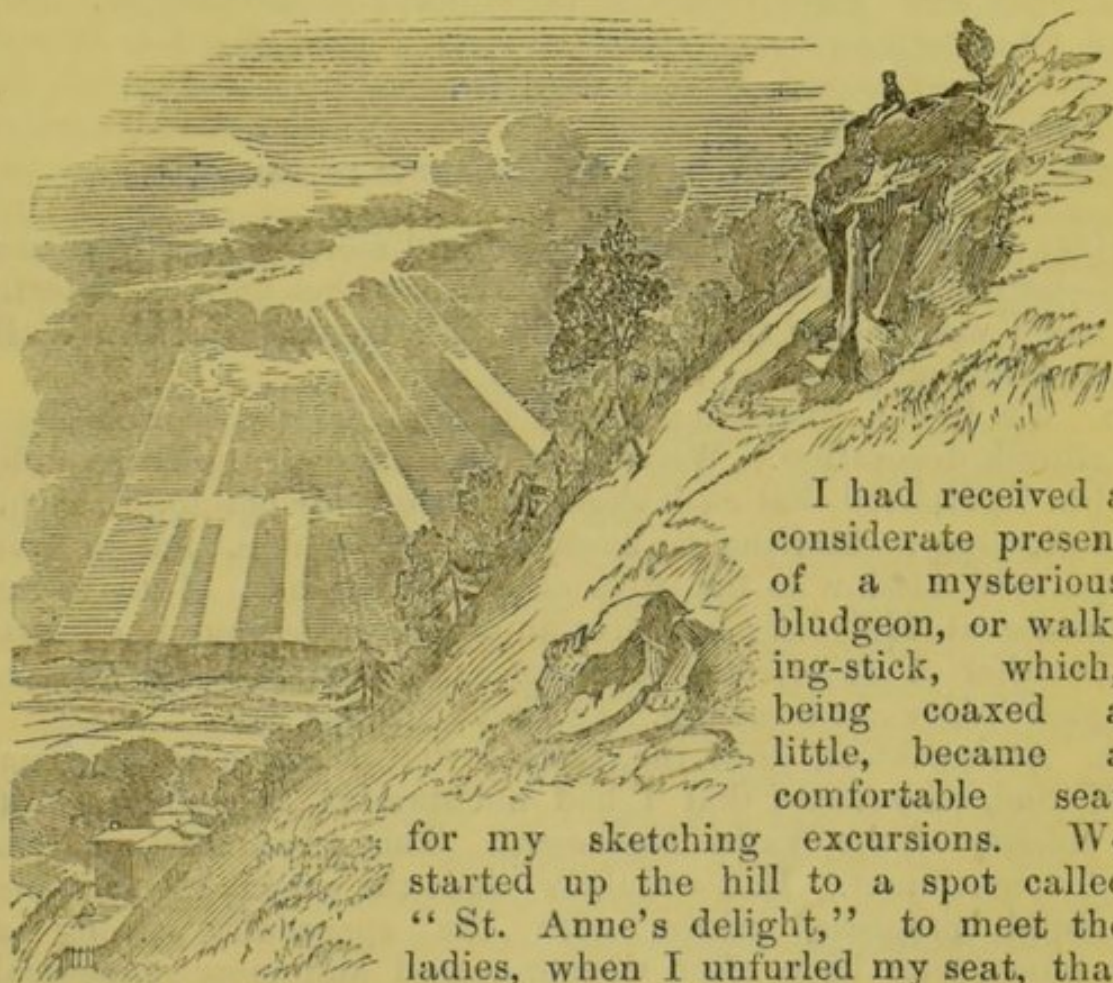
In the evening Ned escorted *his* water patient, the water-wagtail, from the Water Cure Establishment to the spot where he rescued it; and as it flew strongly and safely, he concludes that it has gone to its relations to tell of its *Crisis*; and so wrote home.

At dinner the Doctor told us that his first Malvern patient is coming to visit him for a day. “What!” said Sterling, “did'nt he die?” “No,” said one of the ladies. “he was the bright exception.” The Doctor continued: He had

employed a boy in the village to help to pack and bathe him, having had great difficulty in inducing any one to assist in the awful operation. The boy made a terrific report among the natives, and the Doctor saw evil eyes directed towards him when he walked; and sometimes,

“Heedless of grammar, they all cried, ‘That’s him!’”

“That’s the man who put the other in a sweat, and threw him into cold water.” They also persecuted the boy, and pursued the patient with wonder.



I had received a considerate present of a mysterious bludgeon, or walking-stick, which, being coaxed a little, became a comfortable seat for my sketching excursions. We started up the hill to a spot called “St. Anne’s delight,” to meet the ladies, when I unfurled my seat, that it might first minister to the giver:—then made a sketch to prove it, of a favorite rock which was *Ned’s Delight*, and on the top of which he was frequently perched to call to me on my upward course.

Presently we saw a most beautiful rainbow—a complete and brilliant semicircle, extending over the Worcestershire plain.

In the evening, Mr.—— said, “Do you think any one ever recovered who had a pain in the arm?” A sad case of hypochondriasis.

Our spotty-faced friend is gone. He must now be known by other distinguishing marks. His rebellious stomach has been taught its duty, and consents to perform it. The Doctor has

discharged him, and the Water Cure has discharged his pimples. Considerably mottled, and rather fiery—he is in transition to a smooth and healthy tone of complexion.

After each “blanketing,” (and he had enough of it,) and at midday the Douche, it was refreshing to mark his improvement.

No wonder that the Water Cure commends itself to the ladies. For those who would rejoice in a soft clear skin, it is your only true cosmetic.

“No family should be without it.”

JUNE III.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

Our walk this morning was longer and more joyous than usual—between six and seven miles; the weather perfect. Sterling and I went along the tops of the hills beyond Malvern Wells; Ned having gone out with the Doctor.

We had a discussion about things ecclesiastic, relating to church decoration. We did not agree, and so agreed to differ; but I proposed that each should carry out his opinion in fashion following:—Sterling to marry and settle here, and to give a painted window to the little church at Mathon. I to retire—settle at Malvern; and give an organ to the church aforesaid. Neither of us *objected* to organ or window—so the “bone to pick” does not transpire. (“That’s tellings.”)

At breakfast, told the Doctor that I had a letter from a friend, who feared that I had not stamina to go through the *severity* of the Water Treatment. This gave us all good food for merriment. But, seriously—it is the emaciated that make rapid progress, while, with the apparently strong and robust, who have often deeper-seated and more immedicable ills, it is slow work. A very spare patient lately here gained in the first six weeks of his stay, twenty pounds in weight.

“You will often see, of two persons afflicted by the same genera of complaints, the feeble and fragile recover before the stout man with Atlantic shoulders evinces one symptom of amelioration.”

Work till twelve, and then Douche, and to the Beacon with Sterling.

At dinner is a new patient, a young lady, distressingly thin: of high family and prepossessing manners. Sterling finds that he knows some members of her family, and she is very happy to talk to him.

A delightful evening's walk before supper.

A sad page in my Diary. A *death* has occurred here. Mr. ——— arrived ten days ago without notice, having journeyed from Norfolk to London to consult the first physicians. He had cancerous tumours, pronounced by all *incurable*. As a last resort, he performed with difficulty the journey to Malvern, and arrived at the house in a state which rendered it dangerous to move him to lodgings. The Doctor instantly pronounced his state beyond the reach of human aid, except in palliating suffering, and told Mrs. B—— that he could not survive ten days. After four days, Mr. B—— came to the drawing-room, and cordially shaking hands with all his fellow-patients, thanked God that he was *safe*, and getting well—he was “sure of it!” his appetite good—he slept well, and was free from all pain. The Doctor was obliged to tell his afflicted wife that this happy symptom showed no amelioration of the actual disease, which was surely proceeding to its fatal termination. When, some days after this, it was deemed right to tell the patient of his state, he was with difficulty made to believe it. His relatives then came around him: and about the tenth day he died.

This whole proceeding redounds to the Doctor's generosity of nature, and shows his indifference to false rumours when he can alleviate suffering. None of his fellow patients could believe that Mr. B. was a dying man.

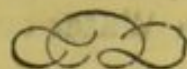
It sometimes occurs, that during the Doctor's absence, invalids arrive, who declare that they will not go away, having taken possession to be cured or die. On *one* occasion only has he failed in such instances; and this is that insulated case.

They were all teasing poor Sterling about his prospects of the morrow. He is to go into the blankets. Miss L. the new young lady, asked, “Do you not *like* the blankets?” “Certainly not,” said Sterling, very emphatically. When I consoled and pitied him, the Doctor told me that I, *too*, was to be blanketed to-morrow morning; and I was thoughtful and silent immediately.

So in due time we both started, in a light shower to the Wyche, to mutually console each other, and at least enjoy the present.

Then a little music, and to bed betimes.

The action of the Sitz bath is marvellous in the variety of its results. As a preparation for great exertion of mind or body, rendering that which would be insupportable, of easy endurance; or, as a sedative *after* great exertion or excitement, restoring the even tone of mind, and allaying the effects of irritation.



JUNE IV.

IN one hour, being found in a remarkably nice breathing perspiration, I was released, and bathed in perfect luxury. Sterling too had been equally assailable, and out we went to the Beacon, and over the hills. Ned was delighted in the idea of sketching with me, varying slightly the chosen point of view, and drawing the same object.

The maythorn and sweetbriar are yet in perfection, and make our walks fragrant and delicious. Five or six draughts this morning, and home to a great breakfast.

It is delightful to feel the impulse even in cold windy weather, to keep open the waistcoat, and pocket the neckerchief. The throat should be taught to court exposure to all weathers; and one of the greatest evils of our costume is the black silk bandage or dry compress, round the throat. A lady relative of mine, subject to dangerous attacks of quinsy, and frequent sore throats, renounced *boas* and other coverings to the throat, and for ten years has had no return of the slightest symptom of sore throat—relaxed or inflammatory.

Started for my walk with an unopened letter—and then broke the seal. There is an item in that letter that distressed—disgusted—and offended me. In such a case there are two courses—to sit our it with elbow on table, or to start off

“Pacing through the forest:

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,”

Bitter indeed—I walked hard, after a pause and an exclamation—than ran,—“Heaven’s breath” the sweet air—now a fan—then a breeze, ever fresh and never failing—did its work, and I felt its influence. Being already in the air when I opened the letter, my course was clear. The run! the run’s the thing, changing, varying objects divert the mind that would be brooding and making bad worse.

An hour’s work, and chat with the Doctor. Speaking of active medicine, the Doctor said, “To make the stomach and the bowels, with the mass of nerves situated about them, the battle field to fire away with *drugs* against disease, is to make the centre of man’s vitality, from whence springs his sense of well-being, a scene of carnage.”

He was communicative, but complained of the fatigue of talking. Priessnitz hears, sees, and *says* nothing. He went on, however, expatiating on his favourite theme: “Look at my two children, I call one the *Wine*, and the other the *Water*, child. See the bloom, beauty, and perfect health of the latter. Papa and Mamma were then Water cured. Whoever tells you

that wine and spirits are in any case conducive to health, has yet to learn.—*Snuff* is as necessary as wine, gin, or beer."

All this is excellent and emphatic, but dear little WINE is a very charming boy, and agrees so well with WATER, that we love to see them together.

"The De'il tak' them that part'em."

After Douche, a walk with Sterling and Ned of five miles. On our return we met the whole party of ladies, two being on donkeys. A brother of poor Mr. B. remains here, undergoing the Water Treatment.

Now, here is a Poet—a man of great intellect—of high popularity, who, under the habitual influence of blue pill and rhubarb, and the not immoderate indulgence in a daily dose of alcohol, tells the Doctor that he shrinks from cold water.

"How is it (said he) that I feel *chilled* by the water, and that my *reaction* is so poor after the bath?"

"Why" (said the Doctor,) "The Devil does not like water. Your dinner pill—your port, sherry, and claret—and your hot brandy and water, put you into a state which delights *him*."

"You have to get back a *body conscience*, and go through a cleansing process, before you find your nature's true *affinity* with water, and rejoice in the play of the genial element.

The Doctor told me of a case of madness, in which the patient was more than nine hours in the Shallow Bath, with four men to hold and rub him. He was fighting all the time—rushing from the bath, and instantly forced into it again. At the expiration of that time he was in the state of tranquillity so much desired, and was then put into bed, where he slept soundly. At early morning, he was found in a state of profuse perspiration, very compliant, and having no recollection of the bathing. He submitted to the renewal of the Wet Sheet, &c., twice, and as it produced great perspiration, he was put into the bath again. On the following day he had a violent eruption covering the body; and the mental disease was conquered eventually.

The Doctor said to me, "I do not call all medical men dishonest who cry down the Water Cure, for few understand any thing about it. It is at variance with all their artificial notions and habits of thinking. An old physician saw a patient of mine (his own friend) go through the treatment. He said, 'You look well and jolly, but *it ought to have killed you!*' He saw a child packed, and take a Sitz. 'Well, (said he), she is alive and merry; I see I must go to school again.'" Doctor W. added, "I wish others would confess, that they may live and learn, like this fine Old English Gentleman."

I asked, Is the Cure better in the summer or the winter? He

said, "In winter the necessity for *fires* is a drawback, though much is gained by the tone and rapid changes produced by cold weather and active exercise. In summer the patient lives more in the open air. My answer in winter to patients proposing to come in the spring is, Find yourself nearly well by the spring, that when the warm weather comes, you may not have to commence but to *complete* your cure."

JUNE V.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

To Malvern Wells, up the hills, and home. Talked of the very nervous and powerful sound of the German language, the only tongue into which it has been found possible to render Shakspeare. Sterling gave me some examples. We had some fun about the French Drama, which illustrates English life :—

——— described to me a melo-drama that he saw in Paris; the scene laid at *Richmond*, among snow-clad mountains, rocks, and yawning caverns; the people, brigands and black assassins, with slouched broad-brimm'd hats and terrific moustaches. The worst of them were taken into custody by an alderman, and carried off to the Tower in a city barge. The hero had been stealthily gliding through his part in a tremendous cloak, that rarely allowed more than his nose and one eye to be visible, but at the close, he threw aside his disguise, showed a magnificent and spangled dress, and—remitted all the taxes!

Another similar piece was described to me, at the end of which the principal personage opened wide his cloak, exhibited a splendid military costume, and said, while all the rest trembled at the name,—

"Suis SHE-RI-DAN!!!

They have a drama, entitled

"BERGAMI." The hero is the quintessence of sentiment, and the elevating attachment of the Queen very touching in its passages.

When she comes to England (in the third act), "Sir Wood" and "Sir Brougham," whose names receive the illustration of an asterisk and foot-note ("Prononcez Broumm," "Prononcez Oudd"), with "Miss Jenny Donald" are her adherents.

Sir Wood requests the Queen to give an audience to GEORGE QUATRE: stating, at the same time, that the PEOPLE wait at the other side; and supposing that as the King's visit is confidential, she will see him first.

"Vous vous êtes trompé, Monsieur Wood; le Peuple d'abord!—le roi ensuite." She then arranges herself in state, and banners are brought in, among which are "A la Reine des Ouvriers du Port," "A Caroline les Marchands de la Cité," "Les Femmes du Peuple, à la Reine

du Peuple" etc. An "ouvrier," deputed by the rest tells the Queen, "nous avons un cœur, et des poings à boxer pour vous, du matin au soir." An "epicier" thanks her for having made them sell "Cent mille lampions pour illuminer." "Les marchandes de poissons," and "Les nymphes de la Tamise" have their deputies. "Le roi-seul" speaks mysteriously of Ashley, as "le plus subtil Argus" that he ever employed.

In the *Chambre des Lords*, "copie exacte de la gravure de Georges Hayter," we have Sir Brougham, le President, Huis-siers, Journalistes, &c. Sir B. says many sharp things, and the scene ends with the people throwing stones, with "coups de feu, et charges de cavalerie."

In the Fifth Act we have a "grande salle de banquet" in St. James's. The maître d'Hôtel, Officiers de bouches, James, Tom, and William, have a little fun. Then the King and "Sir Robert Ingles" talk together, and determine not to crown the Queen: who, however, enters on the instant, and makes a long, magnanimous speech to him, while Bergami (en matelot) talks to himself as an ill used person, and watches every movement.

The King and Queen sit down to dinner together. The people fill up the background (Bergami, of course, among them). They pass their jokes upon the place and the company,—"*C'est très gentil, ce palais de Saint James;*" "*C'est joliment amusant de voir dîner le Roi et la Reine.*" "*Ah! il y a un roast beef et un plum-pudding, qui m'ont donné des desirs insatiables.*"

Bergami watches Ashley, whom

he suspects. The King gives the "*derniers toasts*," "*Les Lords*" drink them with enthusiasm; and a "*marchande de poissons*" calls out, "*La santé de la Reine!*" upon which there is a "*cri general du peuple.*" The King raises his glass, "*et échange un toast avec la Reine.*" Bergami is bothered. All retire but the Queen and Bergami, who comes forward.

She scolds the "imprudent," who has come from her house at *Hammershire*, but soon calls him "noble ami," because he tells her how he has been watching her, having some sad "*presentimens.*" He suspects Ashley,—begs her to quit the palace, and she promises to rejoin him in an hour, at *Hammershire*. Still Bergami is *triste*, and does not confide in her, although she promises to give up the crown for him.

The Queen then feels ill, tumbles on a *fauteuil*, and calls for the King, and Bergami goes and fetches him. She says—"Sire, je suis empoisonnée!" The King calls "*les trésors de l'Angleterre à qui la rendra la vie!*" but she replies that it is too late, and Le Docteur Holland indicates by silence that there is no hope. She hears the people crying out for her, and the President comes in.—"*Le Peuple, Sire, demande à grands cris à la voir.*" The King says, "*Ouvrez!*" and they precipitate themselves into the apartment. "*À l'aspect de la Reine mourante ils s'arrêtent respectueusement.*" She makes a speech to them, and they advance "*quelque pas.*" The "*Archevêque de Yorck*" (a *papist*, of course) presents a cross to her to kiss. She

pardons the King; and dies, saying, "A toi—Bergami—mon dernier soupir:" after which the Archevêque says—"Prions pour elle," and tout le monde calls "A genoux ! à genoux !" A Mason cries out "A genoux le Roi !"

Le Roi, "Ah ! je jure sur le corps de la Reine empoisonnée, que je punirai son assassin !" (he kneels down)

Bergami starts forward, and makes a pass at Ashley, saying "Je le punirai moi-même ! Maintenant, qu'on apprête l'échafaud pour Bergami !" POOR BERGAMI!

Scaffold indeed ! Why he is the "Hero of all time," and the King pardons him, *at the top of his voice* : the benevolent Archbishop having taken upon himself to forgive him !

And so falls the curtain upon a highly instructive historical illustration of our national character, and manners and customs; only equalled by the Play of MISTRISS SIDDONS, or that, by the immortal Alexandre Dumas, called KEAN : with their exquisite incidents, and the no less felicitous characters of "Tom"—"Le vieux Bob," "La respectable Made. Bob," and (oh, Heavens !) "Bardolf," "Pistol," Cooks (le Boxeur) "Le professeur Smith" (*prononcez Smisse*) and "Sir Dick."

Of the sounds in our own language, Madame Mara, the great singer, remarked, that we have the most beautiful that can be conceived, and the vilest ; NO MORE—and SCISSORS.

Most musical truly—and—very harsh and grating : but there is a variation in our study of SHAKSPERE which opens an inexhaustible source of delight in the contemplation of that quality of "sound" which is "echo to the sense:" and which seems, in its unapproachable perfection, as *involuntary* in Shakspeare, and (perhaps) Milton, as it is the result of deep study in Pope and Dryden.

I have not found that many persons think of this : certainly very few Actors have any idea of it. Beginning with HAMLET—MACBETH—AS YOU LIKE IT—all luxuriant in this quality, we open to the mind a refinement upon our household enjoyment of the mighty Master. Of the mere solid grandeur of sound, unaided by immediate contrast, I would instance—

"Hath ope'd it's ponderous and marble jaws ;"

and also quote one example of the gradual increase of *rough* sounds, which rising in a climax, glut one line to fullness, and at that period, suddenly subside to one of unexampled smoothness and music, (without a single *r*) ; again to change (in the next) to *accents* that alone might bespeak the throbbing of an overcharged heart—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet—oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

and this triumph of construction (the result not of intention, but of inspiration) leads me on, insensibly, to the very point to which I ought to be called *back*, in the line that immediately follows—

“Throw physick to the dogs—I’ll none of it.”

Our morning’s walk was a good six miles. After Douche I had a splendid walk with Sterling, of nearly eight miles. Shady lanes, commons, corn-fields, hop grounds, thick woods, &c. After dinner a nap, and as fresh as ever.

Out again to the top of the hills; wet through, and made a thorough change of clothes. “Never attempt,” said the Doctor, “to brave *that*; if wet, put on dry clothes immediately on your return.”

Ned climbed on the turf mound at the summit, and was blown off, to his great delight.

Manual dexterity and a quick wit sometimes receives due homage.

The —— brought me a letter, and waited for my written answer, which I soon handed to him.

During the performance of this act of penmanship, he regarded me in silent wonder, and when the note was finished he broke out:

“Upon my word, sir, it’s no trouble to speak of to you to write a letter! Why, you *do* knock it off-hand like anything, I do declare you do.”

Then going, he returned to the charge, with evident emotion.

“Excuse me, Mr. Lane, but you certainly do make nothink at all (a very ambiguous compliment) of writin’ a letter,” all the while holding his fingers as if they governed an imaginary pen, and inditing a private and confidential epistle in the air, “I should say, now, *you* could turn your hand to anything: ha! ha! ha!”

When an honest fellow—with tears in his eyes—laughs his admiration of one’s gifts—it is very affecting—really.

Going to Douche, to-day, I joined two of the ladies, who were enjoying the shade about the Chalybeate. Bardon had been speaking to me, and having just parted from our group, a brusque gentleman said to him, “Are you going to Douche two?” “Five, sir.” “The devil you are, then I should like to know where will be the water for *me*!”

Habitual discontent—there was enough for twenty. He was not a pleasant-looking man. No little boy asked *him* “what’s o’clock.”

The Doctor looks at me with pride. He considers this day the fulfilment of his promise. What follows requires much caution: *I feel better than I am*, and am ever in danger of

doing too much. I have to-day walked full fourteen miles, with no distress. I had come *in good time* before the establishment of actual disease of brain or spine. Ned helped *me*; I now hold the strong arm to *him*.

To bed betimes, and pondered for an hour upon a sentence in Lady Willoughby's Diary: "Our best blessings are bought with Pain, as our highest virtue through Sin and Sorrow."

JUNE VI.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

DRIZZLING rain. To the Wyche and the hills. Admiring the innumerable sheep in sight from the high hill, Sterling told me that the Prince Esterhazy being once asked how many sheep he had, merely replied that he had a thousand *shepherds*. On our return there was still the tendency to get up hill—the untired energy that is not satisfied with level ground.

At noon we both walked with Miss L. who was on a donkey, to introduce to her affections the oft-quoted ride to the Wyche and over the hills. The day was bright, but the wind high. It was perfectly enjoyed by all three.

Having habitually used the Foot-bath, I asked the Doctor to account for its happy effect. He entered into a lengthened explanation, which I can but imperfectly report: "The soles of the feet and the palms of the hands are extremely sensitive, having abundance of the nerves, as we find if we tickle them; and the nerves of stomach and brain feel strongly any impressions made on the extremities. If the feet are put often into *hot* water, they will become habitually *cold*, and make one more or less delicate and nervous. On the other hand, by rubbing the feet often in cold water, they will become permanently warm, to the benefit of the stomach and head. A cold Foot-bath will stop a violent fit of hysterics, sometimes, like magic. (This shows its influence on the body generally). Cold feet show defective circulation. "Hot Foot-baths, frequently repeated, will surely produce habitually cold feet."

He had asked a hundred peasants, who wore neither shoe nor stocking, if they suffered from cold feet, and the general answer was, "No more than from cold hands." Some injury must occur from wearing leather boots, to shut out these sensitive parts from the influence of the air.

Douche—walk—dinner—rest—walk—Sitz—out again and home in supper time.

"The dews of eve besprinkling

The pasture green beneath our eye.

Music—and to bed betimes.

JUNE VII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

BEING awake at four, I lay longing for Bardon to come; and at half past five I had an hour's sweet sleep in the wet sheet.

With Sterling and Ned I went to the Chalybeate, through the fields to the Common, and, having satisfied our level fancy, we ascended to the Wyche, and returned over the hills to breakfast.

At noon Douched, and to the hills again. Saw a group of boys at play, using that form of speech that is so very fruitful in quiet fun, and delightful to listen to: "Now, this ought to be my house; and I ought to be at home, and that ought to be the stable, and you ought to be my horse, and I ought to be going out for a drive, and this ought to be the reins, and *you* ought to be a gentleman." (Of course he ought.)

Before supper we paid a third visit to the hills. The day having been showery and very windy, we knew that the plain would be worth seeing. The distance was bright, Cheltenham and Worcester being brilliantly lighted. The lower range of clouds passing beneath us so swiftly, that, looking intently at them, we seemed for the moment to be careering along, while they were nearly stationary. An effect often visible while looking from a bridge or pier at the stream below.

Our evening's routine, and to bed betimes.

SUNDAY JUNE VIII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

WHILE lying awake in expectation of the wet sheet, I heard a cuckoo, very hoarse, and singing *flat*. After every repetition of the vile note, another younger cuckoo struck up in perfect tune; and this followed so close upon the other, that I was perfectly sure it was done to set the old pig-headed bird right. But it was of no avail that he said as plainly as words could convey, "That is not a *third*—minor or major—listen to me;" the old sinner had no ear, or refused to be corrected by such an upstart. Mr. Bode said the other day, that cuckoos and cow-slips are *ibiquitous* (a good word).

We mounted to the Beacon in rain and wind, and were *not* blown "all to bits."

After breakfast, Sterling and I went leisurely towards the little church. We remained on the hills until the bell commenced, and then descended. The distance was bright, and the whole plain on either side, varied by gleams of sunshine passing rapidly over it. On our return we did our *Sitzing*, and again started over the hills to the Willow Spring.

I saw a man who had been paralysed, and perfectly restored by the Doctor's application of the Water Cure. He had now returned to drinking, the original cause of his disease, having, (as he confessed,) no power to resist the passion.

At dinner a new young lady asked, "Is there always a *crisis* !" and we did not laugh at her much, until she followed up the question by another, which was irresistible : "Is there any *danger* in the Water System ?" This question, often put by the uninitiated, is always productive of great merriment to the patients at Water Cure Houses.

After dinner another brisk walk. With every disposition to foster a kindly feeling towards the inferior animals, especially the domestic classes, I can have no sympathy with *Geese*. (I may have given evidence in my Diary of a fellow-feeling ; but if so, I am sorry for it.) I repeat that,—although even a *pig* has my sympathy, at a respectful distance, especially a baby pig,—I detest geese, and do not feel for them. Their gait and shape they cannot help ; but their deportment and manners are offensive in the extreme. And it was *always* so : but since the invention of steel pens, it has really been—upon my word — Why you pass near a group of these ungainly birds, and if their cleanly appearance should prepossess you, every favourable impression is quickly dissipated by the offensive manner in which they turn their backs, and, hastening to the side of the road, depute two or three of the party to turn round,—open their mouths—and swear at you horribly and hissingly. Never was any thing so ungracious. What have you done to deserve it ? Really, in the country—on a Sunday,—when you have a ready greeting for all, it is too disgusting ! It is of no use to reply to the foremost, "You're another." If one could only tell them why they are daintily fed and tended, and suggest *Michaelmas* to their minds—point to the orchards, and talk to them of apple sauce, and a bit of the breast : but no—there is nothing to be done to satisfy the mind in the way of retort. Silent scorn, or the "cut contemplative" is your only course. Roast them, eat them, add highly seasoned fixings and apple sauce ; they deserve their fate.

Before supper a walk to St. Anne's with Mrs. St. J. The path bright with holiday people. We saw on a seat near "St Anne's Delight," a very interesting person—a poor old cottager. I could fancy her the very oldest woman that I ever saw, from the multitudinous lines in her face and other marks of extreme old age in her figure, and especially the hands. There also seemed a blunted sense in the expression; but it disappeared when we spoke with her, and heard something of her household affairs and affections, and how good her son was to her, who was married, and *let* her live with him and his wife and children. I fancied that she must have been conveyed to the seat, and then left to enjoy the sight of the passing visitors to St. Anne's; but no, she had walked up, and over, the hill from Mathon (where she lived), and frequently came to this side on a fine Sunday evening, to take the fresh air, and see the folk.

She spoke of her mode of life and her diet. She very rarely tasted meat; but was thankful to say she never was left to want her *cup of tea* at four o'clock; she cared for nothing else of eating and drinking. I thought how cruel it would be to try to disturb her with fancies respecting this fragrant and delicious beverage, which seems the staff as well as the comfort of the poorer classes.

I have witnessed a remarkable effect, illustrating the value of a *pause*, as an important element of elocution.

The preacher was, in imitation of his Master, holding up a *child* as an example to his hearers; and introduced appropriately, a brief anecdote of a little girl, who had long been putting by the weekly halfpenny that she earned by good conduct, and the presents that she had received, until she had accumulated the sum of two shillings.

Her companions knew she had counted upon realizing that amount, and wondered for what toy she had been hoarding, or for what object she had so patiently and perseveringly waited; when they found that she bought——A BIBLE——with the money.

I may fail to convey a good idea of the eloquence of this, as I can scarcely impart my estimate of the simplicity of manner, the forbearance of effort, the expression of countenance, or the articulate and musical voice of the speaker. The effect of the first pause, and the second, (of about equal duration) which I have indicated, was not only palpable but audible:—as of an *uttered pause*.

As darkness may be *felt*, so may silence be *heard*.

Mr. Waite told us, at supper-time, that he had seen at St.

Anne's Well, a bride and a bridegroom, who made no secret of the fact of their marriage this morning. They were accompanied by the lady's mother, and a little discussion took place as to whose resources should be drawn upon for the Malvern cakes and imperial pop. The gentleman was urgent in tendering his money, and the old lady still insisted, when the bride interposed: "Now, Jem, let mother pay, can't you? and if you can help it for once—do n't be a fool."

JUNE IX.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

STERLING is gone. May he cherish the Water Cure in his affections! May the Sitz—tender and true—sit gently on his thoughtful mind! and if he *won't* cut his hair a little shorter, may he treasure in his memory the many kind suggestions of our friend Bardon, and *groom* it more devotedly.

Let any one who finds himself complacent and self-satisfied, look back into his experience, and, selecting any leading occasion, which involved either the affections, or the more general duty to his neighbour—let him probe into his *motives*; and if they bear the test, let him retrace his *conduct* at every stage of that particular occurrence. Happy for him, if in the impotence of his wish, that his time might come over again—in his bitterness of regret that it is *too late to make amends*, he can escape the deep humiliation of a broken spirit,—the unresting heart-ache, arising from the contemplation of words or actions not to be recalled, or duties left undone; and which leaves him no earthly source of consolation and support. Such discipline is more salutary and more heart-searching than any prescribed form of the body's mortification.

Here is a drawing of Mrs. D., which is pronounced "lovely—very like and very pretty;" and Mr. Hope says, of a peculiar expression in the *mouth*—that when a lady desires to compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering a room, say, *besom*, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If on the other hand, she wish to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, *not* suggestive of sweetness, she should say, *Brush*, the result of which is infallible. This golden rule should be framed and glazed by Mr. Beard and M. Claudet, and Mr. Mayall: and exhibited in their

waiting rooms for the instruction of all who intend to submit to the Daguerreotype portraiture.

Heartley has arrived. He says that as his wife has decided to subject herself to the processes of the Water Cure, he wishes to have the murderous wet sheet tried upon *him*, that he may report something of the sensation ; so he dines here, and is to sleep upon the rash resolution which he has formed. He has made his will.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has arrived.

Heartley has met with a man who confesses that he is always contemplating suicide, and very much fears that he shall be left to that fate. He ended a very distressing detail by begging Heartley to pray for him. "Indeed (said H.) I shall do no such thing. I tell you, sir, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I have something more important to pray for. That you, with every comfort and luxury about you, should have such a thought—it is too disgraceful. I can't talk to you. Good morning."

JUNE X.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

HEARTLEY has been packed and bathed, and his mind is at ease as to the simplicity and luxury of the process. He walked with me to the Wyche, and home by the Beacon. The introduction of a friend to such a walk is a real refinement of luxury.

After breakfast Ned went out for his accustomed pony ride. I tried to persuade Heartley to Douche, and the Doctor made but feeble opposition. He went with me, and catching a glimpse of the first rushing fall of water, he very precipitately left the Bath-house.

When I had been Douched, I called to him, and again put the question, upon which he quickened his pace, and gave a very distinct and sonorous "no !" (There never was such an articulate voice.)

As we went away together, I said that I hoped he would walk with me after his Sitz. "But I won't *have* a Sitz," was his abrupt reply ; and he *didn't*. Nobody wanted to *force* him into the Sitz bath ; he needn't have been so emphatic.

"Never mind," said I, "come along ;" and I took him up the hills. I have no doubt he was thinking how he used to beat me in London, walking ten times as far as I could. We

proceeded ; nothing could be more lovely than the points of view to which I introduced him : and he assented to all, at first vigorously, and always unequivocally, but by degrees rather languidly ; until, arriving at a friendly seat, he availed himself of it, and, waving his hand, said to me, (and a friend who had joined us), “ Go on—you’ll find me here on your return.”

“ If you had Douched,” said I ; “ but never mind—good bye.” On our return he was recovering.

— gave me a very interesting item of instinctive Water Cure, that is recorded of Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation of the blood), who will not be deemed a mean authority in the matter of cold water treatment. I give it in the words of his biographer:—

“ He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus: he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaigne House, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove, and so—’twas gone.”

The Doctor told me that this was bold and dangerous practice, although it showed the power of water in allaying inflammatory action. It might do great mischief with those who have complicated states of disease added to gout. The practised and scientific Water Doctor runs no risks whatever. No two persons with gout are treated alike; their age, strength, and constitution being consulted; and the Water Doctor, who takes rational views of the causes of disease, as well as the *natural* modes of cure, is keen and quick in estimating the powers and condition, as well as understanding the constitution of the patient. Dr. W. owes much to his accurate knowledge of the effects of water, having himself been so long under the Water Cure. All patients are surprised how he *predicts* the exact effects of certain baths, or other modes of treatment. Every thing that he told *me* came true to the letter. His quick and accurate perception renders him an invaluable authority in any doubtful case. He takes, at a glance, the calibre of the patient’s powers.

Heartley is surprised at my improvement and Ned’s; so far beyond his expectation.

I think of promoting Ned to a tail-coat. Heartley told me of a boy who desired his father to let him have a tail-coat, but the reply was, “ Who is to pay for tails to your coat? Don’t you know that if you have tails I must wear a *spencer*?”

The Doctor told me of a curious instance of recovery of sight:—A magistrate from Wales, who had suffered from severe illness, which ended in gradual loss of sight, became quite blind. In two months, when his health had been restored, returning from the Douche, he sat upon a bench opposite the

Belle Vue Hotel. and found that he could read the inscription on the hotel, which was shining with fresh gilding—the first step towards restoration of sight.

The Doctor said, “Both consumption and cancer are curable in their *incipient* stages by Water. I have treated far advanced cases of consumption, in which it was evident that a modified treatment did more for the patient than could possibly be done by any other practice; and I have made many *cures* of persons given up as hopeless.”

Mrs. D. refreshing her flowers with fresh water, emptied the glass out of the window. “I say!” exclaimed some one. Going to the window, she looked down upon a flushed and angry face, whose owner was wiping it with his handkerchief, and who continued, “If you come that again, you’ll catch it: I can tell you!—I’m wet through.”

JUNE XI.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

WALK with the Doctor. He desired me not to be always on the stretch. Here is his awful case in point:—A gentleman, aged forty-three, having had apoplexy twice, although the arm only was affected upon the second occasion, came here to the Water. He was soon happy and cheerful; all irritation of stomach ceasing in a few days. He was excited by the speedy recovery of sensation and perfect use of his arm, and so full of energy that he *would* walk, ride, and eat and drink, twice as much as he ought. Constantly watching and restraining him, the Doctor was scolding, and he laughing, until it was necessary to keep a keen eye upon him, and tell him of his danger and folly.

On the last day of his stay, which had been only three weeks, (the Doctor being much occupied with out patients,) he started before breakfast to the Wyche, and, by a lengthened route, home by the Beacon. After a great breakfast he repeated the same favourite walk; and, on his return, having Douched, he started, and accomplished a *third* time the same route. He then wrote to his wife that he was “a living miracle,” and announced his return home on the following day. After a hearty dinner he took a ride on horseback of thirty-five miles; and, on his return took to himself on the supper-table a *whole brown loaf*! (a sixpenny loaf,) which partly in honest hunger, and partly in bravado, he ate, and retired early.

On the following morning the Doctor was called. Poor Mr. — was dying. An apopleptic fit had made a sad end of all in this world. He said to Captain —, “It is *I* who have done this.” I wrote home quoting this very afflicting story, and made promises that, for the three or four days of my stay, I would use less exertion. I *could* indeed do all that this poor man did:—but shall I?

After his death, his Physician accompanied his widow to Malvern. He said that he had been expecting the third attack, which we knew to be inevitable. Dr. Wilson thought otherwise. Doctor R——is since dead (his disease was gout in the stomach and brain); having regretted in his last moments that he had deferred till too late the fulfilment of his intention to go to the Water Cure.

Nobody was ever so anxious—so generous in his sympathy, as the Doctor. I fear I have teased him occasionally.

After Douche, to the Hill. Practised a knack of walking down hill, on which I prided myself, and sprained my knee.

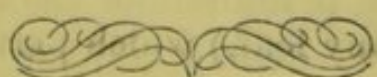
I find on my present visit to this house, a most valuable invention—a bath of double Sitz power, called “the Running Sitz.” Two jets of water are made to play simultaneously in the bath and keep the water in motion. It also escapes in the same degree as that in which it is admitted; and is in consequence always being renewed, and *always cold*. Yet it must be confessed that the water being in constant agitation, the bath is not a “*contemplative Sitz*.”

In the evening eight bars—deliberate and impressive, led to the performance of one solemn quadrille: the execution, by the ladies, bland and gentle, and varied among the men by sliding and indolent advances, which barely acknowledged the principle of attraction: by rigid legs, and rectangular elbows, except in the case of one, who went up stairs for shoes and gloves, and really came out strong—even in the “*Cavalier-seul*.”

“Dress does make a difference, Davy.”

Among the rest of the party, there was a case of chronic high-*lows*, who sat hiding his feet; two, never minding, nor even *looking*, except at book or newspaper; and an acute case of double soles.

The Doctor ordered a *compress* to my knee. Four thicknesses of wet linen and a dry bandage.



JUNE XII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

I FELT very little pain in my knee, and got up the hills to my sketching. Found a very graceful Birch, for which I had been long searching, and sketched it for * * * *. I experienced how



advisable it is, in drawing foliage, frequently to look at the tree, while the pencil is still travelling over the paper, then for a moment at the drawing, and again working while the eye is fixed upon the object to be represented: the motion of the hand sympathising with the impression conveyed to the mind.

After Drawing and Douche, wanting to get on the hills again, I had a sudden thought. I'll ride a donkey!

I did not feel, by any means, one with the poor brute, and was once or twice nearly off. I desired the boy not to thrash and torture it into those sudden starts, sometimes forward, sometimes sideways; and then he did something that made it wince and writhe, and then kick, and for a few steps quicken its pace. I could n't bear it, so dismounted, walked up the hill, and accomplished the task that I had set myself: ashamed of having broken my resolution never to back a donkey, and of having been actually feeling for, and sympathising with him.

Walk with Doctor. I had become greedy to hear his details of *cures*, but he tells me that in a pamphlet, published by Bailliere, of Regent Street, London, he has given seventy interesting cases, authenticated by the patients. He said that some of the best cures that he had made are kept secret by the patients, to avoid being worried by their friends who are opposed to the system, and incredulous of its effects.

"The wife of Captain B., of Jersey, had a tumour in the

breast as large as a middle-sized apple, and as hard. It was supposed cancerous, and, after much treatment, continued increasing in size, and daily more painful. After six weeks here, the lady was restored to perfect health, and the tumour more than half diminished. In three months, very little remained, and by two subsequent letters I find that the tumour has entirely disappeared—there are no remains of it.”

Talking about mineral and fresh-water springs, the Doctor remarked, that, although “HOLY WELLS” of “BLESSED WATER” are to be found in all parts of the world, where people, from the earliest times, made pilgrimages to be cured of all kinds of diseases; it is a remarkable fact, that *not one* was ever found, called “Holy,” that was not *also* found to be perfectly *pure* water.

Mrs. B.’s face has become in three weeks so round and fresh, and delicate withal, that it is delightful to see the polished surface; the colour, too, heightened when she suspects that we are looking at her. Here is a brilliant triumph for the Doctor and his art. In the evening we talked of nationalities. Sir E. B. Lytton, speaking of the Polka, complained that we have no national dance. The Contre danse is French. No national tune, nor dish, except roast beef and pudding. We have nothing national but DEBT.

JUNE XIII.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL.

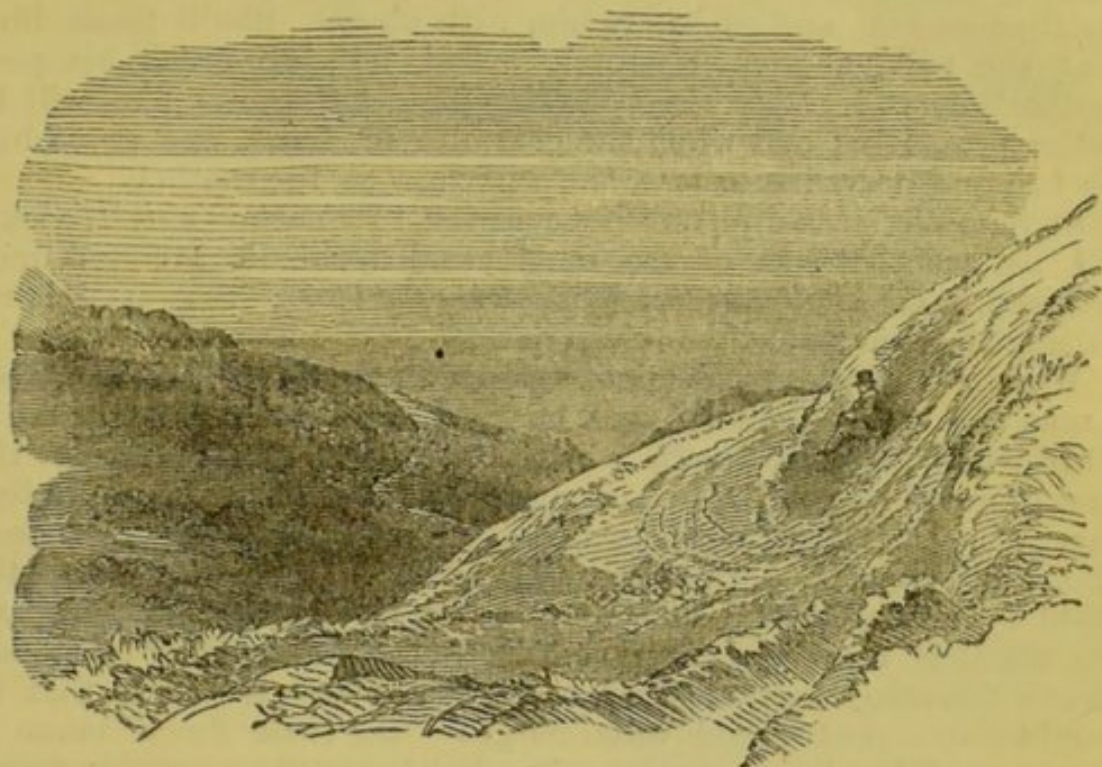
LET it not be forgotten, that if one cannot rest in bed, it is well to get out and take a Sitz of one minute. It is then ten to one that sleep will be successfully wooed.

A letter from Heartley. Mrs. H. comes to submit herself to the process. He thus concludes his letter:

“Give my love to Teddy, and tell him that he sits upright and well on his horse, and let him, from that, take himself as an example, to *stand* upright before all men, and upon all occasions, which he is sure to be able to do, if he will always *act* uprightly, and regulate his conduct by integrity, honesty, gentlemanly courtesy, and, above all, with Christian charity; and may God bless him, and you, and all belonging to you.”

A letter from Sterling. He writes, that he was very near slipping out something of the Sitz in reporting in town our different performances. He had been as nearly as possible prescribing a Sitz for a lady, whose carriage had been run into

by a 'bus, which had smashed the panel, and ruffled the serenity of her temper ; and, of course, in such a case, it was the obvious remedy to adopt, but somehow he "could not summon courage to propose it."



I was surprised this morning by a wonderful illusion. A thick mist covered the valley, and getting to the hills we were in bright clear Sunlight. As we descended from the high hill, the whole plain presented not one trace of landscape—not a single outline ; every form was horizontal, and the *mirage* varied by streaks which completed the mockery. The light of the sun, too, was reflected in a degree that added to the illusion, and the silvery sea seemed so clearly defined, that fancy took a plunge and a dive—then rose, and floated on the surface in the bright sunlight.

To-morrow will be my last day, as the month has expired.

Witnessed an exhibition of maternal distress. A poor woman had lost her little boy, and rejected every well-meant attempt of the neighbours to palliate her affliction. They were all on the look-out, and every available messenger had been started in some direction. "Just an hour beyond his time, and his tea waiting all that time !" There she passed from her own door to the corner of the street, wringing her hands, and publishing poor little Sam's perfections : "the very best of boys, and always true to his time. Something shocking must have happened. Oh ! If she could but just see him once more in this world." Her distress was at its height, when, from

a mysterious hole or alley close to the agitated group, suddenly turned up little Sam ! “ Here he is ! ” was heard on all sides, then a shriek, and in a moment he was in his mother’s arms ; but—what is she about ? As I live, she has got his head under her arm, and while she punches it, she reverses all the compliments just now lavished on him, and smothers him with abuse. She’ll teach him, that she will—a wicked wretch, a bad boy—to break his poor mother’s heart ! Here was a *striking* maternal trait. She will be better presently ; and when she gets him in doors, and gives him his tea, and hears his excuse, she will shew all the mother.

As Sam Wellersaid, on another occasion, “ It’s natur—aint it, cook ? ”

I believe that one of the most cruel torments inflicted upon children, is *the kiss immediately following the blow* ; that it is as revolting to them as to the mature mind.

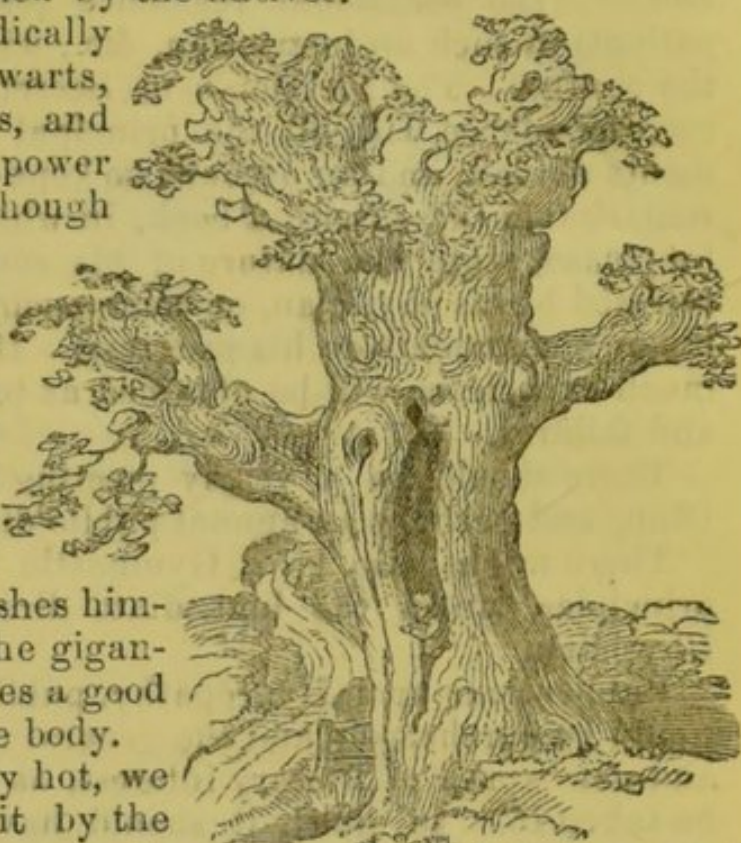
Who has not witnessed something of the same trait ? I have seen a man and wife, distracted, and rushing here and there to find a child whom they had lost in a crowd. I have seen them catch the first glimpse of the little girl, and both pounce upon her in blind fury ; the man using horrible imprecations, and throwing his arms about like a mad and drunken ruffian, and the woman seizing the child by both shoulders and inflicting that frightful shaking to and fro, that has, I believe, crippled thousands. Then going to remonstrate, the man has turned upon me in his fury, and said that he would give it *me* too, and when he got “ the little devil ” home *he* would teach her to run away again. Following the miserable group, I have talked to the mother—and begged the man “ for God’s sake ” not to punish the terrified child, but hear her story. I have congratulated myself that I did not at the outset accuse the man of being *drunk* (as I felt disposed to do), seeing now that he was but “ drunk with choler ” and misery, and with a natural, but most cruel impulse : and—we have parted the best of friends, to the great benefit of the child.

Sir E. B. Lytton has been discussing the establishment of a Hydropathic Club in London. The Doctor sees some difficulties.

A site in the immediate neighbourhood of the best part of London should be sought ; where, in addition to a commodious house, should be a spacious and well-arranged garden, in which a large swimming bath should be constructed. Of the Douche and other baths and apparatus in the house, it is only necessary to anticipate that the Spirit which pervades the appliances of Club-houses, shall undergo a course of the Water Treatment ; and that, purified in taste, it be then let loose to devote the refined energies of its unfettered genius to the erection of a standard of perfection. Thus we should have the most splendid Douche in the world : the baths (supplied with pure filtered water) would be more than commodious, and the machinery of house-keeping and attendance carried to the highest pitch.

Douche at one, with Ned. He had felt sick, and was cured in the Douche. He then walked with me to sketch the "Devil's Oak," so called by the natives.

Having been periodically pollarded, it is all warts, bunions, and callosities, and beyond the renovating power of the Water Cure, although subjected to its influence nearly two centuries. The Water Doctor does not profess to restore limbs that have been lopped off, nor to provide for an empty trunk a new stomach. Ned establishes himself in the bowels of the gigantic veteran, and so gives a good idea of the girth of the body.



Although excessively hot, we were armed against it by the bath; but after the long walk came home tired, took a short Sitz, and fully enjoyed our dinner.

Returning to the subject of a Hydropathic Club, Sir E. B. Lytton remarked that he belonged to a club composed of a very small number of members, and yet rich in funds: and added, that it does not demand a great amount of members to enable a club to meet every necessary expense, and supply every reasonable comfort.

The simple diet must yet demand the genius of a man-cook, assisted by about six women, and the early hour for breakfast and dinner be established. The Resident Physician must have been at Graefenburgh. This office would demand a salary of £200 per annum, with apartments at the Club, and permission to practise, and receive patients for consultation at his own private entrance.

None to be eligible as members who have not been through a course of the Water Treatment at some establishment of eminence; and no part of the process to be undergone by any member, the *Douche* especially, without a previous appeal to the physician, and his *written* authority to the attendants.

The terms for such a Club would be about £6 a year, with an entrance fee of £5 5s., which would pay for the furniture and equipments of the house. The advantages of the Club to

Hydropathists, in securing the best possible bathing establishment, the consultation of an experienced and skilful Water Doctor, the occasional residence (especially for a country patient) in such an institution, &c., will amply compensate for the charge. The Physician or Secretary will be in constant correspondence with all the principal Hydropathic Establishments abroad, and an account be kept of all improvements and remarkable cases, with a book, in which each patient may (if he please) state the nature of his complaint, (which must be attested by his physician, on commencing treatment), and make his own comments on his progress. If this be generally done, much experience will be obtained as to the proportion of cures and failures.

There should be a yearly meeting of the members of the Club, and perhaps an annual public dinner.

There might also be a Gymnastic Institution, on scientific principles, under the immediate direction of the attendant Physician.

Publications upon Hydropathy, published at home or abroad, would be purchased ; and the general newspapers, periodicals, and new works of literary interest, as is usual at other Clubs, be taken in. In short, it should have all the attractions of other Clubs (except only those of the cellar), with the super-addition of all that can be suggested for the peculiar accommodation of Hydropathists.

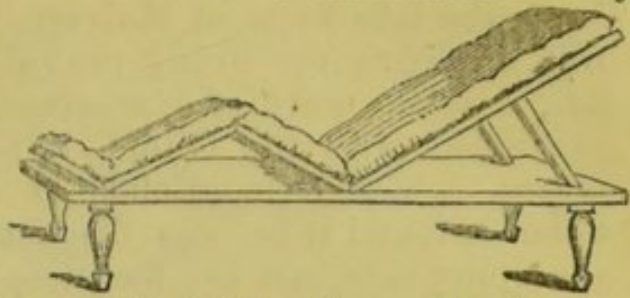
Two representatives of the Army and the Navy, giving their respective and united service to interest and amuse me, have enjoyed, that happy thing—a hearty laugh, in my room.

If any lady should naturally desire to know the cause, she is hereby informed that it was not *at* but *with* each other ; neither at nor with *me*, though caused by a remark or revelation of mine ; and that it subsided to a *sigh*.

When they paused, and I thought they had done, they exchanged a look—and broke out again, quite wonderful to see ; till, like other *breakings-out*, they arrived at a *crisis*. Though I knew the moving power, I did not join the laugh. The duett was the thing.

We now have a very interesting fellow-patient. She is a young mother, who, through weakness, had been compelled to relinquish her infant to the care of a nurse, and who had become gradually so weak, that she was directed by her medical attendant to lie upon an inclined board seven hours in the day. The spine was slightly curved. She had been ordered not to rise until she had taken chocolate and an egg beaten up with wine or spirit. On the third morning of her arrival here,

she was not allowed to eat until she had been up more than an hour, and had taken two or three tumblers of water ; and the bathing and the wet sheet had soon been established as every morning's process. When tired, (and always after meals) she is desired to recline upon a sofa of this shape ; and *now* the positive growth of the two dorsal muscles that support the spine ("nature's own padding") has been, the Doctor tells me, considerable.

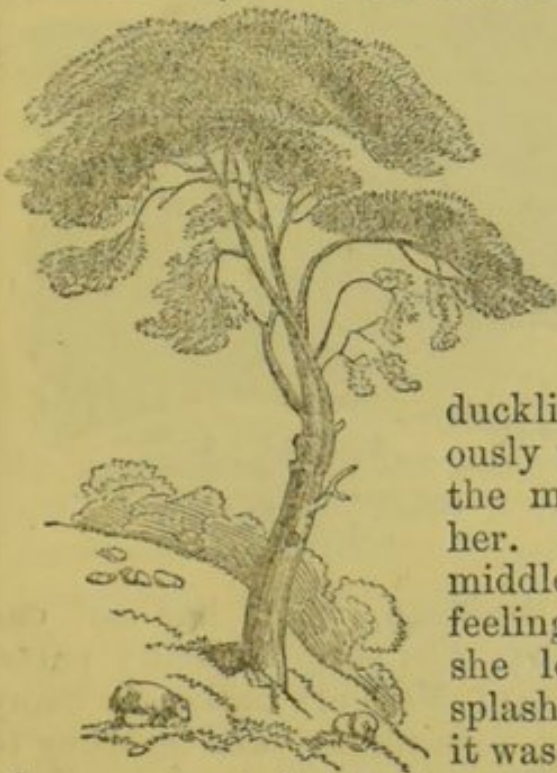


It is delightful to see the complexion—beautiful as a blush rose, and the daily progress of the renewal of strength and health ; with her confident anticipation of perfect recovery.

JUNE XIV.

PACKED, BATHED, AND OUT AS USUAL

OUR last day. At six I and Ned started to the Wyche Turnpike. Sketched (both of us) a Scotch fir, chiefly as an old friend whom we passed many times in each day, and to which we said farewell ! After breakfast to the Wells by the Cheltenham coach, and thence to the Camp Hill on foot. Ned was amused by a brood of

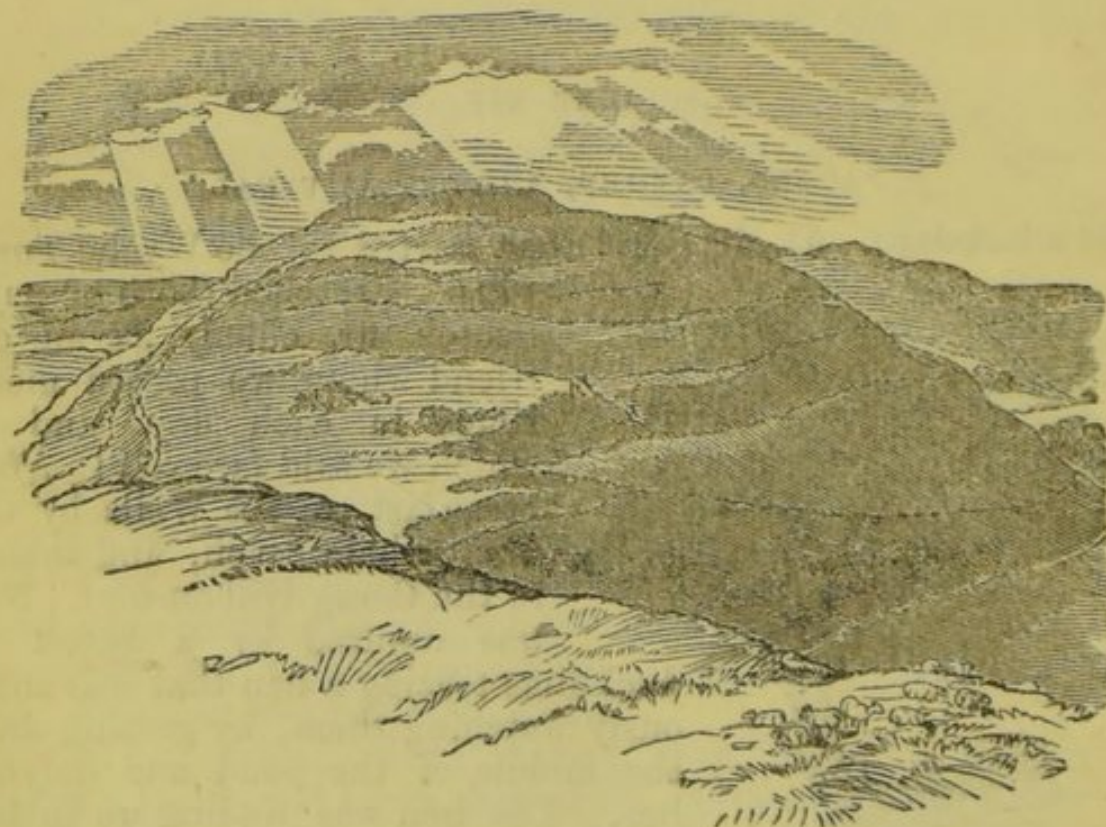


ducklings teasing a hen that was anxiously watching them, by getting into the middle of the pond and defying her. The hen was wading up to her middle in pursuit of them, and then, feeling insecure, and almost floating, she lost her balance, made a great splashing, and got angry, telling them it was all their fault, and too bad. She then retreated, to try what remonstrance and coaxing would do, and waded in at another place. Still the naughty children would keep in the middle, out of her reach. The rising generation of water-patients *will* be thus wilful.

Ned enquired—Was their mother dead, or had she gone out pleasuring, and left the hen in charge, as *dry* nurse ?

We ascended the hill south of the Camp Hill. It is a sort of Barbican ; and Ned was delighted to think how the Camp Hill and this outpost, would look—covered with soldiers. Dr. Card, the late Vicar of Malvern, wrote a dissertation on these hills, asserting the strong probability that the entrenchments, &c., were the work of Caractacus (see Malvern Guide). Ned quarrelled with the Guide, having had a long search for a *cavern*, which it mentioned as in this neighbourhood ; and when he found it he was disgusted to see an insignificant and unsavoury hole, not five feet deep : and considered himself personally ill-used.

We went to the summit of the Camp Hill (or “Prætorium,” as Ned calls it), from which the view is most magnificent—the Herefordshire orchards yet white with blossom, and in the distance the Welsh Mountains, with their whiter tops.



Unlike the small camp, or Barbican, which has but one ditch, this hill has several, thirty feet deep in many parts, and these trenches (“fossæ,” said Ned) are broken in many places, the breaches being very picturesque, and exciting to the fancy—our old friend, the Worcestershire Beacon, in the distance.

There are three distinct walls (“valla”) protecting the trenches, and the simple construction of this sort of camp is beautifully evident in this interesting hill, which is called the Herefordshire Beacon.

We descended on our way home, and detected a wonderful echo. Two ladies on the opposite hill were evidently fascinated by my Tyrolean experiments, and I prolonged the game, delighted.

In climbing the steepest slopes, Ned takes the sheep tracks, and I do something of the same sort in a small way. As we pass the healthy, happy, well-fed muttons, Ned pauses, and walks slow and warily, hoping that he may not disturb them, and saying, "How I wish, papa, that they could *know* we wouldn't hurt them;" and when some turn their heads and face him, with a start, he tries a little blandishment, and sometimes with success. Well tended, and in the full enjoyment of their existence; in their cool, well-fitting, summer clothing, having at shearing time put off their winter great coats, they might be content, *if they knew* that they were fitting themselves to do delicate duty as legs, loins, and cutlets on the Doctor's table, as well as blankets for the packing; and cheerfully consent to the bargain that entails on them "*the brief pang*," while it ensures security from neglect, starvation, and disease.

We walked along the tops of the hills, and descended an exquisite grass walk, from six to nine feet wide, to the Holy Well. The profusion of Maythorn in full blossom made this walk most fragrant. Drinking at the well, we proceeded to the foot of the hill, to wait for the returning coach, not being willing to lose our last Douche, and forbidden to have it if tired, or the pulse quickened by strong exercise.

Here we missed the exhilarating breeze of the hills, and had a close and dusty drive, but had earned our Douche, and had our reward. Ned behaved gallantly. We got home in good time for dinner.

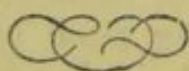
Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is gone.

I had begged to be introduced to a lady, whose recovery seems to me *miraculous*, that I might receive her own report of her cure. She had been for *nine years* paralysed from the waist downwards, her limbs altogether useless. She had been pale and emaciated; and coming to Malvern, had no idea of recovering the use of her limbs, but merely of obtaining bodily health. In five months she had become ruddy and full of health, and then her perseverance in being "*packed*" twice every day was rewarded. The returning muscular power was in three weeks advanced to perfect recovery of the free use of her limbs. She grew stout and strong, and now walks ten miles daily, being in rude health. In this case I see particular evidence of that intuitive tact and discrimination which Sir E. B. L. so justly attributes to the Doctor, who from the first expressed a confident opinion that she would walk again.

This day has introduced the usual alteration of hours at this season. Breakfast at eight; dinner at two; supper at seven. After dinner touched up my sketches, and after Sitz went to St. Anne's Delight, and a circuit with Miss L.—Green fields, trees, and flowers, will greatly aid her recovery.

This has been a most happy day, and yet we have missed our friend. At the Camp Hill, which he intended to see with me, I thought of him with something of the same feeling that my brother expressed when he wrote—

VIDE PYRAMIDES SINE TE, DULCISIME FRATER.



LET me now review the occurrences and the sensations of the past month. I look back with astonishment at the temper of mind which has prevailed over the great anxieties that, heavier than my illness, had been bearing their full weight upon me. Weakness of body had been chiefly oppressive, because by it I was I was deprived of the power to alleviate those anxieties; and now, with all that accumulation of mental pressure—with my burden in full cry, and even gaining upon me during the space thus occupied, I have to reflect upon time passed in merriment, and attended by never-failing joyous spirits.

To the distress of mind occasioned by my gathering ailments, was added the pain of banishment from home; and I have been translated to a life of careless ease, with "jest and youthful jollity" playing about me. Any one, whose knowledge of the solid weight of anxiety that I carried to this place would qualify him to estimate the state of mind in which I left my home, might well be at a loss to appreciate the influences which had suddenly soothed, and exhilarated my whole nature, until alacrity of mind, and healthful gaiety, became expansive and ungovernable: and the buoyant spirit on the surface was stretched to exuberant mirth and lightness of heart.

As my details exhibit sure traces of this feeling, I beg to be understood as retaining those evidences, because I have deemed that what I wrote "out of the fullness of the heart," ought to be preserved in what is professedly a record of sensations, and to mark a striking result of initiation into the excitements of the Water Cure. What is the feeling that possesses me to-day?

Home sick as any schoolboy, and too keenly excited by the

prospect of the morrow; having, moreover, resisted the solicitations of my generous friend the Doctor, (who says, that, were I his brother, he would "tie me by the leg" for one more week), I have lost my balance; and no effort can strengthen me to battle against the pain of leaving this place.

For the past month real cares and griefs have been whistled off, and, for the time, left me untouched: to-day, the very whisper of an *imaginary* ill has power to build up a formidable and heartfelt infliction. Again reverting to my character of schoolboy, and going home for the holidays in the certain expectation of every thing that the season affords, I yet cannot part from schoolmaster, his wife, or my fellow pupils, without very painful emotion; and if I tell of *tears*, it is not because I would make the public my pocket-handkerchief, but because I will not shrink from adding such an item of my experience, if only to evince my grateful regard to all here. The fact is however, important, as showing an effect of *undue* excitement, and its re-action.

In spite of the Doctor's repeated caution, I have for the last few days imposed extraordinary exertion on my brain. I have written numerous letters, occasionally obeying the dictates of prudence by performing a *single* act of proper discipline (as the Cheltenham stage, the donkey, or the donkey *chaise* might testify); but I have in the main done *far too much*: and now, having packed my portmanteau, see me a very abject and ill-conditioned big boy.

Let no one who visits Malvern, with the symptoms which took me there, forget that, in the exuberance of renewed strength and vigour, he should husband his powers; and, above all, for the last week or so of his stay, *rest upon his oars*, and go along gently with the stream—secure in the steerage that has shaped his course, and of the haven to which the tide is tending.

Let him throw overboard every thing that disturbs the balance of his well-trimmed boat; that he may offer no impediment to the onward course of the favouring stream, nor check the influence of the gentle airs by which he is borne along: but it is an ill return for the truth and constancy of the propitious element, to battle with and beat it, in the rash attempt to outstrip the pace prescribed, and hasten to the goal.

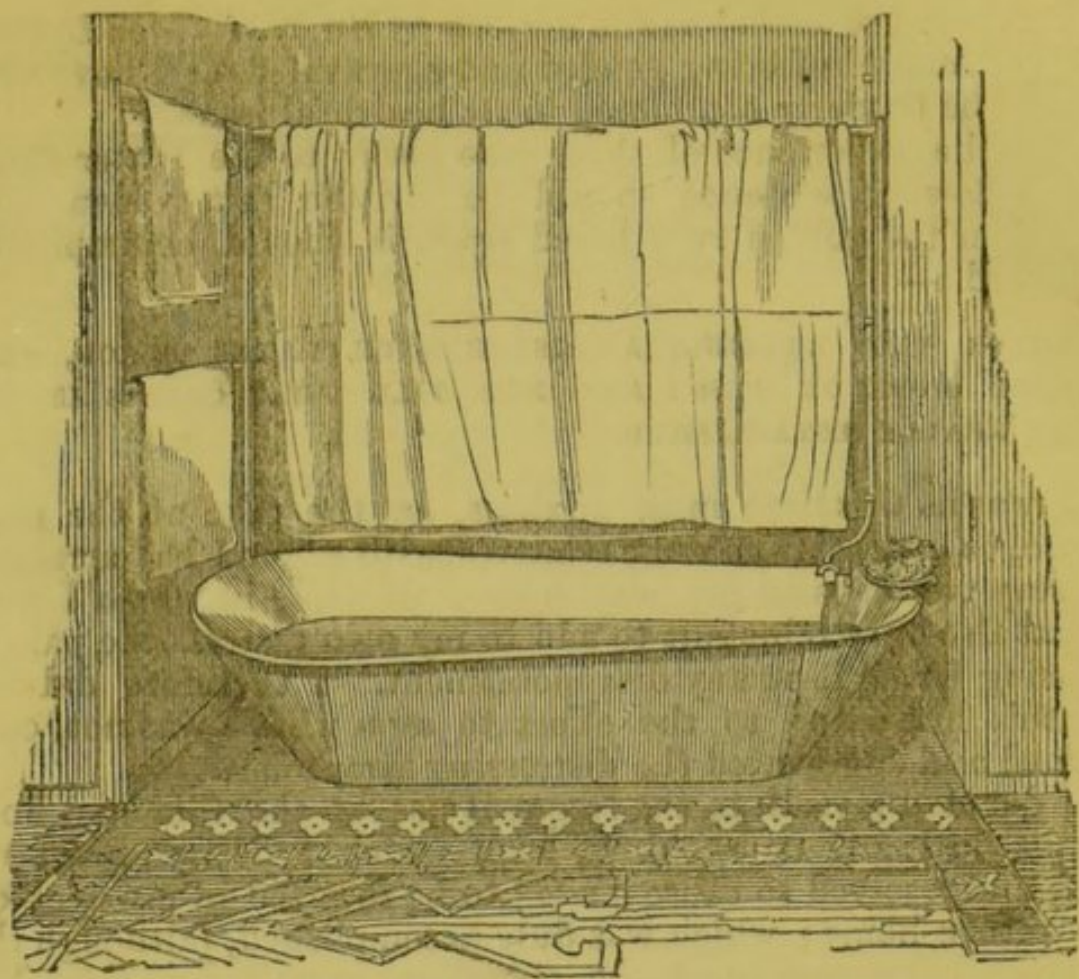
While so contending, let him beware lest he brave his ill-used playfellow, till the angry surface, ceasing to reflect his wonted smiles, gives back a distorted image, into whose hideous and broken masses he may look in vain for any trace of the

forms of yesterday. Let him pause while yet he may ; until, in patience wooing the returning calm, again the glassy current flows, the shadow melts to smoothness, and he finds, as I do, that there is no resource but in subjection of the rebellious and headlong fancy.

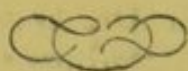
Let the Friar's grave rebuke still meet the ardent and impetuous lover who "stands on sudden haste"—

"WISELY AND SLOW ; THEY STUMBLE THAT RUN FAST."





THE SEQUEL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1845.

RETURNING home to repent of not having yielded to the Doctor's wish to keep me at Malvern another week, I must not omit to mention the state of body in which I was when he so urgently desired me to stay. I had for two days experienced a *critical* result, much to be desired, which had not deprived me of a single walk, nor the comfort and enjoyment of a single meal ; but which, on subsiding, had left me in a state very unfit to battle against anxiety and exertion ; and then, the bitterness of my vexation on returning to my home, shaken from that state of confidence in my perfect recovery which my letters had expressed, brought on a false alarm ; and the idea that I had a rush of blood to the head, and was in danger of apoplexy, took me captive.

This was the DISTURBANCE noticed by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, which, instead of being goaded and aggravated, as I have told, should be tenderly conducted to its healthful issue.

For the experience of those who resort to the Water Cure, the following sentence should be written as a golden rule, or rather the golden rule based upon it should be implicitly followed :—

AFTER THE BRACING, A DISTURBANCE TAKES PLACE, PROLONGED MORE OR LESS : AND NOT TILL THAT CEASES IS THE CURE REALLY ESTABLISHED.

I was at this time most anxious, for the sake of the good cause, to conceal from some relatives, with whom I had arranged to stay two days on my way home, the state in which I was. I was also very reluctant to add to my own distress the pain of causing Dr. Wilson any disappointment. I therefore did not consult him ; and so the effort to *seem* what I was not, confirmed and aggravated the distressing symptoms.

I devoted myself to the frequent use of the Sitz and Foot Baths during these two days, from which I derived great relief, and resolved to cause a *seton* to be inserted in my neck on my return home ; which was duly accomplished, (although the surgeon who performed the operation protested against the necessity of it), and this induced a fancied security, which was, so far, well. I then wrote to the Doctor, regretting that I had not done so sooner ; and by his letter my mind was disabused, the seton removed, and my balance speedily restored. A sharp attack of lumbago then gave me something very *real* to battle against, for which Dr. W. ordered me the sweating process on two successive mornings ; on the second of which all traces of lumbago had vanished. Here is his letter.

“Although (as I told you) you ought to have remained with me a few days longer, and so been spared all this trouble, I much regret that you should have put yourself to so much pain. The *seton* that you must trust to, is avoiding excitement and overwork of stomach and brain. A few hours in bed. with warm fomentations, would have set you right. What you have suffered is (in its effects) similar to HYSTERIA in women.”

I was told at this time, by good-natured friends, that the good effect of the treatment in my case was a mere “flash in the pan ;” that it had subsided to a very disagreeable re-action, and that I ought to go away for change of air. I was then, however, secure in my estimate of the attack, and convinced that this interruption to my progressive advance could no more be attributed to the processes of the Water Cure, than, after running five miles immediately after dinner, up hill, the conse-

quent indigestion and inflamed stomach could be laid to the charge of the good dinner, which, with fair play, would have fairly digested ; and so, a steady purpose and a settled confidence now possessed me.

“It is, as the frame recovers from the agitation it undergoes, that it gathers around it a power utterly unknown before ; as the plant, watered by the rains of one season, betrays, in the next, the effect of the grateful dews.”

Confident in the all-sufficiency of the Water System to complete what had been so far carried on, I stood my ground (that ground being the Regent's Park), resolving that the rules which I had adopted should have full play without the extraneous advantages of country air, and that I would not stir from London, nor remit my occupation.

I quickly completed the fittings of my Hydropathic dressing room, that I might continue my wet sheet packings ; and this I did daily for three weeks, and then (by the Doctor's desire) was packed for a fortnight on alternate days.

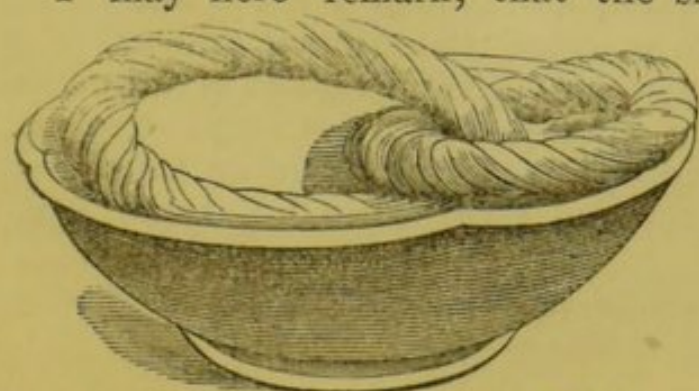
I have, in many attempts, so utterly failed to depict my grateful experience of the luxurious and balmy rest engendered by the *dreaded* wet sheet, that I turn with delight to Sir. E. B. Lytton's paper, where after describing the mode of packing, he adds, “The momentary chill is promptly succeeded by a gradual and vivifying warmth, perfectly free from the irritation of *dry* heat—a delicious sense of ease is usually followed by a sleep more agreeable than anodynes ever produced. It seems a positive cruelty to be relieved from this magic girdle, in which pain is lulled, and fever cooled, and watchfulness lapped in slumber.”

MAGIC GIRDLE !

Such is pronounced by experience a free translation of the uncomfortable words,

WET SHEET.

I may here remark, that the sheet, soaked and wrung out the night previous to the packing, (and twisted tightly) should be coiled and placed in a dry basin, to be ready for the morning's use.



My assistant, who packs me, in the most perfect style possible, has yet a lingering doubt and distrust ; and I have sometimes

thought that when my eyes close in that delicious sleep, known only to the initiated in the mysteries of the "magic girdle," I am suspected of shamming.

Yet from this soothing state, we "miserable Water Patients" are not thrust to endure any unhappy reverse. The desire to lie a little longer is checked by a sense of inglorious inactivity ; and we are quickly alive to the experience of the previous day, when, stepping into the invigorating cold bath, every sense was sharpened in anticipation of the lovely morning's walk.

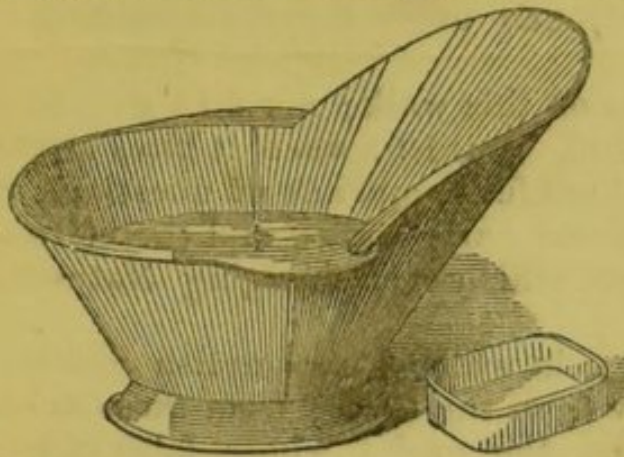
The reasons urged by Hydropathists against the use of the Shower Bath, and in favour of the Shallow Bath, are conclusive : that with the former the reaction on leaving the Bath is to the *head*, while the re-action which immediately follows the use of the Shallow Bath is to the lower extremities. It is evident that the daily repetition of a process which causes a determination of blood to the head, might in any case produce ill effects, and be in *many* highly dangerous. I was, therefore, willing to discontinue the Shower Bath, which had become a mere plaything since I had experienced the effect of the other: which is of zinc, six feet long, three wide, and eighteen inches high, of a shape to give good elbow-room for exercise while bathing. Lacking the assistance of a bath attendant, I use much more water than generally composes the Shallow Bath. Before stepping into it, I wet my head, face, and chest, according to rule ; then, with a large sponge, filled a dozen times with water, I give my head an excellent Shower Bath, *while sitting in the water*, which, when I lie down, rises above me, and I have a complete immersion.



I have towels of coarse huckaback, which are thick, but very absorbent, and *soft* in texture. (I believe that to scratch the skin is as injurious as to currycomb a horse). Of this towelling I have small bags made, of the size of the hand (the thumb being partly extended), which I use while in the bath, to increase the friction and exercise. I have also similar things made of *flannel* for occasions when the luxury of soap is freely indulged in. A long rail, three or four inches from the wall, receives the wet sheet after use, to be again soaked at night.

This comfortable and complete apparatus is represented in the wood cut at the head of this chapter.

My Sitz bath is of the shape now most in use, and Foot bath a rounded oblong, 12 inches by 10 and five inches deep.



The *habitual* use of the Foot bath at mid-day, and especially just before going to bed is a great luxury. Dr. Wilson's advocacy of it has already been quoted; and my Appendix furnishes ample and unanswerable testimony to its efficacy; as well as to the manifold virtues and the luxury of THE SITZ.

Having taken a tumbler full of water on leaving my bedroom, I drink another after the "packing:" when having bathed, I devote my fresh energies to a series of *gymnastic evolutions*, without any encumbrance of costume, giving a great amount of exercise to arms, chest, back, and loins, and promising my legs to attend to them presently, when, being quickly dressed, I start for an hour's exercise in the open air.

"Neither riding, fencing, nor walking can give the variety of motions to different sets of muscles that is necessary to their due developement.

"Gymnastics is the science, that teaches to give, in a short time, to every muscle, in every part of the body, that exercise which is just enough to promote the *harmony* of the whole."*

I made an appeal to Dr. Wilson on this subject of Gymnastics, and he assured me that the practice is of infinite service to me in controlling the nervous energy—(*verbatim*—"in keeping down that tremendous nervous energy of your's.")

"These exercises are most valuable to maintain a due equilibrium between the muscular and nervous systems. An *undue* developement of the one, may produce an athlete with his characteristic stupor: over cultivation of the other (as e.g. by hard study or excessive indulgence of the passions) may so dwindle the one and exalt the other, as to produce severe nervous derangement—even insanity." (*Dr. Balbirnie*)

It is melancholy, that the want of a slight effort to break through a bad habit should deprive so many thousands of the luxury of the early morning's walk, which to a townsman gives a daily taste of the country.

The smoke and filth of the atmosphere have been swept away by the night wind; and before the impurities arise which are engendered by a dense population, we leave the

* "*Medicina Gymnastica.*"

town, and taste untainted air ; and while our renewed energies are intent upon the blessings of the new day, in the very enjoyment they are reproduced, and every object responds to the wholesome excitement.

No bad weather deprives me of this walk ; nor do I stop to quarrel with the north-east wind, “ which, when it bites and blows upon my body,” I take thankfully, and ask no questions.

I have much to think of in these early walks, and therefore do not seek variety beyond that which ever changing Nature presents.

I like the *monotonous* route ; in which I accomplish many desirable points. I get away from the town ; from those architectural monsters that skirt the park ; whose false face conceals the honest brick, and in which the same staring material, in vile mimicry of stone, and tortured into unseemly shapes, glared hideously from every side—lording it over the green grass, before the trees had come to an age to speak for themselves ; and the very bricklayers gave the place the nickname of “ Compo Park.”

But let me dwell upon the *charms* of the Park, its elevation, and its situation. Of immediate access by those who most stand in need of its influence—the pale face is breathed upon by the pure air. On Sundays, and other holidays, the striving wife escapes from the close pent-house, dressed in her best—her husband carrying the baby, and in every thing insisting that she shall rest from her labour—groups of children, look bright and happy ; and every object bespeaks refreshment and rest. But where was I ? Oh, starting for the early morning’s walk.

Escaping, then, from the pavement, we have a well-formed path. As we advance, we rise high above the houses ; and the top of Primrose-hill is a mark which completes the half of our walk. If the distance be obscured by mists, we are yet refreshed by the sight of green fields and trees, beautiful even in their Winter nakedness ; and the Sun seldom fails at the early hour to shew some sign of greeting, while in the most sultry season, the morning is ever cool and refreshing. In fact I am prepared to deny that there is such a thing as bad weather for the early walk.

I lost one walk at Malvern, in regard of the wet, and it shall be my misfortune if I lose a second anywhere. It has been seen that, on that occasion, I lost a merry happy trip, and the opportunity of assisting at the rescue of a young woman in difficulties.

Suppose that I look forth in the morning, and confess that *it*

pours, I am immediately sure that it will abate before I have had my bath, that I may be out to see it clear up ; and in the meantime, I know that the rain is doing some good.

A bath at twilight is enjoyable, because you know that each moment brings on the dawn. 'Tis the pleasure of anticipation. Either the shortest day has passed, and every night gives way a little—makes one more concession ; or, the shortest day will soon arrive, and then——.

In the meantime, how happy to look forward, and to find that the habit of so doing brings *present* satisfaction. Bad weather !—Why, when you have been ten minutes in the air, the glow on the surface makes a light rain delicious ; and I take off my hat to it. I see some few *riding* round the park, and occasionally one or two *driving* ; but so becomforted, and great-coated, and chin deep in neckcloth, that I pity their wretched substitute for the healthy glow of exercise. Rely upon it, that walking is the best exercise, riding second, and driving last ; and before breakfast, any weather is more than endurable ; we may be fastidious at noon.

It is, however, the *bath* that renders the early walk supremely delightful ; without it there is some effort in the enjoyment, at least with those who are not used to it.

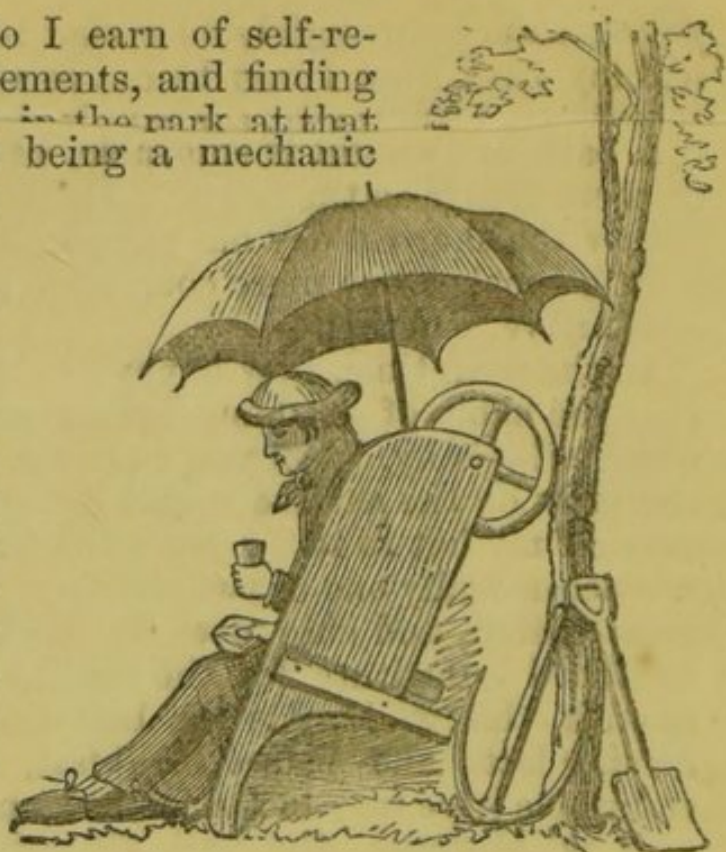
There is one trial, FOG. Well, fog is not at early morning suggestive of smoke ; and if otherwise flavoured, there remains this true consolation,—the hope that it will clear off. Again—fog is never, at this elevation, so thick as in the town ; and getting to the top of the hill, we look *over* it to some indication of sun-rise ; then returning, and passing through it with complacency, we are comforted by the thought, that there is no fear of losing ourselves, as a relation of mine did, in Lincoln s Inn Fields, where he fortunately encountered a poor old woman ; and, apologising for having almost brushed noses, said,

“ Pray, my good woman, can you tell me where I am ? ”

“ Law, sir, why—why *there* you are ? ”

Then there is the anticipated pleasure of getting back to breakfast, at double quick pace, and retorting upon those who, cold and lazy, come to the fire, saying “ What a wretched morning ! ” that it is an unqualified and atrocious falsehood. Fog ! why a fog without flavour, or a fog with a Malvern flavour, has often been my delight, and is one of the finest of the Water Cure processes. Walking quickly through it, the *rime* standing like diamond dew on whiskers and eyebrows, the heart beats joyously—the warm blood dallies with the skin, and one is greeted at breakfast by the remark “ What a colour he has got ! ”

What an accession do I earn of self-respect in braving the elements, and finding myself one of three only in the park at that early hour; the others being a mechanic with his tools, and a young pale needlewoman, who must not be too late at her employers. Perhaps some labouring gardeners are at work in the park; and there is one whose wife has built up a little comfort for his breakfast; but he needn't be so conceited, as if nobody else had earned his breakfast, or had a wife to make him comfortable.



Then there is the old park-keeper, who controls my beat, with his feeble gait and bent body. No velveteen coat will arrest his cough, and he is shut out from the glow produced by exercise. It is not the weather for *him*; but he must open his gates at seven, and take his rounds. As I am careering along, if I stop to speak to him, with the warm blood in full play, it is almost like crowing over him; and there is the other old man who walks with two sticks to help him; but, in good time—he tells me that he has just been “superannuated off at two-and-twenty pound a year,” having been twenty-two years in his service, and that the other goes with him. So—they will be well housed in the inclement season.

One of the very few early walkers, whom I have seen upon the hill, was a well-built gentleman, who had always bathed—I knew it by the flush on his face; yet the mere bath would scarcely account for his excited and energetic manner—rushing to and fro as if he could scarcely contain his joy. At length, one morning, he spoke; “Have you been in the canal?” “No! I always bathe at home.”—“You *ought* to go into the canal; you are wrong; you should see the ripple—I do every morning; there’s nothing like it.” (Then, with great energy) “The police won’t disturb you if you go before half-past six; take your towel—here’s mine—plunge in and swim across; and then in again, and back to your clothes.” I ventured to suggest dead cats and dogs: he hastily replied, “No such thing!—no such thing!—all fancy: I go in every morning! The fact is, I have been bitten by a dog, and (with tremendous energy) I don’t

like it!" I remarked, "Why, surely you don't mind that; I have seen a man covered with the saliva of a dog—raving mad, and it never hurt him; he just cauterized the wounds. Don't think of it." To this he answered, "I am glad to hear you speak so, for everybody else says to me, when I tell what has happened, 'I had rather you than I,' or something of that sort. The dog takes his meals, and seems pretty well; I give him his *water* every morning, and he drinks it, so there can be no danger; and as for *me*, I'm not afraid of it, for I say there's nothing so beautiful, so exquisite, as the ripple on the surface."

I met an intimate friend one fine morning on the hill, and in my delight to see him stout and well, I concluded that he had been to the water. "Not a drop of it, my dear fellow; Doctor Jephson's system; with rest, air, and exercise, have set me up." Truly we arrive at a given point by various paths. I am curious to see how *those* to the top of Primrose Hill be varied.

It is most important to be well shod, and generally quite unnecessary to be laden with two coats. I am led to remark this by seeing, every morning, a little boy dressed for his walk to school, with a worsted *comforter* shutting up his mouth, *muffettes* for his wrists, a large oil-skin cap, and *thin shoes*, with cotton stockings! So is he prepared by the anxious mother's hands to cross the park in wet weather.

And here is another variety—a gentleman past the middle age, but full of vigour; cork soles step out from beneath his long cloak, which is secured in front; the stand-up collar covers his ears; a thick "comforter" touches the tip of his nose, and he surmounts all by a Templar travelling cap. This gentleman amuses his fancy by the idea that he is *out*! Walking he is, but carrying with him a nasty, close, ill-ventilated house; from the only window of which he protrudes his eyes and nose. From the external influence of the fresh air he is shut up; while the partial access to his lungs might have suggested a treat to his thirsty *skin*: yet he—this very man—is an M.D. whose only good point is—he does *not* wear a "*Respirator*."

The great surgeon LISTON, whom I generally met on, or about, the hill, as he enjoyed his early walk; strongly advised me to extend my water doings by taking *immediately* on my return from the walk A WARM SHOWER BATH, which was his invariable custom.

He took his cold sponging on getting out of bed—his walk of at least four miles, and on his return the luxurious shower that I have described, the comfort of which, in a state of perspiration, may be conceived. The genial fall produces no *shock*, as in a *cold* shower, and its influence may be likened to the breath of angels!—(not *fallen* angels).

Because I left off under clothing at Malvern, and always throw off wet clothes on my return from the walk, *I never take cold*. The glow which follows the bath does not subside, being sustained by exercise. I never wear two coats for the early walk. In fact, I feel that, with stout shoes, and warm gloves, the slightest clothing suffices.

A Hydropathic skin is your true flannel waistcoat, and the best protection against the elements.

"It is by hardening, rather than defending the tissues, that we best secure them from disease."

I have certainly established a reputation as an early walker ; and greetings are either looked or uttered as I pass the "happy few." I have one particular friend, who sweeps a portion of the gravel path which the sheep have favoured during the night, and whenever I happen to pass him while so engaged, he always says, "Good morning, sir—*as usual* ;" and then, pausing in his work, he stops me by the question, "Did you happen to see the other man in the broad walk ?" When this very question had been repeated some six or seven times, and as often answered in the negative, (which he seemed to expect, as he always rejoined, thoughtfully, "Ah, well !") I became alarmed. What can it mean ? Is "the other man" his fellow-labourer, who *ought* to be out with him, and lies a-bed—and does he want my evidence of his neglect of duty ? Or is he in some dread of "the other man," whose absence he notices by the uncertain sound, "Ah, well ?" It is quite certain that after he has greeted me by the compliment to my punctuality, conveyed in the phrase "*as usual*," he always puts the same question—in the same attitude, and in the same tone—and gets the same reply. Giving this point the careful discussion that its importance demands, I concluded that his simple motive was the desire to be sociable, and that, his resources in small talk being limited, he was not ready with variations of courtesy.

I acquired the habit of looking north and south, as I passed the broad walk. I *never* saw "the other man,"—I do n't believe that any one ever did : his name is probably HARRIS.

I am beset by one nuisance—a ruffian with his nets and traps, on one or other side of the hill ; who watches the flight of the happy little birds, decoying them by a villainous chirrupping of his own, and with a company of chorus singers enclosed in cages, or, fluttering, tied to sticks (poor little unconscious traitors !), and drawing his string, as one or more alight for a moment within the influence of his snare. There he is soon after daybreak, even on Sunday mornings ; with Varney's hellish whistle, luring them as they fly.

It is some comfort that although I cannot take the pipe from his mouth, or his hands from his pockets, the grass is always wet, and his hour's work must keep up a perpetual cold ; and yet this unworthy thought brings with it reflections upon all kinds of *Sport*: from the diversion of shooting, where the game is sure at every turn—and at an easy distance, to the petty trade of this man, for which he was probably fitted in his boyhood by the pitiless and cruel sport of bird's-nesting. He works for his bread, though at a brutal trade, and sells his victims for the amusement of cockneys, to be shot at as they are let loose, one at a time, and probably killed, or maimed and left to die.

I often see, by the side of the dirty canal, two or more mechanics patiently standing upon the clay, or, having gathered a heap of wet grass, taking a long and most pernicious Sitz, with a rod and a float ; shut out by clay banks and black poplars, from the fresh air above them, and breathing a sweltering malaria ; and when I pass over the bridge, I wonder by what perversion of mind they can derive even momentary pleasure from dragging out of its element a tortured fish, which is only relieved from the hook to be thrown away as useless. But, (say the advocates of angling), it is not in catching the fish, but in waiting for it,—in the opportunities given for quiet thought, that the charm consists. Does no passing *thought* intrude, of time devoted to little else than wanton cruelty ? But alas ! for all the varieties of sport. It is sad that nature should be outraged by the gradual initiation of those whose hearts were not formed to cruelty, into what is revolting to the instinct. I cannot but think the two instances which I have given, as in the one case pitiable, and the other disgraceful.

It is told of PALEY, that being asked, after a long day's angling, whether he had caught any fish ; he said, "No—but I have written a sermon." So, while one hand of the severe Disciplinarian was appropriately occupied by the *rod*, the other must have been engaged with pen or pencil.

I have seen anglers so thoughtful, that, to set a good example to the fish, they are constantly nibbling their nails ; and both these cases are worth remark, as exceptions to the rule, for which (as far as my *passing* observation goes) I can vouch ; that the early angler, while gazing abstractedly at the water, and holding his rod, has a digit of his other hand, generally engaged—with a perseverance worthy a higher aim—in a search into the deep recesses of his nose.

The sports of the East are upon a larger scale than ours, more daring, and consequently more exciting ; they seem ex-

alted to the very height of butchery: and yet demand our admiration of the display of courage in man and beast.

A relation of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his aim, than in the result of his shot, brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches as it fell; and having so reached the ground, he was shocked to see it as large as a child of three years. He put away his gun, and hastened to it. The monkey placing its hand on the wound, and not attempting to escape, looked up into his face with an expression that seemed to imply, *What have I ever done to you to deserve this?*

He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding; while the creature, growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave:—

“ And the big round tears,
Chased one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous course.”

The expression of *reproach*, added to the misery of poor * * * * who at that moment felt that he would have given even his life for the recovery of his victim. He took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water. Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, *there* were the monkey's eyes wide open under the water, with the same sad and reproachful expression,—fixed upon his.

From that day he never used his gun.

But enough of this digression. I wonder that the eloquence of expression put forth in the marvellous language of Edwin Landseer, and still reproduced at every turn, does not enlist a more extended sympathy with the victims of sport.

Yet when we mark the “Stag at Bay,” and cherish the emotions which, to awaken, has been the first great aim of the artist; we learn that he, too—is a Deer-stalker, ardent and impetuous as the rest!

My boy, who now may walk through these pages without disguise, going out, when a mere child, with one of the initiated, to shoot rabbits, and being desired to run along on the other side of the hedge to start the game, carefully and tenderly turned the noses of two or three of them to their holes, and told them to go in to their mothers; and, when one, escaping from his well-intended pursuit, was seen and sacrificed, his tears fell fast upon the victim; and, though of that sympathy and those tears he was half ashamed in the presence of the

sportsman, he went to his father for guidance (may we not all do so?) and being strengthened to cherish the childish instinct, his youth proceeded in still brightening earnest of the future; and Mercy led the other manly virtues.

I return to the subject of the early walk. Soon after I came from Malvern, a warning voice was raised by a friend in these words:—"You walk too fast, and too far, in the morning: if you have such a stock of strength, *keep a stock in hand* for the day's demand." I was startled by the seeming reasonableness of this remark, and for three or four mornings I *sauntered* in the park, remaining my full time in the air, but without brisk exercise. I, however, returned with a degree of lassitude new to me; did not enjoy my breakfast; and was not half so fit as before for the day's work. It then became evident that, far from expending my energy in the early walk, I was gaining power—taking in a stock of strength; and that in the very fatigue consequent upon quick walking is the germ of a creative power, begetting renewed energy; so that, after my early breakfast, I am soon anxious to be up and away again. I am yet aware that the habit of *quick* walking, which is rendered necessary by the cold bathing, is only to be followed at the early hour, and before the digestion has been set to work. This seems to be a great point. I have imbibed about a pint of water since I rose, and have eaten nothing since eight o'clock on the previous evening. The absorption produces nourishment, but the digestive organs are at rest.

Every one must experience distress from hurried walking during the after part of the day.

The brisk walk is, then, a *preparation for the daily work*; and the exhilaration which accompanies it is often shewn by giving way to a sudden impulse to start off and run at full speed. But the Hill is not a place to run away from—better to linger our full time on the top: Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow in view—the dew sparkling on the glistening grass, and CONSTABLE in our hearts. When was there a fresh morning in spring or summer that did not suggest this charming Artist?

The animal enjoyment of early morning is most remarkable in the Dog. How delightful to open the door, and see him, with his boisterous bark, first leaping his thanks recklessly at your face, and then off at the top of his speed—presently returning in full trim, and telling you all about it. He is a delightful companion. I soon established a Dog—a lady Dog—a little Terrier Dog. I brought her up, *not* hydrophobically. She bathed, drank water, ate mutton, and I named her DOT; and she not merely returned my affection, luxuriated in my

early habits, and abundantly repaid my attentions, but adopted some of my *opinions*. She one day picked out a young Puseyite in Regent-street; got between his legs, with a short bark, and performed some manœuvres that completely mystified him. Her object had evidently been to excite a sudden alarm, create a diversion with the skirts of his coat, set him spinning for a moment, and throw him down on his bottom: in which she perfectly succeeded; but, being slightly damaged in the collision, Dot started off at full speed, calling for writing materials, after the manner described by her reputed Sponsor as the practice of Young Bailey. But all this was exceedingly wrong; this is not the way to combat the opinions of an opponent; and I told her so.

Before I went to Malvern, I suffered from giddiness, even on hastily rising from my chair; and the effort to mount the stairs always distressed me by palpitation and pain. Now, even after the exercise of running up or down a hill, I have never experienced the slightest inconvenience; my knees, which always failed me in any attempt at quick walking, are as strong and serviceable as I could wish, and the routine of gymnastic exercises that I indulge in at the foot of the "accustomed hill" have served to develope and to sustain a balance of power in the whole system; in confirmation of my home practice.

Doctor Wilson, had written, to desire me not to produce any *exhaustion* by walking too far before breakfast. I therefore do not ordinarily exceed two or three miles; and here again is a great advantage, in the measured and habitual route, which forbids me to break a wholesome rule; and by its observance secures the comfort of punctuality in my return.

Dr. ARNOLD understood the nature of out-of-door exercise.

"Exercise must not be wearisome, and, especially not wearisome to the *mind*, if it is to be really beneficial. I never have regarded a regular walk along a road, *talking* the while on subjects of interest, as exercise, in the true sense of the term. A skirmish over the country is a very different thing, and so is all that partakes of the character of play or sport."

(Arnold's Life, vol. i. p. 430.)

Another principle is thus asserted, or implied."—

"Southey is much altered." "He *reads* as he walks: which I told him *I* would not venture to do, though much younger than he—I do not wonder that his hair is gray."

(Idem, vol. ii. p. 26.)

The Sitz is seldom to be taken at early morning, the best time is at midday: and it is in all weathers a luxury, even in

the coldest. The warm atmosphere, engendered under the blanket, increases its comfort and efficacy. Yet I have a rule that doubles and perfects the enjoyment of the Sitz—I always drink a glass of water, and well sponge head and face before I take the bath.

Since I wrote the above, I have purchased an item of experience. Having in November, walked at noon about ten miles, I returned very warm, and immediately took my habitual Sitz. Having a companion chatting to me, and being perfectly at ease, I did not shew any disposition to move until reminded that more than twenty minutes had passed. As the dinner had been some time ready, I went at once to table: and that night I had cause to regret not having taken five minutes run *after* the bath. A sharp attack of lumbago rendered the sweating process again necessary, of which two repetitions (followed each time by the Cold Bath) cured me, as before.

Mem. If I cannot walk for a few minutes after the Sitz, I will take it but five minutes in cold weather, or in any case when in a perspiration. The above may be noted as an excellent receipt to *produce* lumbago;—with as effectual a remedy.

The advantages of the two o'clock meal are undisputed, and it is a pity that it cannot be more frequently adopted. The appetite is always ready at this time, unless habit, or a late breakfast, has taught it to wait. The fact, however, seems to be, that, under the *name* of luncheon, a very large proportion of the higher and middle classes take their chief meal at two o'clock; the late dinner being little more than an expensive ceremony, or an unwholesome supper.

It is fortunate that I can adopt as a habit, not only early hours for meals, but all those rules which I believe are most conducive to health, without any sacrifice of comfort, or neglect of home duties; and I detail them to shew that the course of treatment pursued in the great majority of cases (as exemplified by my own) is not a process involving any serious privation, or demanding a great sacrifice of time. My water doings do not occupy more than half an hour in the day.

The division of my time into eight o'clock for breakfast, two for dinner, and eight for tea and supper, seems to secure a reasonable interval between each meal for digestion, for rest, for work, and for exercise; but the adoption of these hours must be consequent upon the habit of rising early and retiring early; and is not generally practicable.

Common sense will readily suggest how to modify and adapt, in our pursuit of health, the customs and the circumstances of which all are in some degree the slaves.

I believe that it will be happy for those who are able to follow me in this routine :—I rise before six, drink water, and go *instantly* to the bath (if five minutes must intervene, it is well to be clad in a warm dressing-gown) ; then, having bathed, drink again, and speedily get out into the air, returning in time to complete my dressing before breakfast ; Breakfast at eight ; after resting, occupy till one ; take a ten minutes' Sitz ; drink, and walk. Dine at two ; rest for half an hour, and by no means work or write during that time. (Here are Dr. Wilson's orders :—"Write as few letters, and as short as possible ; and *never* immediately after dinner. Nothing so surely sends the blood to the head, and irritates the stomach ;") at six out again for a walk : drink once between dinner and tea, which comes at eight, and to which it is a great luxury to sit down with an appetite unknown to those who merely take tea or coffee immediately after dinner, to chase away the uneasy sensation induced by a full meal.

I then write or work, and to bed before eleven.

As I drink little at meals, I have calculated that the quantity of water which I take daily is never more than four pints. The Doctor seldom prescribes more, while under treatment ; and, when emancipated from all rules except those which were self imposed, I believe that the quantity was diminished one half.

It has been much disputed whether during the meal we should drink at all. Dr. Wilson consults the will, and the effects, and does not dogmatize : Therefore I have nothing to fear in following my inclination.

I am anxious to dwell with full emphasis on the fact, that the great, I may say *miraculous*, effect of the Water Cure in my case, has been confirmed and carried out IN LONDON, as a result of careful initiation at Malvern ; and so I must shew reason for differing from those half-advocates of Hydropathy, who seem to infer that patients who feel a sudden accession of strength and stamina, fall back, on leaving a Water Cure Establishment, to a state which demands a return to the course of training which they have lately gone through.

I would repeat with Sir E. B. Lytton, "Do not *begin* to carry on the system at home, and under any eye but that of an experienced hydropathist ;" and again, "If," (having escaped from the Doctor's immediate eye) "a critical action should ensue, *return* to the only care that can conduct it to a happy issue ;" and yet, I would remark, how fully has the explicit promise of Dr. Wilson been realized by me, "If you will give me a month, I will put you in a way to manage yourself ;" and I am convinced that (in the majority of cases) being

fairly started by a cautious and experienced hydropathist, who like Dr. Wilson, looks first to his patient, last to his fee, the means have been placed in our hands of confirming our restoration to health; and that the necessity of returning to the Doctor, is generally the result of a return to bad habits, and the patient's own fault.

On the subject of *diet* I am often asked—"Was not your food very coarse, the diet spare and disagreeable? Don't you live upon mutton and bread and water?"

I have to reply that the diet is *generous*, the table supplied sumptuously, and with reasonable variety. Not only is there the perfection of plain cooking, but every meal offers something to *provoke* appetite. With the exception of *pork*, I believe that no meat is excluded from the Doctor's table (and what is poisonous in a hot climate, may well be deemed unwholesome in *any*). I am far from admitting that any meat is quite as wholesome as roast mutton, which is the standing dish of every day's dinner (except on Sundays, when the "Roast Beef of Old England" holds undisputed sway at the Table Termini, and the mutton goes to the intermediate stations); but I can truly say that during this last autumn I was altogether unscrupulous in my diet, having freely enjoyed the luxuries of the fruit season, with pastry of all sorts, and that I felt no shade of difference in the comforts of digestion. I can almost fancy that it matters not what I eat.

It must not, however, be supposed that Dr. Wilson authorised this reckless experiment, or that he concurs with some German Hydropathists, who assert that "Water will digest any thing, except the tongs and fire-irons; which are decidedly unwholesome." He wages war against all "insidious and provocative meats," as consistently as against all fermented or exciting drinks.

Serjeant Talfourd was pleading before a jury at Oxford, for a father, who refused to pay a tavern bill for his son: "Consider, gentlemen, the items, of this account; here are no *sober* meats, such as you or I should authorise for ourselves or our sons. I find no mutton chop, no rump steak, in the whole list; nothing to renew the spent energies of the aspirant for college honours—no honest and ingenuous meats, but crafty and designing meats—insidious and provocative meats—"Wild duck with cayenne pepper!" Oh, gentlemen, which of you being a father—which of you having a son, on whom rest his hopes and his ambition, would feed that son, or permit any tavern keeper to feed him, with wild duck and cayenne pepper! What horrible enormities might not a young

man perpetrate whose diet was *wild duck* with hot peppers ! Alas ! gentlemen, let me not think that you can by your verdict this day, stamp with your authority," &c., &c. [Quoted from memory.]

I have made an experiment, and my strength has so well stood the test ; that I believe in my case, no *extreme* caution is necessary on the score of diet ; and I think of this with great surprise, recollecting how severely I used to suffer for the least irregularity, by ulcerated mouth and tongue, and other demonstrations of an indignant stomach.

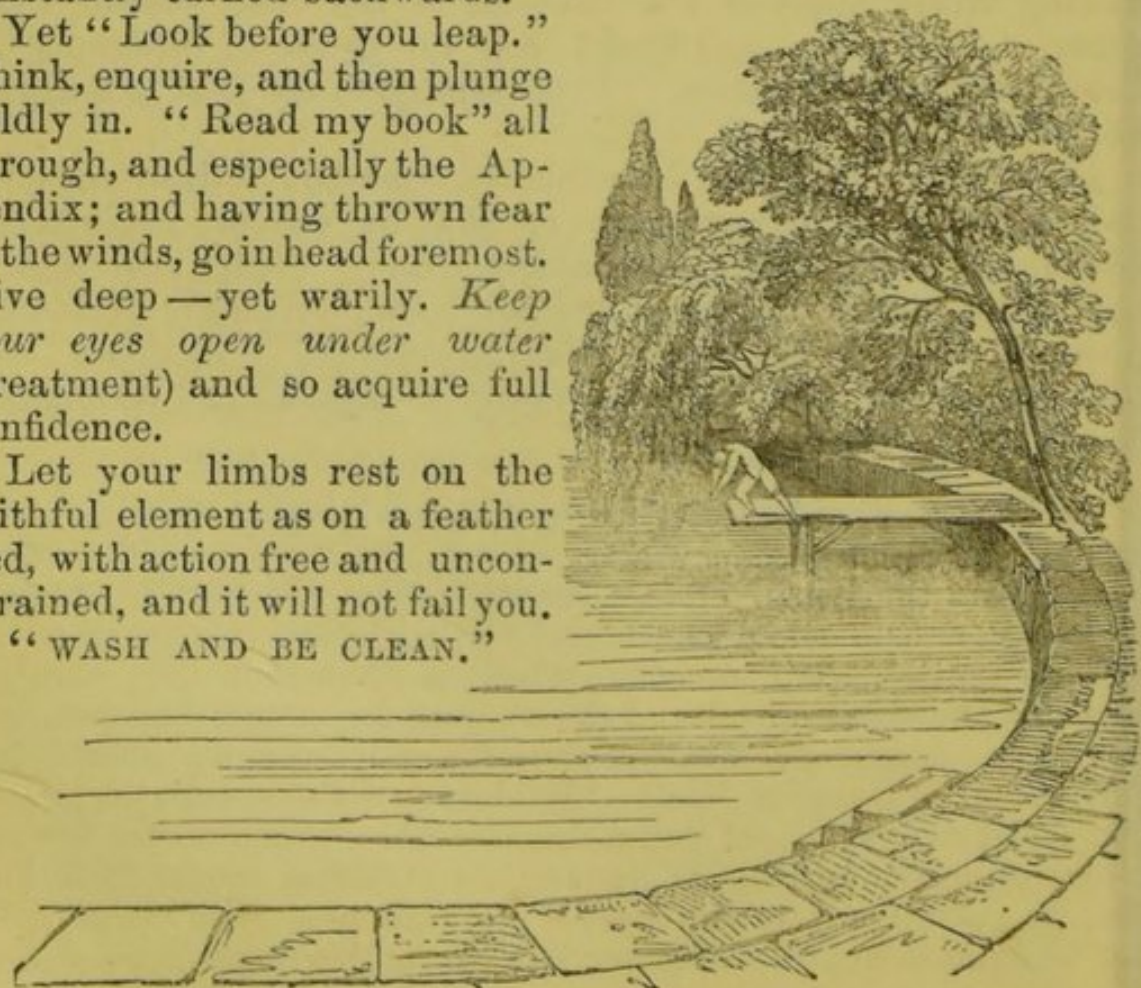
Reader, have you any bodily ailment which has induced you to go thus far with me, with any feeling of interest beyond the mere seeking for a half hour's amusement ? To you, I say—There is philosophy in the exercise of common sense, uncontrolled by a prejudiced adviser. Bear in mind that "the members of a learned profession are naturally the very persons least disposed to favour innovation upon the practices which custom and prescription have rendered sacred in their eyes : " and "do not consult your Doctor."

What Leslie has admirably remarked on art may be applied here:—"It is well in all things, as we go on, to look behind us ; but what advance can we hope to make with our faces constantly turned backwards."

Yet "Look before you leap." Think, enquire, and then plunge boldly in. "Read my book" all through, and especially the Appendix ; and having thrown fear to the winds, go in head foremost. Dive deep—yet warily. *Keep your eyes open under water* (treatment) and so acquire full confidence.

Let your limbs rest on the faithful element as on a feather bed, with action free and unconstrained, and it will not fail you.

"WASH AND BE CLEAN."



“The remedy is applicable to all—to all who would not only cure a complaint, but strengthen a system, and prolong a life.”

“It acts first on the system, lastly on the complaint; placing nature herself in the way to throw off the disease.”

“It admits of no remedies which are inimical to the constitution. It bequeaths none of the maladies consequent on blue pill and mercury, on purgatives and drastics, on leeches and the lancet.”

“I would not only recommend it to those who suffer from some grave disease; but to those who require merely the fillip, the alterative, or the bracing, which they seek in vain in country air, or a watering place.”

At a Water Cure Establishment “the whole life is one remedy—the hours, the habits, the discipline, tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable.”

It is easy enough to make converts in favour of early rising, the cold bath, and the walk before breakfast; and I am surrounded by friends who thank me for having advised the glass of water on leaving their bed, the cold ablution, and the walk; and who get into the fresh morning air, “fasting from all but sin” (and water), and leave the *sin and water* to battle together as they best may: which is an initiation to the Water treatment, which is very likely to lead to a further adoption of its rules.

An intimate friend, whose wife remains as yet impracticable, having lately returned from his early walk, and finding his two children still in bed, proceeded to carry out a sudden impulse, by sponging the elder vigorously, to her great delight. Having dried and rubbed her, he attacked the younger, and, holding her by one leg, commenced operations: when, between kicking and laughing, the process was quickly completed. He was now aware of something like a malediction proceeding from the great bed, where the mother, chin deep under the clothes, had kept up a demonstration of opposition to all this, and, with desperate resolution, he inflicted a thorough sponging to her face! What followed he couldn't tell, for he ran away on the instant, just catching a glimpse of a countenance so excited and flushed, that it might have given vent to a torrent of abuse or imprecation, if education or good feeling had not exerted a restraining power.

“With children, its effects, really and genuinely, can scarcely be exaggerated; in them, the nervous system, not weakened by toil, grief, anxiety, and intemperance, lends itself to the gracious element, as a young plant to the rains.

“When I see now some tender mother, coddling, and physicking, and preserving from every breath of air, and swad-

dling in flannels, her pallid little ones, I long to pounce upon the callow brood, and bear them to the hills of Malvern and the diamond fountain of St. Anne's. With what rosy faces and robust limbs I will promise they shall return ! Alas ! I promise and preach in vain ; the family apothecary is against me, and the progeny are doomed to rhubarb and the rickets.

"You, O parents, who, too indolent, too much slaves to custom, to endure change for yourselves, to renounce for a while your artificial natures, but who still covet for your children hardy constitutions, pure tastes, and abstemious habits—who wish to see them grow up with a manly disdain to luxury—with a vigorous indifference to climate—with a full sense of the value of health, not alone for itself, but for the powers it elicits, and the virtues with which it is intimately connected—the serene unfretful temper—the pleasure in innocent delights—the well-being that, content with self, expands in benevolence to others—you I adjure, not to scorn the facile process of which I solicit the experiment. Dip your young heroes in the spring, and hold them not back by the heel !"

Not having yet quoted what I consider the most remarkable and interesting passage in the letter of Sir E. B. Lytton, I now append what observations I can make in corroboration of it, and give the entire paragraph :

"Water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement ; it supplies the place of all others ; it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, sometimes to irritate, *but always to occupy*. Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked—the complete *repose of the passions* during the early stages of the cure : they seem laid aside if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest : after a short time mental exertion becomes impossible ; even the memory grows far less tenacious of painful impressions ; cares and griefs are forgotten ; the sense of the present absorbs the past and the future ; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour. Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear, the passions and the mind calmed into strange rest, Nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency which is always towards recovery."

That it is so with the mind as with the body is my deliberate estimate of the result of emancipation from the artificial indulgences of habit, and a trustful perseverance in a system which is salutary and saving in its influence.

"ALL that interests and amuses is of a healthful character."

"The new excitement supplies the place of all others."

A very simple illustration of this, is the habitual neglect of newspapers, by those who, like me, have lived in the habit of opening the "folio of four pages" (now, alas! occasionally four and twenty), impatient of delay, when the boy is late; and conceiving vague resentments against the poor little fellow, who has laboured six miles in the dark winter's morning; then, looking over the miracle of daily labour in the full expectation of lighting upon something important or interesting, and when the result is *nothing*, yet satisfied to have read and conned that nothing—all this anxiety and expectation to be reproduced on the morrow. This excitement ceases utterly at the Water Cure. It may be tenacious for a day or two, with the Townleys, but in the vast majority of instances that I have seen, the system, which works "always to occupy," begets a disregard of the great world; and the mind effectually works to throw off every painful impression which the memory had not either cancelled for the time, or divested of its sting.

But if it be objected, that this sudden accession of energy, to whatever channels it may be directed, involves a correspondent *re-action*; and that, the passions being laid asleep, their waking time will surely come, and they will stalk in double strength to their possession: I say, this is not so; the intellect has shared the purification of the body; we have tasted "hours of physical happiness that the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow;" and we feel that a refinement of well-being has been made palpable by enjoyment.

I have heard of the mode of life at Graefenburgh, of the discomforts, the un-English habits and peculiarities of diet cheerfully endured by our countrymen, the patients of PRIESSNITZ; where, towering above hardships and severities, is the high and buoyant sense of enjoyment that possesses *all*, making them utterly regardless of the uses that would be intolerable under other circumstances, and constituting them a joyous community, rich in their own resources, and mutually animating each other.

I read of a late festival at Graefenburgh, where the royal visitor, in whose honour the show was got up, desiring to see the *patients* of Priessnitz, was directed to the mass by whom he had been surrounded during the day.

After a very graphic estimate of the habits, and the discipline of the Water Cure, Sir E. B. Lytton writes,—“Compare this life, O merchant! O trader! O man of business!

escaping to the sea-shore, with that which you there lead ; with your shrimps and your shell-fish, and your wine and your brown stout ; with all which counteracts in the evening, the good of your morning dip, and your noon-day stroll !—What, I own, I should envy most in the robust, hearty man, only a little knocked down by his city cares or his town pleasures, after his second week at Dr. Wilson's establishment—yea, how I should envy the exquisite pleasure which he would derive from that robustness made clear and sensible to him ; the pure taste, the iron muscles, the exuberant spirits, the overflowing sense of life."

"If even to the weak and languid, the Water Cure gives hours of physical happiness, which the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow : what would it give to the strong man, from whose eye it has but to lift the light film ; in whose mechanism, attuned to joy, it but brushes away the grain of dust, or oils the solid wheel?"

The quick response which meets the influences of the Water System upon the whole frame is that which most surprises and captivates the mind. The means by which the body is thus quickly purified, washed of all that has inflamed the nerves and the blood, have purged the mind of prejudice and passion, and so tranquillized the whole system, that the patient always *believes* himself far stronger than he *is*; and so, keeping in advance of his actual state, the chief danger consists in that over taxing of the bodily powers that results in temporary relapse, and the free indulgence of the appetite, which, in its demand, occasioned by unwonted strength, must be checked and moderated.

It seems scarcely possible to bring the headlong will into subservience to the wisdom of rule, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

In such a state, if any of the vexations, which in the town are ready at every turn to harass and perplex, should present themselves, how lightly are they viewed. If Law should arise, with its threats of pains and penalties, it is difficult to conceive that we are within its reach. All irritating annoyances that prey upon the mind, sour the temper, and "rankle to the death," are airily put aside, as interposing between the soul and its health. Then is the judgment cool, and waits upon the conscience ; Moral deformity has ugly names. The sight so clear, longs for even brighter—purer vision ; and the faculties, eager to discriminate, distinguish evil from good by the very nicest shades.

Equally remarkable is the light in which the temptations of the town are viewed. We regard such objects with an essen-

tial feeling, which we long to perpetuate in our experience. How is it, that, with an accession of more than youthful strength and energy, with joyous, exuberant spirits, and with an "overflowing sense of life," the evil influence is stripped of its allurements, relaxes its hold, and leaves the tempter's surest weapon pointless? This is the work of The Most Merciful, who blesses the participation in "the streams of goodness that flow from Him," by the subjection of those passions which are fed and fostered by a heated and excited brain, or a diseased organization, and in spite of which, a state healthy to the soul can scarcely exist; and so gives us to experience such a sense of being as we may hope to see refined and carried to perfection in the Hereafter.

Looking at the moving, unresting masses that we see in towns, with every variety of solicitude marked in the careful faces, it is not to be forgotten that a large proportion of those whom we see labouring on, are striving to accomplish a certain end, which shall enable them to get *away* from the toil and bustle, while their habits and pursuits are more or less tainted or corrupt, and their recreations a mistake; and the very eagerness and impatience which goad them on, exhibit them as slaves of an unsound intellect.

Eminent authorities are quoted as putting forth this opinion: "Not one in a hundred is *sane*." And if, indeed, *anger* be "brief madness," what shall we call *revenge* and settled *hatred*? What is *envy*, that would exalt itself by pulling down a rival? What is *avarice*, built upon the greedy, griping, striving vigilance, that poisons the heart, and then absorbs every other energy? What is headlong *ambition*, which urges on its course heedless what is overturned or trampled on between it and its object?

That all this is truly said to be madness, none will deny; but there are the nicer shades which equally bespeak a disordered mind. Who is there, whose judgment is, upon every subject, unbiassed and free? Is there no bargain made for some darling indulgence, no attempt to still the conflict by a perverted reasoning, and to reconcile wrong with right in the nicer shades of opinion?

The class who record their true verdict against us, are not (by the materials of their art) gifted to "minister to a mind diseased," wide and extensive as is the range for the undisputed sway of medical science. Yet, as in the matter of religious faith, thousands bow their prostrate mind, in slavish submission of their conscience to their fellow-men; so with the body, the great majority, too much the creatures of habit to think for themselves, yield their common reason in blind

subjection to long usage, and the prescriptive guidance of the physician.

For both of these classes there is a WATER CURE. "Water doubly significant of all that is pure, healthful, and refreshing."

It would be unbecoming to attempt to undervalue the great achievements of science, or to forget that of Nature's gifts are—

"many for virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different ;"

and still more unpardonable to be heedless of the Providence that gives "the fruit of the tree for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine ;" and yet, referring to the sentence which I have quoted, I see the very perfection of that "leaf" depending upon the "waters that issued out of the Sanctuary."

I merely assert the *limited* power (direct though it be) of a pill, or a potion, or a tonic,—having the immediate effect for which it is administered, and yielding *temporary* relief, but exercising no influence on the nerves, or the brain, or the mind, but to harass and to irritate, and, with every renewed appeal, to help to bring on a state of body which results in actual dependence on the artificial aids.

Having ventured upon unreserve, and trying to strengthen my position by such simplicities of reason and experience as I am able to give, I say that it seems to me clear and indisputable, that, except in cases of actual organic disease, the discovery of PRIESSNITZ, to which, year by year, the stores of experience have added weight, and which has been tested and confirmed by evidence not to be gainsayed, exhibits the elements of a system, powerful to release the diseased or enfeebled body from the accumulated evils of an artificial existence ; and that the characteristic marks of that relief are imparted at once to the *whole frame*, which responds with alacrity to its influence.

"We ransack the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract our potions from the deadliest poisons—but around us, and about us, Nature, the great Mother, proffers the Hygeian fount, unsealed and accessible by all."

As in treating of the Water, I have shewn a tendency to get out of my depth ; so now, in the crowded streets I fear I am losing my way—yet in venturing thus far upon the question between healthy and unwholesome excitements, I am supported by men of high intellect, who having in vain sought relief from toil of mind, or bodily suffering, by habitually leaving the immediate excitements of the town, for the alleviation afforded by the delights of travel, and the full enjoyment of the social and domestic affections, have experienced and appreciated the im-

pulsive influence which I have asserted, and which I believe to be simply and securely based upon the sympathy between the mind and its frail tenement.

A relative of mine was severely rated by her best friend for undue compliance with a bad custom, which engrossed her sympathies, killed her time, and obtained such an ascendancy over her, that every evening was devoted to the cards. Recreation it was not—it was her chief employment ; and any other occupation was the mind's relief.

In reply to the remonstrance addressed to her, she said “you know, my dear, the Scriptures say, Be ye conformed to this world.” Poor soul ! When she was told that the words are, “Be *not* conformed,” she was in despair : confessing that she had “lived for thirty years upon the license given in that one text.”

In like manner it seems to me that in the BOOK OF NATURE it is written,—Be not conformed to a system which deals with a single ailment—helps you out of the ditch, and leaves you weak and spiritless on the brink—ready to tumble in again. I believe that the multitude, content with “ancient error,” and yielded to priestly guidance, do not take the trouble to appeal to Nature's Book, more than that superficial glance that they give to the BOOK OF LIFE, and by which they are scarcely qualified to appeal *from* the voice which asserts that the Revealed Word is a *deficient* rule, and which teaches, “Search (*not*) the Scriptures.” If I am wrong, I am in the disagreeable position of believing that I have come to my senses—having something to show to back that opinion—and yet being more mad than ever.

In the avowal that I make, I am far from disregarding public opinion, and painfully alive to the danger of offending against good taste ; not so bold as to defy ridicule, but horribly afraid of it,—yet from all this I would not shrink, by stopping short of the purpose with which I set out.

I will only add—If such a power as I have asserted is placed within our reach—if the sacrifices to be made for its attainment *are*, in the event, less than nothing ; of how great importance is the adaptation, in some modified degree, of the habits of Hydropathists to the *young*, fresh to receive impressions—surrounded by allurements, and courted by every attractive form of intemperance ; and whom we are long to see strengthened in all that bears the appeal to calm and sober judgment, or plucks the mask from impurity.

I fear that I am gloomy and crabbed. I cannot help this. My simple aim has been to speak truth, and to deal with the subject unreservedly ; and I will, therefore, not regret having,

in the effort, brought my mind to something of the tone of the melancholy moralist—

“It is good to be sad—I do love it better than laughing.”

In my sure and steady progress, it has been a great comfort to me, that even when struck with a panic on my return from Malvern, and when the dread was upon me that my suffering was in some sort a consequence of the Water Treatment, I wrote to my Water Doctor.

I knew the danger of applying to drugs to remedy an evil apparantly resulting from water. Having had several returns of an eruption on the back and legs, and, carefully watching this symptom, I held myself in readiness to start off to Malvern *to be treated*. Alas ! I had no such excuse. The pimples subsided, and after six weeks altogether ceased. So with the neuralgic pains. They did not *suddenly* leave me. On my return they frequently visited me, changed in character, confined to the leg and neck, and at intervals gradually lengthened; until, with a feeble apology for a twinge, they entirely ceased, at the expiration of two months from my departure from Malvern.

Who can say, after the evidence that I have given, that the course of treatment adopted at Malvern produces nothing beyond a sudden and evanescent hilarity, and an unnatural stimulus?

My six months' experience warrants me in indulging the confident hope that the blessings enjoyed by me are substantial; that the happy effects of the Water System are yet *increasing*; and that the earnest enthusiasm which warms my advocacy of it will still be fed by an enduring sense of freedom from bodily ailments, and from any apprehension of relapse.

But, in the spirit that shall “nothing extenuate,” I desire to admit in this place, that there is a *direct result* of the Water Cure, of very frequent occurrence, and so calamitous in its effects, that it is often known to destroy the peace of whole families; and which (rather than deal in mere assertion) I will illustrate by one case; because I can vouch for its accuracy, having, indeed, been made the depositary of the sorrows of one who was deeply interested for the unhappy sufferers. It is a case which, in its details, might well occupy an elegant pocket volume; but I give the leading facts.

A very worthy couple, past the meridian of life, and who had been married eighteen years, had no children. They had lived an artificial life of much gaiety, and had deemed it necessary to have a physician in close attendance for ten or twelve years; in spite of which, and the benign influence of the frequent presence of the doctor, even at the dinner table, both had gradually, sympathetically, and exactly keeping pace (like a true English couple), become seriously

ill ! Captain Claridge's book was placed, by some designing person, in the hands of the lady, who, true to the attributes of our first mother, gave it to her husband, and they jointly searched among the forbidden leaves.

* * * * *

Soon after their return from the Water Cure, in perfect health, the husband was observed to be retired in his habits, and frequently engaged with a legal friend, who had usurped the chair at the table formerly occupied by the physician. He was often in close consultation, also, with his wife; and the lady's maid mentioned to her cousin, that she heard the crackling of parchments on such occasions.

* * * * *

There were great rejoicings at the birth of the little girl; nor did either parent exhibit the least vexation because she could not inherit the estates, their fortune being large, independent of the Castle and the family acres. The nephews and nieces, who are the subjects of this distressing tale, comforted themselves with the idea that the estates were yet safe (being entailed, in the event of uncle not having an "heir male").

Now, mark the thorough-going malignity of the Water Cure, only qualified by that deliberate and cautious conduct that, "wisely and slow," too surely attains its full purpose. The little girl had scarcely attained the age of twelve months, when, on the anniversary of her very birthday—an HEIR was born!

Thus was the sure expectation of thirteen children of a highly esteemed M.D. balked, and their prospects nipped ere they had budded—and all this through the avowed agency of the Water Cure.

Another and another addition was at reasonable intervals made to constitute what may now be truly called "the family circle" (when the party is assembled at the round breakfast table); and it must be confessed that the children, who have inherited the constitution of their parents, exhibit a formidable array of healthful faces.

I may add, that the eldest boy has, at this time, attained an age which qualifies him to advocate the principles in which he has been trained; for, having detected the lady's maid peeping through the keyhole, and having deliberately squirted a quantity of ink into her eye, he stated that he did it to give her an opportunity of trying the Water Cure.

In the inference which is implied in this tale, let me not be misunderstood. I candidly admit that many people who have never been Water Patients have babies. Let any sceptic, who desires to be convinced, go to the Regent's Park, on a fine Sunday afternoon, and conviction will flash upon his mind. All that I assert is, that there is a marked and characteristic distinction between water babies and "wine and beer" babies; between those who come into the world under the influence of *spirits* mighty to destroy, and the more fortunate whose sponsor is the lovely and the faithful Undine.

Having, in some sort, expressed my sense of obligation to Doctor and fellow-patients, there is yet one debt of grateful regard that I have scarcely acknowledged ; and before I proceed to my promised conclusion, I would fain enjoy a *flight* to Malvern—once more exercise my valued privilege, and, standing before the threshold, where sits enshrined the lady of the house, hear the gentle voice that used to welcome my request to be admitted.

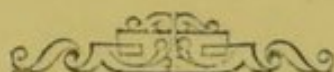
I would show myself in better condition than that in which I last took leave ; and then, mindful of the attributes of an English wife, and of the privacy which is her chief content, I would pause (as I do now) for want of words, briefly to convey the tribute of my thanks for kind and considerate attention, for the harmony of our happy evenings, and for the homefelt spirit that, playing about the quiet of that retirement, diffused its graces through the household.

I would then play with the boy, kiss the baby, cordially and gratefully shake hands with the lady, and wish the present race of patients joy of the influence that pervades the circle, through “the noiseless solicitude of a heart genuinely kind and good.”

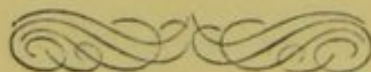
Having arrived at the end of the notes which I had arranged to guide me in writing this Sequel, I desire to wind up with an appeal full of the kindness and cordiality that should be the essence of a FAREWELL, and thus, concluding as I commenced, to invest, in the language of SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, the sincerity of my own wishes.

“HERE then, O brothers, O afflicted ones, I bid you farewell ! I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made—the familiar intimacy with Water. Not Undine, in her virgin existence, more sportive and bewitching—not Undine in her wedded state more tender and faithful than the element of which she is the type. In health you may find it the joyous playmate—in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager. Round the healing spring still literally dwell the jocund nymphs in whom the Greek poetry personified mirth and ease. No drink, whether composed of the gums and resin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of modern wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the Water drinker. Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try, first, whatever wine, spirits, beer, porter, he may conceive most generous and supporting ; let him then go through the same toil with no draught but from the crystal lymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strength-

ening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of Nature, I throw up my brief. Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into the courses most agreeable to the human frame—to enjoy the morning breeze—to grow epicures in the simple regimen—to become cased in armour against the vicissitudes of our changeful skies—to feel, and to shake off, light sleep as a blessed dew—let them, while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the Water Cure.”



POSTSCRIPT.



LONDON, JAN. 1846.

TO JAMES WILSON, M.D.

&c., &c., &c.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

Opening an Arabic M.S. at what, in my simplicity, I thought the title page, my attention was caught by these words, written on the fly leaf by a former possessor :—"This book, like all other Hebrew books, begins at the latter end."

When the characters which compose that page were explained to me, I was impressed by the earnestness with which the work was concluded, and sent forth by its author (after the manner of the Eastern writers) as something upon which he might invoke a blessing from The Giver of all Good.

It is with this impression, and an approach to the same feeling, that I desire to conclude my Diary; having experienced and witnessed enough of Hydropathy, to justify my belief that it is the greatest blessing that Providence ever revealed for the preservation or restoration of health ; and actuated by an earnest wish to help, by a detail of my experience, to excite that spirit of enquiry into the principles of the science, which I am in no degree qualified to explain, never having read any book on the subject.*

* This was written nearly five years ago. In re-considering and testing what I have stated, I have taken occasion to give the result of *much* reading on the subject in the annexed *Appendix*.

So "respice finem," my dear Doctor ; take up this as you would study "all other Hebrew books," and think it no ill-compliment that I introduce your name at the *end* of my Journal ; while I do my best to shew you that

"The pith is in the postscript."

Five months had passed since I completed my short course of training at Malvern, when I wrote the *foregoing* Sequel ; since which time I have continued to pursue my drinkings, bathings, walkings, and occasional packings, implicitly obeying the simple rules laid down by you ; and so far from having to retract any item of my statement, I proceed with confidence, confirmed by habit and experience ; and having attained that moral courage which has warranted me in practising, in a small way, upon two of my children, with the happiest result in both cases.

The elder, aged eighteen, I found, after a sleepless night, in a burning fever ; the skin dry and hot, as if it had been exposed to a furnace, with the exception of the feet, which were quite cold. The tongue, although she had been drinking water all the night, was dry and hard—of a dark yellow colour with a red streak in the middle : she had also been vomiting. Having given her a simple emetic, I put her feet into cold water for ten minutes, and having well rubbed them, they were quickly warm. We then swathed her in the wet sheet, when she slept for an hour. Only awakened then by a tap at the door. She immediately slept again for another hour, when she was in [a *steaming* heat, and *feeling* quite well. The tongue had become in two hours uniformly *white* and *moist*. After full enjoyment of the cold bath, being quickly dressed, I took her into the park. There was but a slight return of fever at night, and on the following day she took a long journey. The attack was quite subdued : and only returned in a degree that was easily dealt with.

The younger, six years old, I "packed" for a violent cold attended with fever. I was told that she was getting well before I attacked her ; but I thought not. In any case, the packing refreshed her, and she *enjoyed* it, sleeping soundly for an hour in the "magic girdle," and the following day was perfectly well.

Upon another occasion, in February, similar symptoms in the same child demanded the same treatment. She was *whole packed* : our friend the Apothecary witnessing the entire process—the soothing influence, the sweet sleep to her who had not closed her eyes all night, the subsiding of the pulse which had been 148, the perfect ease engendered, and all in one hour ! then the *tepid* bath, and the gentle walk with Papa to complete the cure. *She was quite well!* The fever had been drawn from her. It had escaped through the open pores, and we took it away in the hot sheet and blankets that had encased her. Then were the pores (the outlets) closed by the bath, and the patient *so* protected from cold.

In giving you a summary of my present state of body, as contrasted with that enfeebled and shabby condition which induced my appeal to the Water Cure, I begin, for consistency's sake, "at the latter end;" of which I have nothing to tell, but that "Nature's own padding" (as you call flesh and muscle) has considerably increased upon the bones, and added to the comfort of a siesta.

Dismissing this subject, I proceed by an easy stage to the *kitchen*; and here, in place of the miserable disorder which reigned in every department, I find a state of regularity, which has existed, without the slightest interruption, since the second week of my visit to Malvern.

Who shall say that this result alone is not worth a month's residence at Malvern, and a good excuse for a month's happy holiday? It is worth *years* of penance and mortification. I have heard that "stomach is temper;" and all will admit, that while a naturally bad temper will be modified by a good digestion, the most perfect temper could scarcely preserve its balance in the miseries and tortures of dyspepsia. Leaving you to catalogue the diseases or ailments arising out of a disordered stomach, I wish you joy of the fact (as I believe it to be) that the Water-Cure, properly administered, *never* fails to induce that regular and healthy action, of which the stomach is the centre. In my case, I may state, without reserve or qualification, that my food proceeds to its destination, without leaving the slightest trace of its progress, in heartburn, or any inconvenience whatever, and is there speedily cooked and laid aside by the most approved process.

You desired me to sit still after dinner, and to sleep if possible. It is possible, and very pleasant; and although I feel it to be now unnecessary, except as a remedy for unusual fatigue, I have indulged in, and contracted the habit.

I now *drop* a few words in praise of my right leg, and will then resume the ascending scale, in my detail of bodily perfections. The halting gait which I took to Malvern having been conquered by a week's training, and the stiff knee made practicable, I soon attained that degree of strength which was not exhausted by walks of twelve, fourteen, sixteen miles in the day; and this power has been more than maintained up to the present time, (witness our forty miles walk of June 11, 1849.)

Of the heart, liver, and lungs, I will only remark how well they keep their places; how quietly and unobtrusively they perform their several duties, not reminding me of their

presence by any irregular or fluttering pulsation, by any inactivity requiring a stimulant, or by the least discomfort of any kind. The right arm and hand are as sensitive and efficient as ever; the free circulation extends to the finger's ends, and "my hands are of your colour." Thus has been established that good fellowship between "the belly and the members," which constitutes the chief animal enjoyment of life.

I now arrive at the head; and here I am utterly at a loss to convey to you my estimate of the manifold good resulting from your treatment, and which involves renewed memory, mental energy, and entire emancipation from that leaden weight of sluggishness, which no effort of discipline could in any degree control.

What more need I add? In place of a wasting and enfeebled frame, of constantly returning low fever, which never left me more than a few days' interval of comparative ease, of a prostration of mental power, which made my life burdensome, and of the habitual endurance of those neuralgic symptoms, from which there was but one step to the loss of muscular power on the right side, I am now stronger than I have been for ten years past, and equal to any exertion of body or of mind. I have gained 14 lbs. in weight, since I left the balmy air, the holy water, and the lovely hills of Malvern: I have established an appetite almost insatiable; nor have I occasion, after a meal, to think what I have eaten; and the last symptoms of neuralgic pain, which had lingered in the leg and neck only (and left no numbness on subsiding), have long since vanished.

My mouth and tongue had been for many years a misery to me. The least irregularity of diet was followed by severe punishment; and any indulgence in fruit or other acids, was the cause of ulcers in the mouth and soreness of tongue, to which I had become so inured, that I never thought to be relieved from the habitual pain: and as an excuse for imperfect articulation, I was often obliged to plead, "I am not drunk, but have a sore mouth." Of this distressing symptom I have never had the slightest return.

When, by the advice of Dr. —, I left town, he said all that he could to cheer me. He hoped that I might wear out the predisposition to disease, by total cessation from all labour of body or mind, and by the gentle medicines that he prescribed; but he frankly added, that I "must not expect to make *old bones*."

How stands the case now? I feel that I have a sense of capacity of mind to meet and battle against any difficulty that

may create a demand, and a strength of body that, I think, I never knew before. It is no presumptuous confidence that encourages me to look forward in thankfulness and trust to the enjoyment of that period, when "old bones," the frame work of healthy fabrick, shall help to constitute the latter portion of life—"my real, my younger youth;" when, reverting to the blessings, which I may date from my adoption of my presents habits, I may say—

*"Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."*

I leave to others the question *how*, and through what channels, the internal and outward application of cold water arrives at its result; I have only to state that result in my own case, and to attribute it duly to the agent administered by you.

I have done my best to shew how, with implicit faith in a system of which I knew nothing, and in you, of whom I had learned all that should inspire the fulness of confidence, I have pursued the habits in which I was initiated at Malvern; and have thus arrived, through God's blessing, at a state of perfect bodily health, which leaves nothing to be desired but its continuance.

Let me trust that this invasion of your household privacy, will not be in any degree disagreeable to any party concerned; that the jesting spirit that has possessed me may not be deemed offensive; that I have not in any instance, where I have professed to quote your words, made any material mistake; and that, in every case, I may rely upon the kind interpretation of my motives.

I hope that I have told enough to disabuse the mind of many a sufferer who has shrunk from the fancied severities or discomforts of the Water Cure, and to induce many more to *dive* deeply into the subject, and to rise to the surface (upon which alone *I* presume to play) as full of health, strength and energy, as he, who, in the spirit in which he commenced this letter, desires to conclude, following still the example of the devout Muslim.

PRAISE BE TO GOD, THE LORD OF ALL CREATURES,
WHO HATH SENT DOWN FROM HEAVEN
AS A MEANS OF PURIFICATION
WATER.

(Koran ch. xxv. v. 50.)

CORRECTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

Page i. line 17 for "our," read four.

xiii. line 8 from bottom, for "the Vye, or engages," read the Wye, we engaged.

xiii. — 4 for "allows," read shallows.

DIARY.

Page 30, at the end of line 2, insert I.

44, line 26, for "eligise," read elegise.

81, line 28, for "they," — the Drivers.

82, line 2, insert The pay of the Conductor is from 3s. to 4s. a day.

82, line 9, for "amounts to nothing," read sometimes amounts to nothing : but in the summer season, frequently to 10s., so that the average may be readily calculated.

128, line 10, for "VIDE," read VIDI.

Where single letters have escaped, the reader is requested to supply any that he may deem becoming. Finding (e. g.) the word "retty," he will show a pretty taste by inserting a p. : initials and finals are (chiefly) in demand.

Many Romans and Italics have disappeared from their proper places, and some have intruded where they are not wanted. They will be turned out.

P P S

MAY 1, 1846.

By anxious occupation, I have been induced to delay the publication. It also seemed to me advisable to qualify myself for adding a

FEW LAST WORDS

on my winter's experience of the habits that I established; and so to meet the objection to the use of cold water, often urged that it may be very well in the hot weather, but must be unendurable in cold and frost. Now I say, without qualification of any kind, that I cannot conceive any state more calculated to induce in me a morbid state of body, than a return to the daily routine of habits which I have thrown off; yet those habits were simply the beaten track of the vast majority, and by no means inconsistent with sobriety. The hours, the rules, the habits, that I have adopted, "tend perforce to train the body to the highest pitch of enjoyment of which it is capable." And this in winter as in summer, with some slight modifications.

I will not, however, deal too largely in assertion, but, as far as I am concerned, go into detail,—seek to give up a point where I can, even if I had tried to establish it as a strong-hold, and discipline my mind by making concessions.

CONCESSION 1.—In the hour of rising, I slowly and surely slid on from six to halfpast, until within a month of the shortest day I made a decided halt at seven. It was then but fair to sit up an additional hour, and, by taking leave till halfpast eleven, to strike a balance with Time.

CONCESSION 2.—I have accepted invitations to dinner occasionally; that is to say, I dined at home at two, and *supped* in company at seven: and this I have done, not only with im-

punity but with advantage; taking little wine, eating with becoming, genteel, moderation: and *walking* home to bed in reasonable time.

The luxury of an occasional excess of this kind is greatly increased by the opportunity afforded of enjoying *extra* water doings in the preparation; and additional Sitz, and head and foot bath before dressing.

Upon an occasion when an iced pudding was served, I ate of it very plentifully. It was very nice indeed, and I returned to the charge. "The proof of the pudding was decidedly *not* in the eating," for on the following morning. * * * * *

However, by perseverance in the simple diet, and drinking an honest gallon of water, the enemy was dislodged; but the sensitive state thus induced, rendered me open to any scoundrel that might be prowling about the house. *Influenza* had taken the round of all but the water patient, and finding me in this condition, pounced upon me, a helpless, spiritless victim, and got the advantage of me. I wrote to the Doctor, opened my medicine chest (consisting of sheet and blankets), and on the next morning *packed* for two hours. The head-cold kept eyes and nose weeping, and the sore throat reminded me of bad old days, and after my cold bath, I put on my *great coat* for the early walk. I drank like a fish, cured my sore throat by a wet *compress* round it at night; and by another wet sheet fomentation for two hours;—(followed by the cold bath), was perfectly restored.

But for my indulgence in this delicious, atrocious, compound, I should have passed the winter without ache or ailment of the slightest kind, excepting a sensation rather more than satisfactory after dinner on Christmas-day, but which passed off, as much as I wished, during a nap of twenty minutes, leaving nothing of unpleasant retrospect on the mind; and even that temporary effect was not the result of the soup, nor the turkey, with its fixings, nor of the second help to pudding—it was the holly, with its bunch of red berries, that was stuck in the middle.

I may here quote Dr. Wilson's directions to me in reply to my letter, although the abstemiousness, the packings, and the compress, sufficed to cure me thoroughly, nor did I use *tepid* water.

"If comfortable in the sheet, remain for two hours. If the morning be *wet* don't go out. Bath at 65 deg. Fahr. for two or three minutes. Don't go out of doors after four, p.m. this severe weather." "Influenza is not to be bullied."

"If more be necessary, one *sweating* in blankets."

Again, when once upon a time, I dined late, my resources failed me, as there was a "screw loose" in the water at home, and I was thrown upon the clouds for a supply. I was, however, up and out, earlier than usual on the following morning, and over the wolds; walked fast and far, and finding no springs nor brooks, got a glass of *questionable* at the turnpike, and was well after breakfast.

CONCESSION 3.—I went *once* to the play, while under orders to avoid for a time late hours and overheated rooms: but then, I came away *early*, and although the rain was considerable, *walked* back, according to rule. The inducement was the amateur performance, projected and got up by Dickens. I applied at the Fountain-head and was admitted. Not having read the play, I hoped to have the benefit of the fable as well as the embodied characters. Vain longing! The gentleman who first stepped forward, though deliberate, solemn, and impressive, did not give the audience the benefit of a single word: he was all gesture and deportment. But when Bobadil came on, the costume, the perfection of swagger, the forbearance of extravagant action, were not all; the colour of language, the lights and shades of voice, the well considered emphasis, "the sound an echo to the sense"—all bespoke consummate skill and discretion. After the disgrace of Bobadil—poor creature! I never saw any thing more abject, even in a practised actor. Every grace of motion and of diction (for *Pistol* has his graces) seemed intuitive, and the result was a masterpiece—for a gentleman.

I thought Master Stephen not funny, but *quaint*, and the whole character elaborately and skilfully filled up. Brain-worm too.

But of Kately I am at a loss to express my admiration, or the surpassing effect upon the audience. I think it was over-acted, in some respects, the natural result of being highly wrought; but impressed by a most beautiful voice, and tempered by a masterly control of action. The personation was *full blown*; bespeaking the *mind* of a great Artist.

It seemed to me *not* the result of deep study or practice, which would have secured him from over-acting, and helped him to rein in his impulse; but a rich display of natural gifts, without which no cultivation could have produced the result.

Yet if I write down Bobadil second best, because, *me judice* (that is, I being a judge), Kately's position is indisputable; let not the said Kately conceive that I mean to exalt him as a paragon; far from it. I saw on that occasion what was, to

me, the richest, treat of the evening, and to my hydropathic fancy a source of inexhaustible gratification. This was the appearance, bodily, and in magnificent costume, of our friend "that Townley," the water patient of one week; whose sensitive delicacy, drew from Bardon the memorable remark, that he was "rather shy of any body seeing of him undressed" (p.86). Oh, could Bardon have seen him that night! The wonder was, that he was not "shy of any body seeing of him" in such *abundance* of dress—all feathers, and lace, and spangles!—Not a bit of it. There was the same distinguishing, complacent manner, all among the diamonds; the same expression of countenance, heightened with rouge. I saw at once how it was. Compliant and ready to oblige, he had put on a rich dress, without putting *off* his distinctive character. His role was that of a *gentleman*, to which he was in the manner born—a *towngentleman*—the very name *Wellbred*; and so he had only to learn the words, and move about as was his habit: and very well he did, though I thought he wanted his eye-glass now and then.

Let me say, that discretion of habitual case and good manners is not so readily carried on to the boards; and it is no slight praise to accord to our hero that, *as* I saw him at the Doctor's, so I found him, in all but costume, at Miss Kelly's Theatre. Had his character told of country life! Poor Mr. T would have made a sad mess of it, unless he had prepared himself by a week or so at Malvern; and any getting into *low* life would have been quite out of the question.

Thus—having had an intellectual debauch, and pleading my excuse, I have rejoiced to get away from Self: yet it is hardly fair that those who are kind enough to go along with me in my egotistical detail, to walk with me, bathe with me, and drink with me, should on coming home to my quiet study, find

A CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

CONCESSION 4.—I have, ten times, been unable to get to the top of Primrose Hill, as the path has occasionally been impracticable, even by my sturdy high-lows; but I have been even with it, and had my revenge; walking twice as far on the nearly level ground, in or around the park. (We have now excellent paths to the summit, and have no occasion to pause at the foot of the hill.)

The question of the erection of some national monument on this commanding eminence, which, but for its situation, would be a contemptible hillock, has been long discussed. Oh that the breezes might convey, through the shrubs and trees of the

park, and over the chimnies and steeples, to the Woods and Forests, *my* suggestion—A PUMP OR FOUNTAIN.

Thus, in addition to its own attractions, might be alleviated the aggravation of looking every morning upon that exquisite oblong filtering bed of the West Middlesex Water Company, with its playful ripple, and white sloping sides, into which we dare not plunge, though we often speculate upon the probable penalty that would be incurred by undressing under cover of the bank,—rushing to the edge, and plunging into the brilliant basin, to swim to the other side. Let the man at the cottage man the punt, and do his worst.

CONCESSION 5.—I once wore a great coat for the early walk, and confess that the necessity for it was brought about by my own fault.

CONCESSION 6.—My new crop of hair has *not* made the bold and successful advances, so confidently promised by my friend Bardon, and to this day insisted upon as certain by my boy. Shut out from the chance of seeing it, until it chooses to look over the horizon, like an array of masts indicating the approaching fleet, I can only speak to touch, and I must confess that it is *downy* to a fault. I would not for worlds doubt the truth of my informant. The top *was*, as he says, “so very shiny;” there was no sign of growth; hydro-oxygen double-million magnifying gas microscopes might attest it; and of course the hair *is* longer and thicker every time he looks at it,—in his opinion. There never was such a microscopic eye.

CONCESSION 7.—I have to admit, that, *twice* during the winter, the weather which had been dull at daybreak, cleared considerably at ten o’clock. I have asserted the reverse as a rule; and this qualification merely offers exception sufficient to prove it. In Devonshire it is a common saying of the Sun, “When he gets up so pert he seldom lasts long;” again, I say, let us greet him *when* he “gets up.”

CONCESSION 8.—I have to confess that I have taken TEA ten or twelve times, but then I was re-writing my Journal, and anxious to dissipate an obtuseness that sometimes prevails with us who are *literary*, and to be stimulated to a good evening’s penmanship. I also reserve the right to take tea always at ———’s. I can afford it.

P.S. I drink tea regularly; and mean to continue it. (1850)

"If my nerves don't stand tea,
They be no nerves for me."*

CONCESSION 9.—I have taken to spectacles again (1850).

CONCESSION 10.—I know a slow, and *discontented* Hydropathist, between whom and a fast, energetic, friend occurred the following dialogue:—

"What *can* be the matter with you—you've plenty of money?—Yes. And you're very *well*?—Yes. *Eat* well, and *sleep* well?—Yes. And you have a lovely place here, and a *pretty wife*?—Yes. And plenty of *time* on your hands?—Yes. And, I know you're *stupid* enough.—Young—Rich—Healthy—and Stupid. I'm sure you *ought* to enjoy yourself."

CONCESSION 11.—I have written a book—taken out my ink bottle, and "put my foot in it." I have done this in a reckless and thorough-going manner; and although I have keenly enjoyed the excitement of the unwonted task, as I did the iced pudding, and have found it in the result as decidedly unwholesome; yet (thanks to the water) it has not proved indigestible.

CONCESSION 12.—I have been taught gratefully to acknowledge the genial influence of WINE: to take gin-punch on principle; and to thank God for BRANDY—even within one hour after having volunteered an intemperate and unqualified condemnation of it.

It is by habitual and indiscriminate indulgence, that many of us abuse these bounties, and neutralize their proper virtues.

I have made a clean breast. Now for a little experience.

Desirous to see what charms I could squeeze out of the month of November, I went to Malvern. I had heard that the winter at a Water Cure Establishment is the best time for going through the process; and, as in all that I have noted down, I have gone by experience more than hearsay—let us see.

In a coupée of my old friend, the Birmingham train, with my "back to the horses," I had the carriage all to myself,

* DOCTRINE VERSUS DOCTORING.—*Longman's*.—Opinions of the Press.—" . . in eloquent advocacy of early hours.—*Times*. This book is a practical joke, and a good one. The author is a lady.—*Examiner*. A plea for punctuality.—*Railway Bell*. Of the metrical portion, there is nothing in the language more exquisite than "The Carol of the Lark."—*Morning Herald*. The heart that is closed against its influence must be morbid or stupid.—*Post*. Of unimpeachable authority.—*Standard*. Lovely.—*Britannia*. Appropriately dressed by HEY-DAY, as the first-born of a young and charming authoress.—*Monthly*. The Duke of Wellington sent (we understand) an autograph letter to the fair authoress.—*British Champion*. =

and the luxury of being the very last of the train—not even a truck attached to me ; and this position has its peculiar advantages.

The *speed* has an aspect altogether new, and is full of remarkable and beautiful characteristics. Seated in one corner, I brought my eye *so* to bear upon the rails, that *one* formed a perfectly vertical line ; and the radiation from what seemed a point in the distance, with the swift gliding along the line of the bridges, and station-houses, as my fancy suggested, was a prolonged and quiet amusement. There was nothing to dread, as usual in a rail-road carriage ; no whizzing—rushing—crashing sound of an “up-train,” obscuring for a moment, the light on one side, and making it difficult to feign composure ; and yet the speed seemed to be *more* wonderful—*more* palpable ; for immediately after the first glance of the train, which had been almost in contact, you look again, and it is a furlong off, at least, then slowly diminishing “fine by degrees and beautifully less,” you are sorry to find diversion to other objects.

Where a *curve* occurs, it seems to be formed so gradually, so very gracefully, and, of course is so gentle in the foreground, so sudden in the distance, that it seems to be giving a lesson in the variations of the “line of beauty.”

Passing through a tunnel, I saw a remarkable effect. A man was walking in the other direction, with a large torch in his hand. He was pacing slowly and deliberately, and as he planted each foot, it seemed to slide a hundred yards at least, and in four steps he was out of sight—an admirable illustration of the seven league boots. The torch, too, gave a lurid and romantic character to the incident, and the smoke from our engine filled the space, and put out the speck of light at the further entrance to the tunnel prematurely.

Darting into the bright air again, it was amusing to see, frequently, a group of labourers, who were at work upon the line, stepping from either side on to the track of our train, the moment we had passed, and quietly *refreshing* their hands and resuming their tools.

Then there were the long, delicate lines of wire, full of *intelligence* at that very moment ; by which anything which occurs in London on Sunday morning, is told at Birmingham on Saturday night ! This phenomenon being accounted for by the variation in the Sun’s time.

I longed to see an engine advancing towards us on the same line, and was gratified. We were not in motion ; and our friend, who had *pulled* us hitherto, gave a few puffs, and was

off to a considerable distance; then returning, and passing my coupée, I knew he was intending to get upon the same rail.

As he advanced, such seemed his fury that I almost doubted his restraining power; nearer and nearer he came on—the monster swelling as if about to burst, just to shew what he could do, if ill disposed; and then with a smile at my passing idea of being walked into, and treated like Hood's "spoiled child," he made a parade of his exquisite discretion and forbearance, by gradually lessening his speed, until he saluted us with a touch that would have scarcely killed a fly, and said,—What do you think of that?

I passed a most delightful week at Malvern, more than fulfilling my sanguine self-assurance, and accomplishing more than I intended.

I found the happy house quite turned inside out. There was "the last rose of summer left blooming" with Mrs. Wilson; "all her lovely companions" not "*faded*" but "gone." She had returned home quite cured—had experienced a slight relapse, and resolved to get back to Malvern for the winter, to "make assurance doubly sure."

Now of the November weather. I had three successive days of bright, sunny weather, just varied enough to make keen the sense of such good fortune. Having done my sketches, I had a day of tempest, and hurricane. As I mounted the Beacon to grapple with it, I with great difficulty stood my ground, and was several times fairly turned round in a whirlwind; but when I reached the summit, I thought my coat would be torn to shreds; with cap in hand, I remained there half-an-hour, sometimes enveloped by a cloud, and then in bright sunshine for a moment: but little was to be seen around: the rushing sound—the gathering gusts of wind were tremendous; to get upon my old friend, the turf pyramid, was impossible. When I got back, I found that there had been fears of great mischief and damage: but little occurred.

On the following day I had a day of great varieties of effect. Before sunrise, on the terrace walk by St. Anne's, I watched a beautiful sky, the harbinger of a brilliant day: long lines of mist were stretched along the plain, soon to be dissipated by the sun, which gave golden promise, and whose rays darted aloft to the meridian. Even without the colours—the bright blue melting into yellow, the red and orange brilliancy in close contrast with the cold neutral grey of the clouds, and the rich commingling of delicate tints, the *forms* alone, in

their exquisite gracefulness and balance, might seem the result of the elaborate arrangement of some great artist.

Such scenes as this are the greetings of the early riser.

While busy with my pencil, I was startled by a few sharp stinging salutations on my drawing hand, and the report of a gun. I had seen two very young gentlemen with their dangerous playthings ; and now, turning quickly, I made towards one whom I supposed my assailant, with, "I say, young gentleman, that is rather too good a joke : " but he propitiated me by assuring me that "indeed it was the other boy," and pointing down the deep ravine, where I could by no means reach him, although his ugly shot had reached *me*.

During the whole morning the wind was still prevailing, but the Sun brilliant, and such fanciful exhibitions of gorgeous skies, that one might have painted fifty, any one of which would have been surpassing in colour and forms.

Then came a day of doubtful mysterious character. Bardon told me at five that it was raining. When I got out at seven it was fine, and so on till eleven. There *had* been rain ; and, desiring to go in search of an old elm, I got into a lane which was unequivocally muddy. Looking a-head, and determined to make the best of it, I passed that swamp, and achieved the distant dry patch which I had kept in my eye ; but then—I found the next stage impassable, and returned crest-fallen to take the beaten road, resolving to profit by the lesson, "Long lanes" entail a "turning," in November.

On the following morning I mounted to the Beacon to see the Sun rise, and it was well worth the trouble, even had the path been affected by the late rains ; but not so—it was a keen delicious frost, the mossy turf crisp and crackling under the feet, and the only visible disturbance of the clear bright atmosphere was the glowing breath that was exhaled by me.

The next day was positively characteristic of November. I need not enter into detail. Still I took, and enjoyed, the early walk : and having groomed myself before breakfast, I thought, how remarkable is my uniform good fortune. This day, now, is precisely what I ought to have desired. I had some home occupation, which to neglect would have been mortifying and ungrateful. I had no temptation to go out.

On the following day I drove from Malvern in full sunshine. It was a fresh cold morning.

I was glad to hear that the Doctor had bought some valuable ground, and is about to build a new house, to be the most complete establishment known, with sixty bed-rooms and

sitting-rooms, and an abundant supply to every room from the purest Malvern springs. The dining room will be ninety-five feet by thirty; drawing room to match. There will be billiard-rooms, and gymnastic instruments; covered walks for wet weather, and every appliance for the more delicate invalids. The site is near the Abbey, which shelters the house from the direct north wind. A new road renders the gentle ascent from this house to the Wyche even more gradual; and from the very door, we who aspire to the Beacon before breakfast, enter upon a short cut to the summit, *via* St. Anne's.

It is in the house, then in embryo, that I am now established. It is in magnitude, as in architectural ornament, the chief among the modern buildings of Malvern, as its proprietor has been a chief among those, through whose enterprise this lovely place has risen from comparative neglect.

Now of the question between summer and winter at the Water Cure. It is a good idea of Dr. W.'s, "FIND YOURSELF NEARLY WELL BY THE SPRING, THAT YOU MAY HAVE THEN TO COMPLETE, NOT COMMENCE, YOUR CURE; but I will speak of it simply as a matter of luxury. There is no hardship in the winter that one would not thankfully undergo in being washed of our ailments. I confess, then, that I think it a trial of resolution to *commence* it in the winter.

Situated as I was, it was delightful. The evenings devoted to music and the charms of the fireside; and, moreover, I had been initiated—had learned to look to the entrance of Bardon with his coil of linen as a luxury: but had I been a *patient*, with all the experience of what could be done in the autumn, I fear I should not have fully acquiesced in it as a pleasure. The being packed at candle-light is a trial. To be sure there are billiards, chess, gymnastic tools; and there is the *hope* of finding, as I did on this last occasion, agreeable society among the patients; but it is not like the summer experience, when the day is fully occupied by the alternations of bathing and walking, and when the evening's exercise extends to within an hour of bed time.

I think the very best times to commence are spring and autumn; and am *sure* that, having so commenced and learned to enjoy the routine, it is above all advisable to keep it up through the whole winter, for I know that there are strong reasons in favour of the unanimous opinion of the authorities, that the Cure *proceeds* most surely in the winter. *And many like it better.*

On this day of going to press, the First Anniversary of my journey to Malvern, I cannot forbear to quote a case which occurs just in time to give me the pleasure of recording it. A lady reduced to the lowest state of nervous exhaustion, who, when she ventured to leave her home, went in dread of meeting even her dearest friends, who, after a long course of medical treatment, was in a very pitiable state, had been anxiously urged by me to go to Dr. Wilson.

Not summoning courage to face him, she yet went to Malvern, determined to try the air and the water of the place, and in the hope that rest, regularity of diet, &c., would benefit her. Having been there a fortnight, and her debility and nervous symptoms increasing, she appealed to the Doctor in dread and despair.

After *three days* of gentle Water Cure Treatment, the scene was changed—the worst symptoms rapidly disappeared; she could smile, and walk, and talk, and experienced not only the soothing and tranquillizing influence of the *wet sheet*, but that exhilaration and confidence that resulted from the annihilation of all her fears and misgivings.

On the Doctor's third or fourth visit, the patient, like a person awaking from a horrid dream, and asking what she had been doing, said to her maid, "How many phials have I emptied in the last four months." "Forty dozen, ma'am."

In eight days—she, who had been too sensitive to speak, even to her relations—who shrunk from the very mention of cold water, and who was scared to terror by the consciousness that she breathed the same air as Dr. Wilson, wrote to me from the Doctor's house (in which she was domesticated), that she felt "wickedly disposed," that she had been teasing the Doctor; that when she couldn't reply to some question of his *for laughing*, she was delighted to be suspected of an hysterical affection; that she intended to practice upon her pet maid, the cat, and the cook; in short, she gave sure evidence of a return to the light and happy spirit which had only been quelled by long-continued and gathering illness, and by the troubles of the heart.

It is thus, that all the groundless apprehensions respecting the danger and discomforts of the Water Cure are dispelled.

It is thus that, with alacrity, our nature bounds in quick response to the influence that involves emancipation from the evils of an artificial existence, and that excites to merriment by the *foretaste* of health and peace.

At this time, also, the *life* of a lady, an intimate friend of mine, has been saved by the action of cold wet sheets, with wet towels to the head; by which, a dreadful inflammation of the brain—with raving delirium, was subdued as by magic. In one hour she smiled, with returning consciousness, and with peace and ease. Thus, without the lancet—without any process that could weaken or distress her enfeebled frame, has a valuable life been preserved.

Upon the subject of hydropathic doings *at home* in the winter, I have promised a few words:—

Although it is allowed by all Water Doctors, to raise the temperature of the water for bathing to 60 deg. Fah., I have never “mixed my liquors.” Why should I use tepid water, when with me the re-action is immediate—the glow even before friction?

I have so entirely enjoyed the bath, on the coldest mornings, that rather than put warm water to it, I would have *iced* it: and when covered with ice, nearly a quarter of an inch thick, I have only removed it “in regard” of its scratching quality. It is no exaggeration to assert that I have never on any occasion shrunk from the first dip. I have still gone to the bath as an unqualified luxury. The Sitz, too, I have had quite cold, but have not sitzed more than three or four minutes in the severe weather.

To test the efficacy of this bath, it is not a necessary qualification to go through a course of Water Treatment; nor (as I believe) to obtain a medical certificate of its innocence, as an occasional resort, in any state of body.

Bearing in mind that it is not to be indulged in soon after meals, this luxurious appendage to a dressing room may be safely used in any of the following cases:—

In sultry weather, where indolence seems the only recourse, a Sitz *Refrigeratory* of ten minutes at noon will suffice to protect against the enervating effect of heat, and to rouse from listlessness and inactivity.

If two or three hours have been occupied by anxious conversation, by many visitors, or by any of the troubles and perplexities of daily occurrence, a retirement to the dressing room, and a Sitz *Revivificatory*, will effectually relieve the throbbing head, and fit one for a return (if it must be so) to the turmoil and bustle.

When it has been impossible to take the accustomed exercise before dinner—when great exertion of mind, and uninterrupted sedentary occupation, have been allowed to absorb the time, and engross the faculties—a Sitz *Consolatory* of five minutes, preceded by a glass of water, and sponging the head and face, will *seem*, by its refreshing and invigorating action, to supply the lack of exercise and fresh air; and by a strange, though striking and undeniable agency, if *too much* fatigue in the open air has induced that painful exhaustion which incapacitates for home duties or comforts, and we feel that nothing can recruit Nature but a couch or an easy chair, the alternative of the Sitz *Quiescent* is a never-failing and luxurious resort.

If an anxious letter is to be mentally and maturely weighed, or an important letter to be answered, the matter and the manner can be under no circumstances so adequately pondered as in the *Sitz Cogitatory*. How this quickening of the faculties is engendered, and by what immediate action upon the brain it is produced, I cannot explain. I give my experience, and invite others to test it by practice.

In the coldest weather, it is most remarkable that the quick re-action after the Sitz (helped of course by the coarse towels) produces a glow that is imparted to the whole frame, and begets sympathetic energy and activity.

When sitting in the bath, the hand should always be used, for the first minute, in rubbing gently the surface of the skin, under water.

I have noticed a few cases in which the influence of the Sitz produces *temporary* results of the most grateful and salutary kind. For the more substantial and profound effects of this bath, which (as Dr. Wilson says) are experienced by frequent, habitual repetition, and which have duly exalted it as one of the most important agents of the Water Cure, I refer to the Doctor, and to the disquisitions upon its manifold virtues, which I have brought together in my Appendix.

My own experience has constituted the Sitz an invaluable friend ; although I am not qualified to tell in what degree I am indebted to that particular process, for the perfect health of body which the "harmonious whole" has brought me.

I have not reduced the quantity of my drinkings, having acquired a taste for my established quantum, and the habit of drinking at least a pint before I start for the morning's walk.*

But of the EARLY WALK—my hacknied subject—I must give a last word, as a vent to my estimate of the exhilaration which is so delightful as a preparation for the daily work.

Mark me, Londoner:—a word with you, Townsman. Does your calling tie you to the streets ? Do you live in hope, during the Spring and Summer, that you may be able to enjoy an Autumn visit to the country ? You have the power of so ameliorating your present condition by wooing the fresh morning air, that you may rest satisfied, should the country trip be denied you. By an hour's walk before breakfast, you may secure a far greater *annual* amount of healthful recreation

* I was, at the time I wrote this, under treatment, and subject to the Doctor's orders—a half-pint tumbler abundantly suffices for me, or any other person in perfect health.

than your six weeks retirement from town, with its manifold annoyances and sacrifice of home comfort, can be expected to yield.

When the habit has been established, it will happen, with us who feel the value of time, that some resolution will be formed to cut short the accustomed distance. We have anxious occupation, or pressing engagements for which there is barely time; there is a necessity for more than usual exertion during the day, or we are *rather late*. These are the prudent suggestions of a well-regulated mind; but when, starting for the curtailed walk, we feel the influence of the morning breeze, the good intention grows weaker and weaker—until, having thrown the resolution to the winds, that they may fight it out together, depend upon it the resolution gets the worst of it. The mind assumes a higher tone, and discards the narrow thought, born of the night, and of the half awakened fancy.

It is precisely upon such occasions as these that one is often *rather late* at the breakfast table, on the return: and that this is not only excusable, but that it really seems to be a virtue to return home *at all*. There is, however, something satisfactory to a well-regulated mind in the idea that in returning to the bosom of one's family, one is walking in the path of duty—and all that.

If the early walker be of the "restless, striving brotherhood," of literary life, he will soon be careful not to forget his tablets. Experience will tell him to look back upon the emanations of the fancy, noted down at such times, as taking the lead amidst the manifold results of his mental labours, and giving a glow of health, and a happy and humanizing tone to all the rest.

No enthusiasm in a good and wholesome cause, was ever more thoroughly sustained, than my perseverance in the early walk through the winter; and I may safely attribute to this good beginning of every day the enjoyment of that tone of body which has *never felt the cold*, except in a degree that made it doubly agreeable to quicken the pace, and start a successful opposition to it.

Of the power which my frame has gathered about it, wholly unknown before, I may indulge a boast, having frequently walked five, seven, ten miles, before breakfast without distress, and without food; if I except those occasions on which I have exceeded five miles: when, having accomplished that distance, I have, perhaps, mumbled a biscuit as I walked on; or, making for a pump that hove in sight, was once diverted by

the sound of clinking cans; and so took in *milk* instead of water.

More than five years have now elapsed since I completed my Malvern training, and established the habits which I have here advocated. During five winters I have never, upon one single occasion, lost my morning's walk, in consideration of "bad weather," nor ever, on one single occasion, shrunk from my cold—quite cold—bath: being on the coldest morning, happy to get into it by candlelight; and, on the coldest morning, happy to get *out of it* by candlelight—which is as near as I can come to an honest avowal:—*exceptional*, of course, for if a mocking fiend has taunted me, when getting out of the water, by the suggestion that it is too cold for me—*for me!!* I have instantly *audibly* retorted "*Is it?*" and defied, and practically given him the lie by lingering in the bath, and doing double duty.

An attack of lumbago has deprived me of bath and walk: the preparation for a journey, to be commenced immediately after breakfast, has cut short my out-door exercise *before* it; but neither cold, rain, wind, nor snow, have ever succeeded (if they wished it) in betraying me into a mixture of waters in my bath, or in keeping me within doors after it.

The true enjoyment of Winter's weather may be well illustrated by the experience of the most inclement season,—that month during which we are told to lie in bed o'mornings, to dread the fogs and malaria, and to eschew "the fall of the leaf:" the month whose records are said to furnish more *suicides* than the other eleven collectively!

Let me try to illustrate a gentle modification of suicide, generally indulged in by the indolent or inactive, which takes away the character of POOR NOVEMBER, and say something in vindication of a traduced and much injured month.

I print a few extracts from a diary kept during the last November of 1849, when, being lodged within three or four miles of Elstree, I explored the neighbourhood, and journalized my daily experience.



NOVEMBER WALKS.

1849.

Nov. 2.—The water here is not nice. Filtration propitiates the eye, but not the keener sense. Let me drink freely, and try if it be *wholesome*. I can afford it.

Out before seven. Asked—
“Which way shall I turn for a walk?”

“Do you like it *hopen*, or—”

“Oh, *hopen* by all means.”

“Then the *right* leads to the common.”

A brisk walk, glancing off from finger posts, and making a sort of survey, in anticipation of some thirty expeditions. The Sun intensely bright on my return—too glaring for my eyes; so I *tacked* occasionally.

I have a BAR for gymnastic work, fitted up in the shrubbery.

3.—Pretty well, thank you, after all that water; so there is no mischief in it.

“Hopen” again, thought I, as the “Autumn leaves” fell thick about me. An index post pointed “To Aldenham Church,” and I stepped out in that direction.

Passing through park scenery about a mile and a half, I inquired at a lodge how far to the church, and finding that it was “a mile and a quarter, or more,” I gave in, asking for a glass of water.

“That I will, sir, if you’ll accept it—rale rock water; and *you* ought to know that’s the best.” I ought to know? Am I known here?” It *was* perfection.

5.—Slept ill—fought with the

bed-clothes, and got the better of them—tossing them about the room. Night-mare—delirious—burning fever—dreamed a happy dream of home; then shouted!

Rushed out of bed, bleeding at the nose—gasped for air, and threw open the window.—Extra bathing—double drinking—and out to the shrubbery.

Bar practice—brief.

What had so deranged and disturbed me? I have it. The fire was in force when I turned in, and I did *not* take it down—the room a furnace—myself a boiler—nose a safety-valve. Forgot to open the window overnight, as is my custom.—Carbonic acid gas in the ascendant.

(*Moral*: Never leave a fire burning in a small bed-room at night, unless you sleep with open window.)

Went eastward, keeping the high ground to mark the sunrise.

The lower range of clouds careering along, like a compact mob with a policeman in sight, urging on each other to “keep moving:” or, like a host of out-riders, clearing the way for the Royal Carriage.

This is a simply sublime, right English morning. Just enough of haze to tell of fertilization. Is it an exhalation from the diamond dew, or are the sparkling gems deposited from it?

Called on—who was in bed, and sent in my card, and a message, that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Did’nt wait his answer.

Out at sunset—gigantic heap of faggots. I can and do declare it is the fifth of November.

I see no reason

Why gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot.

Therefore—to bed *to-morrow*.

6.—Crisp, clear air, and a sharp wind; out at 7 to my bar. I should have been earlier, but for a piece of fun that I saw from my window. Some horses were taking exercise on the grass—one tumbled off his rider (or vice versa), and the groom walked quietly and coaxingly about, while he capered and galloped—making circuits large and small, and telling him that he did not intend to be caught just yet by any means.

Another groom (mounted) approached him slowly, almost touched him, when, at the moment, off he went at the the top of his speed, seeming (after his own fashion) to stand, with arms folded, and say, "*come on my hearties! here I am—nothing's so easy.*" Then at his own time, and in his own language—"Ah, would ye?" and scamper off with a horse laugh.

The country folk think me *daft* as I pace along, cap in hand, and gloves out of sight; and when I have passed, I am aware that they turn and look back. I walk fast, and may well be supposed to have escaped. Why so I have.

Directed to "the reservoir," and turning at what my informant called the *Forewarned*, I came upon a post with four indices—"Fore warned is fore armed." FOUR ARMS must be the correct text. I must reserve my purpose.

No reservoir this morning—time flies—try again to morrow.

I am told that I "didn't ought to a' went that road so fur."

7.—"Adieu—au *reservoir*" (as an ambitious artist once remarked)—How much longer shall I be able to write. "Out before 7, having lighted my chamber candle at 6:20? or—when shall I be able to lie a' bed till day-light?"

"Well breathed" at my gymnastic bar, I started, and attained the reservoir at 7:35. An extensive mud bed—a puddle at either end, and mighty little water to reserve. No time to cut across for another glass of the Squire's rock water.

Nearing the house, and being *dreamy*, I distinctly saw, though at a half glance, a head and shoulders and swinging arms (the action graceful) about twenty paces a' head, and wondering why that fellow presumed to keep step with me, I started to give him the "go by," and *he* started too. *Fellow indeed!* it was my own long shadow.

8.—To the village of Stanmore, and explored the recesses of the new church that has risen by the side of the old ivy grown building—within its very walls, and walking the venerable stones off the scene. He is not friendless however, for the ivy clings to him, and he has a strong party among the tombstones, that muster thick about him. He looks ashamed or ill-used, and has turned his back to the upstart intruder; but pauses at the gate, and says something that I cannot think of listening to, as it is evidently addressed to his own adherents, the faithful stones, who, I sup-

pose, understand him; though there is no movement yet.

Out earlier, and at home later than usual; with forty feet of shadow right a head.

9.—The clocks have made up their minds, generally, to agree together — Mr. Dickens — as to the time. A brisk little fellow close to me, tries to get the advantage—takes the start, and in the short hours has the day; but when it comes to 7—8—9, the steady voice of the master clock, though in no sort of hurry, overtakes, drowns, and absorbs him.

Here is a case of ivy—a tall spare tree, with a little head nearly bald, the ivy almost at the top, one long attenuated arm only, with no muscular development to speak of (a withered limb, once free and hearty) held out as if to make a last appeal. Too late!

Nap after dinner; then tea.

Tea! delicious, mysterious agency—every family brightened—every nerve attuned to work in ten minutes.

The nap rendered necessary by a rather luxurious meal. Yesterday's dinner was simple, and less than usual: to-day's was savoury, and more.

10.—Out at 7. Slight fall of sleet, and then rain. More exercise at the bar than usual, fearing that my walk would be curtailed.

Over the heath, and buttoned up. Half-a-dozen graceful squirrels played about my path.

Lighted a good fire within me, and returned in a glow soon after 8.

Out at 4. High wind, no rain, golden sunset.

11.—Good bye to home and the chrysanthemums: having wound

up the clocks, and set clocks and christians going for another week. Walked from the station at 9:30. Pitchy, inky darkness. Kept the middle of the road to be secure from ditches, but only able to see a dark boundary on either side, (hedges, or houses I couldn't tell). Overtook a man, who, very sulkily, and after a considerable pause, returned my salutation, as if "under protest."

Darker and more lonely, and thicker the fog. The man's foot-fall about fifty paces behind me, keeping the same distance for another mile.

Not quite frightened, but should have been, had one more move been made by circumstances. Presently I met another, and quite another sort of way-farer, who called good night! before I had time to greet him. and I soon afterwards arrived, in a surpassing glow.

12.—Thick, damp, dropping fog. A brisk walk. Good thinking time this, when there is nothing to look at. Shower on the return, and quickened my pace.

As I neared the house, the clouds paused, took breath, and returned it without so much of moisture.

The——— is surprised that I do not take chocolate or coffee, and I reply "amo tea."

"Who saw the Sun to-day?"

Not I, but there is no "disdain at all in the case. The ground was thirsty, and gratefully drinks in the moisture.

The moon, however, rises large and red through the fog, and two labourers stand, and pay their homage—quite religiously.

"She get up awful red to night, don't she, Sam?"

"Ah, she do, uncommon."

13.—A brilliant and windy morning. Yesterday seemed to give promise of November weather—here is a little trace of what was: yet a change is coming.

Before 12 pouring rain—so prophesied the unerring mercury. (when we resort to *calomel*, he is not so true.) At early morning there was no looking the Sun in the face: and now he seems to have departed for a month.

I wrote the above under apparently hopeless circumstances. At 3 the clouds cleared off, and at 4 the Sun gave such a tinge to the yellow leaves, that I started off at full speed, and got to the heights in good time, some 5 minutes before his departure.

14.—There is no remnant of fog this morning. Kept my course eastward, as nearly as I could, along circuitous paths, and got to the heights to watch the break of day. Then seeking new paths, I came upon a private flower garden;—and explored it.

A little too much wire work: too much festooning, and alcove-ing, and Vauxhalling: but very pretty.

In the afternoon, a foot race between two (ill matched) men. If the elder (by some twenty years), who was far behind, had known *how* to use his *arms*, (as we *gymnasts* do) he would have beaten the younger, easily.

Out again at sunset—of course.

15.—“Day of General Thanksgiving.” It looks like it at sunrise, and should be so, if only on that account.

Helped myself to a bottle of ced water in the passage, not

destined for me. The nicer, brighter—colder, therefore.

“Stolen waters are sweet.”

Confessed myself to the maid.

To the frosty road—blinking the Sun, and to the hill, looking over London.

The God of Day hath broke his rest,
And left his couch in London's breast.

where, especially, his punctuality and alacrity in rising should command more followers—where people too generally plead that they *can't* leave their couch and break their rest.

16.—Morning propitious. To Town early. Offered a turnpike-man a half-crown to change. He was surly, and muttered some horribly bad grammar; when I, being unusually sweet tempered (because I was in the wrong), said, “I am sorry to give you this trouble—I ought to be provided with change.”

“Pray don't name it, Sir; the trouble's nothing.”

“A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But grievous words stir up anger.”

17.—Morning bright as yesterday. Home-bath—Primrose-hill—Old friends at the Gymnasium—back to Harrow.

18.—The chief clock always gains the day now. I knew he would if we would give him (what he gives us) *time*.

19.—Wind north, yet the morning mild—the air most sweet—The trees being almost naked—birds' nests and misletoe stand confessed.

The grounds or the road?

The road gained the day, being more free and unconstrained for a man “out of bounds.”

20.—Resolved last night to have a good night's rest. Rose, therefore, not till seven: (not ashamed to own it) having enjoyed one long sound nap.

Clear morning. My walk was perfect refreshment and renovation.

The gymnastic mind keeps up a wholesome train of speculation, and determines to go a-head, I now take three stairs at a stride as I return: four would endanger my shin—or scare the late risers by the idea that some terrible catastrophe was a-foot on the stairs.

Returning from my evening walk, I overtook three men in warm conversation, occupying the entire pathway; and gave a personal hint that got me a free passage between them.

As I passed, one of them, greatly excited, said to the rest, "Which I told him—if you come that over me," says I, "I'm blowed if I don't knock you."—Here followed a figure of speech which implied an undue exaltation of mere animal matter over the seat of intellect.

I turned sharp round, and faced them with an astonished air. They came to a full stop.

"Why, you don't mean to say you *did* it?"

Why, (touching his hat) not exactly at that present, sir—but asking your pardon, I *means* to."

21.—Saw some eighteen or twenty horses exercising. We may learn a wholesome lesson from our treatment of horses. We English. We study the health of our horses; *Our* horses! Well, they study *their* horses, by starting them out at early morning. Why not bestir themselves as I do?

Foggy, gloomy morning.

Dull to all but the walker.

Out again after sun-down; until I felt large flat drops on my large bare head; and, turning, saw that I had been followed up, and overtaken by, a mass of heavily-laden clouds, as black as pitch; which brought a sudden darkness to windward.

Home in double-quick time, before the rain so prevailed as to give me a wet monkey jacket, and be worth mentioning in this veracious history.

22.—The golden streaks that "lace the severing clouds in yonder east."

are more welcome to me than to Romeo: who called them "envious." Bright, and still brighter their edges, until at the very almanack hour, the orb appeared; as large and red and as majestically grand as ever.

For a few minutes he blazed with full face; then disappeared behind a range of clouds (the rays that had shot upward, now streaming down the misty valley,) and from behind his screen, sent up a glow of bright warm colour to the meridian.

On my return, an insurgent clock told 8 too soon.

My dear (cheap) little pocket friend never deceived me, and I knew he was right. The well disposed clocks confirmed this. If that fellow does not submit to proper regulation, he shall lose his situation, and have his hands tied behind him.

23.—Took an unfrequented road; and finding it longer and straighter than I thought, (bounded too by high hedges) repented,—but didn't turn back: no, thank you, I am not come to that.

On eastward—a little girl, ahead, looked round, and seeing me, ran away, (bald barehead again). I gained on her, and she gave in; said “good morning,” and “How do you do”—She pointed to her *mouth*, and I saw that she was *dumb*.

Mr. —, tells me, as a friend, that I have no neckcloth on; and I ask “does it look indecent?”

Hat off too!—At the bar no coat—no waistcoat—no gloves—no watch—Am I in a state of transition to the “sans culottes?”

24.—At 7, I began to pace the road, open eastward, to watch the progress of the day, as the vapours

“Melt into morn, and Light awakes the World.”

It was a quiet, cloudless sky, suggesting to the mind that brighter Morning, whose breaking shall chase away all doubt, and sweep from the earth distrust and seeming—

“Now mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The Sun is in the Heavens, and Life on Earth.”

Met some people on my return, who were never-minding the glories of the day-break, and going sulkily to their work; as if angry with the Sun, who calls “up and be doing” and would cheer them on their way. I suppose they think no more of his majesty and glory than of “The Rising Sun” swinging and creaking at the road side as a Tavern sign—n or so much.

26. To the shrubbery at 7, and then on the road—sharp frost—north wind—little fog.

will be a brilliant day—

In the breakfast room mine Host remarks how warm is my hand, and I do not retort upon him that *his* is excessively cold; but I boldly proclaim myself the only warm person in the room—

“And tell the reason why.”

My position is disputed by the —, and I throw him. I am supported however by two Physicians.

A marvellous sun set.

27.—I have arrived at a decided conviction, and record it as a remarkable fact—I do it deliberately—as I sit here, with my feet in cold water. No one ever enjoyed a walk so thoroughly as I, on this very morning. No—no—not even at Malvern, Doctor. I haven’t time to prove it, but I could.

That radiant sunset of yesterday, followed by the bright silvery moonlight, truly foretold the clear air in which the morning star sparkled, as I left home before seven; and I went along the Elstree road, hard as a rock with the frost—

“I hear the sound of coming feet.

But not a voice mine ear to greet.”

It is the tramp of “our horses,” at more than a mile’s distance. I met with a good sample of “the stable mind,” who had nothing of the town about him. He kept with me pretty well for half a mile, and then—but that I adapted my pace to his limited capacity, would have given in. He enlarged upon the manifold virtues of the hard frost, and “called his oats, *wats*.”

Entering Elstree, I turned right about, my watch reminding me, and jogged homeward to mark the sunrise. He was due at 7:40 and long before his appearance

golden streaks shot across the clear expanse, receiving a flood of light that saturated them: and then He kept due time, as I got to the high ground to receive the first ray that was intended for me.

Some light vapours now radiated from the Sun for a few moments, above and around—lighted with purple—crimson—violet—light geranium, and cherry colour, (and all together); and in ten minutes all was clear blue.

A Physician sitting next me at the breakfast table fills a tumbler with iced water, professing his invariable rule to make a cold draught follow hard upon a hot cup of anything.

28,—Convinced that the height of enjoyment would be a repetition of the walk of yesterday, I started earlier this morning. Getting to the road, I found the frost sharper—the air keener—the ground harder—the trees whiter—the sky more varied and fantastical. Then my spirits rose higher, my step was quicker; and I resolved to make the most of it—to walk further, and be happier, if possible: in short to give the unmistakeable “go by” to yesterday morning—in every particular.

Before 7:10 I was exploring the pretty village of Elstree: in and out—here and there—through and round; when, at a turn, the very big clock face of the very little church tower opened wide his eyes, distended his ample cheeks, and with hands steadily clasped together, said, as plainly as it *could* speak, “you’re a nice young man, you are, to be staying in the best ordered house of the three kingdoms—don’t you see that it’s 7:37?”

There was no answering this appeal; so I incontinently began the homeward course, but not along the road, by any means.

Through the village to the right, and descending the hill, I found a stile. Good—stiles argue paths—paths lead somewhere—this was in the right direction, and I took it; doubting nothing.

Turning as the path turned *me*, I paced right in the teeth of the Sun (or rather of his rising point) and once paused; but was reassured, and rewarded by a turn in the right direction. The sky was now more fanciful, more bright and gorgeous than that of yesterday, more grand in form, more rich in colours. Long before his prescribed time, the Sun made a marvellous demonstration of his intentions, and I watched the first golden streaks—the glow and foretaste of his power.

Through a grove of firs he first blazed upon me, his glory annihilating the thick stems, and shooting countless rays in every direction. Through the rarified air a clear breeze sprung up, the turf was crisp and sparkling, the long grass laden with chrystalized dew, the drooping-birch, bearing a weight greater than its summer dress, bending in the wind, or curtsying like an ostrich feather. Now across the fields, here and there a leap, then a run, a climb and a jump. Occasionally a slide, and back again for a repetition; presently a beastly bull dog, chained to a barrel, and swearing at me so horribly that he inspired me for a moment with murderous thoughts—me! on such a morning! Not only so, but suggested a positive pause, and an attempt to get him inside his barrel—turn it on end, and put

a paving stone on the top of it, leaving him to fight it out with himself, till some one should come to the rescue.

I tried again, but—twas not to be done ; so I started afresh, and got to the lodge by the Sun.

An important evening to me. Resolved to be prepared for it.

Was :

Not to drink any wine.

Didn't.

Not to eat too freely.

Kept that resolution too.

* * * *

At 11 expressed a decided intention in reply to a remark from ————“not to go home till morning.”

In this I was over-ruled.

Hour of retiring not recorded.

Looking at the quantity of my diary—recalling the snatches of time that it has occupied, I am reminded of a strict economist of time, who got through a voluminous work in the ten minutes (more or less) during which his wife kept him waiting for breakfast. A cunning fellow, who had, no doubt enjoyed the *morning walk*, and appreciated the impulse engendered by it. Ten minutes at such time is worth two hours of the later day.

So much for November, If any other month should require my friendly offices, I am to be found in the open air any morning from 7 till 8; and ready to say a good word—even for March. I take up November, because I would be

“Ever strong upon the weaker side.”

December asks no help of me ; with its Merrye Christmase—its family meetings—its holly—mistletoe—turkeys—punch—and puddings.

There is no pitying December ; so I would merely shew my appreciation of the characteristics of Christmas, in the article of out o'door enjoyment, by two extracts from my December Diary ; which, if not sufficient and satisfactory to establish my position, shall, at least be final and conclusive as regards my book.

One morning, after a fall of snow, which followed upon a hard frost, giving to the branches the character of frosted silver, and weighing down the slender twigs of the maythorn as if with full blossom, I saw at the bottom of the “accustomed hill” that *one* sensible person had been there before me.

The foot print was the mark of a West-end boot, and the wearer had stepped out with a firmness that showed decision of character. There was no hesitation, and evidently no intention to stop short of the summit ; nor had he taken long strides, as if desirous to get over a disagreeable, self-imposed task. On he had walked in full enjoyment ; and, following my leader, I paced round the table-top of the hill, where yet this was the only other foot-mark ; then, delaying a reasonable time, I accompanied his homeward step. He had no corns.

Arriving at the Park, there was a confused arrangement of marks of a different character. She had evidently waited—not long—for him who now modified his pace to that of his companion; and, by his side, close to him, and exactly keeping step, “still they went coupled and inseparable,” to breakfast.

The new foot was the perfection of delicacy; the boot channel soled. It was a shame and a sin to think of obliterating the mark; and I kept clear. Well, never mind—I had found more than my match for once. No one had come to meet *me*,—but never mind, it does not signify in the least.

Again,—on a boisterous frosty morning in the last week of December, after the coldest of baths, and with a pint of water buttoned up within me, I started off at break of day; the wind so brisk that it bore along the small crisp particles of snow and sleet, like frozen foam, horizontally. There was I, without great coat or umbrella, meeting its headlong violence, as pelting in my face it glanced off at a stinging touch.

Entering the park, I was aware, by the biting wind, that I had by mistake put on summer trousers. If you come to that, thought I, the point is soon settled—two can play at that game; and a slightly accelerated speed brought the glow to the surface. What did I want of warm clothing? the blessed lamp of health was well fed and burning within me. I never in my life more thoroughly enjoyed happy and humanizing cogitations than during the three miles so paced.

For a few minutes, as the wind prevailed even beyond its bent, the sound peppering made the nose ache, whose warm glow was speedily diffused to the tingling face. It was a merry, romping, capering game. As it came in sudden gusts and fairly whirled me about, and sent me on another tack, it was delicious to turn and face it, and shout again with delight at Dickens’ description of “a head wind.” I was better off than the American packet, “with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one. bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempted to advance an inch.”* I had the firm gravel path on which to plant my feelers; and the ship having *something* to hold, was better off than a balloon! But the *sleet* had no more chance than Mr. Green’s *bubble* in battling against the wind, so made the best of it, and went along in company, on friendly terms. When, fairly beaten at a turn of the path, and careering with the wind, at the top of my speed—and again about, and braving it, hot with the contest—it often seemed to cry, There’s for you!—take that!—and now—another!

* American Notes, chap. 2.

How refreshing, when glowing with exercise, to receive the small rain or sleet, on the face, or bare head. No external radiated warmth will produce this effect; it is the inward glow coming to the surface, and rejoicing to be for the moment checked—hugging itself in the confidence of having an abundant reserve of power, ready to carry on the game.

It was no bad confirmation of my appreciation of the enjoyment of that morning, when, at ten o'clock, the ungovernable elements, of their own accord rested from their sport, and subsided to a quiet, indolent, fall of snow; whose lazy, fat, and lumpy particles had scarcely energy enough to elbow each other, and none to resent the insult. The wind had exhausted its spirits, *getting up* so early. Nothing was ever so deliberate as the cautious deportment of the large feathery flakes; fearful of hurting themselves or the chimneys, they paused,—stepped gently over them, and, meeting a lull on the other side, yielded to their spent energies, until fairly exhausted, they stooped, and, alighting upon any thing, careless of all but rest, and too tired to move—there they stuck; self-committed to mother earth—their time was come.

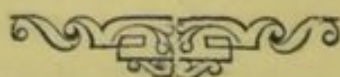
Not so my book. Conceived in merriment and thankfulness; and sufficiently advanced in growth to show that it is not a result of parental heedlessness, and premature birth; its full habit has been brought on by activity and healthful airs. Deliberate it *is*, but neither indolent nor tired; nor in any fear of hurting itself by journeys, however long and venturous. I commend it to the Railroads.

If the effort to keep moving has been evident in repetitions, or has resulted in tediousness, let me plead, that “were I as tedious as a King, I would bestow it *all*” on my subject.

If, in the warmth of an unskilled advocate, I have been hurried on to indiscretion, “My masters will not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve,—that I am an ass.”

If any Malvern friend whom I have elbowed, should consider himself unfairly jostled, and “if a merry *meeting* may be wished,—Heaven prohibit it.”

I “have committed” no “false report:” “Moreover,” I “have spoken” no “untruths;” “Secondarily,” I am no “slander;” “Sixthly, and lastly.” I “have belied” no “lady;” “Thirdly,” I have *not* “verified unjust things;” “and,—to conclude,” kind reader, “I wish you well—Heaven restore you to health!—I humbly give you leave to depart!”



A P P E N D I X.

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF FACTS AND CASES,
SHOWING THE REMEDIAL EFFECTS OF PURE WATER :
EVEN APPLIED INSTINCTIVELY, WITHOUT THE AIDS OF SCIENCE,
OR BY ACCIDENT.

QUOTED FROM EARLY AUTHORS, CHIEFLY SIR JOHN FLOYER
AND DR. BAYNARD (1700).

THEY who desire to pass the short time of life in good health, ought often to use cold bathing; for I can scarce express in words how much benefit may be had by cold baths; for they who use them, although almost spent with old age, have a strong and compact flesh, and a florid colour in their face, and they are very active and strong, and their appetites and digestions vigorous, and their senses are perfect and exact; and, in one word, they have all their natural actions well performed.—*Floyer*.

Physicians oft find it a difficult task to conquer the aversions of nice patients, and to persuade them to use those medicines to which they have not been accustomed, until they have first convinced them that their medicines are both safe and necessary. I expect to find the same aversion to cold bathing. And here I do boldly assert, to the blushless faces of all its opposers, that such prodigious and unheard cures have been done *sub die*, and in the face of the sun (by cold immersion) without trick, fraud, or cozenage; insomuch that could any physician perform but the tithe of such cures as we daily see done by cold water, he would be followed and esteemed more like a god than a man. But, alas! envy, pride, and malice, those characteristics of the devil, ever were and ever will be in the sons of discord and contradiction. But for men of repute and learning to oppress so known, evident, plain, and beneficial a good, that performs the three parts of physic,—the physician, surgeon, apothecary, all in one, must certainly be a divine gift, and blessing from heaven, where little or no human skill is required to the cure.—*Baynard*.

Psuchrotousia, is the art of curing diseases by cold bathing: a practice that has now an established reputation, which will last as long as water is cold, and will run with its streams to the latest ages, notwithstanding the difficulties it has met with from some gentlemen of the faculty, who are now brought over, by the evidence of their own eyes, and not only in the cure of their patients, but their own persons also, and acknowledge that useful, what they so often scoffed and laughed at; who, for many years, made it the subject of phlegmy and spiritless drolls, and jests, as tasteless and insipid as the water they ridiculed.—*Baynard*.

—As to any injury by cold baths, I never yet met with any, where they have been used according to physical indications, and after due preparations; so that I cannot but believe they will in time prevail against the prejudices of all people.—*Floyer*.

The Egyptians wash the heads of those suffering from headache, and order them to drink abundantly of the Nile water. A hunter, who suffered so much from a constant headache, that, raging with pain and weary of existence, he felt inclined to dash his head to pieces, was happily cured by having a stream of cold water directed upon it.

Hypochondriacpains, gout pain, strangury, nephriticpains, convulsive pains, hysteric pains, are all cured by cold baths; for which I may quote Hippocrates's "Aphorisms," lib. x. Cold water largely poured on the part affected, cures swellings, and pains in the joints, if without ulcers; and also the gout pains, and convulsions, all which it eases, and diminishes the tumours, and takes away the pains; for it occasions a stupor which eases pain.

Hippocrates also advises cold water in inflammations and heat, with redness from fresh blood; and he declares that cold water hinders any pain from ripening.—*Floyer*.

I have given a case out of Hippocrates, to prove cold baths to be useful to the hypochondriac; and one of the cures mentioned above was in an hysteric woman. As to convulsions, or sprains, Hippocrates, in his "Aphorisms," mentions spasms as some of the diseases for which we ought to use cold baths.—*Floyer*.

Cold bathing was the general practice at Rome from the time of Musa, in the 20th of Augustus's reign, till Ægineta's time, which is near 400 years in that empire. And since the cure of diseases by cold baths was generally practised by all people, as well as their emperors, that practice of cold bathing must needs come with the rest of the Roman customs unto us, and certainly remained among the Britains when the Romans left this isle. The Saxons, who succeeded the Romans, brought in the German custom of washing in rivers for the preserving of their healths.—*Floyer*.

Galen cured hectic, ephemer, by cold baths; and he prescribes them in putrid fevers, in the height of the fever, and in the summer time; and the like good success happened to a woman in a fever, at Aldermas, who, by leaping into a well, was immediately relieved, and had both her fever and delirium cured by it. Galen observes that the feverish, by going into cold water, either purge or sweat, by which a

crisis is made, as well as by drinking water at the same time of the fever.—*Floyer*

Strains, bruises, and large tumours may be more safely and certainly cured by bathing the part in cold water than by any other remedies. Hippocrates had good reason for telling us that the gout was to be cured by a large effusion of cold water; for it is certain, holding the foot a long time in it, abates both the swelling, redness, and pain.

Galen says, he has seen many cured of a severe pain in the stomach in a single day by drinking cold water. "Velasius de Taranta. Novi, inquit, aliquas mulieres se sentientes habere hujusmodi ulcere in utero, lavabant ea cum aqua frigida, mundabant deinde, et pannis lineis exsiccabant, et in matricem mittebant frequenter, atque iisdem sæpè mutatis, ac ipua aqua per se sæpè ad integram curationem sufficiebant." Riverius says, that hernia, accompanied by inflammation of the intestines, may be cured by fomentations, or linen dipped in cold water. Celcus informs us, that a slight cut or wound may be cured by applying sponges squeezed out of cold water; but that, in whatever way the sponge may be applied, it is only of benefit as long as it retains the moisture. Galen also informs us, that he has cured many cases of burning continued fever, by giving his patients nothing but cold water to drink, and that not one of his patients died who had recourse to this simple remedy (*tempore opportuno*) sufficiently early.

Cælius Aurelianus prescribes swimming in cold water to prevent the epilepsy. He recommends "in *Paralysis*, sea-bathing, and to put the patient under waterfalls, (or the natural douche); afterwards to expose the body to the sun. In *Epilepsy*, the douche, or dashing cold water over the body. In *Aphonia*, sponges dipped in cold water to be applied to the throat and fauces. In *Catarrh*, change of air, especially the sea-side, and to wash the head with cold water. In the *Ear-ache*, a stream of cold water, or dashing it on the whole of the head, especially near the ears. In *Asthma*, a stream of cold water on the suffering parts, sea-baths, sea-side, constant use of the cold bath. *Dyspepsia*, constant use of the cold bath, swimming in the sea, a stream of water, or douche on the suffering parts. *Elephantiasis*, the douche, sea-bath, cold spring-water bath, swimming. *Colic*, the douche bath. *Coma*, cold applications to the head, cold water poured from above, cold bath, cold affusion and friction." This author, in every part of his work, recommends the use of cold water. He gives a description of spasmodic or Asiatic cholera, which is treated in a similar way, sponging and washing the body with cold water, and cold water to drink.—*Quoted by Dr. Graham.*

Water does not, as some suppose, weaken the stomach, but on the contrary, increases the appetite, as may be seen by the larger quantity of food taken at meals. Those who make this assertion contradict themselves; for a debilitated stomach requires a less, and not a larger, quantity of food. Others imagine that by drinking

water they lose their colour and flesh. Even if such were the case, and they did become a little paler and thinner, such a loss is not to be compared to the general improvement of health which is obtained thereby. It yet remains to be shown whether a protuberant stomach, with swollen, flabby, puffed-out cheeks, is to be preferred to a more slender shape, and a thinner face: or whether the rude country glow of health, with rosy cheeks, is not to be preferred to that pale and sickly hue, so much admired by people of fashion. But water-drinkers generally retain their flesh and healthy colour. A few, however, who had swollen, flabby, or spongy flesh, and therefore unhealthy, have in appearance become thinner, and lost their puffiness, having exchanged it for a firm and compact flesh, therefore healthy. Those who from the use of ardent spirits and thick glutinous beverages, as beer or brandy, have got reddened, violet copper-coloured faces, have not by drinking water become pale, but have exchanged their violet or purple redness for a more natural colour. Every reasonable man ought, I think, to be well satisfied with such a change.—*De Hahn.*

Trallianus assures us that he has used cold water in dysentery with the best effects; and Amatus Lusitanus obtained equally beneficial results in colic. He mentions the case of the wife of an officer suffering from that disease, who had an inclination for a draught of cold water, which he willingly gave her; she had scarcely emptied the jug before her pains disappeared, as if they had been charmed away, and never returned. A young man, aged 21, suffering under this disease, he not only ordered to drink cold water, *but had a linen cloth dipped into cold water, wrung out, and applied over the stomach.* To the astonishment of those around him he recovered, adding no little honour to the art of medicine.—*De Hahn.*

All the experienced chirurgeons can relate many cures they have done by stopping hemorrhages, healing fresh wounds, varicous tumours, &c., by the application of cold water. And I was informed by an experienced chirurgeon, that he had a scrofulous tumour on his foot cured by holding it under the fall of a spring for many mornings. You may observe in Celsus that the Romans held their heads under the spouts of their springs. And we may observe in Cælius Aurelianus the *illisio aquarum*; and in Hippocrates, the affusions of water; all which answer to our pumping: and this is one of the desiderata in cold bathing, and it ought first to be tried on our maniacs.—*Floyer.*

All inflammatory pains which depend on sily blood, such as those of the rheumatism, pains of the ears, eyes, limbs, teeth, head, are certainly relieved by cold baths.

* * * * *

The gout, stone, strangury, are relieved by cold baths.

* * * * *

The hydrophobia requires cold baths, and that has been practised in all ages for it. Americus Vesputius relates the manner of the

Americans in curing their fevers. When it is come to the height, they immerse themselves in cold water, and after, run about a hot fire till they sweat and sleep. * * *

Olearius informs us that men and women in Muscovy come naked out of their hot stoves, and so go into cold water, or have it poured on them; and in winter they wallow in the snow; and that they do the same in Livonia, where the Finlanders come out of their hot stoves into the snow, with which they rub their bodies as with soap, and then return into their stoves again for a moderate heat; and thus they, from their childhood, use themselves indifferently both to hot and cold.—*Idem*.

Cold baths are the chief and most effectual means in the cold regimen; nothing preserves the body so well from the injuries of the weather as cold bathing, which makes the skin more tense and contracted, and consequently more insensible to the changes of the air, its cold and moisture. I have known many endure the cold of the winter after the use of cold baths, who always found their bodies more tender after the use of hot baths, all the winter following; and the truth of this will appear by the cures I shall relate of two tender persons.—*Idem*.

The usefulness of cold baths was discovered by the inhabitants of cold countries, who generally fortify themselves against the cold air by the immersion of their bodies into cold water; and, to prevent the mortification of their limbs, rub the frozen parts with snow. Cold baths will produce great sweats. When any diseased humours are in any part stopped in their circulation, or mixed with the blood, it seems the most rational method to sweat at the first use of cold baths; but where there is no evacuation of humours necessary, sweating is not proper after cold bathing, but only gentle exercise or friction. It is further to be remarked that most of our ailments proceed from an excessive hot regimen or a very hot diet in a cold climate, as strong wines, brandy, high sauces, &c., and also by using ourselves over tenderly in clothes, warm beds, hot rooms, &c. We must remove the external causes of our tenderness, and use a cool temperate diet, cool liquors, cool air about us, as well as cold baths: for no perfect cure can be expected from cold baths, unless we avoid the occasions of our diseases; for if we continue any excess in our hot regimen, that will again renew those diseases the cold bath has cured. And I generally make this observation, that where cold bathings are necessary for the cure of a disease, then drinking of cold water is also necessary to prevent relapse into the same.—*Floyer*.

The ancient practice at the Holy Wells—St. Margahs, Horwicks, St. Bede's, St. Winifred's, and numerous others in England and Wales, from Sir John Floyer.

"The people that resort to these places come to be cured of fixed pains, whether in the joints or muscles, whether with or without tumour; and for such as come upon long rheumatisms and quartans,

as well as strains and bruises, the rickets, and all weakness of the nerves, whether universal, or of any particular member.

"They are immersed at all ages, viz., from six months old to eighty years. Children are twice or thrice dipped in, and presently taken out again; and while they are in, the officious women at the well are active in rubbing their backs, or the maimed parts; but this seems only for form. Adult people stay in a quarter, or near half an hour.

"They use no preparative physic, nor observe any diet before or afterwards, but a draught of warm ale or sack to comfort them after they come out.

"The distempered people go to bed afterwards, and sweat for two hours or more. But the healthful that go in for pleasure, put on their clothes, and go to their business or diversion.

"They bathe every day, or twice a day, for a fortnight or month, as their strength will bear, and as their distemper requires more or less bathing.

"Some dip them twice or thrice over head and ears, with their shifts and nightcaps on, giving them a little time to breathe between each immersion; others dip them no farther than the neck, (because the water is apt to stop their breath,) and dip their nightcaps thoroughly, and put them wet upon their heads; others (where the well is not capacious enough) content themselves to put the children into a tub of water gathered from the spring, and dash the water upon them, over head and ears. All which immersions are to be dispatched as quickly as may be, that so the child may not continue any longer in the water than is necessary; that is, till his body and shift, and nightcap, be thoroughly wet. Others, out of tenderness to the child, or in regard to the child's weakness, content themselves with dipping only the shirt and nightcap in water and put them on wet upon him.

"As soon as the children are dipped, they, with their wet clothes on, are wrapt up in warm blankets, over their head and whole body, and put immediately to bed, which instantly puts them into a violent sweat. In this condition they lie all night, till towards morning the clothes are taken off by degrees, so that they may cool gradually, and in the morning they have dry shirts and head-clothes put on; the same shift and nightcap in which they are dipped are used all the time of their dipping, and are only dried.

"The children in three minutes' time recover themselves of the fright which dipping puts them into; and though for the present they may be weaker, (having exhausted their spirits by violent sweats,) yet they recover their strength *gradatim* by the help of strengthening jellies of harts' horn, calves' feet, &c., insomuch that about the fall of the leaf they are either perfectly recovered or sensibly better. If one year's dipping proves not successful, it is repeated the next year, which generally answers expectation."

A woman brought to me her child, which could neither go nor stand, but would fall all in a lump like a clout; (and to the best of

my memory, she told me it never could stand;) she being but a poor woman, asked my advice, if anything could be done in her child's case? I bid her dip it over head and ears in the coldest well or spring water she could get, three or four times in a day, which the poor woman accordingly did. Some time after that, I being come again to the colonel's house with Mr. Moore, the woman came into the parlour with the child running in her hand, to my great astonishment; for at that time, when I advised the cold water, looking upon the case as deplorable, I little thought it would cure it.—*Floyer*.

I myself saw a man at St. Mungo that had totally lost his limbs, had such a stupor and numbness, that he could not feel an awl or a pin run into his flesh; yet before he went away, could feel a fly touch his skin: he was poor, and almost naked; he lay by the well-side to receive good people's charity, and went into the well (by help) four or five times in a day.—*Idem*.

I sent, this year, an hypochondriacal patient to a cold bath, who complained much of convulsive beatings all over his body; and he informed me that he found great benefit by it as to that symptom, which depended on a windy state of spirits.

I have discoursed with an asthmatic person, who has had an habitual asthma for many years, and she informed me that she went into St. Winifred's Well, at Holywell but once, and that her asthmatic dry cough went off.—*Idem*.

The case of Dr. Gould's son-in-law (now a hopeful and ingenious young gentleman) is so well known, that I need not mention it, it being a chorea, called St. Vitus's Jig, with strange gesticulations, was perfectly cured by cold water. Which Dr. Pearce, in his Bath Memoirs, has mentioned.

A youth, aged about twenty years, long troubled with a stubborn quartan ague, after many medicines tried in vain, went into the cold water just upon the accession of the fit, and at one immersion was perfectly cured; but to prevent returns, he continued it for some time.—*Idem*.

I once discoursed with Dr. Tyson about curing madness by cold baths, and he informed me that he had used it successfully in a woman who designed to drown herself. Celsus advises, for curing the madness called *hydrophobia*, to throw the person into a pond, that he may be forced to drink; and we commonly in England send persons bit by a mad dog to bathe in the cold water of the sea, which cools and purges.

I have been informed of a phrenetic fever which was cured by bathing the head with cold water; and there are some authors who advise the putting them into water.

Not only shaving the head, but moderately bathing of it, may be useful to the maniac; and the fomenting the head with vinegar and water was practised by some physicians; and since cold baths cool, sweat, and cause rest, they seem a true specific for the maniac, which farther experience may fully confirm. I have met with some

instances of persons in the small pox who cured their frenzy by leaping into cold water.

All the hot windiness of the spirits require cold baths; such are those of the epileptic vertigo, convulsions, hysteric or hypochondriac suffocations, palpitation of the heart, *chorea sancti viti*, chin-cough, hiccough.—*Floyer*.

I find no men live so long and healthful as the washers and dabblers in cold water. There is now living at Chiswick, in the River of Thames, one old Sutton, a fisherman, who they say, is more than a hundred years old: he owned to me three or four years since, that he was almost a hundred; he tugs at the oars in all weathers in a thin waistcoat, and cries his flounders about the streets with as strong a voice as any man of but thirty years of age: he is a fat, squat, short, surly old fellow, and his food is for the most part brown bread and cheese, and his drink, when he can get it, mild, clear beer, This I had from his own mouth.—*Floyer*.

I remember an old fisherman that formerly lived at Hammer-smith, who told me that little sleep, and cool diet, and thin clothes, were the only means to live healthful and long, and that water-air made him eat heartily, and that he was a great lover of salt-fish and parsnips; and when he did eat any of his own fresh fish, he eat them always new, and always boiled, never fried, as being easiest of digestion, and eat them the Dutch way, brought to table in the liquor they were boiled in; and that at any time when he was uneasy, and could not sleep on shore, he went into his peter-boat, and the coolness of the air, and the rocking of the boat on the water made him sleep soundly. He also often washed in cold water, and his hands and arms always dabbling in cold water, drawing his nets both winter and summer. He wore but a thin woollen waistcoat next his shirt, and was a lusty tall man, could both hear and see well, did neither stoop nor tremble, and died of an acute disease at a hundred and three years of age. I am told he died of a pleurisy; his name was Good-man Savory, who for his strength and vigour might very well have lived forty or fifty years more; and I think it is, since he died, about eight or nine years.—*Floyer*.

There was a fishmonger who had a son put apprentice to a scrivener or attorney, but had not strength to hold a pen to write, through the weakness of the joints of the fingers and wrists, which he had for some time laboured under; so that his father was forced to take him home: and being employed in his own trade, by often dabbling and wetting in cold water, soon recovered his strength, and is as well as any man.—*Floyer*.

I have known in my time many old watermen and fishermen, full or near to a hundred. And I am told that at Witney, in Oxfordshire, those who work at the blanket-mills carry wet blankets in their arms next their breast, winter and summer, and never catch cold, and live to extreme ages.—*Floyer*.

Sir Toby Mathews, an English knight, had been afflicted for twenty years with a violent pain on one side of his head, accom-

panied with a constant discharge through his nostrils, so that his pocket handkerchief was always wet. By the immersion of his head in cold water, he was cured of this disorder in the sixtieth year of his age. He has now passed his seventieth year, and has continued free from it, enjoying better health than he had done before; but to prevent a relapse, he fortifies himself by dipping his head into cold water every day of the year, the depth of winter not excepted. Celsus (lib. i. cap. 4 and 5,) says that, for such as are suffering from infirmities of the head, or are afflicted with sore eyes, a sense of heaviness, running at the nose, or enlarged glands, nothing is so good as cold water; the head should be placed for a little while every day during the summer under a full stream of running water.

For pain or stone in the kidneys, he further advises a linen cloth to be dipped in cold water and applied to the part for a considerable time, frequently renewing the application.—*Vander Heyden*.

A captain of a ship told me that a friend of his had a running gout or rheumatism, and was so lame as to go with crutches, without which help he could not stir one step; and coming (or rather being brought) on board his ship, to drink a bowl of punch, whilst they were handing him up the side, whether the rope slipped or the crutch slipped, he could not tell, but down he went into the sea, and having men and boats ready at hand, they caught hold of him soon enough to save his life, though he was under water several times. Being hoisted on board and shifted from his wet clothes, and having liquored him well with punch, he went home as well as ever he was in his life.—*Floyer*.

The cure of an ague (by a forced put) on Mr. Edward Boswell, late gunner of Her Majesty's ship, the Seahorse, in a letter to me.

"SIR,—I being on board the Elizabeth, a merchantman, in the year 93, [1693] I had got a terrible ague, which held about five weeks. We lay at anchor in Torbay, and had extreme bad weather, insomuch that I was perpetually wet, during the storm, the ship being very leaky, and I forced to be upon deck, &c. It was extreme frosty weather, and sharp hard gales of wind, our ship was forced on shore on the rocks, beating herself to pieces. I was resolved to commit myself to the seas, and the mercies of Almighty God; and being a pretty good swimmer, I leaped overboard, being weak and feeble, could not reach the shore, and my strength being gone, I resigned myself up for another world; but being near the shore, a black leaped in, and plucked me out. I was speechless. The people got me into a house, and laid me in bed, and the next day I was as well as ever I was in my life. In a few days I set forwards towards London, having nothing but a thin waistcoat and calamanco breeches; so I travelled eighty miles in the snow, without either shoes or stockings. But notwithstanding all these severe hardships, I never caught cold. I am your humble servant, EDWARD BOSWELL."—*Floyer*.

Trubshaw, a lad of about twelve or thirteen years of age, had not only a great weakness on the muscles of his neck, but a distortion of

one of the vertebræ, insomuch that his head, if not supported, would fall towards his shoulder on either side. He had the opinion of several eminent surgeons on his case, who, besides many applications, as emplasters, &c., contrived an engine of steel, like the lath of a cross-bow, to run into a swivel, and fastened by an iron stalk to the back of a chair, whilst a soft velvet muffler took him under the chin (as you have seen in some neck-swings); it was so contrived, by the help of a swivel, as to turn on any side, and yet keep his head upright, as he sat up in the chair, which he would sometimes do for hours. But all that was done to him was ineffectual. His uncle, pitying the condition of this hopeful young lad, (that had some substance left him by his father,) consulted me in this case, and put the question whether the cold bath would do him any service; which question I answered but coldly, and doubtingly; but it was at last agreed to try it, and the youth being very willing to do anything for a cure, went in boldly, a servant keeping his head steady betwixt his hands, and so brought him (as I remember) to his chair, where he sat for some time, or lay upon the bed first, I have almost forgot. But in short, the youth in some little time got a perfect cure. This is two or three years since, and his uncle tells me he continues very well.—*Floyer*.

Some years since, Mr. Ellysby, the present minister of Chiswick, near London, a tender, weak man, (a man of a singular life, and good learning,) by the advice of Dr. Cole, Dr. Gibbons, and myself, was directed to use the cold bath; and I am informed by some of his parishoners, that this present summer he has very often used the cold bath at London, and is cured of his tenderness to a strange degree, and is become a new man for vigour and strength.—*Floyer*.

Dr. Groenvelt, a man famous for his great cures in his art, (for cutting for the stone,) called me in to a patient of his, a Dutch gentlewoman, where I proposed a cold bath, which she used with much benefit. But here, by the way, note that a certain physician told her it would kill her, which, after he saw the effects of cold bathing, he much blamed himself for his forward and rash censure. The physician is since dead, but this passage Dr. Groenvelt very well remembers. I have almost forgotten her case, but I think it was a pain in her back and sides, with weakness of her limbs.—*Floyer*.

Captain Jewell, a Dane, with an incessant pain in his stomach, for a long time, melancholic and hypochondriac, after many essays by other means, was perfectly cured by cold immersion, in Mr. Bayn's bath in London. This Captain Jewell, by many physicians was supposed to have an ulcer in the stomach, for his pains were never off totally, though more severe in the night; they began to increase upon him towards sunset, and held him (in unspeakable torture) until towards sun-rising, all which time he set up in his bed, rocking and groaning, &c., but through God's blessing on the means, he was cured by the cold bath, and in public prayers returned God thanks for the same.—*Floyer*.

Mr. Tonstal, belonging to the African House, from a bed-ridden cripple, was perfectly cured by the cold bath in a short time. He got his lame-

ness by being shipwrecked, and lying upon a plank too long in salt water.—*Floyer*.

Mrs. Ridi, who was so deaf that she could not hear the bells ring in the steeple, though she passed under them, in a little time was so cured by the cold bath, as to hear the clock strike at half a mile's distance.—*Floyer*.

Mrs. King, at the sign of the Royal Exchange, in Leather-lane, Holborn, [was] lame for two or three years, so lame that she could not stir, but as she was lift in a chair; it was long ere she could be persuaded unto the use of the cold bath; but after a few immersions, she got strength, and now is so well as to walk about her business.—*Floyer*.

Mr. Baynes, who lives at the cold bath, showed me a sort of register, which he kept, of several sorts of cures, such as asthma, rheumatisms, rickets, running gouts, and most diseases in the skin; and it seldom or never fails in that accursed distemper that usually afflicts the finest women, the *fluor albus*.—*Floyer*.

In a letter from Sir Theodore Colladon, Knt., to Dr. Baynard, it is reported that "Dr. Cyprianus (a very celebrated lithotomist of that time) had, for the last two or three years, become so infirm, and apt to fevers, that, winter and summer, he was forced to wrap himself up in *flannel* and *leatherdoom*, and upon the least cold or windy weather fell into violent fevers and defluxions. He tried every remedy, and consulted the most eminent physicians, without success. Two years together he went to Bath, and drank the waters regularly, bathed in all the three baths, but still found no benefit, but was rather worse. With much difficulty he was persuaded to try what the *cold bath* would do in his case; and in *twice* or *thrice* going in, even in the midst of winter, was so relieved, that he has been already in it above a *hundred times*, and now is so well and so hardy, that nothing can hurt him: he has left off all his *flannels*, and, in fine, is perfectly recovered."

Dr. Amyott, troubled with such coughs and defluxions was persuaded to shave his head, and bathe it with cold water, and found such good by it that he went into the cold bath, and now is free, and has not been so well for ten years.—*Floyer*.

Major Sutton, Lord Lexington's cousin, had been seized with so violent a rheumatism, that he not only lost the use of his limbs, but was in such great pain, that, finding no relief by all the remedies he used, he was carried and thrown into the cold bath, desiring, as he told me, to be drowned in it if he had no relief; but in three times going in, he could walk, and came out without help.—*Floyer*.

Mr. Truby, at the King's Arms at Fleetbridge, now in Bath, told me that one Mr. Harrison, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, is this present summer perfectly recovered of a severe rheumatism by the cold bath; and a man in years, at least sixty.

I could give almost a hundred instances of rheumatisms; but one, the most severe that ever I saw, in a young woman, daughter to the inn-keeper at the White Horse, in Fleet-street, perfectly cured by the cold bath; where any that would be farther satisfied, may inquire. I think

her mother told me she had laboured under it (at certain seasons) some years; she was aged about fourteen or fifteen.—*Floyer*.

Samuel Greenhill, a man of a good estate, was seized, as I think, in May last with the rheumatism in every joint, and continued so, though he had the help of several physicians, for at least six weeks. He was wrapped up in flannel, and not able to move without the assistance of several persons to help him. He was put into the chair, and let into the bath; before three minutes were over he was brought up again; he then walked up stairs, and in an hour's time walked to Clare-market to his lodgings. He had not, before this virtue received, been able to stir, yet in less than a fortnight's time he recovered his health, and followed his ploughing, and is free this instant from pains and all his swellings; though every joint was as big as if blown up by a bladder, yet were they reduced to their usual bigness. He had no stomach, but the first night after he walked to Clare-market, eat a very plentiful supper of flesh, (which he nauseated from the first time of his illness).—*Floyer*.

Edward Waldo was visited with the same distemper about three years since; he had no more than one physician, but never without one for six weeks together; he never stirred in his bed without the help of six persons to remove him, though it was but one inch; they took away at least 170 ounces of blood, and had no other diet than one or two at the most of water gruel, or milk pottage, for that time. I was able by pursuing of the above directions, to go upon crutches, but coming to town about a week after, I went to the cold bath, and by the first going in, I was able, without the help of supporters, to come to my lodgings, and within a few days, was restored to perfect health; and when the pains have returned, by making use of the water, I have found the same relief.—*Floyer*.

A certain wine-cooper, that had been a free liver, fell into a jaundice; thence, as the usual stage is, into a dropsy. He applied for help to Sir Thomas Witherly, then physician to King Charles II.; he, as he said, treated him in all the usual methods practicable in such cases; but nothing would do. He made little urine, grew drowsy and asthmatical, insomuch that he grew tired of his patient, foreseeing that he would soon die. He desired some near friend to pronounce sentence, for a physician should never do it himself; for those who are *adjutores vitæ* should not be *nuncii mortis*. In short, this man was prodigiously swelled, belly, back, sides, thighs, and legs. Thus, being passed all hopes, and forsaken by his physician, and given over by his friends, he desired his wife to let him die at Sadler's Wells, at Islington, to which she consented; and when there, he told her, that he had always been a kind and loving husband to her, that she would grant him one request, which was, that having on him an inextinguishable thirst, she would let him drink his fill of those waters, and then, that he should go out of this world well satisfied that she truly loved him; and if she denied him, he should die a miserable man, both in mind and body. She seeing him so resolved and bent upon it, and considering all other means failed, consented; and to the best of my remembrance, Sir Thomas told us, that from between four in the afternoon and nine or ten at night, he drank fourteen

quarts of water, and all that time made not one drop of urine; he sank down in the chair wherein he sat, dead, as they all thought, in a cold, clammy sweat; thence being laid on the bed, in half an hour's time they heard something make a small rattling noise, like a coach on a distant gravel way; and soon after he was relieved, and passed in an hour's time about seven or eight quarts of water, and was otherwise effectually eased. He began to speak, and desired a little warm sack, which they gave him. He fell into a profound sleep, in which he both sweat and made water, all that night. The next day he drank by degrees about four or five quarts more of water, and drank on, more or less, for five or six days together, taking all that while nothing for food but thin mutton broth, and sometimes a little sack; and so recovered. Now (observes the President of the College of Physicians of that day) no man in his senses would have prescribed such a water-course to cure a dropsy, which shews how little we know of nature, *and the great uncertainty of our art.*—*Baynard.*

Extracts from Cases cured by the external application of Cold Water; in a Letter from James Spence, M.D., of Guildford, to Henry R. Reynolds, M.D. Read at the College of Physicians, 12th Aug., 1784." Med. Trans. vol. iii, p. 96.

"CASE I.—A man, aged fifty-four, servant to Lord Grantley, had ridden much, lived freely, and had been particularly addicted to the drinking of spirituous liquors. On the 20th of March, 1784, he began to feel a tension and fulness of the stomach, after a costiveness of more than a week's standing: from that day to the 24th, he took four ounces of sacred tincture by spoonfuls; swallowed a great number of cathartic pills; had frequent draughts, with rhubarb, jalap, and salpolychrest, besides ordinary remedies, which were ineffectual.

"On the 25th and 26th he had four ounces of castor oil given him, by spoonfuls at a time; the fumes of tobacco were also thrown up plentifully, and renewed every four hours. From the above period to the 15th of April, every medicinal means the healing art could suggest was exhausted. The patient had stercoracious vomitings, was comatose and rapidly sinking.

"As a last resource, I now wished to attempt exciting the action of the intestines, by throwing cold water from the lower extremities upwards. My patient's anxiety to have this tried overruled all objections started by others; accordingly, on the evening of the 17th he was helped into the wash-house, and led along on the cold wet brick floor, while cold water was dashed on his naked limbs, as high as the os pubis, for above a quarter of an hour. He bore it better than his assistants could have imagined, and returned to his chamber in better spirits than when he left it. When I visited him next day, he expressed a wish that the water had been thrown higher up on his body; and said he felt rather stronger and lighter than before the water had been applied. It was accordingly settled, that the application of it should be repeated early next morning, and in

a more forcible manner. Monday, the 19th, between seven and eight o'clock, he was taken into the brewhouse, stripped as high almost as his shoulders, and water dashed in a large quantity, from his legs upwards, on the abdomen, and on his back. He expressed that *it affected him like electricity*, and penetrated through his very vitals.

"After having lain in bed a few hours, a tendency was perceived to which a plentiful evacuation soon succeeded. This was followed by several more, betwixt this time and the next morning; his hiccough, which was still frequent, became more moderate; the tension of his belly disappeared; his countenance and his spirits brightened up; he called for food and drink, and in a few days was able to walk about the yard and house. For five or six days after a discharge had been procured, he had frequent calls, and the bowels could scarcely retain or digest the aliment he took; it passed so quickly for almost a fortnight.

"It was likewise about the fourth or fifth day after his relief, before any quantity of the quicksilver was voided. Yet there was recovered about twelve ounces of it; and now, though still thinner than before his illness, he seems hearty, and says he never was better in his life.

"CASE II.—The town-sergeant of Guildford, aged sixty-one, tall, healthy, temperate, industrious and active. Had been previously subject to constipation, with symptoms of colic and obstruction in his bowels. Was taken ill on the 18th of April, with violent pain and distension of the abdomen, which sounded, when smartly touched with the hand, like a blown-up carcase.

"Purgative medicines and tobacco fumes were tried in vain. On the evening of the 15th of May, he was assisted down stairs into the brewhouse, and basins full of cold water were dashed on his limbs, as high as the os pubis. Before his return to bed, he expressed the same wish as the former patient, that they had thrown the water upon his stomach. On the 6th and 7th he had no symptoms of a tendency to relief. The distension and flatulency were still very great, with a rumbling noise that could be heard at some distance.

"On the 8th, no benefit having been received, and being too weak to be taken down stairs, I directed in the evening, *towels soaked in cold water to be thrown from some distance on his swollen stomach*. He also said that *this affected him like a stroke of electricity*. At his own request a large glass of cold water was given him to drink. About ten o'clock he had a sudden and successful call. On the 9th, he still complained of fulness and large knobs arising which distended his bowels, with severe gripings and rumbling noise. On the 10th the cold wet clothes were renewed, being dashed on the belly as before, and with similar success. This patient gradually recovered."

Mrs. Coningham complained of a sickness in her stomach after eating; but in a few months this increased to that degree, that as soon as

ever she had eaten she immediately fainted away, was in cold sweats, and lost the use of her limbs. These symptoms usually continued two or three hours, and then gradually abated. But after three or four months, though her sickness and faintings went off, yet the use of her limbs did not return as at first. She consulted several physicians in Ireland, who directed her vomits, blisters, steel-courses, and bitters; but she received no benefit by any of these; upon which she was brought to Bath, and drank those waters six months, and bathed every third day, but was no better by either. She was brought from Bath to London, and here consulted Dr. Cole and me. We persuaded her to try the cold bath. After she had continued the use of this for two months, her sickness was less, and the use of her limbs in a great measure restored, upon which we sent her to Tunbridge. She continued the use of those waters, and cold bathing for six months, and afterwards returned so well, that she could walk about the streets with the help of her staff.—*Baynard*.

A nun had a painful tumour on the instep, which had resisted every remedy for three years, and was cured by applying snow and cold water. Another, suffering from vertigo and obstinate constipation, was cured by drinking cold water, and applying a *linen dipped or moistened with cold water to the region of the spleen*, or over the stomach.

Ducissa Cruyllas imminentem abortum cum atroci lumborum dolore, et pondere circa pubem, necnon icterica facta suæ gestationis tempore timebat; et solo aquæ frigidæ usu, *nivi etiam partibus apposite*, ab hac imminente liberam se vidit ruina. Et rursum mense Martii, 1722, eum parere non posset; *frigida epota, et nive in manu habita*, statim peperit omnium cum stupore.—*Todaro*.

A lady far advanced in pregnancy, whilst driving in a sledge, fell through the ice, and was completely drenched with water; yet she was afterwards safely delivered without any bad effects arising from the immersion. The Indians plunge their new-born children in cold water and continue to bathe them daily. The Turks perform their daily ablutions with cold water, and the Russians from out of a warm vapour bath jump into cold water or roll in the snow, by which means they become very hardy, capable of enduring frost, rain, heat, and the most inclement weather.—*Hoffman*.

The cold bath is also one of the best remedies in the world to prevent miscarriage, and strengthen the uterine system, especially if taken towards bed-time.

Those who drink water and use a spare diet, not only enjoy better health than others, but usually bring sound and healthful children into the world, and are not easily angered or disturbed by the turbulent passions of the mind. On the other hand, the proud, haughty, froward, ill-natured, that vex and fret at every trifle, together with their high savoury sauces, wine and strong drink at every meal, supping in the morning and dining at supper time, bring into the world a brood of miserable, small, king's-evil, scabby, rickety infants.—*Floyer*.

Mrs. Bates, of Ashby-de-la-zouch, in Leicestershire, above 50 years old; esteemed consumptive; coughed much; had bad rheumatic pains

above 20 years; lame from sciatica; had a numbness and weakness in her knee, so that she had little use of her legs, but sat constantly near the fire, covered with many clothes, and was so tender that she durst not go into the air abroad; she complained of a pain in her back, which she believed to be the stone, and she had much pain in her breast which she thought cancerous. In the summer of the year 1699, she went to Willowbridge cold bath, in Staffordshire, which is a very cold water, when she bathed constantly once a day, and drank many glasses of the water every day. She continued this method for a month. The fore breast pained her very much the first time she went into the water, but never afterwards. Upon the second time of going into the bath the pain of the hip fell into the foot, and by the continuance of the bathing it was perfectly cured, and never returned afterwards. So that she now goes well, eats well, wears fewer clothes, and is cured of the stone in the kidneys and the swelling of her breast, which was, I believe, a milk tumour, though it had continued in her breast many years. She yet continues the drinking of water ever since. I had this account from herself; and this great cure has occasioned the going of many to Willowbridge out of Leicestershire; and the whole country can attest the truth of this relation.—*Floyer*.

Mrs. Watts, of Leicester, was troubled with continual vomitings, and an hysteric cholic, with wandering pains in her limbs and head, with convulsive motions, and violent hysteric fits, with much windiness in the stomach and belly, with continual sweatings, loss of appetite, and an excessive tenderness, and a consumptive state of body. Dr. Hartop, of the same town, thus describes her indisposition, in his letter to me: "Her indisposition was a perpetual chillness of spirits, with pains all over, especially in the teeth, from the least inclemency of air, accompanied with vapours, faintness, &c. She tried all the usual methods in vain, such as steel, the cortex, vomiting opiates; and at last she went to Bath, and continued there some time, drinking the waters and bathing; but, at last, finding no benefit by anything, she was advised by Dr. Baynard to use the cold bath in London. About Michaelmas, (1699), she bathed there two-and-twenty times within the space of a month; she dipped herself under water six or seven times every morning, without staying in the water any longer than the time of immersion; and she came warm from her bed to the water. By this bathing, the skin contracted, and she was never very tender since, nor subject to colds, as before; her appetite and strength returned, and she became more plump than before; all the sweatings, windiness, pains, and convulsions ceased.—*Floyer*.

Mrs. Smith, of Weston, constantly used to sit by the fire, and she clothed herself very warm; she had much toothache and rheumatic pains, and frequent sweatings. *She was much worse by the use of the hot baths*: he therefore advised her to cold bathing, which she began by bathing her feet first, and then the rest of her body; and when she came forth of the water, she walked about in her clothes till she was warm. This method she continued for a month's time, and was perfectly recovered of her tenderness.—*Floyer*.

A woman who had suffered a long time from pains in the back, neck, shoulders, and arms, obtaining no relief from the remedies employed, at last applied to me for advice. I ordered a stream of water to be poured over her naked body in a cool room, the weather being also tolerably cold; *I then had her wrapped up in sheets, dipped in cold water, and which from time to time were renewed.* She remained in them for two days and nights, fell into a moderate perspiration, and in a few days was perfectly cured.—*Baynard.*

A young woman who had suffered from the *itch* for some years, was perfectly cured by the cold bath. The itch, that seemed almost leprous, with maturated boils on the whole body, especially on the hands, which swelled the fingers to such a degree, together with the soreness of the chaps in the folding of the hands, I have known cured in four or five immersions, so that the bladders that seemed maturated and full of pus, have shrunk and subsided, and peeled off without any physic, but only moderating the diet, forbearing strong drink, and using exercise.

A gentlewoman had the misfortune to be ill treated in hemiplegia, in Jamaica, where she then lived; but coming to England, and landing at Bristol, she fell under my care at the bath. She was so very weak, and her case seemed so deplorable and complicated with fits, partly hysteric, partly epileptic, and of a wonderful thin and spare habit, &c., insomuch so that I had little, very little hope of her recovery. I proposed the assistance of another physician; and the learned Dr. Cole was the man pitched upon. We at first, after all the necessary internals, tried artificial tepid baths; but finding small benefit by them, we plainly told her and her relations, that if anything would do her good, it must be the cold baths. (A shocking proposal to so tender and weak a woman, and but lately come from the torrid zone, from between the tropics.) She readily consented to the experiment, and tried it with resolution and courage; and by her perseverance, and a blessing attending the means, she is recovered beyond all expectation. One thing is very remarkable in her bathing, which is, she finding herself not well, with pain in her head, back, &c., and not knowing the cause, continued her bathing as usual; but it proved the small-pox forming upon her; yet she escaped, and came through it very well, and little or no impression left on her face where they had been, &c. And the last time I saw this lady, she told me she had been in the cold bath more than one hundred and fifty times.—*Baynard.*

A gentlewoman of good worth this summer at the bath told me, that labouring *cum mensium fluxu immodico*, after having tried all the physicians of the best repute, and swallowing bolus upon bolus, together with a scavenger's cart full of all their other shop-slops, and brought to the very brink of the grave, with unnecessary and nauseous doses, which gave not the least check to her case, resolved to try the cold bath, and in a very little time was perfectly recovered, and grew agile, fat, and strong. Another lady in the same case, had a speedy cure by the same means of cold immersion, even in the very teeth of those that grinned

at the proposal of cold bathing; but when they saw that she was recovered and well, they fled with a blushless face to their old silly "Who would have thought it?"—*Baynard*.

A lady in Lancashire, of good quality and worth, having for some years laboured under a complication of distempers, but chiefly nerval and hysterical, of a thin habit, very pale, a decayed stomach, faint sweats, and a low languid pulse, came to London by direction of Sir Charles Scarborough, unto whose lady she was near related, and had in consultation no less than ten or twelve physicians; she had tried all things triable and probable, but at length, by the persuasions of Dr. Yarrow and myself, she was prevailed with to go to St. Mungo's, a very cold spring in Yorkshire, and there courageously immersing to a miracle, was in less than a fortnight's time, perfectly restored to her health, and lived many years after without any relapse.—*Baynard*.

Helen, the daughter of Michael Simpson, of Aldborough, was through lameness carried in a chair by two people, and is since, by the use of immersion, perfectly restored to pristine health and strength.—*Floyer*.

Margaret Smith came from Newcastle in a cripple cart, went on her hands and knees, but went on crutches before she went away; and the next summer she sent word that she was perfectly well, and was in service.

Lady Murray, wife of Lord Murray, and sister to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, told me that several of her sons, though born strong, lusty children, yet pined, dwindled, and fell into convulsions, and died in a little time; and that a Highland woman had advised her either to wash or bathe them in cold water. Accordingly the lady did so, and ever after her children thrived and did well, and are now lusty, strong young men. This the Duke of Hamilton affirmed to me to be true.

CURES OF ACUTE DISEASES BY COLD WATER.

Sir John Floyer was called to a farmer's wife, at a village about four miles from Lichfield, who was ill of a fever, attended with delirium and an utter privation of sleep. It happened one night, that the patient lay for a little time pretty still, and the nurse took that opportunity of going softly out of the room for a few minutes. When she returned, she found all still and quiet, and sat down by the bedside for at least a quarter of an hour, but observing that she did not hear the woman breathe, she put back the curtains, suspecting she was dead, but was much surprised to find she was not in bed. After searching the room to no purpose, she alarmed the people in the house, who, after some time, found the woman in the yard up to the chin in water in the well, which was, as is usual in that country, not much above five feet deep, and nearly full of water. The woman was instantly taken out, and put to bed, and immediately fell asleep. Soon after a profuse sweat broke out which continued for many hours. She awoke without any delirium, and recovered without any further trouble.

Dr. Dover, of Bristol, told me of a vintner's drawer in Oxford that in the small pox went into a great tub of water, and there sat at least two hours; and yet the fellow recovered and did well,—*Dr. Baynard.*

I remember about twenty years since, a learned gentleman, a divine, told me, that in the country where he was beneficed, in a small town, not far from him, many died of a malignant small pox. A certain boy, a farmer's son, was seized with a pain in his head and back, vomited, was feverish, &c., and had all the symptoms of the smallpox. This youth had promised some of his comrades to go a-swimming with them that day; which, notwithstanding his illness, he was resolved to go, and did so, but never heard more of his smallpox. Within three or four days, the father was seized just as the son was, and he was resolved to take Jack's remedy: his wife dissuaded him from it; but he was resolved upon it, and did immerse in cold water, and was after it very well.—*Dr. Baynard.*

I was at Chiswick, and sometimes in London, in the time of the great plague, in the year 1665; and I very well remember that it was the talk of the town that a brewer's servant at Horsleydown, in Southwark, was seized with it, and in his delirium ran into a horse pond, first drank his fill, and then fell fast asleep with his head upon the pond's brink, where he was found in the morning: how long he had been in the pond, nobody knew; for it was in the night he went into the water, and had no nurse then with him; but he recovered, to a miracle.

I heard also, about that time, of a nurse taken with the plague, that accidentally fell into a well somewhere near Acton, and was immediately brought to her senses and recovered. I was told this by some Acton men.—*Dr. Baynard.*

Lately I saw at Mr. Charles Frubshaw's, in Salisbury-court, a servant maid, who, not long before, being delirious in a most intense fever, got loose and leaped into the River Thames, but being soon taken up by a boat, was brought home in her wet clothes, who, no sooner being stript and dry clothes put on, but she went about her business, and was as well as ever she was in her life. I had often heard this story in the neighbourhood, but being curious in the thing, I sent for the maid, and had this relation from her own mouth.—*Dr. Baynard.*

A learned and ingenious gentleman, a doctor of laws, now living, told me that, being light-headed in a fever, and most intensely hot and thirsty, got from his nurse and rushed into a horse-pond in the yard, and there staid above half an hour; it brought him presently to his senses, and allayed both his heat and thirst; after which, when in bed, he fell into a sound sleep, and when he awaked (in a great sweat) he found he was well, but complained of a great pain in his head for some time after, which he himself thinks proceeded from not wetting his head.—*Dr. Baynard.*

A Turk (a servant to a gentleman) falling sick of a fever, some one of the tribe of treacle-connors (being called in) whether apothecary or physician, I can't tell; but (according to custom) what between blister and bolus, they soon made him mad. A countryman of his, that came to visit him, seeing him in that broiling condition, said nothing, but in the night time, by some confederate help, got him down to the Thames side, and soundly ducked him. The fellow came home sensible, and went to bed, and the next day he was perfectly well. This story was attested to me, by two or three gentlemen of undoubted integrity and worth; and I doubt it not, but believe it from the greater probability; for I'll hold ten to one on the Thames side, against treacle, snake root, &c., and all that hot regimen, which inflames and exalts the blood, breaks its globules, and destroys the man.—*Dr. Baynard.*

Dr. Yarborough told me that his kinsman, Sir Thomas Yarborough, sent him an account of a footman of his, who, when delirious and in the small pox, got from his bed, and in his shirt ran into a grotto, where there was water, in which he plunged himself, but was presently got out. The small pox seemed to be sunk and struck in, but upon his going to bed, they came out very kindly, and he safely recovered.—*Dr. Baynard.*

A young man, delirious in the small pox, when his nurse was asleep jumped out of bed, ran down stairs, and went into a pond. The noise awoke the nurse, who followed with an outcry, which raised the family, who surrounded the pond. But he parleyed with them, and told them that if any body came in he would certainly drown them, and that he would come out when he saw his own time; and accordingly did so, and walked up stairs, and sat in his wet shirt on a chest by the bedside; in which posture Mr. Mathews found him when he came into the chamber. Note here, the apothecary lived three or four miles from the place, and he was in the water and on the chest all the while, in his wet shirt, that the messenger was gone for him. This apothecary (Mr. Mathews), asked him how he did. He answered "Pretty well." He asked him if he would have a clean shirt and go into bed. He said by and bye he would, which accordingly he did. When in bed he asked the apothecary if he had nothing good in his pocket, for he was a little faintish. He said that he had a cordial, of which he drank a good draught, so went to sleep, and waked very well, and in a little time recovered.—*Baynard.*

Sir John Chardin, when at Gambroom, in the year 1673, was cured by immersion in the sea, of a burning fever, attended by delirium, after every other remedy had proved ineffectual. About three years ago Captain——in the height of delirium, sprang out of his cabin window, and was upwards of twenty minutes in the water. He was taken up perfectly calm, and speedily recovered.—*Quoted by Dr. Cullen.*

Mr. Thomas Hanbury, aged twenty-two,—feverish to an intense degree; violent parching heat; unquenchable thirst, quick and high pulse; scanty, high-coloured urine; mouth as it were scorched; two chaps or fissures the whole length of the tongue; the muscle of the thumb quite consumed, so that the palm of the hand was all plain; no

cough, but a confirmed hectic; and was reduced to a skeleton; the skin seemed to hang upon him, was withered, dried, and ill-coloured. In the spring he had been seized with an intermitting fever, which changed its type two or three times, and terminated in a synochus or confirmed fever. This was in the month of July. By means of baths, and living almost entirely on buttermilk, he completely recovered by the end of August.—*Baynard.*

Dr. Baynard relates the case of a man raving mad, who, being bound in a cart, stripped of his clothes, and blind-folded, that the surprise might be the greater, on a sudden had a great fall of water let down upon him from the height of twenty feet, *under which he continued as long as his strength would permit.* After his return home he fell into a sleep, and slept twenty-nine hours; then awoke in a quiet state of mind, and has continued so ever since.

Dr. Willis, in his treatise on Phrenitis, gives a very remarkable case of a girl who was cured of this disorder by immersion in cold water. "Some time ago," says the Doctor, "I was called to attend a robust and vigorous servant maid, who being seized with a fever, became so furious and mad, that it became necessary to keep her continually bound in bed. I took a large quantity of blood from her at different times, opened the bowels by repeated clysters, prescribed the usual remedies in such cases, with the addition of juleps, emulsions, and opiates. But all these were of little or no service; she remained without sleep, and raving mad, for the space of seven or eight days, crying and roaring incessantly for some cool fluid to drink; for which reason she was allowed as much water as she pleased; but was neither rendered more calm, nor less thirsty by that means. As it was the summer time, I ordered her to be taken up in the middle of the night by women, and carried to a boat, where her clothes being taken off, and the cords with which she was bound untied, she was plunged into a deep river, having previously tied a rope about the trunk of her body, lest she should happen to be drowned. But there was no occasion for this expedient, for the girl could naturally swim with so much dexterity, that a man expert in that exercise could have scarce acted his part better. About fifteen or twenty minutes after, she was taken out of the water sober and in her senses. Upon which, being laid in bed, she slept, fell into a profuse sweat, and was thoroughly recovered without the use of any other remedy whatever.

"A gentleman," Dr. Gregory used to relate in his lectures, "during the delirium of fever, escaped by the window, his bed-room being on the ground floor, then plunged into the river flowing at the bottom of his garden, swam across, and climbed up the opposite bank. The sudden shock of the cold water, with the exertion of swimming across the stream and scrambling up the bank, restored him to his senses. Sensible of his situation, in the middle of the meadow, and his return intercepted, he was obliged to recross the river in the same way, and having regained his chamber, got into bed, fell into a profound sleep with a profuse perspiration, and, several hours afterwards, awoke perfectly free from the fever.

Professor Desgennelles relates the following. An artillery man in the expedition to Syria, being attacked with the plague, in his delirium

escaped from the barracks of the Lazaretto, of Boulak, and precipitated himself into the Nile. He was taken out in about half an hour, and recovered perfectly.

The salutary effects of the cold bath, and of cold drink in fever, strongly recommend the adoption of these remedies in the plague. Morendi, a physician at Venice, observes, that some sailors at Constino-ple, in the phrensy of the plague, have thrown themselves into the sea; and it is said that, on being taken out, they have recovered.

Savary, in his letters on Egypt, observes, that if heat were the source of their disorders, the *Said* would be uninhabitable. The burning fever (the Causus of the Greeks) is the only one it gives rise to, and to which the inhabitants are subject. They soon get rid of it by regimen, drinking a great deal of water, and bathing themselves in the river. A captain of a ship (a man of credit) having some sailors on board affected by the plague, caught the infection. "I felt," says the captain, "an excessive heat which made my blood boil; my head was very soon attacked, and I perceived I had but a few moments to live. I employed the little judgment I had left to make an experiment. I stripped myself quite naked, and laid myself for the remainder of the night on the deck; the copious dew that fell pierced me to the very bones; in a few hours it rendered my respiration free, and my head more composed. The agitation of my blood was calmed, and after bathing myself in sea-water, I recovered."

A gentleman, formerly Consul, and a merchant at Morocco, related to Dr. Hancock that he fell ill of plague. "One of his brother factors took care of him, and gave him a dose of rum, or some spirituous alexipharmic. Finding himself in a violent heat, without any sweat at all, he begged of a Jew, who was left in attendance, to bring him some cold water. The Jew replied he durst not do it; however, for a fee of two or three ducats, he was persuaded to do it. Having drank the water, he composed himself, and soon fell into a violent sweat. He felt a pricking pain in his arm-pit, which was the beginning of a bubo. He avoided taking the prescribed dose all the next day, but at night his friend came to him and forced him to take another dose of rum. This took off the sweat; the fever returned, and the bubo disappeared. For another ducat he got some more water; his sweat returned. After that he prevailed with the Jew to throw all his hot doses away; he recovered, and, with due regimen after, was very well."

A gentleman, travelling in Arabia, when he came to Mount Sinai, fell ill, as it proved, of the plague. Finding himself extremely hot, and burnt up with thirst, he first bathed, and then drank a deal of water in bed, not knowing what his distemper was. It brought out no less than four or five buboes, and he was well in a little time.—*Dr. Hancock.*

Testimony of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania.

"As I find the Indians upon the continent more incident to fevers than any other distempers, so they rarely fail to cure themselves by great sweating, and immediately plunged themselves into cold water, which they say is the only way not to catch cold.

I once saw an instance of it, with divers more in company. For being upon a discovery of the back part of the country, I called upon an Indian of note, whose name was Tenoughan, the captain general of the clans of Indians of those parts. I found him ill of a fever, his head and limbs much affected with pain, and at the same time his wife preparing a bagnio for him. The bagnio resembled a large oven, into which he crept by a door on the one side, while she put several red-hot stones in at a small door on the other side thereof, and then fastened the doors as closely from the air as she could. Now, while he was sweating in this bagnio, his wife (for they disdain no service) was, with an axe, cutting her husband a passage into the river, (being the winter of 83, [1683] the great frost, and the ice very thick,) in order to the immersing himself, after he should come out of his bath. In less than an hour he was in so great a sweat, that when he came out, he was as wet as if he had come out of a river, and the reek or stream of his body so thick that it was hard to discern anybody's face that stood near him. In this condition he ran to the river, which was about 20 paces, and ducked himself twice or thrice therein, and so returned, passing only through his bagnio to mitigate the immediate stroke of the cold, to his own house, perhaps twenty paces farther, and wrapping himself in his woollen mantle, lay down at his length near a long (but gentle) fire in the middle of his wigwam, turning himself several times, till he was dry, and then he rose, and fell to getting us our dinner, seeming to be as easy, and well in health, as at any other time."—*To Dr. Baynard.*

Mr. John Perion, of the town of Taunton Dean, in the county of Somerset, was seized with acute rheumatism. He was advised by his physicians to try the cold bath. He was so weak and tender as not to be touched without great pain; so that when they lifted him into it in a sheet or blanket, he sat up to his neck, and had the cold water poured upon his head for about the space of half an hour: his speech that was lost and gone, so as not to be understood what he said, so perfectly returned (I think he told me) from that very first immersion, that he cried to the adstantes, "Hold, I am well," and continued so; though for confirmation sake, he used the cold bath some few times more.—*Dr. Baynard.*

"A man, seventy-five years of age, was seized with a violent fever and treated in the usual way, according to the hot regimen. A rash made its appearance, whilst his strength became gradually more and more exhausted. Lying constantly on his back, the skin over the sacrum became inflamed and ulcerated. The patient remained in this state for six weeks, when a hardness and swelling was observed about the knees; the lower extremities had become stiff, benumbed, and immoveable; the muscles were shrivelled up. The stimulating heating treatment was now abandoned; cooling emulsions, and water, mixed with the juice of lemons and raspberries, ordered to be drank. *Linen rags, dipped in cold water, were frequently applied to the inflamed and ulcerated parts over the sacrum. The same was also applied to the knees, notwithstanding the rash on the thighs and other parts of the body, and continually renewed night and day. After a few days, cold foot-baths were used, and moist napkins were applied to the feet.* This cooling treat-

ment gave immediate relief. The feverish heat left him, and the rash disappeared. He recovered the use of his legs and thighs, and within three weeks was perfectly restored to health; and declared, that after this water treatment he enjoyed better health than he had done for the last thirty years.—*De Hahn.*

A girl, ten years of age, took the measles; the throat became sore; on the fifth day apthæ appeared on the tongue; the submaxillary glands became enlarged and painful; the tongue thickly furred with a white border, on which the impression of the teeth was visible; from the face to the soles of her feet were numerous and confluent red spots, accompanied with much itching. On the sixth day the measles raised themselves a little. *She was now constantly washed with cold water, and the same given her to drink.* On the seventh the throat was better, and the eruption became somewhat paler. The night of the eighth day was passed in much restlessness; the glands ulcerated on the inside. On the ninth the face began to desquamate; and on the following days the epidermis peeled off in such quantities, that I am in possession of a piece from her arm nine inches in length.—*De Hahn.*

A lady of rank, whose parents had suffered from rheumatic contractions of the joints, was also afflicted with the same disorder. Her elbows were much enlarged; by washing with cold water, and sometimes rubbing with snow, the disease was arrested, and the enlargements greatly diminished.—*De Hahn.*

During the violent fevers of the late raging epidemic, I have frequently observed that ice, tied up in a cloth and applied to the head in cases of phrenitis, produced a most visible salutary effect, and, in the course of a few hours, permanently restored the intellects. I have never known a patient die in consequence of this treatment; not that all will be saved who submit to it. Celsus observes, there is not anything of such use to the head as cold water; and recommends such as are the subject to weakness of the head in summer, to plunge it into cold running water; also in cases of weakness of sight, accompanied with a purulent discharge from the eyes, and in the enlargement of the glands. Floyer instances its effects on drunkards, who are relieved of their headaches, become sober, and evacuate a large quantity of urine as soon as they are plunged into cold water.—*De Hahn.*

The frequent ablution of the body with cold water not only preserves it from various cutaneous affections, but will cure them. I recommended a woman who had the itch, to get into a tub of water, and, remaining in it several days, to eat, drink, and sleep therein. This being attended with too much inconvenience, she washed herself several times during the day, and, *wrapped herself up in wet sheets during the night,* and then became cured in a short time. Some mix a little superstition with this treatment, thinking that the itch can only be cured by bathing on Good Friday. A man who suffered severely from this disorder, as also two women, went on a Good Friday to a rivulet and bathed in it in their shirts, then returned, without taking them off, or drying them, went to bed, and were entirely cured. Henricus ab Heers relates a case of

a young man whose hands were chapped and cracked crossways, and his skin covered with an eruption resembling Elephantiasis, together with a want of action in his liver. He was ordered to be laid on a straw bed and placed under a mill-stream, so that the water might fall from a considerable height upon the region of the liver. This was repeated twice a-day, early in the morning, and an hour and a half before supper. By continuing this treatment several days, and taking cooling medicines, such as whey with prunella salt, he became perfectly cured.—*De Hahn*.

The healing virtues of cold water can never be sufficiently praised in wounds or sores of old standing. A gentleman of my acquaintance had an ulcer on his foot, which he cured by frequently bathing in a pond; and, whenever it threatened to reopen, speedily re-established the cure by the same means. A fisherman had a large ulcerated abscess in his thigh, which had continued, in spite of every remedy, for the space of two years. The fear that water would aggravate the evil had caused him to abandon his pursuits, but the prospect of starvation compelled him again to renew them. He went into the water to fish, and coming out after two hours, was agreeably surprised to find the sore much less painful. This induced him to go daily into the river, and in a short time he became perfectly cured.—*Dr. Hancock*.

The frequent application of cold water is of the greatest advantage in cases of inflammation of the breast. It allays the heat, assuages the pain, and if used at the commencement, causes the inflammation to subside. It either discusses an indurated tumour, or if suppuration cannot be prevented, renders the skin soft and pliable, so that the matured pus may form for itself an opening without the aid of the lancet. Even cancerous ulcers can bear the application of cold water very well. It refreshes and cleanses them, corrects the corrosion, and mitigates the pain. I have met with cases where the most bland, innocent, and advisable remedies having proved irritating and painful, the patients have not only obtained great relief, but eventually been cured by using cold water.—*De Hahn*.

Cold water is an absolute cure for all small cuts in the fingers or other parts; for if you close the cut up with the thumb of your other hand, keeping it so closed for a quarter of an hour, it will infallibly stop the bleeding; after which, if you double up a linen rag five or six times, dip it in cold water, and apply it to the part, *binding it on*, this, by preventing the inflammation, and a flux of humours, will give nature time soon to heal it without any other application.—*De Hahn*.

"During my residence in Odessa," says De Hahn, "I was called to see a poor man who, in cutting wood, had missed his aim, and nearly separated the great toe from the foot. The loss of blood was so considerable that it threatened the life of the patient. I put a bandage round the foot, covered it all with ice, and continued it so for twenty-four hours. After which time I only exposed the

foot to a constant stream of cold water, distilling from a pail suspended over the injured limb. The patient had remained so for a week, when I took off the bandage, and found the wound almost healed."

De Hahn, speaking of the benefit of cold immersion in small-pox, instances the following remarkable fact: "A captain, having a cargo of slaves, amongst whom the disease made its appearance, treated them after the European fashion, putting the patients between two mattresses, and otherwise heaping bed-clothes upon them in order to bring out the disease. In great distress, they cried and begged to be allowed to treat themselves according to their own method; upon which the other slaves tied a rope around the bodies of the sick, and dipped them frequently during the day into the sea, drying them afterwards in the sun, and in this manner they were cured, and scarcely one died."

De Hahn proves that cold immersion is equally beneficial in measles and other rashes; scarcely any one died of them; and in small-pox not one-fourth of the number die that usually perish under the hot regimen. Out of 156 small-pox patients, which a neighbouring physician had treated in this way, only eight died, although the disease raged at the time in a virulent manner. In 1737, during the prevalence of a malignant epidemic, accompanied with *petechiæ*, very few died who were submitted to this treatment, although they were washed until they became very cool, even during the continued and debilitating sweats.

A gentleman at a long trial at bar, held his water so long, that when the trial was over, he went to make water, but could not, the fibres of the bladder being so much and so long extended, that they could not contract. The gentleman lay all night in extreme pain, and yet with a great desire to urinate, but could not. The next morning he took several diuretick drops, as *sp. nit. dulc.*, &c., in white wine, &c., but to no purpose. I, hearing of this by chance, bid his friend strip him naked, and wrap him round the waist and belly with a wet towel, which as soon as done, he made water immediately.—*Baynard*.

The following case is interesting: My friend, Dr. Ford, has mentioned to me the case of Mr. C. of Bristol, who was instantly relieved of an obstinate stricture of the neck of the bladder of thirty hours' duration (during all which time not a drop of water had passed,) by placing his feet on a marble slab, and dashing cold water over his thighs and legs. The effect was instantaneous; the urine burst from him in a full stream, and the stricture was permanently removed.—*Baynard*.

FACTS FROM DR. CURRIE.

The affusion of Cold and Tepid Water in Smallpox.

In situations where the eruptive fever of smallpox is clearly distinguishable, and where it does not abate sufficiently on the

admission of cold air, the affusion of cold water may be resorted to with confidence and safety; regulated, however, in this application as in every other, *by the actual state of the patient's heat, and of his sensation of heat.*

In the autumn of 1794, J. J., aged 24, was inoculated under my care. He sickened on the seventh day, and the eruptive fever was very considerable. He had a rapid and feeble pulse, a fetid breath, with pain in the head, back, and loins. His heat rose in a few hours to 107° ; and his pulse beat 119 times in the minute. *I encouraged him to drink largely of cold water and lemonade, and threw three gallons of cold brine over him.* He was in a high degree refreshed by it. The eruptive fever abated in every respect—an incipient delirium subsided. The pulse became slower, the heat was reduced, and tranquil sleep followed. In the course of twenty-four hours, the affusion was repeated three or four times, at his own desire, a general direction having been given him to call for it as often as the symptoms of fever returned. The eruption, though more numerous than is usual from inoculation, was of a favourable kind. There was little or no secondary fever, and he rapidly recovered.

Sir William Watson mentions the case of a young woman, who in the absence of her nurse, got out of bed delirious, during the eruptive fever of small pox, and threw herself into the New River, near Islington. She was discovered floating on her face; and when taken out of the water, had not the least appearance of life. She was recovered, however, by the usual methods, and afterwards passed well through the disease.

The following cases of scarlatina anginosa, were communicated by Dr. Currie's colleague, Dr. Gerard, one of the Physicians of the Liverpool Infirmary:—

In the latter end of December, 1796, all the children of a family in his (Dr. Gerard's) neighbourhood, five in number, had been attacked in succession with scarlet fever; four of these were recovering, but one was dangerously ill, when the father of the family, with whom one of the children had slept, was himself seized with all the symptoms of the disease. He had excessive pain in his head and back, and flying pains all over him. He had frequent rigors, loss of appetite, and sickness, with some flushing of the face, but without any efflorescence of the skin, or affection of the throat. This was his situation when Dr. Gerard was called in, about sixteen hours after the first attack. An emetic, and afterwards a cathartic, were ordered, but their operation was slow and imperfect; and on visiting him ten or twelve hours afterwards, he was not materially relieved.

Entertaining no sort of doubt of the nature of the attack, these symptoms foreboded that the epidemic would, in this instance, be severe; and Dr. Gerard determined to try the affusion of cold water, from which, in typhus, he had seen such happy effects. Accordingly, the operation was performed, and with a result that

far exceeded his hopes. As he was much debilitated, half-a-pint of hot wine was given him after it, and on being put to bed, the symptoms of fever were found nearly gone; a genial warmth diffused itself over the extremities of his body, followed by perspiration and sleep. Next day he complained of a slight degree of headache and lassitude; Dr. Gerard therefore ordered the affusion to be repeated, as well as the warm wine after it; the symptoms of the disease vanished, and never re-appeared.

A nurse in the fever ward of the infirmary caught the infection. She was seized with violent rigors, chilliness, and wandering pains, succeeded by great heat, thirst, and headache. Sixteen hours after the first attack, her heat at the axilla was 103° of Fahr., pulse 112 in the minute, and strong; her thirst great, her tongue furred, and her skin dry. Five gallons of salt water of 44° were poured over her naked body, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and after being hastily dried with towels, she was replaced in bed; and when her agitation and sobbing had subsided, her pulse was found to beat at the rate of 96 strokes in the minute, and in half an hour afterwards it had fallen to 80. The heat was reduced to 98° by the ablution, and half an hour afterwards it remained stationary. The sense of heat and headache was gone, and the thirst nearly gone. Six hours afterwards she was perfectly free from fever, but a good deal of debility remained. Small doses of colombo were ordered for her, with a light, nourishing diet, and for several days the cold affusion was repeated, at the same hour of the day as at first; the fever never returned.

During the progress of the fever, when epidemic, a great number of cases similar to the above have occurred, in which the disease was suddenly cut short by the use of the cold affusion on the first and second day; twenty-six of these cases were in the 30th Regiment. In all these the result was precisely similar to the one related.—In cases in which the affusion was not employed till the third day of the fever, I have seen several instances of the same complete solution of the disease. I have even seen this take place when the remedy has been deferred till the fourth day; but this is not common.

Here some cases are detailed, from which the following conclusion is drawn: It appears that the cold affusion, used on the third and fourth days of the fever, does not produce an immediate solution of the disease; but that it instantly abates it, and by a few repetitions brings it to a happy termination in two or three days.

I have frequently used the cold affusion in the last stage of the paroxysm of intermittents, and almost always with the immediate solution of the fit; but in general, if no remedy be used in the intermission, the fever returns at the usual period. In some instances, however, the succeeding paroxysm has been prevented by using the cold affusion about an hour previous to the period of its expected return, and the disease been ultimately removed by continuing this practice through four or five periods.

CURE OF TETANUS.

The history of the case of George Gardiner is highly instructive and interesting. The head was pulled towards the left shoulder, the left corner of the mouth was thrown upwards, the eyes were hollow, the countenance pale and ghastly, the face and neck bedewed with a cold sweat. But his most distressing symptom was a violent pain under the *ensiform cartilage*, (breast bone) with a sudden interruption of his breathing every fourth or fifth inspiration, by a convulsive hiccup, accompanied by a violent contraction of the muscles of the abdomen and lower extremities. He felt on this occasion as if he had received an unexpected blow on the pit of the stomach. Before I saw him he had been bled, and vomited repeatedly, and had used the warm bath, not only without alleviation, but with aggravation of his complaint.

Opium, mercury, and the cold bath were used in succession. At first, a grain of opium every other hour, afterwards a grain every hour, and at last two grains every hour; but he grew worse and worse during the two days this course was continued. Being no longer able to swallow the pills, on the night of the 22nd February, general convulsions came on once or twice in every hour. The tincture of opium was now directed to be given, and an ounce of the quicksilver ointment to be rubbed in on each thigh. In twenty-four hours he took two ounces and a half of the tincture, without sleep or alleviation of pain. The dose being increased, in the next twenty-six hours—he swallowed *four ounces and a half of the laudanum*. He lay now in a state of stupor (what else could he after being so poisoned?) The rapidity of the spasms was indeed much lessened, and the general convulsions nearly gone; but the debility was extreme. A complete *hemiplegia* had supervened; the eyes were fixed, and the speech faltering and unintelligible. Intermitting the opium, which had relieved the pain, but brought on general paralysis, small doses of camphor were given in a liquid form, and gruel with a small quantity of wine to support the strength. For the next six days he seemed to revive; but on the night of the 1st of March, he was seized, during sleep, with a convulsion as severe as ever: the jaws were more completely locked than before, deglutition was become impossible, and the pain under the ensiform cartilage was so extreme as to force from the patient the most piercing cries. At this time the effects of the quicksilver ointment were apparent in the foetor of the breath, and in a considerable salivation.

All other remedies being in vain, it was now resolved to try the cold bath. Gardiner was, therefore, carried to the public salt-water bath, then of the temperature of 36° Fahr., and thrown headlong into it. The good effects were instantaneous. As he rose from the first plunge, and lay struggling on the surface of the water, supported by two of his fellow soldiers, we observed that he stretched out his left leg, which had been for some time retracted to the ham; but his head did not immediately recover the same

freedom of motion, and therefore he was plunged down and raised to the surface successively for upwards of a minute longer, the muscles of the neck relaxing more and more after every plunge. When taken out we felt some alarm; a general tremor was the only indication of life; the pulse and the respiration being nearly if not entirely, suspended. Warm blankets had, however, been prepared, and a general friction was diligently employed. The respiration and the pulse became regular, the vital heat returned, the muscles continued free of constriction, and the patient fell into a quiet and profound sleep. In this he continued upwards of two hours, and when he awaked, to the astonishment of every one, he got up and walked across the room, complaining of nothing but hunger and debility. The convulsive hiccup indeed returned, but in a slight degree, and gave way to the use of the cold bath; which he continued daily a fortnight longer; and in less than a month, we had the satisfaction of seeing our patient under arms, able for the service of his country.

In the convulsions of children I have found the cold bath a useful remedy, whether the disorder originated in worms or other causes. I have seldom known it to fail in stopping the paroxysms, at least for some time, and thereby giving an opportunity of employing the means fitted to remove the particular irritation.

Concluding Remarks.—It appears that the efficacy of the cold bath in convulsive disorders is much promoted by being employed during the presence of convulsion. In spasmodic diseases which do not rise to general convulsion, the cold bath seems to be of inferior efficacy. In Chorea Sancti Viti, I have tried it frequently, but never found it of any service. In the hysterie paroxysm, the cold bath, or indeed the plentiful affusion of cold water, is an infallible remedy.

Dr. Currie relates a cure of furious insanity, supposed to have been brought on by excessive drinking: after trying various remedies, as opium, foxglove, bark, sulphate of iron, emetics, and the tepid affusion, in vain; at last the cold bath was decided on. The patient was therefore thrown headlong into the cold bath. He came out calm, and nearly rational; and this interval of reason continued for twenty-four hours. The same practice was directed to be repeated as often as the state of insanity recurred. Two days afterwards he was again thrown into the cold bath, in the height of his fury as before. As he came out he was thrown in again, and this was repeated five different times, till he could not leave the bath without assistance. He became perfectly calm and rational in the bath, and has remained so ever since. He never relapsed, and was discharged some time afterwards in perfect health of body and mind.

Dr. Currie asserts that it is common for the workmen in the glass manufactory at Glasgow, after enduring for some time the consuming heat of their furnaces, to plunge into the Clyde, a practice which they find in no degree injurious. The Romans heated

their baths to the utmost pitch of endurance; and as they rose reeking from their surface, vessels full of cold water were dashed over their naked bodies, as a high gratification in itself, and as a means of stimulating their senses to gratifications still higher.

Dr. Abendroth relates the two following cases: A lady very often subject to rheumatic pains in her shoulders, and the least exposure to cold air caused her a painful stiff neck. One day, when she was suffering, I covered her neck with cold wet napkins till the pain was gone. It ceased almost instantly, and never returned again, as the lady followed my advice, and continued washing her neck and shoulders daily with cold water.

Another lady, suffering from pneumonia, had taken a saline draught, with a small dose of nitre. A violent diarrhœa was the consequence of it. When I saw her the diarrhœa had lasted already for six days, and had weakened her so much that she lost all consciousness. Her tongue was brown and dry, the pulse weak, frequent, or small and thready, 120 in a minute. As *acetabulum plumbi* and *opium* had not the desired effect, I applied cold wet napkins upon the stomach, which seemed to give her great pain at first, but were borne afterwards very well. The napkins produced an instant stopping of the diarrhœa, which continued for six hours, after which the patient felt herself considerably relieved; and I can say that the convalescence began from that very moment. The symptoms of pneumonia, which had disappeared for the last three days, during the relaxed state of the bowels, never returned, and the patient was soon able to go about.

“Masuah,” says Bruce, “is very unwholesome. Violent fevers are very prevalent, and generally terminate on the third day in death. If the patient survives till the fifth day, he very often recovers by drinking water only, and throwing a quantity of cold water over him, even in his bed, where he is permitted to lie without attempting to make him dry, till another deluge adds to the first. It is really,” he says, “a malignant tertian. It always begins with a shivering and headache, a heavy eye, and an inclination to vomit. The face assumes a remarkable yellow appearance.”

CURES CHIEFLY PERFORMED AT GRAEFENBERG; *related by Captain Claridge, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Smethurst, Sir Charles Scudamore, and others.*

Count Mitrowski, an Austrian nobleman, aged fifty-four, who had long been afflicted with gout, and whose name we are permitted to use, was found insensible in his bed in an apoplectic fit. Some medical men were quickly in attendance and Priessnitz was sent for. The professional men considered the Count past recovery; and one of them said that he would throw his drugs away and become an hydropathist if this patient was restored. It was proposed by some to bleed the invalid, to which Priessnitz objected, if he was to bear any part of the responsibility. So far gone was the patient, and so nearly extinct did vitality appear, that a priest administered the extreme unction, and ac-

according to the custom of the country, a lighted candle was placed in each hand of the apparently dead man. By cold water treatment alone under the sagacious direction of Priessnitz, this gentleman recovered consciousness on the *third day*, drove out in a phaeton on the fourth, and gradually returned to his former habits.

The only son of a Sovereign Prince, aged three years, suffered for fifteen months from chronic obstruction of the bowels, which baffled the skill of his medical attendants, and resulted in total atrophy. For twenty-seven days the child had *had no relief*, when, by the physician's advice, Priessnitz was called in. He saw the child; and at his suggestion the Prince and his family came here, in order that Priessnitz might daily superintend the treatment. In a few days the disease yielded to the water-cure, and at the end of three months, the child returned quite well.

A lady of rank suffered severely from frequent head-aches, cramp in the stomach, indigestion, and other maladies, which cannot here be particularised. She constantly threw up her food, even whilst in the act of eating, and could not have the slightest relief without medicine, and even then had great pain and difficulty. She had been under medical treatment for fourteen years, during which time she consulted fourteen eminent physicians. In little more than a year under the Water-cure, she was restored to perfect health.

Prince Ruspoli, Lord Anson, and another were galloping along a road at the dusk of the evening, not perceiving a drain, two of their horses fell into it. Two of the party were taken up insensible. On being brought into Freywalden, they were instantly put into tepid baths of 65°. The prince having fallen on his temple was much stunned; four men rubbed him in the bath, in five minutes he became conscious and assisted in rubbing himself; in ten minutes he felt cold. After being in the bath twenty-five minutes he was taken out, well dried and put to bed, with bandages on his head and back of the neck, and but slight covering. After an hour's repose, a tepid sitz-bath was administered for an hour. During the night the patient suffered great pain in his head. Next day he was out of doors, but took three sitz-baths during the day; in the morning for an hour; the others, half an hour each time. Bandages always to the injured part. In a few days he was quite well.

The prince's friend was threatened with congestion in the head, and had great pain in the stomach. He took many injections; three sitz-baths daily, an hour and a half each time, and one during the night. This treatment effected his cure.

Mr. M—, aged 26, afflicted with asthma for three years, tried all the baths in Germany, and then determined on going to Gräfenberg: *en route*, he was confined to an hotel for eight days. When he arrived, which was on the 4th of January, 1846, he could with difficulty walk a quarter of a mile. Inclement as the weather was, Priessnitz, at once ordered him into a tepid bath, and stripped him of all flannels; next day he began the following treatment until warm. Morning, packing-sheet, tepid-bath; noon, rubbing-sheet, and tepid sitz-bath; afternoon,

the same. In a short time tepid water was discontinued for cold. In about three weeks, two large boils appeared and broke, when he was so much better, as to ascend the highest mountains, his health improved so fast that, first in the morning, he was seen up to his middle in snow, always without hat, neckcloth or great coat. He was cured in about four months.

RHEUMATIC GOUT.—A gentleman named Heymann, about 34 years of age, at the fire at Hamburg was exposed to the wet from the engines for several days and nights. The result was, a violent attack of rheumatic gout; first in the knees and feet, then neck and arms; afterward in hip and both breasts, which confined him to bed a whole year, from April 1843 to April 1844. During this time he took large quantities of medicine, and used steam and sulphur baths: about seventy of the former, and near a hundred of the latter. Also mud and sulphur baths, which enabled him to walk for about a month, when he was again confined to bed. Gout having attacked the breast, both his medical attendants declared they could do no more. 1st of May, 1844, he was conveyed to Græfenberg, so crippled that he could not dress himself. At the expiration of three months, patient enabled to walk out. Treatment changed. Morning, pack-sheet and tepid bath; noon, one rubbing-sheet, followed by sitz-bath for quarter of an hour; douche before and after breakfast for three minutes; then morning and evening packing-sheet and bath; tepid for two minutes; then cold one minute and back to tepid bath for two minutes, instead of an entire tepid bath. Two months' continuation of this treatment brought out an eruption around the body, and on the calves of the legs; also a strong fever which lasted nine days, which was succeeded by boils. The eruption continued for three months, discharging whitish brown matter. During all this time the last treatment was persevered in. The eruption and boils gave great relief. May 16, 1845. Patient was declared perfectly well. He had gone the whole of the winter without stockings, neckcloth, or waistcoat, wearing only linen coat and trowsers, and sleeping with his windows open. "When I saw him at Graefenberg, in May," Captain Claridge remarks, "I thought I never saw a man in such robust rude health in my life."

REMAINS OF FEVER STRONGLY RESEMBLING GOUT.—An artist caught a fever in Egypt. In Rome, his fingers and feet became enlarged, in appearance resembling gout, when he was treated for that complaint. Priessnitz at once declared this a mistake, and that it was the remains of the fever. In three or four days after beginning the cure, patient had fever, and in ten days another strong attack: his feet and legs became much inflamed, attended with headache and great debility. His former treatment was now abandoned for the following: Three packing-sheets, one after the other, until warm; then the tepid bath for fifteen minutes: from that into the cold bath for two minutes, and return to the tepid again for fifteen or twenty minutes. This was to be repeated in the afternoon. When fever subsided, patient renewed his former treatment, and was perfectly cured in three months. I saw him in Rome the next year, when he was perfectly well; and as

an act of gratitude to Mr. Priessnitz, he has caused to be painted a picture of the "eternal city," to send for his acceptance.

INTERMITTENT FEVER.—General R—— was attacked with intermittent fever at the siege of Mantua, in 1798. His complaint resisted all remedies: his liver became hardened and enlarged, exhibiting a tumour extending three fingers' breadth above his navel. Came to Graefenberg thin as a skeleton, complexion nearly livid, unable to walk without the assistance of two persons. Obstinate indigestion and constipation; no motion for fifteen years, without aid; congestion of blood to the head, and threatened apoplexy; insupportable sensitiveness to cold. Arrived at Graefenberg in 1839; now restored to health: liver restored to normal size, with merely a slight swelling at epigastric region. August, 1840:—Left Graefenberg: his liver softer, though not sensibly diminished. In January, 1841, eruptions on the skin, and many ulcers, made their appearance. In August, 1841, returned to Graefenberg, and commenced the same treatment as before. March 1842.—Left Graefenberg: liver reduced to one-half the size it was August, 1842.—Returned again to Graefenberg, when his treatment was: packing sheet every morning one hour, followed by two rubbing-sheets, noon and afternoon, two rubbing-sheets. October, 1842.—Was seen at his residence in health; pains from many old wounds no longer felt.

The following extraordinary cure is as stated by the patient, an English gentleman, himself. An eruption made its appearance on his head when twenty-three years of age; cause unknown. Underwent medical treatment six years, and tried every remedy five physicians could suggest. Thrice salivated, tried all sorts of ointments, some so powerful as to burn the flesh. Visited Harrowgate the third time, when the eruption spread all over his body. Stomach and bowels a continual source of annoyance. Arrived at Graefenberg 27th July, 1843; eighth month:—eruption improving greatly, leaving the skin inflamed and contracted; the spot on left leg gone, and lumps on neck decreasing in size. Ninth month:—Head and ears better, left off venturing to expose them to the air; washed them frequently with cold water; eruption began to peel off when rubbed. Towards the end of the ninth month, the body was quite free from all eruption. Patient winds up by saying, "I have gradually left off the various operations, preparatory to my departure, and am happy to say, that now every particle and sign of the eruption has disappeared." June 17, 1844.—In a letter written some time afterwards to a friend, he stated that he was perfectly cured of the disease.

CASE OF WHITE SWELLING,

In a Letter from Mr. Gibbs to the Editor of the 'Water-Cure Journal.'

I have heard even friends of the Water Cure express doubts of its efficacy in the treatment of white swelling. For the benefit of such unbelievers I transcribe the case at foot, from a letter which

I received from the mother of the youthful patient. The enemies of the system frequently assert that it cures only imaginary diseases; how many would rejoice if it could be proved that white swelling properly came under this category! From the details of this case, it appears that, by the advice of Priessnitz, an operation was performed by the late very eminent surgeon, Dieffenbach; and this affords occasion to observe, that Dieffenbach several times remarked, that patients sent to him from Water-cure establishments were in a healthier condition for the knife than others, and more speedily recovered from the effects of an operation.

Until the age of four years my daughter was perfectly healthy, when, at the commencement of winter, she was attacked by cough and wheezing on her chest, which gave the idea that her lungs were affected. Leeches were applied, and medicine given with little effect. She continued to look very ill, and became extremely peevish and inactive. In the spring she was suddenly seized by a pain in her left knee, which rendered her quite lame. The complaint was pronounced to be white swelling. One of our first surgeons assured me the attack was of a most acute nature, the joint of the knee being considerably enlarged, and the suffering very great. By steam-baths and leeching, the inflammation was in some degree subdued, and mercury was used in various ways, internally and externally. In a week or ten days the violent pain subsided, but she could not bear the limb to be moved in the slightest manner. In that state the child continued for eighteen months, during which she had three acute attacks, similar to the first, which were got under in the same manner. After each attack the limb became more contracted, and the constitution was evidently sinking, although wine, porter, and fresh meat, etc. etc., were allowed, in order to keep up her strength, but they did not succeed. She was at the sea-side for the benefit of the bathing, which appeared to strengthen her more than anything else, when I learned something of the water system from Captain Claridge's book, and subsequently from himself. At first, I must confess, I was rather startled at the idea of trying such an experiment on my child, but, as every thing else had failed, I made up my mind to go to Graefenberg and put her into the hands of Mr. Priessnitz. In the beginning of September he commenced with her, giving her at first two packings and a tepid bath, and one knee bath during the day, and compresses on the knee and body. He desired that she should have crutches, and try to move about as much as she could without hurting herself. She continued the same treatment during the ensuing winter, during which she had a constant rash on her entire leg, and subsequently several gatherings on and round the knee, none on any other part of the body. In the spring she commenced the cold bath after the packing, and the douche bath. Her strength increased rapidly, her looks became quite healthy, and her appetite excellent. During this summer she made a wonderful improvement, and the limb became so strong that she

could bear to have it so pulled as to drag her about by it. Mr. Priessnitz said he thought the child was now quite free from *all disease*, and that I might have an operation performed to straighten the limb, in which opinion several English medical men quite agreed with him. I then took her to Berlin, having been two years at Graefenberg; the leg was made quite straight by Dr. Dieffenbach, and since then the child enjoys perfect health, being quite strong on her limbs, though still somewhat lame. She continues the use of the cold bath and douche every day. It is generally thought that she will outgrow the lameness. I forgot to mention that from the time the knee was attacked, the chest and cough quite recovered.

FAVOURABLE RECOVERY FROM SMALLPOX BY WATER TREATMENT.

A young lady was confined to the sofa with headache and general lassitude; next morning fever and several pustules. Two packing sheets, the first twenty minutes, the other twenty-five minutes; and tepid bath 70° for eight minutes. Afternoon—As the packing-sheet did not heat so soon as that in the morning, it was not changed, but patient remained in it an hour and a quarter—the tepid bath eight minutes—drank sixteen tumblers of water, windows always open. Second day:—Eruption much increased over the body and face; treatment as before. Third and fourth day:—Eruption increased; same treatment persevered in. Fifth day:—Treatment only in the morning. Sixth day:—Eruption decreasing. Eighth day:—Catamenia, all treatment suspended; which, it should be observed, would not have been the case had any fever remained. Tenth day:—Patient out walking, eruption nearly gone. Twelfth and thirteenth day:—One rubbing sheet on getting out of bed. It should be stated, that the wet bandage was *perpetually* worn during the treatment. Patient quite as well and as strong as before the attack. Complexion much clearer. The most extraordinary thing to be observed is, that the patient was not confined to bed for an hour—felt no disposition to scratch herself. The tongue, after third day, was perfectly clean, and her rest after the first night undisturbed. The fever was taken out the first day, from which time she was not inconvenienced in the least. This young lady had been twice vaccinated. The second and third day a smell remained in the room, after patient was taken out of the sheet and bath, that was perfectly intolerable; which shows that the virus was taken out, and accounts for the eruption being so mild.

Captain Claridge relates the following case:—The Countess of Jennison, who had only been married seven weeks, went to visit the Princess of Tour and Taseis, when she joined in skating, dancing, and playing at various games. On her return home, she was seized with a violent head-ache, when a blister was administered to the back of her neck. The pain continuing, a blister was applied to the chest, and subsequently to other parts, all without avail. Several doctors were consulted, whose measures weakened her nerves. A severe nervous fever ensued, which deprived her en-

tirely of the use of her limbs. After seven months of extreme suffering, and the speculative operations of various medical men, the case was declared hopeless.

She made her will, received the sacrament, and was at times quite unconscious of what was passing around. Her debility may be judged of by the fact that she could neither move joint nor limb, nor even close her mouth or eyes. She was mere skin and bones, and her knuckles became black.

Her husband, as a *dernier ressort*, went to Graefenberg to consult Priessnitz, the result of which was, Mrs. Browne, a bath-woman, going to Brunn to bring the Countess to Graefenberg, Priessnitz persisting in it, that by management she could be brought. When Mrs. Browne stated her intention to the M.D.s in attendance, nothing could exceed their astonishment. The first thing this bath-woman did, preparatory to the journey, was to wash the body with tepid water, and it is heart-rending to hear her account of the manner in which tow had been allowed to fix itself in the hips, elbows, and other parts exposed to pressure; however, little by little, she succeeded in cleansing the body of all these medical applications. She then ordered an upholsterer to make a soft, narrow mattress, with a number of tapes attached to it, and the Count arranged the carriage so that the body might be extended in it.

The next morning, all being ready, Mrs. Browne bound up the arms, the legs, and the whole of the body in a number of wet bandages, with dry ones over them, by this means there was more pliancy to the whole frame than if it had been confined in one sheet, and it was much easier to exchange the different bandages when they became dry *en route*.

The Countess was now fixed on the mattress by means of the tapes, and then placed into the carriage: in this manner she proceeded, night and day, stopping occasionally to change the bandages. Had these bandages become dry, they would not have been endurable. In this way the patient arrived at Graefenberg.

It would be impossible to give a detailed account of the Countess's treatment during the time she was attaining to convalescence. As a general outline, it may be stated, that when first brought to Graefenberg, she was *constantly* kept in a packing-sheet from the arm-pits downwards. Her feet were kept in water, with but slight intervals, day and night for months; even when somewhat better, and able to go out in a carriage, her feet were in cold water. Priessnitz did not wish this, but her feet burned so dreadfully when out of water, that there was no alternative. During the first four months of the treatment, enemata were administered, nature being too weak to assist itself. When she had gained a little strength, her hands were put on the table and pushed on a few inches by her attendant, and the same with her feet. She could not move them herself. After four months she was strong enough for the douche and cold-bath. The packing-sheets were changed when dry—at times in fever they were hot in ten minutes, at

other times two packing sheets a day were sufficient. At the end of forty-nine weeks she left strong and healthy, able to walk without sticks, and was three months advanced in pregnancy.

Four years after I met the Countess again, at Graefenberg, and was astonished to behold her such a fine, fat, healthy woman. Since being cured she has had three children, one died almost immediately after its birth, the second is a fine child, and for her accouchement of the third, she came to place herself under the care of Priessnitz. She did remarkably well, and left Graefenberg in perfect health.

I consider this one of the most wonderful cures effected by Priessnitz. Those who saw the complete *anatomie vivante*, which she was, declared that nothing but a miracle could save her from her early tomb.

Dr. Wilson, of Malvern, was at Graefenberg and witnessed the cure.

CANCER.

Princess Esterhazy, who was so long in England, consulted all the leading medical men in Vienna for a cancer in the breast. They could afford her no relief. She went to Graefenberg, and was perfectly cured in seven months. Six years afterwards, one of the family informed Captain Claridge that she still continued in perfect health.

Captain Claridge relates the case of a French lady of his acquaintance who cured herself of a hard swelling of the breast. She took a rubbing sheet every morning; a sitz-bath at midday, drank ten tumblers of water daily, and wore a wet bandage, with a dry one over it, on the breast always, until the hardness was removed.

CALF OF LEG TORN OFF.

Dr. Scontetton, surgeon to the forces at Strasburg, states, "A soldier trying to descend at night from the walls of the barracks, fell, and tore the flesh off the calf of his leg. The doctor put the lacerated flesh together as well as he could, and bound the leg and thigh up in a bandage; a trough was then made in a slanting position in which he placed the leg. Over the man's head he fixed a cask of water with a tube, from which the man was to keep the bandage constantly wet. By this treatment alone a cure was effected in a fortnight, during which time the man suffered no pain, and was not even deprived of his appetite.

My servant was seized with violent pains in the abdomen during the night, and in the morning, head-ache and fever. Dr. Farr, of Nice, who saw the case, said depletion was requisite, and that the man might be well in four or five days. I declared with Hydropathy he might be made to wait at table the same day. He was put into a packing-sheet for an hour and a half, then a bath; an hour afterwards a sitz bath; wore the bandage, and required no further treatment. Dr. F——, until the next morning, could not believe that the fever was subdued.

Captain Claridge's description of THE BATHS, &c., USED AT GRAEFENBERG, (abridged).

THE RUBBING SHEET, OR ABREIBUNG.

This, by some, is called "the dripping sheet;" by others, "the wrung out," or "rubbing sheet." The term "rubbing" is used, because when the sheet is thrown on the body, great rubbing is used outside of it. It is a quick and simple mode of taking a general ablution; and, when frequently repeated, proves most effectual in restoring or increasing the circulation.

The value of friction to the human body is too well known to require observation. Hair gloves, hard brushes, or coarse towels cause a glow and an elastic feeling, though if long persevered in, they irritate and weaken the skin.

For the daily purposes of life, cold ablutions, and friction with dry cloths are sufficient; but to rouse the dormant energies, to give vitality to the system or combat illness, something more powerful is required.

The rubbing-sheet is a small sheet, soaked in cold water, and afterwards wrung out. This the attendant throws over the patient naked, who, standing up, receives it over his head and shoulders. When thus completely enveloped, the attendant rubs (outside the sheet) the back, loins, legs, and feet of the patient, whilst he himself rubs his abdomen and chest. The operation lasts about three minutes; the wet sheet is then replaced by a dry one, and friction again renewed until the body becomes quite dry; after which, if one rubbing-sheet only is prescribed, a waist-bandage is put on, a glass of water drank, and the invalid proceeds to take the air.

Rubbing-sheets being used to effect several objects, are accordingly well wrung out, or not much wrung out, or scarcely wrung out at all. The first are used where there is a great want of vital energy, slow and languid circulation; the second is the ordinary mode of using the rubbing-sheet; the third is adopted where parties have lain in the packing-sheet or blankets, and have no bath to cool them afterwards.

The Rubbing Sheet is one of the safest and most efficacious appliances in the Water Cure. Every human body has in it $100\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of heat; this is not diminished by the rubbing; by extracting we increase. Whenever persons are unwell, no matter the cause (except there may be eruptions on the body), a Rubbing Sheet is advisable. Where patients have been too exhausted to endure any other treatment, these sheets will resuscitate them in an extraordinary way.

Priessnitz perceived that merely rubbing the body with a damp and afterwards with a dry cloth was beneficial; but he found that whilst one part was under the operation, the other was exposed to catching cold; this gave him the idea of the Rubbing Sheet, with which the whole body is covered at once.

As a general rule, it is safe to begin the treatment of any illness with these sheets; they refresh the invalid, often ward off the complaint, or develop the malady.

After great fatigue or a chill, or where persons have reason to think that they have caught cold, two or three of these rubbings down have an extraordinary restorative effect.

They may be used by old or young, strong or weak, with perfect impunity.

THE DOUCHE BATH.

The douche, of all means employed, is the most powerful in stirring up, and removing humours from the position they may have occupied for years. What is understood by a "douche," is a spring of water, conveyed by pipes through the tops of small huts, from whence it falls in a stream about the thickness of one's wrist.

At Graefenberg, there are six douches in the forest, with the falls of twenty feet, eighteen feet, and fifteen feet, respectively: the douches for women have a fall of only twelve feet, but no difference is made in the dimensions of the stream.

Patients are generally some time under the treatment before being permitted to take the douche. The douche is a most powerful stimulant.

As the sun by repulsion, brings heat out of matter, so the douche, by repelling, brings heat out of the body, and from the interior to the surface.

It is so powerful a stimulant, that persons are frequently known, on coming out of the douche, to declare that they feel as much elation and buoyancy of spirits, as if they had been drinking freely of champagne.

A douche should be at some distance from the abode of the patient, because the necessary walk to it produces a glow of heat, and renders the body in a better state to produce re-action: no person should douche if cold or chilly.

An attendant waiting in the anti-chamber, throws a dry sheet on the patient on his coming out of the douche, rubs him dry, and puts on the waist bandage.

The time allotted for douching is two hours after breakfast, or dinner; but this rule is not without an exception; some patients, after their morning treatment, walk an hour, and then proceed to the douche before breaking their fast.

THE SHOWER BATH.

These baths are not used at Graefenberg. Many persons in the habit of using them complain of giddiness and head-ache. This arises from the re-action upwards, which naturally results from their application. As an ablution, a bath, or washing with wet towels is preferable.

THE SITZ OR SITTING BATH.

By this is to be understood a hip bath: that used at Graefenberg is a small flat tub about seventeen inches in diameter and twelve

or thirteen inches deep; a common washing tub placed against the wall will answer the purpose. The water in this bath is seldom more than four to six inches deep, in which the patient sits with his feet resting on the ground. No rule can be laid down for the duration of this bath, as it is ordered from ten minutes to an hour and longer, depending upon the effect it is intended to produce. It is sometimes prescribed three or four times a day.

The sitting-bath cools and strengthens the viscera of the body, and by revulsion or derivation, draws the humours from the head, chest, and abdomen; relieves pain in the gums or face, and dissipates flatulency and cholic; and is of the utmost value to those who lead sedentary lives.

The object of using so little water in this bath, the foot and half bath, is, that re-action may be the sooner effected. The water is only changed in peculiar cases. The abdomen should be well rubbed whilst taking the bath,* and exercise taken immediately after it, to bring on a re-action. Where there is any tendency of heat or blood to the head, a wet bandage in the shape of a turban should be put on the head immediately before sitting in the bath, and continued the whole time. In commencing the hydropathic treatment, or where the patient is low spirited or unwell, or in cases where re-action is slow, a tepid sitting bath of 62 deg. to 64 deg. is usually prescribed. If a patient takes this bath immediately after the rubbing-sheet, or the room in which he takes it is cold, he should be covered with a cloak or dry blanket. Sitting baths must not be taken just before going to bed, excepting under peculiar circumstances.

In a case of asthma when the patient could hardly breathe, a tepid sitting bath relieved him effectually in fifteen minutes. In all cases of accidents to the head, evil consequences are averted by repeated sitting baths. Head-aches are also generally relieved by these baths, which shows to demonstration that the theory of cold water when applied to the extremities driving the blood to the head, is completely devoid of foundation.

EYE BATH.

As a preservative to the eyes, they should be kept open in a basin of water for two or three minutes every morning, or oftener. Glasses may also be used of the form of the eye, with water in them. For weak eyes, they are applied two or three times a day for five minutes each time.

FOOT BATH.

This bath acts derivatively, and is employed as a counteracting agent against pains in the head, inflammation in the face, congestion to the upper regions of the body, fainting fits, bleeding of the nose, or spitting of blood.

Priessnitz prescribes cold foot-baths to effect the same object that the faculty endeavour to promote by warm ones.

* Our Malvern practice is to use this friction for a few minutes; and then cover the knees, &c., and sit at ease.—R. J. L.

The difference between a cold foot-bath and a warm one is, that after the cold one, a warm glow succeeds and remains ; whilst cold feet are the necessary consequence of a *warm* bath. After the feet have been in cold water for some time, the water becomes tepid from the heat extracted. If the feet are put into hot water, heat, instead of being eliminated from the system, is brought to it—the very opposite to what is intended.

Sometimes, water at a temperature of 62 degrees is prescribed.

Cold foot-baths are accused of driving the blood to the head, for which notion there is not the slightest foundation, as the very opposite effect always attends their application. In the case of bleeding at the nose, I have seen them used several times ; two cases, in fact, are worthy of notice ;—A man was nearly exhausted from loss of blood from the nose ; he put his feet into cold water, and the bleeding stopped in two minutes. A young lady, similarly attacked, put a key down the back and a wet towel upon the nape of the neck, but without effect ; her feet were put into cold water, and the bleeding ceased immediately. These two cases ought to satisfy the enquirer that cold-baths, far from causing congestion in the head, relieve the head.

Care must, however, be taken that the feet are warm when put into cold water, and exercise should be taken after the bath, in order to bring about re-action.

To prove that re-action always attends the use of these baths, when followed by proper exercise, we have but to observe our feet an hour or two after using one. After great fatigue a foot-bath is most refreshing. Mr. Priessnitz recommends the frequent use of these baths, as calculated to ward off complaints—many of which originate in the feet.

Friction and cold foot-baths are the best remedy for habitually cold feet.

Poor people who wear neither shoes nor stockings, and whose feet are constantly exposed to a sort of foot-bath, avoid many complaints with which the rich are visited.

As a general foot-bath, the water should only come up to the instep ; the feet ought to be rubbed the one against the other the whole time. For cold feet ten minutes is sufficient, but for other objects these baths are taken from fifteen minutes to half-an-hour, often much longer.

THE TEPID, OR ABGESCHRECKTE BATH.

This bath is precisely the same as the half-bath (or shallow-bath) and applied in the same way ; the water being tepid : i. e. ordinarily 62 or 63 deg. of Fahrenheit, sometimes as high as 76 degrees. In ordinary cases eight or ten minutes are sufficient, though in gout, I have known it continued for hours. Great friction, except in eruptive cases, is applied the whole time.

The temperature during the use of this bath must be gradually

diminished by the addition of cold water. After rubbing the body for a short time, the attendant throws a can of cold water on the head and shoulders and then renews the friction, a process repeated until inflammation and pain has subsided. If the patient feels weak or tired under the operation, he is allowed to come out for a few minutes and then begin again. It is customary with Priessnitz to put all new comers into a tepid bath for one or two minutes, then into the cold plunge bath and back to the tepid. By these means he judges of their powers of reaction, and prescribes accordingly.

Tepid baths are always used in eruptive cases. All practitioners would do well to begin with these baths and proceed by degrees to colder ones. Every day's experience teaches Priessnitz the value of tepid baths.

Whenever these baths are ordered—for instance for fifteen minutes—instead of taking the whole at once, the dose is administered *a trois reprises*. After the first five minutes, the patient gets out of the bath and walks about the room, covered with a dry sheet, until he gains a little life and activity in the joints, which will be effected in two or three minutes. He then returns to the bath, and after the next five minutes the same process is repeated. After the third process, the patient is dried and walks about the room in the dry sheet for a short time, by way of taking an air bath. This is an important modification in the use of this bath. When patients are feeble and not able to support a bath so long as is often necessary to remove the attack, of whatever nature it may be, by dividing it in the way described, the sufferer is enabled to take the whole: whereas, without any such pauses, the demand made on his strength might be too great. With children this mode of treatment is particularly observed.

BANDAGES, OR UMSCHLAGS.

Bandages fulfil two objects diametrically opposed to each other, viz., to calm and to stimulate. One object is effected by leaving a good deal of water in the bandage, not covering it with a dry one, and changing it as soon as hot. The other by wringing the bandage well out, covering it with a dry one, and only changing it when dry.

1st. The more heat there is in the intestines the quicker the body bandages act.

2nd. Outward cold applications cause a fresh generation of heat.

3rd. By keeping the skin moist, these bandages cause the exudation of peccant humours and eliminate the excess of caloric.

4th. They equalise the temperature of the intestines, and keep up a healthy action in them.

5th. Wherever there is inflammation, their application and renewal lowers the temperature, and their moisture causes the healing of sores or wounds.

Those most in use, may be termed heating bandages. That for the waist is worn day and night. It is $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet long; eight or nine inches wide, with a double tape at the end to tie it with. To be put on with facility, it ought to be rolled up like a surgeon's bandage, beginning at the tape end. Then as much should be wetted and wrung out as will go once round the body, which the remaining part will cover.

In the water-cure the waist bandage is changed in the morning, at noon, in the afternoon, and on going to bed.

The humid heat of these bandages has a stimulating and absorbent property; they relieve the body of superfluous heat, and extract vitiated matters from the parts to which they are applied, as is frequently seen by the water in which they are washed. Moreover, they regulate the bowels, kidneys, &c.

Mercury is constantly drawn from the pores in these bandages. They assuage pain, and aid in curing—better than ointments and plaisters. It is in vain that we seek to cure malignant ulcers retained in the system by impure blood with ointments. At Graefenberg this is effected by the general cure, in which these bandages occupy so prominent a part.

These bandages are used by every patient, and must be renewed after every application of the treatment. To any one who has never been in a water-cure establishment, their application will doubtless appear fraught with danger; but so little is this the case that they are applied to age and decrepitude, to infants at soon as born, and to persons of weak, nervous, and delicate constitutions. Let any one in pain, or who has a sore throat, try them, and he will soon be a convert to our opinion.

In a water-cure establishment bandages are applied wherever pain or inconvenience is felt. Sometimes a patient has his legs, thighs, loins, and perhaps an arm or his head encased in them at one time, and so sleeps without any precautions as to increasing the amount of his covering.

A gentleman afflicted with lumbago was advised to bathe in the Serpentine in winter. After having done so, he dipped his shirt in the water, wrung it out, and put it on, then buttoning up well and putting on a great coat and a large neckcloth, he proceeded to Hampstead and back; this produced great heat, and cured the lumbago. These circumstances lead to the conviction that dangers attending the application of wet linen to our bodies, are less real than is represented. Thus, the airing of linen before a fire previous to wearing it, is of no advantage; the slight damp in it, on the contrary, excites the skin, and is more beneficial than otherwise.

One thing the reader's attention must be called to as an incontrovertible fact. No person ever caught a cold or suffered inconvenience from the application of wet sheets or bandages in the Water-cure.

[Here I reluctantly part from Capt. Claridge; recommending his last book, published by Madden, Leadenhall Street.]

HEART DISEASE.

The patient was a young Russian gentleman, connected with one of the richest merchants in Odessa. Excesses and excitements tending to affect the action of the heart materially, had caused an enlargement of this organ. He experienced great exhaustion, difficulty of breathing, and other sufferings, from which he had in vain endeavoured to be relieved by most rigid medical treatment. He had been reduced almost to a skeleton, and his frame was perfectly attenuated.

In this state he sought relief from the Water-cure, and found it, to his inexpressible delight, after four months' treatment, which enabled him to ascend and descend the mountains with as little fatigue as more robust patients.—*Related by Dr. Smethurst.*

DISEASED ELBOW.

A young Polish nobleman, whilst racing, was thrown from his horse, which had taken fright, and came in contact with the ground upon his elbow. Intense inflammation and pain ensued; his numerous medical attendants all concurred in the opinion that amputation was the only chance of saving his life, which they considered was endangered by the accident.

He declined the operation, but desired them to use their best means, without removing the limb. They accordingly continued to treat him for nine months; in the meantime several pieces of bone *exfoliated* from the elbow-joint.

At this period he determined on being conveyed to Graefenberg, with the arm swollen to three times its natural size, the agony being intense. Two months of the treatment relieved him from all pain, and the arm was reduced to its normal size. He is also able to make a slight use of the hand of the diseased arm. This gentleman remained at Graefenberg at the time of my departure. Priessnitz says that he will recover the proper use of the limb, but that it will require a year or two to accomplish this.—*Related by Dr. Smethurst.*

GOUT.

An English gentleman, a bon vivant, fifty years of age, of sanguine temperament, and inclined to corpulency, had been subject to gouty attacks for the last fifteen years. He had suffered excruciating pains in both hands and wrists, and the left foot, to such a degree that he was compelled to keep to the house for many months at a time. This induced him, after trying in vain to obtain ease, to visit Graefenberg for the purpose of undergoing the Water-cure. At this period the parts became particularly swollen, painful, knotty, and somewhat disfigured in appearance. He was immediately subjected to the treatment, and, to his utter astonishment, was quite freed from all pain in one week, without any return of it at all, although he remained on the establishment for twelve months, when he was perfectly restored.

In his sweating blankets, sheets, and sitz-baths, after each time of using them, for the first six months, there were usually concretions of a chalky kind; afterwards this disappeared altogether, and the patient enjoyed excellent health. He told me he had been a great wine drinker, having taken one or two bottles daily for many years, and that he never meant to touch it again, having lost all taste for it.—*Ibid.*

GOUT.

Little Malvern, Jan. 27, 1844.

Sir—For seven years I suffered with the gout; it went on worse every year, until I became quite a cripple, and at last I could not go about at all. I had good advice from many physicians, and took medicines regularly from them all; but I became very weak and ill of myself, and could find no rest night or day. In this state of suffering I went under your care—it is now thirteen months ago—and went through your treatment for seven weeks. I have been now twelve months without gout or pain of any kind, my looks are quite changed, and I feel like a healthy man, and can do anything. I took no medicine when under your care, and have not required any since.

I am butler to William Berrington, Esq., and I may thank you for having been able to return to my place, and for saving me from being a cripple for life, and for curing me without any payment.

I remain, Sir, your obliged servant,

To Dr. Wilson.

JOHN FOYLE.

SMALL POX.

A young man, aged twenty-one, on his way to Graefenberg, for the treatment of a rheumatic complaint, found himself unwell at Vienna, but travelled on, and when he reached his destination, was in high fever, with delirium. Until this was reduced, an abreibung was kept applied in the quickest succession: so immediately hot did the wet linen become. The delirium quickly subsided. When the fever was much abated, he was put into the leintuch, and this was followed by the shallow bath. Very soon a copious small-pox eruption appeared. Leintuchs were continued, according to the state of the skin. There was no return of fever; the appetite was natural. In ten days, he was able to walk out of doors. He had been vaccinated in his infancy; but, notwithstanding, the pustules were universal and of full size. *No pitting ensued.*—(*Related by Sir Charles Scudamore.*)

APPETITE AND SLEEP RESTORED.

An Austrian officer, aged sixty, had been very stout and remarkable for the goodness of his appetite; but by degrees he became dyspeptic, very nervous, and above all, lost his sleep more and more by degrees, till at length he was not able to procure more than one hour of dozing in the twenty-four, for upwards of two years. He had no regular sleep whatever: opiates would not succeed, and he

was in a most wretched state when he went to Graefenberg. Three months passed away without any decided improvement. It was in the beginning of Spring; the weather very cold, and he was not strong enough to take much exercise. Hence a slower improvement. Treatment: in the first of the morning a leintuch followed by a shallow tepid bath; an abreibung twice a-day; usually a second leintuch, followed either by an abreibung or shallow bath. By degrees he improved, gained some appetite, and sleep returned, at first for an hour only; then more and more, till by the middle of Summer, he could sleep comfortably for seven hours; and he quitted Graefenberg recovered from every inconvenience.—*Related by Sir Charles Scudamore.*

HYPOCHONDRIASIS, PSORIASIS, AND SCIATICA.

The gentleman, (an Englishman) about sixty years of age, who was the subject of these three severe afflictions, belonged formerly to the civil service in India. I made his acquaintance at Graefenberg immediately on my arrival, and am indebted to him for introductions to several valuable cases besides his own. He had laboured under these affections for eight years. Shortly after he had become the subject of sciatica and psoriasis, (which latter disease his French medical advisers denominated *dartre farineuse*), his mind became excessively excited by some family occurrences, with the particulars of which he did not, of course, think it necessary to acquaint me. In a short time, what with this excitement, the torture arising from his sciatica, (inflammation of the sheath of the great sciatic nerve where it passes through the structure of the hip,) and the intolerable *itching* produced by the skin disease, the equilibrium of his mind became so much disturbed that he was not considered in a fit condition to be left by himself. Always in a state of high excitement, there were times when he was perfectly insane.

For eight years the sufferings of this poor gentleman, bodily and mental, were indeed awful. When I asked him to give me a detailed account of his sufferings, he sat thoughtful for a moment, and then, going to a table, he took up a small pocket-book, and opening it at a particular page, and placing his forefinger between the leaves, he re-seated himself. "Some time ago," said he, "I was perusing the book of Deuteronomy; and in the course of my reading, the passages which I have copied into this pocket-book rivetted my attention. They were so exactly characteristic of my sufferings, that I almost fancied myself the particular object of the divine wrath, and that I was even then realizing the fearful denunciations which those passages of Scripture contained. No language of mine can so truthfully or so forcibly convey to you the horrors under which I was labouring both in body and mind. Read them," continued he, "and judge whether I have not reason to be thankful that I am *now* such as you see me." He handed me the book, and

I read as follows: "The Lord will smite thee with the botch of Egypt and with the emerods, and with the scab, and with the itch, whereof thou canst not be healed. The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart. The Lord shall smite thee in the knees, and in the legs, with a sore botch that cannot be healed, from the sole of thy foot to the top of thy head: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, 'Would God it were even;' and at even thou shalt say, 'Would God it were morning!'"

"At the time," continued he, when I had done reading, "that I was perusing those passages, those terrible denunciations were most of them actually realized in my person. I trembled as I read—for at that moment I was covered 'from the sole of my foot to the top of my head' with an intolerable itching botch. I was even then 'smitten in the knees and in the legs with a sore botch,' and was covered with scabs. Madness, and blindness of the understanding, and astonishment of heart were also mine. I had indeed 'no assurance of my life,' for I was often sorely tempted to destroy it; and every morning I wished it were night, and at night I longed for the morning—and every effort I had made to get healed had been utterly in vain."

This gentleman had then been under the Water Cure about three months. His sciatica had entirely left him—the eruption was nearly gone—the itching had wholly ceased—while the state of his mind was perfectly calm, cheerful, rational, and full of thankfulness.—*Related by Dr. E. Johnson.*

HAIR RESTORED.—VERY CURIOUS EFFECTS OF MERCURY.

A gentleman, aged thirty-three, having used mercury with great freedom, and being careless in exposing himself in unfavourable weather, fell into a state of great debility and nervousness, and gradually became almost bald. He went to Graefenberg in this state, and was described to look more like a corpse than a living person. His first treatment was a sitz-bath, two leintuchs, followed by a shallow tepid-bath and free drinking of water. Afterwards, he sweated in a blanket, and used the plunging-bath every other day; douching also on most days, but omitting one leintuch, and not using any on the day of the blanket. He drank water freely, and took as much exercise on the mountains as his strength would allow. Soon after his arrival, the few hairs on the head which he brought with him disappeared, and the baldness was complete. Boils formed particularly at the nates, and suppurated freely; when the treatment was reduced to the use of two leintuchs and a sitz-bath. Soon after, an eruption appeared over the whole body; first vesicular, and afterwards scaly, also more boils. The linen was stained with appearances which were supposed to arise from mercury. At the end of six months, he gained some colour of the

cheeks, and became stronger; but also *new shoots of hair appeared on the head*; and which in two months more so increased, that when I saw him, two months later, he had a fine head of hair! He was pursuing regular treatment, and evidently was quite in a fair way of recovery.

During my stay at Graefenberg, I heard frequent mention of the stains of mercury and of iodine appearing on the leintuchs, either of blue or reddish colour; but Priessnitz assured my friend, Dr. Buxton, that he had seen mercurial globules issue at the ends of the fingers after a continued course of the Water Cure, in patients who had made a great employment of mercury either internally or externally, or both, notwithstanding that they had desisted from all use of the medicine for even several years! This appears almost incredible. I cannot doubt the veracity of Priessnitz; and Liebig, with whom I discussed the subject, had no doubt of such a fact, and offered this explanation: that mercury combines with animal matter, and may remain so combined for an indefinite time; and that the quick change of matter which belongs to the Water Cure treatment would tend to the separation of the mercury, which might appear in a globular or other form.

I have witnessed examples of the latent stay of mercury in the system, and shall cite the following: I prescribed to a poor woman afflicted with rheumatism at the wrist joint, threatening ankylosis, a mercurial ointment which she rubbed in with only occasional intervals from January to the end of May. No mercury was taken internally; none used externally after May. In November following, she was seized with the most violent salivation that can be imagined.—*Related by Sir Charles Scudamore.*

CURE OF DEAFNESS AND RESTORATION OF SMELL.

A gentleman, aged twenty-four, of healthy appearance, when twelve years old, had a nervous fever, which exceedingly weakened his constitution and rendered him very deaf; from that period he had been weak and sickly, and unequal to much exertion. When he arrived at Graefenberg, four months and a half ago, such was his state, with a bad appetite and almost a loss of smell. His hearing also very defective. Began treatment very gently with *abreibung*, leintuch, and sitz-bath; to drink water freely, and take abundant exercise. After a fortnight, his appetite and strength were improved, and treatment was increased to the use of the sweating blanket, followed by the plunging bath twice a week. The *douche* on the other days; head bath twice a day: and to sniff water freely several times in a day.

There ensued a critical diarrhoea several times, after which the hearing improved. When this diarrhoea occurs, boils seldom happen also. The sniffing of the water was at first disagreeable; but finding advantage from it, he persevered; and when I last saw him, his hearing and smell were both recovered. He was strong, active, and in good spirits.—*Idem.*

MALVERN AS A HEALTH RESORT IN THE LAST CENTURY.
EXTRAORDINARY CURES ACCOMPLISHED BY ITS WELLS A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

Recorded in a work by Dr. Wall, entitled, "Experiments and Observations on the Malvern Waters."

In a note to p. 4, it is said—'Mention is made of these Springs in *Bannister's Breviary of the Eyes*, printed A.D. 1622, in these lines:—

'A little more I'll of their curing tell,
How they help sore eyes with a new found well;
Great speech of Malvern hills was late reported,
Unto which spring people in troops resorted.'

In the addenda to Camden's *Britannia* are the following words:—
"Near the division (betwixt Worcester and Herefordshire) is a spring that hath been long famed for the virtue of healing eyes, and other parts of the head, called therefore Eye Well. And beside this is another spring called Holy Well, heretofore much resorted to for curing all scorbutic humours and external ulcers by bathing and drinking of the waters."—And in the "Geography Reformed," these wells are taken notice of in these words. "There are two medicinal springs (in Malvern hills) called Holy Wells, one of which is good for the eyes and putrid foetid livers; the other for cancers."

The following are extracts, p. 17:—"A considerable tradesman of this town, had, when a boy, several sineous ulcers above and below the elbow, which communicated through the joint; the bones were much enlarged and foul, and the arm much emaciated. He had been long attended by two eminent surgeons, who thought the case desperate and had proposed amputation, but by the use of this water a few months, all the ulcers except one below the elbow were healed. He returned again to the well the next summer, when he obtained a complete cure, and has continued well ever since. After he first began upon the waters, he never used any other application to the sores, but linen rags dipped in the water.

A poor woman of the parish of Powick, near this city, was covered with the most frightful leprosy, I ever saw. She had lost her eyebrows, and was so hoarse that she could hardly be understood. Many medicines had been tried, both by me and others ineffectually; at last, she was sent to Malvern, and a little hut built for her reception by the charity of a neighbouring gentleman. She used the water both externally and internally. In a few months her skin was cleared, and she recovered her voice, and by continuing the use of the water, was perfectly cured without ever having any return of the disease.

A young woman, daughter of a tradesman in Bewdley, had long had a scrofulous ophthalmia in each eye, which made her unable to bear the light. She had been in this miserable condition eight or nine months; and though she had applied to several persons of skill, had not met with any permanent relief. When she was brought to the

well, she could not open her eyes, but was forced to be led by another person; but she had not used the waters more than a week, before she was so much recovered that she could see a flea leaping on her bed. Her eyes have continued perfectly clear, and her sight good ever since. This cure was performed, Anno 1754.

The son of a tradesman in this town, a child, of about three years of age, had the glands of the neck much hardened and enlarged. He had a scrofulous ophthalmia in each eye, and his lips were much swelled: the upper in particular projected further than the end of the nose, which it quite touched, was turned outward, and excoriated with several deep fissures. He was attended by me and an eminent surgeon of this place. When we found our joint endeavours unsuccessful, we advised the parents to try Malvern waters. After the use of them for two or three months, he returned home, with his eyes and lips quite healed, and reduced to their natural appearance; the glands of the neck were also much lessened. The disorder in his eyes returning again in a slight degree, the next spring they had again recourse to the same waters; which so far perfected the cure, that there now remain only two or three hardened glands under the chin, but these very small in size. His eyes and lips have continued perfectly well ever since.

In cutaneous diseases, the internal use of the water is apt for some days to increase the eruptions; but by a longer continuance, it washes them off and clears the skin. In scorbutic habits also it produces similar effects, when applied externally; but by continuing its use, all these angry pimples are commonly soon healed, and disappear. These effects were very remarkable in Mary Dudley and John Townsend, both in-patients of the Worcester Infirmary. The former of these was received for a scorbutic ulcer in the leg of long standing; attended with a great defluction on the part, and a large eruption over the whole limb. The ulcer was filled with flesh, but could not be cicatrised by the usual dressings; till at last, by drinking Malvern water, and applying linen to the sore kept constantly wet with the same, it was perfectly healed in a fortnight. The scorbutic eruptions were for the first four or five days prodigiously increased over the whole body; and particularly the parts which were covered with the wet rags, appeared intensely red. During this course she accidentally had a fall down stairs, by which her leg was much bruised, and a lacerated wound made on the skin almost down to the bone. She did not mention this to her surgeon, but only applied the water to it in the same manner as had been directed for her other leg; by which the wound was healed in three or four days. John Townsend had been in the house from June the 19th, 1756, for a scrofulous ophthalmia; to remove which he had taken the most powerful medicines, and various external applications had been tried ineffectually. Indeed his health very visibly declined; and there appeared great danger of his falling into a hectic. At length, on February the 14th, 1757, he was put upon the use of the Malvern water both internally and externally; by which, in a few days, he found a great alteration for the better, both with regard to his health and his eyes; and was discharged

greatly relieved on April the 9th, 1757. Since which time he has constantly persevered in the use of the water, and is now perfectly cured.

I always advise my patients to drink freely of the water for some days or weeks before they use them externally. The empirical method of application, which has hitherto been successfully practised, is to wash sores, tumours, &c., under the spout, several times in a day; covering the parts afterwards with cloths dipped in the same water, and moistened from time to time, as often as they grow dry. Those who bathe also for cutaneous foulnesses, usually go into the water with their linen on; and dress upon it wet. This method, odd as it is, has never yet, that I have heard of, been attended with any ill consequences; though I have known it used by several very tender persons.

A gentlewoman in Worcester applied the water to her legs, on account of a violent and very painful scorbutic eruption in those parts. She lay every night with her limbs wrapped up in wet linen; and yet never received the least cold from it. The painful itching is relieved by nothing so soon or so effectually as by this application; she therefore has always recourse to it whenever the disorder makes a fresh appearance, and always finds ease and advantage from it.

A boy aged eleven years, and leprous from the birth, was last year sent to the spring by an eminent physician who had before tried various methods with him unsuccessfully. He continued at the Holy Well about three months, and was kept constantly wet over his whole body all that time. He went home perfectly cured, and I hear continues well.

A young gentleman of fortune was last year brought to the spring on account of a scrofulous disorder in his foot and elbow. When he first came there he was much emaciated and hectic, and had a dry troublesome cough. The cough and other hectic symptoms went off entirely in less than a month, notwithstanding he constantly kept the diseased parts wet with the water, so far was he from taking cold by the application. There is at present great reason to hope that he will find a perfect cure, of which, when he first came, there appeared not the least probability; for several of the bones in the foot were foul and greatly enlarged, as were also the bones at the elbow, and many sinuous ulcers in both parts; the leg and arm being also much emaciated and the latter almost rigid. His limbs have now recovered their flesh, and he has a considerable degree of motion in the arm; the deep ulcers both in the elbow and foot are healed, and the integuments stick down to the bones; nothing now remaining but two very superficial ulcerations which are clean, and disposed to heal. His father tells me, that before he came to Malvern every fresh tumor and suppuration was attended with violent pain, but that after he had used the water some time, matter was formed without giving him any great uneasiness.

A clergyman of Staffordshire had been afflicted more than nine years with a leprosy, so bad as to deserve the name of an elephantiasis. He had been under the care of several eminent physicians, by whose di-

rections he had taken various approved medicines; had used Llandrindod, Cheltenham, and Wellington waters; and lastly had drank and bathed in the sea water at Brightelmstone; and all unsuccessfully. He last year came to Malvern; and was then in so deplorable a condition that he could scarcely walk; the skin cracking upon every motion of the muscles; and every night he left the print of his body on the sheets. His affairs would not permit him to continue at the well more than seven weeks; but in that short time, by bathing in the water of the Holy Well, and drinking largely of the same, his skin was made perfectly clean and smooth. His complaints have indeed appeared again since, but in a very mild degree. He told me himself, that even under this relapse, he feels much more ease than he has had for many years before he used this water. It seems reasonable to conclude, that as the water had so surprising an effect on so short a trial, a longer continuance might have wrought a perfect cure.

Mr. John Ible, of the parish of Stockton, in this county, had been afflicted with a dry furfuraceous leprosy, more than seven years. This first appeared about the knees and elbows, but spread by degrees over the whole body. Every night he left in his bed two or three handful of dry scales, as large as those of a carp. By drinking constantly of the Holy Well water, and bathing in it three or four times in a day, he was cured in seven weeks. He visited Malvern again the next spring (A.D. 1754); but rather out of precaution than necessity; not having had any return of his former complaints. This account I had from Mrs. Greene, at whose house he lodged.

Mr. James George, jun., woolstapler, of Cripplegate, near this city, was, as he informs me himself, seized with leprous eruptions, after a surfeit, which continued and increased upon him ten or twelve years; notwithstanding he had tried Llandrindod and Bath waters on the spot, and used many other methods which had been recommended to him. His whole body was, he says, covered with large round white scabs, which filled his bed with dry scales every night. He rode from his own house to Malvern every morning, where he drank of the spring; bathed frequently, and brought home some of the water with him, in which he often dipped his shirt and put it on wet; without receiving any cold by doing so. His disease was soon conquered, and his skin has remained perfectly smooth and clean ever since; which is now nine years.

Mary Cuthers, a poor woman of Tewkesbury, had phagedænic or eating ulcers in the throat, nose, and cheek, near two years. The tonsils, uvula, and velum palatinum were so much eroded that she could not swallow any liquid without throwing part of it through the nose. The internal membranes of the nostrils had suffered much, and the bones and cartilages seemed to be in danger. The left cheek was almost entirely destroyed, and the bones bare. The situation and appearance of the ulcers had made many persons suspect the case to be venereal; and it had been treated as such by some whom she had applied to; but as those methods had not the usual success, but rather aggravated all the symptoms, and as the woman constantly persisted in denying the charge, the disease may more

likely be presumed to have been of a "*carcinamitous*" nature. Her affairs would not permit her to stay at the well more than three months; but in that time the cheek was perfectly healed; and the ulcers in the nose and throat so nearly cured, that she spoke articulately, and swallowed without difficulty. She has persisted in the use of the water at home ever since, by which means she continues well, no complaint remaining but a hoarseness and weakness of the voice, occasioned by the loss of substance in the organs of ossification, which cannot be restored though the ulcers are healed.

The cases recorded in Dr. Wall's second appendix, are such only as he attended himself, and therefore, as he says, he is answerable for their veracity. I must content myself with one or two. The first (Case 52), as it was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1760, must have been extensively known at the time. Master Thomas Miller, a boy about eight years of age, was brought to Malvern from Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire, about Midsummer, 1758. He had been diseased from his cradle, and had tried the most approved remedies without success; his complaint gradually increasing under every method.

The upper and lower jaw-bones on the left side were enlarged so much that the cheek was almost level with the nose, and the mouth pushed quite to the right side. In the lower part of the inguinal glands on the left side was a schirrous tumour, about the size of a small egg. The left leg from about two inches below the knee to the foot was enlarged to triple its natural dimensions; not so much from a tumour of the fleshy parts, as of the bone itself, which was carious, and affected with *spina ventosa* the whole length. In this limb were several foul ulcers quite down to the bone. The left foot was not less diseased than the leg, being vastly thickened, perforated with many ulcers, and the bones and ligaments greatly enlarged and foul. The right foot was nearly in the same state as the left. The right arm was diseased at the elbow, both above and below the articulation. Several fistulous ulcers penetrated down to the head of the bones, which were very much enlarged; and the joint had very little motion. He had not put his foot to the ground for five years. I thought this case incurable, and told his friends so: but, as they had brought him so far, they were desirous he should make a trial of the water. After some little preparation, therefore, he entered upon its use. He drank it twice a-day at the spring-head, and it was his only drink at home; the diseased parts were washed twice a-day under the spout, and were afterwards wrapped up in linen rags, kept constantly wet with the water; and after he had used it in this manner for a fortnight or three weeks, he was every morning put into the bath. This was the only method; for he took not a grain of any medicine after he began the use of the water.

When he had been under this course three weeks or a month, he appeared to be much worse than when he came first to the springs. His sores inflamed and grew more painful, and the discharge

from them increased greatly. In this state they continued for a week or nine days, and then those in the arm and right foot began to have a more favourable appearance; the matter became mild and good conditioned, and the sores gradually healed, but the leg continued bad, and the discharge from the ulcers in it was very great. At this time, Mr. Russell, a surgeon of Worcester, of very distinguished abilities, being called in to him, advised amputation, as the only expedient, though that a very doubtful one, to save his life. I wrote to his friends on this subject, but they not consenting, he therefore pursued the same course as before, and at length two large portions of the tibia, not less than half an inch thick, and one of the bones of the tarsus, were cast off.

After this, the sores in these parts grew less painful, the limb lessened in size, and by the latter end of October all the ulcerated parts were healed. He began now to put his foot to the ground; and, though the joint had very little motion, and the limb was very large, yet he made a shift to hobble round the room, his maid only holding him by the hand. About the latter end of December the tumefied gland in the groin grew painful; they applied the water to it, it inflamed, suppurated, broke of itself, and soon was healed without any other application. About the middle of March following, some of the sores broke out afresh, one particularly in the leg, another in the instep, and a third at the elbow; but the discharge was not near so foetid or acrimonious, and but small in quantity; nor were the sinuses so deep as formerly. By persevering in the use of the water that summer, all the parts were perfectly healed. During this, some of his teeth came out, and some exfoliations were cast off from the upper and lower jaw; in consequence of this the swelling of his cheek was very much lessened, and his mouth was nearly brought upright. He recovered his strength surprisingly, and before he left the place, was able to walk up to the summit of the hill, which is very steep and high, without any other support or assistance besides that of his stick. Then follows a letter from the boy's guardian, to say that "he was quite in health, and had not a sore about him."

A lady of distinction came to Malvern, early in the year 1761; she had for far more than twelve months been afflicted with several deep ulcers in her legs, for which she could get no cure, though she had been long under the care of Mr. Bromfield, a surgeon of deserved reputation. When I visited her I found several long deep ulcers in each leg, which affected the periosteum. I put her immediately upon the use of the waters, for she had been under such a constant course of medicines for many months, that I thought she wanted no further preparation or assistance from the shop. The water agreed perfectly well with her, and she drank very large quantities, amounting to several quarts in a day; which, passing well, her appetite and spirits were increased by its use. She washed the ulcers frequently under the spout; and into one of them which run deep, and had but a small opening, she injected the water with a syringe. The great and sudden alteration made

in them quite surprised me: for in six weeks time they were all healed except one, and that was very nearly so. At this time, some very particular business obliged her to leave Malvern; but the water was sent after her, and she continued its use all the summer. About October she returned again, and stayed at Malvern one month, which completed and perfected the cure, as I have since been informed by herself.

It appears that the resemblance, which is so striking between the treatment of Dr. Wall and that of Priessnitz, is found also in the liberal conduct of some of his professional brethren, and that of many German physicians. One of his patients had been for some time under the care of Dr. Oliver, of Bath, a physician, (such are his words) whose learning and sagacity are sufficiently eminent, and he prefaces the case with a description sent to him in a letter from the doctor himself. "We have recourse to you, says Dr. Oliver, "as our last refuge; and most extremely glad shall I be if you can save the life of so agreeable a child, for the sake of his most valuable parents, whose lives and happiness are wrapped up in his." The health of this fine boy was happily restored. Dr. Wall thinks that these cures were caused by some peculiar property in the water; an opinion which may now be better submitted to a numerical test than it could have been at that time.

In the year 1761, a lady of great family and fortune was recommended to my care by the very learned and ingenious Dr. Addington, from whom I received a letter in these words: "I have advised Mrs. L. P., who has a scorbutic disorder, that has baffled all medicines recommended to her, to put herself under your care, and drink Malvern water, unless you judge it improper for her when you see her, &c. If the water at Malvern, or anything else you know, would relieve this valuable lady, I should rejoice extremely.

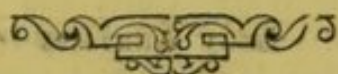
London, July 21, 1761.

A. ADDINGTON."

This lady's case was indeed extremely bad; the back part of her head, her cheeks, neck, breast, stomach, legs, and other parts of her body were covered with a scaly scurf, from which several fissures oozed out a large quantity. She was much improved in appetite and health, and Dr. Addington, when he saw her, expressed his surprise at the amendment, telling Dr. Wall, "that he made no doubt of her perfect recovery, by the use of the water, another season: she continued tolerably well during the winter months: but being then imprudently advised to use a repellent lotion to her legs and other parts of her body, probably of an arsenical or mercurial kind, she was soon after seized with a difficulty of breathing and other symptoms, which put an end to her life in a few days."

A gentlewoman of Newbury, in Berkshire, was in so miserable a condition, that she was carried in a kind of covered cart where she could lie at her full length, not being able to bear any other mode of conveyance. She had a most frightful leprosy over a consider-

able part of her body, &c. She was also paralytic, scarce able to speak properly or intelligibly, or to walk across the room! She was recommended by Dr. Collett, (physician at Newbury) and was sixty-six years of age. She was not only cured of her leprosy, but her paralytic disorders also. "I am greatly pleased," says Dr. Collett in a letter afterwards, "to find her so amazingly recovered, in so short a time. Your treatise did not fall into my hands till a little time before she went, and as soon as I had read it, I persuaded her to try these waters; for the disorder was so very disagreeable and loathsome, the smell so offensive, and the itching so troublesome and uneasy, as to make her life unhappy to her. But all these complaints are now entirely removed, and her skin become smooth and clear, and if there should be any little return this winter, I make no doubt, but that her spending one more summer at Malvern will perfectly cure her; and I believe that had she gone to Malvern two or three months sooner, she would have no occasion to return there any more.—John Collett." She went to Malvern in 1759, and Dr. Wall saw her at Newbury in 1761, when she was well and had no return of her disorder to that time. Mrs. Cotton thought her case so very extraordinary that she desired "it might be made public, and permitted me—(such are Dr. Wall's words) to print her name."



MALVERN, THE HEAD QUARTERS OF THE WATER-CURE IN ENGLAND.

WITH CASES AND LETTERS FROM PATIENTS, EXTRACTED FROM DR. WILSON'S
WORK, ENTITLED—"THE PRACTICE OF THE WATER-CURE."

(From the Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesey.)

Beau Desert, October 8th, 1843.

My dear Doctor,—I have your instructions conveyed in your letter of the 6th, and they shall be implicitly followed, as shall be also any other alterations you may be disposed to make in my treatment, being convinced, (and this in the midst of much suffering,) that if anything can relieve me from my most dreadful of all disorders, your skill, and zeal, and great experience and *prudence*, will bring me through. I mark this latter word more particularly, because I hear of the most absurd and malicious reports being abroad of your having very nearly killed me!

Quelle folie, or rather, quelle méchanceté!!! Why, in general health I *never* was better than since you took me in hand, and I can declare that since the 21st of September, 1842, I have never for a single day had occasion to assist in any way whatever, *stubborn* bowels which reluctantly yielded for years and years, *only* to the most powerful and pernicious drugs.

It is true that to Homœopathy I owe much, from having first taught me to abandon druggery; but then Homœopathy had nothing to offer (*ME at least*) in order to effect that which the free use of the pure simple water within and without, have, under your prudent and judicious management, so admirably effected. Still I am often in great pain—and no wonder;—a desperate malady that for six or eight and twenty years had been in full possession of me, and which has probably been immensely aggravated by the swallowing of a mass of the most violent and poisonous drugs—a quantity, which I do believe if noted down would not be credited. It is no wonder, I say, that even water cannot in thirteen months effect a cure. But it has kept me in excellent, and even robust general health, and if, instead of being seventy-five, I was only fifty-five, I should not be without hope of your totally subduing the enemy; but as I shall probably hardly give you *time* to obtain a complete victory, I must continue to bear my malady with all the patience and resignation that I can muster. If I do outlive it, (which, however, I own I do not expect,) I shall owe it entirely to your system. So persevere, my good doctor, as you have hitherto done, and believe me you will find a confiding patient; and may you and the admirable system you have introduced into this country with so much talent, perseverance, and success, go on and prosper through good report and bad report.

You will be glad to hear that Lady Adelaide is in high health, and a steady advocate of the Water Cure, and I hear most favourable reports of Lord Lichfield. Lady Anglesey is tolerably well. We all send our best wishes to Mrs. Wilson, and I remain, my dear doctor.

Yours truly, ANGLESEY.

J. Wilson, Esq., M.D.

STOMACH AND LIVER DISEASE, WITH ASTHMA.

Malvern, 9th October, 1843.

My dear Sir,—It affords me the greatest pleasure before leaving Malvern to add my evidence in favour of the admirable system you practise, and my thanks for the kindness and attention with which you treated my case.

I have been upwards of eleven years in India; in the year 1836 I returned home on leave of absence, and had a most severe attack of influenza, and have not been well since. I returned again to England in May last. I had stomach asthma, and spasms of the stomach in their severest forms, with indigestion and constipation of bowels, and torpid liver of many years' standing. I was treated with bleeding, leeches, blisters, and medicines, but all my symptoms returned again with the same severity. I then tried the mineral waters with no benefit, suffering two severe attacks while taking them; in this most miserable state, I determined to place myself under your care. I am in every way more than satisfied with the result. After from three weeks to a month's treatment, I met by accident your neighbour, my friend the Rev. Mr. ———, who did not recognise me with my altered appearance. When I came to you in August I was clothed in flannel, and wore a great coat, and was still chilly and cold, now in October I

an without flannel, wear a single light coat, and am warm and comfortable.

I had what is called a *crisis*, and a severe one; the phenomena attending it would not be believed by many without witnessing them, but I felt perfectly well at the time, ate heartily with an appetite three times a day, and took plenty of exercise with alacrity. A friend of mine, Captain ———, whose case is well known to all in your establishment, had a crisis at the same time; it was considered one of the most formidable that occurs, yet I observed that his *gaiety* was not diminished, and his general proceedings as little disturbed as my own.

So great has been the benefit I have received, and so convincing are the many proofs I have witnessed of the extraordinary benefits to be derived from Water Cure treatment *fairly* carried out, that it is my anxious wish to see others under similar suffering avail themselves of so certain and safe a cure. Wishing you many years of health to continue your present employment so eminently for the service of others, I have great satisfaction in subscribing myself,

My dear Sir, yours very faithfully,
J. DOUGLAS DE WEND, Captain 44th Regiment

FROM GENERAL MARRIOTT.

Avonbank, Pershore, October 7th, 1843.

My dear Sir,—Hearing that *reports* are going about the country that my treatment whilst under your care at Malvern had not ended satisfactorily, and that I had been obliged, on my return home, to call in the assistance of other medical gentlemen, I have done all I can to contradict these malicious and false reports, and shall be obliged by your doing the same.

I commenced the Water system on the 21st of September, and I left Malvern on the 29th, *contrary* to your express wish and desire to remain another day or two. On my return home, my family at that time not having the confidence that I had, requested you to ride over and see me on the 1st instant, when you found me in a state quite satisfactory, and without cause for alarm, and I have since been gaining strength by daily horse exercise.

Now, not having the least knowledge of physic, I cannot pretend to explain my "case," but can conscientiously affirm that in the one short week at Malvern, without the hundredth part of a grain of medicine or one minute of pain or suffering, I passed through one of the most threatening and severe bilious and liver complaints that a quarter of a century's experience in tropical climates has enabled me to understand and appreciate. I passed through it without any of that nausea, sickness, or disagreeable effect of calomel and other medicine, which I feel I have not now to get rid of.

Should the *report* alluded to, tend to injure your system, I shall be much grieved, because I have already assured many of my friends that I had gladly placed myself under your treatment to test to the *residents* of the county, as far as I could, the beneficial results proposed by it; for if *half* the ailments proposed to be cured by its simple

means, should prove true, what a blessing to humanity it will be to have the system *generally* adopted!

As chairman of a Board of Guardians (eight or nine years) over forty-two parishes, it could not have escaped me, that the principal part of our expenditure ("Out-relief") is caused by disease in the heads and elders of families, *prematurely* brought on by want of early attention; and most of these diseases are those which are successfully treated by the Water Cure system.

Why should our list of *incurables* through *rheumatism*, &c., be daily increased, and *young* heads of families begin to show tendency to the same malady? And why from fevers, &c., should a whole family and sometimes village be pensioned on "Out-relief" for ten or fifteen weeks, when in most of these cases a few blankets, sheets, and bathing-tubs, would stop or prevent the whole expense in a few days or weeks?

Now as the medical officer, in this part of the world at least, is generally paid by a salary for his whole district, and not "per case," I am certain that instead of losing, he would gain most materially by using, *when proper*, this short and easy mode of treatment; but my wish would be, that as the system is a most *powerful* one, so it should not be practised by the *ignorant*, but admitting as it does of scientific explanation, that EVERY professional man (even for the sake of humanity) should make himself acquainted with it and study it.

I have little doubt that in a very few years a *certificate* of having attended a proper course of instruction will be as necessary as any other diploma or certificate now required, before a professional man can be appointed to the charge of a district; and had I any influence with the Poor Law Commissioners, the necessary *preparatory* instructions should be given as soon as possible. It was with these ideas that I placed myself under your care, that people might not say "he recommends what he dares not try." I need scarcely say that I am satisfied with what I saw and heard amongst your patients, that my confidence in your skill and ability has been confirmed, and that I feel very much obliged to you for your kindness. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter.

I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours.

THOMAS MARRIOTT.

To James Wilson, Esq., M.D.
Malvern.

DISEASE OF THE JOINTS.—STRUMOUS CONSTITUTION.

A young lady, about twenty years of age, come to Malvern, with considerable enlargement, and a stiffened state of the knee and elbow joints. Her constitution was of the most delicate description; she was very thin, and altogether of the most fragile appearance. The nervous system was without tone, and of the weakest reactive power. She could only move about the room, with the aid of tables and chairs, or a person to support her. When an attempt to walk was made, her

attitude was bent, and it was a tottering effort. She had been a year and a half at Leamington, and when she had determined to try the Water Cure, Dr. Jephson, with liberality, advised her by all means to do so. After several months' treatment, Dr. Jephson, passing through Malvern, was so kind as to call and see how she was progressing. During his visit, he was so charmed with her altered appearance, that he could not rest exclaiming repeatedly, that he was delighted to see her looking so stout, and in such robust health. In fact, the character of the young lady's external appearance, and as well as her internal state, had become greatly changed. She is now the picture of robust health, with a deep blooming complexion, and ten days ago she walked from the douche baths, nearly a quarter of a mile up the hill, which is steep. The joints are reduced, and her appetite, sleep, and all the other functions, have been for some time, in the most perfect order. I have no doubt she will make the most perfect cure, which she richly deserves for her perseverance, in what might almost be considered a hopeless state, both of limb and constitution. My learned friend, Dr. Adair Crawford, examined the case several times when he was at Malvern.

MISCARRIAGE.

In relating the following case, I must confine myself to the leading facts, as I cannot enter into the details for the non-professional reader. The lady, the wife of a celebrated sculptor, was induced to try the Water Cure treatment, by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, who had been several months in my house. She was suffering from the effects of *six successive miscarriages*. Some of the symptoms were of a serious nature, and the recumbent posture was found necessary—any movement being accomplished with difficulty, and followed by great exhaustion. Having practised many years as an accoucheur, and been present at the confinement of nearly a thousand ladies, it may be allowed that I have had sufficient experience to form a just opinion in such matters. The treatment at first was gentle, and carefully graduated; it consisted of the tepid wet sheet-bath, chilled sitz-bath, and a compress on the abdomen. In a few days, the warm wet-sheet packing, and chilled shallow-bath, with sitz baths reduced in temperature and of longer duration. In the second week she could walk about, and used all the baths at the natural temperature, and packing twice a day in the wet sheet. The third week she was able to use the douche, and could ascend the hills and take prolonged and active exercise. The rapid restoration to health and strength in this case, after so long a period of debility, and lying on couches, &c., was considered extraordinary, and a subject of much congratulation by her friends, and many patients in the house, who had witnessed her previous state of extreme debility.

Numbers now go to the Water Cure for this distressing disposition alone—for it has been found most successful not only in restoring the patient from the immediate effects, but also in preventing a recurrence. During my long sojourn on the continent, I met

with numerous instances both in society and at the different Water Cure establishments I visited. This desired change is the result of the patients learning a more efficient and strengthening mode of managing themselves—substituting the stimulus of fresh air, and water properly administered, for the stimulants and sedatives and the destructive habits, that are followed by irritation and debility. It will be a grand thing and a blessing, when men get healthy wives, and women healthy husbands!

From this lady Dr. W. received the following letter:—

Pallazzo—, Florence, Nov. 10th, 1843.

MY DEAR DR. WILSON,—I fear that I have drawn largely on your faith in my promises by my long silence; but although I have deferred the pleasure of writing to you, believe me, the benefit I derived from your advice, and the “pure wells undefiled” of the Malvern hills, is of too lasting a nature to be erased from my memory, even though it were “*unstable as water.*”

By strictly persevering in the plan you laid down for me on my leaving Malvern, I have continued in the excellent state of health to which I was restored when I left you, and which I had not enjoyed for years. The elasticity and freshness of spirit, the joyous sense of existence, which I thought gone for ever, have returned to me; my cheeks have recovered their bloom, my eye its brightness, and surely you know enough of human nature to feel assured that no woman can be ungrateful for the restoration of her good looks. The ladies ask me what cosmetics I employ, and when I assure that pure cold water night and morning is the only application I ever make use of, they look incredulous, and give me to understand that they think I am fibbing and determined to keep my own counsel.

As yet there is no hydropathic establishment in Italy that I am aware of; but, even in this dreamy land, people are by degrees opening their eyes to the great truths embodied in the Water Cure. One of the most eminent physicians in Florence has created a great sensation by his successful treatment of nervous fevers on the system of the Water Cure. The first essay was in the case of a poor man at the hospital, supposed to be at the point of death. To the astonishment of all parties the patient recovered. The faculty assailed the worthy “professore” with vituperations and words of “learned length and thundering sound;” but disregarding the clamour, he acts upon the hints he has received, and in all cases of nervous fever administers the only true medicine. If only one disease is thus treated, it is a great point gained; and it is not likely that a man who has had the courage to take so important a step towards crushing the host of prejudices that envelope the public mind, will be content without pursuing his investigations.

Our mode of life is very simple, and with the exception of an occasional cigar in which my husband indulges, there is nothing contrary to Water Cure doctrines and your injunctions. Mr. ——— is

even more enthusiastic on the subject than I am, but I leave him to speak for himself, and with kind regards to Mrs. Wilson, I beg you to believe me,

My Dear Sir, very truly yours,

Though the word "*enthusiastic*" used by my wife is an epithet to which I have a certain aversion, I must plead guilty to it this time. I have continued since I left Malvern to practise what you advise for persons in health, and though I always thought myself in the enjoyment of tolerably good health, I perceived soon after I abandoned all irritants, drinking only water, that a "veil of bile and gall had long hung between me and God's world." I have gradually gained ever since in the powers both of mind and body. My occasional colds have come no more, my skin is different, and I feel altogether fresher and younger. If you should have it in your power to write us a word of the health of your family and patients, you would do us a signal favour.

Very faithfully yours,

DISEASE OF KIDNEYS.

I have to thank T. Beale Browne, Esq., of Salperton, near Cheltenham, for the following letter, stating the effects of the Water Cure on himself and child:—

54, Welbeck Street, London, Dec. 27th, 1843.

MY DEAR DR. WILSON,—I cannot leave Malvern without expressing my gratitude to you for the signal benefit I have received, together with my dear child, from your Water Cure treatment. I own I was very averse to the system, but I was induced to read some books on the subject, my judgment was convinced, and I determined to give it a trial. I began, according to the directions, to drink nothing but water, and deriving benefit from it, I made up my mind to consult you, and put my little boy under your charge. By God's blessing upon the means used, I was soon entirely cured of a complaint in the kidneys, which had been deemed incurable by many of the first medical practitioners in town and country. I also suffered severely from several other complaints brought on by the constant use of aperients and other strong remedies; these soon yielded to your admirable system, so that for many months I have taken no medicine, and am perfectly cured.

My little boy came to Malvern in almost a dying state; indeed a relation has since said he did not expect his life could by possibility last three months. His foot, which had been bad for some time, had become gradually worse and worse, notwithstanding the treatment of the best medical practitioners in town and country. In a short time there was a great alteration for the better, and in

a few months he began to run about, which he does now without any ill effects ; his foot is as nearly well as possible, and his general health is marvellously improved ; indeed the same relation has said that these two cases of themselves are sufficient to establish the Water Cure. I have to thank you for your kind attention and skill, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

T. B. BROWNE.

To Dr. James Wilson, Malvern,

PARALYSIS, WITH LONG STANDING DISEASE OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

DEAR SIR,—As I am aware that you are about to publish a pamphlet containing authenticated evidence of the benefits to be derived from the Water Cure, it is with pleasure I write you an outline of my case, if you consider it of sufficient importance to insert it.

I have been now three months under the treatment, and have undergone great changes for the better, both mentally and bodily.

When I consulted you I had just previously had a slight attack of paralysis, and after having undergone the usual medical treatment, was told by my medical attendant that he could do no more for me, and urged a visit to Buxton, but at the same time strongly cautioned me on no account to have anything to do with the Water treatment. This he impressed on me earnestly, and I have no doubt sincerely, for he said, "If there's any truth in the science of medicine, the Water treatment is humbug." To his advice I partly acceded, and went to Buxton more dead than alive. Besides the attack of paralysis I had been costive for years, my bowels hardly ever acting without taking medicine and pills, of the latter I had taken at various times nearly every sort, from Morrison's Pills thirty to a dose, down to Parr's, but the more I took the worse I became, and the more I required. Then in the morning I had sickness and vomiting, and had been three or four times attacked with very severe stoppage in the bowels, which I had great difficulty in recovering from, although on these occasions I was attended by a very eminent physician, Dr. Belcombe of this city. I stopped at Buxton about ten days, and with little if any benefit, and sick at heart, low-spirited, and miserable, without hope, and highly irritable, I by accident heard of you. On reaching Malvern you found me in a wretched state both of body and mind, but after having been under your care for thirteen weeks, my state and feelings have most materially improved. I have got to be able with the greatest ease to walk from ten to fifteen miles ; my bowels have become perfectly regular, and require no medicine. Of the latter I have only taken two rhubarb and two ox-gall pills during the time I have been under your care, both of which I am satisfied I might have done without. My abdomen has lost much of its gross protuberance, having lost from the 7th September to the 20th December, just

eighteen pounds, the rest of the body being well covered with solid flesh.

I am now returning home, and conclude by expressing my thanks for the attention and kindness with which you managed my case, for I must in fairness say that without your satisfactory explanations, and *patience* with me in the first period of my treatment, I fear I should not now be in a state to add my tribute to your successful treatment. With kind regards.

I am dear Sir, yours very truly,
WILLIAM SMITH, Jun. Attorney,

14, New Street, York.

P. S. I have omitted to state that one important function was entirely suspended from the time of the attack of paralysis, but was after a few weeks completely restored. You will be aware to what I allude, which I will not more particularly describe, but shall be glad to give you or any other person who requests it, an explanation.

SYPHILIS, WITH STOMACH AND LIVER DISEASE, AND PALPITATIONS OF THE HEART.

Thomas L. Morecroft, Esq., Manor House, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, was a patient in my house at the same time with the author of the following interesting and candid letter; they were on intimate terms. He has read the letter, and declares it to be accurate in its statements.

Paris, Dec. 26th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—From all I had heard for and against yourself and the Water Cure, before visiting Malvern, and from all I have witnessed during a residence of nine weeks in your establishment, I cannot but be aware of the great importance of relating and authenticating a cure like my own, taking at the same time the opportunity of stating that for your unremitting kindness and attention, as well as for my recovery, I shall ever feel a most grateful remembrance.

On my arrival at Malvern I was suffering from the most distressing palpitations of the heart, which I had had for upwards of two years, the result of a long-continued residence in a tropical climate, accompanied with other very unpleasant symptoms of the stomach, and for which I had taken medicines of all kinds and descriptions, with very little if any alleviation of my sufferings. But added to this, some time before I consulted you, I contracted syphilis, which showed itself in deep eating chancres, which were soon afterwards, from the travelling, accompanied by a swelling of the glands of a very painful nature, which formed rapidly and largely, and laid me up in bed. Now, what I consider of importance to state is, that exactly in one week I was completely rid of the swelling by the different processes of the Water Cure, and was able to get out of bed and walk about, feeling myself stronger and fresher in health than before I was laid up. The same remedies which were used for the swelling and its cause, I found quieted the palpitations of the heart, and greatly relieved the stomach symptoms. For about fourteen days the chancres went on eating and enlarging rapidly, but they then took a *sudden turn*, and began to heal and disappear perceptibly, together with the thickness and hardness about

them. As soon as they were completely healed, a crisis of small boils broke out in different parts of my body, but they did not confine me an hour to the house, and I found my general health better than I have known it to be for many years. I now feel that I am a hale and hearty man, my blood pure, and all the functions of my body in a perfect state. A very near relation of mine who is a *retired physician*, has watched with deep interest the progress of my case; he was at first sceptical, and fearful of the result; he is now however highly gratified, and considers it one of the greatest triumphs of modern medical art, being of opinion that had I been obliged to use mercury to any extent in my state of health, it might have utterly precluded my chance of ever regaining it.

As I have a fellow-feeling for those attacked by long and severe suffering, and having myself recovered so easily and pleasantly from a complaint which ruins so many constitutions, it is with very great pleasure that I authorize you to mention my name to any gentleman who may desire to know it. And with a reiteration of my thanks to you.

I remain, dear Sir, your very sincerely,

To James Wilson, Esq., M.D.

STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINT, WITH RHEUMATISM AND TIC.

South Hall, by Rothsay, Jan. 9th, 1844.

My dear Doctor.—According to promise I write to report progress, and let you know how I have been going on.

You will be glad to find that since I was under your care, I have not had a pain or an ache. I have left them all behind me; indeed I may say I have not felt so well or so strong for many a day, as at the present moment. I almost wish I had a twitch or two, that I might have an excuse to return to Malvern and your hydropathic treatment, which I tell all my friends, I found as much a matter of enjoyment as it was beneficial.

Believe me, my dear Doctor, with sincere regard,

Very truly yours,

To J. Wilson, Esq., M.D.

J. CAMPBELL.

SUPPOSED CONSUMPTION, WITH EXTREME DEBILITY.

King Street, Carmarthen, Feb. 6th, 1844.

Dear Doctor Wilson,—If a brief account of my recovery by the Water Cure will assist in removing ill-founded fears and prejudices, it is with great pleasure I send it you, to make any use of you may deem of utility.

During a period of twelve years I was in a very delicate state, scarcely ever well, and incapable of bearing the less exertion. I was frequently laid up with severe illness for months. At last my chest became so severely affected, that I was thought to be in a rapid consumption. During this long period I was generally under medical treatment, often thought to be in a hopeless state, and I was at last told that the probabilities were against my living long or recovering. My husband was informed by some of my medical attendants that tubercles were formed in the lungs,

I put myself under your care in a forlorn state and as a forlorn hope, and when, after an examination of my chest, you told me that with proper management, care, and the necessary means, I should be free from disease, strong, and well, in less than six months, I confess that I thought at the time you were flattering my faint hopes, and that it was next to impossible. I am thankful to state, that your kind opinion has been most truly verified, for I am now strong, and in the enjoyment of all the feelings of perfect health.

Soon after I commenced your treatment, which from my great debility was at first of the gentlest nature, I began to experience its strengthening power and to feel more assurance that I should recover. I was soon able to bear and find all the remedies agreeable, and to the present moment I have every day had more reason to thank a kind Providence who gave me the benefit of the means you use, and of your skill and unremitting kindness. Mr. Charles joins me in kindest wishes for your welfare.

Believe me, dear Doctor Wilson, very truly yours,

ANNE CHARLES.

P.S. I forgot to mention that from the day I consulted you, I have not taken, nor have I in any way required, a dose of medicine or a stimulant of any kind.

FROM THE REV. STUART MAJENDIE.

Longdon, near Lichfield, Feb. 5th, 1844.

My dear Sir,—I assure you that I very much regret missing you when you were on your visit to Lord Anglesey. I was obliged to go to the assizes, and on the day I was asked to meet you at dinner I was engaged.

I am glad to find that the English public are becoming sensible of the value of the hydropathic treatment, and that your zeal and efforts have been crowned with so much success. It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to the many which you possess of its salutary efficacy. It is now about twelve months since I was under your care at Malvern. From that time I have continued to follow your instructions, and certainly have never felt so well. Should I be afflicted with illness, I should again seek health by resorting to my "Water Doctor."

Since I first consulted you I have not taken nor indeed have I felt the least necessity for any medicine whatever. It appears to me, therefore, that when the Water Cure is studied and cultivated by physicians of talent, and the misapplication of its powerful means avoided, by being taken out of the hands of inexperienced, improper, and unqualified persons, it will prove a great blessing to the community. With kind regards.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

To Dr. James Wilson.

STUART MAJENDIE.

(From the Rev. J. P. Cooke)

TIC-DOLOUREUX, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AND NERVOUS DEBILITY.

St. John's College, Waterford, Jan. 26, 1844.

My dear Sir—I have now had an opportunity of testing the power of the Water Cure treatment, which I went through under your care. For the last three months we have had an almost uninterrupted continuance of that damp weather which for a long period used invariably to be a season of much suffering to me, and it is therefore with much pleasure that I acquaint you with the permanence of its efficacy.

When I first put myself under your care, I had been for more than twenty years suffering from what I was told was chronic rheumatism, and consequent, and daily increasing general debility. The night before I went to Malvern, my state of suffering was very great, and it was only by the most determined effort and exertion that I could cross the room. After the first ten days' treatment my strength began to return and my pains to disappear; and the happy effects have become daily more sensible. Under the Almighty providence, to the Water Cure and your skilful administration of it, I owe this unexpected blessing, for I had in vain tried, I believe, every kind of remedy which medical advice could afford. It is no wonder, if from the benefit I experienced in myself, and that which I saw in so many others of your patients, that I should look upon the Water Cure as a blessed revelation made to man in these days of scientific research and discovery. I know enough to feel authorised in recommending this admirable system of treatment to all sufferers from disease, and feel assured it cannot be harmful to the most tender frames or most delicate constitutions, but must be productive of relief in almost every disease when scientifically administered by qualified practitioners.

Of your kindness and attention to myself I shall ever have a grateful recollection, and to your skill, candour, and liberality shall always be happy to bear ready witness.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

Dr. Wilson, Great Malvern.

J. P. COOKE.

GOUT.

Hamilton House, Maida Hill, London, Feb. 1, 1844.

My dear Doctor—I think I am qualified by personal experience, observation, and some study, to give a fair opinion on the efficacy and safety of the Water Cure. I can do this more particularly in reference to its effects in the treatment of gout. I had suffered severely from this disease for full thirty years; I was reduced to a state of great debility, and my constitution completely shattered. As might be supposed, I tried all the most approved methods of treatment over and over again, under our most eminent physicians. Now, when I compare my present state with that I was in fifteen months ago, when I first consulted you, the least I can say is, that I am full of thankfulness. I have had about twelve months to consider and examine the effects of the wonder-working, and

health and strength restoring Water Cure, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best treatment, beyond all comparison, for gout. With all this, however, I should not omit the remark that, like every other treatment, much injury may, and I have no doubt will be done by unskilful hands, and by persons in no way qualified to understand or undertake an office requiring such diversified knowledge and natural ability as the treatment of the human body. I know that the simple act of giving a dose of colchicum is not without danger, for I have suffered severely from it myself, and have read of others who were killed outright by it.

In concluding I can only say, that I have been so benefited in every way by the Water Cure, that I shall be ever thankful that I went to Malvern; and shall recommend all who suffer as I have suffered, to go to you, with the confidence that I have such reason to feel in your judgment, acquirements, and frankness.

Wishing every prosperity to yourself, and the good cause you so ably advocate by word and deed.

Believe me, my dear Doctor, yours very truly.

W. BERRY BROWN.

P.S.—If you think the good cause can be at all benefited by anything I can write or say, I shall feel great satisfaction in your making use of my name or personal application in any way you please.

To Dr. Wilson.

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

(The author of the following letter is well known to many of the residents of Malvern.)

Malvern, Feb. 1, 1844.

My dear Sir—It affords me much pleasure to state, that the effect the Water Cure has had on my gout and general health has been most satisfactory. For the last seven years I have suffered as much as a man well could do, being often confined above a month to my bed. This went on with other attacks of severe illness, until my ankles, feet, and left wrist, were permanently enlarged to double their natural size, and at the same time hard and painful. When I came to you I was unable to walk the shortest distance without great pain and fatigue, and my general health was worn out.

During the long period of my suffering I had taken medicines of all kinds, in great quantities, which were given me by able and esteemed medical men. In a short time after I was under your treatment, I began to feel its beneficial effects; my strength returned, my appetite, spirits, and sleep became excellent, and the hard swellings of the joints diminished rapidly and visibly. I am now able to be on my feet the whole day, and walk a great distance with little or no inconvenience. The feet and joints are more than a third less than when I commenced the Water Cure, and are indeed but little larger than their natural size. I now feel that I have health and strength, and by following your instructions, and

going on gently with the treatment, I feel confident my recovery will be permanent. In leaving you, I have to express my most sincere thanks for your kindness to me, and my conviction that it is to your treatment by the Water Cure, I am enabled to pursue my profession, and have been saved from being always crippled. I beg to subscribe myself,

My dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

To Dr. Wilson

GOUT.

Acton House, Acton, Feb. 7, 1844.

My dear Sir—Experience has so fully convinced me of the good effects of the Water Cure, that I have great pleasure in adding my testimony in support of its efficacy. Eighteen months have now elapsed since I commenced the trial under your direction; previous to that time I had for years suffered dreadfully from gout, of which I had frequent attacks; indeed I was very seldom and only for short intervals free from them. I was also much annoyed, I may say incessantly, with acidity of the stomach; heartburn, headache, giddiness, and other distressing symptoms. By strictly following your rules, and without the aid of a grain of medicine, I have been long since relieved from them, and all similar inconveniences, not partially or by halves, but wholly and entirely.

About a year after I left Malvern I had a fit of the gout while making a little tour of the Lakes, but I may, I believe, attribute it to over-confidence; I fancied and flattered myself that the disease was eradicated from my constitution, and I therefore neglected the warnings that preceded the attack. Since then I have enjoyed perfect health, and can walk fifteen or twenty miles without any apprehension of suffering for it afterwards. I think, and indeed know, that mischief has occurred to individuals by misapplication of the Water Cure treatment. Some expect wonders to accrue from drinking two or three tumblers of water before breakfast, and should gout appear, they have recourse to cold applications, without undergoing any kind of preparation, or using any precaution. Hydropathy then is sure to be accused and abused, and such cases I have heard quoted to raise prejudices against it. I am perfectly convinced that under judicious management, the Water Cure is a safe cure for gout, and I shall be always ready and happy to promote its adoption by every means in my power. I think, my dear sir, that all who have experienced its benefits, owe you a great deal for having first introduced the practice of it into this country. I freely acknowledge my obligations to you, and remain always,

Yours most faithfully, GEORGE LYNCH.

A medical gentleman (Mr. W. Reeves), has experienced how life may be saved when at the lowest ebb. He was so low and so cadaverous when he came here, that the bath man refused to attend him, declaring that he should be "put in prison by a coroner's inquest." (J. W.)

This gentleman has published his case in a country paper, and I here transcribe it:—

"For some years I had been troubled with periodical derangement of the digestive organs, becoming at each attack of a more serious nature. About two years since, my general health began to give way rapidly, and all my morbid symptoms increased to an alarming extent, ending in my being, without exaggeration, reduced to skin and bone. The mind and body were alike prostrated. The stomach for a long time had totally refused to do its office, rejecting every kind of aliment, however simple. During the progress of my ailments, air, diet, exercise, and the best medicinal treatment, were attended with but little relief. All failed, and a speedy termination to my sufferings, by death, seemed inevitable. This was the opinion of all my friends; one of whom, however, suggested that I should try the Water Cure as a *dernier resort*. I had no faith in its efficacy, or hope of a favourable result; but, thinking that, at all events, it could but hasten, by a short period, a result otherwise unavoidable, and, as I felt at the time, even to be desired, I went last September to consult Dr. Wilson of Malvern. After a brief explanation, he undertook my treatment, at the same time explaining to me the mode in which the Water Cure could and would restore me to health; giving me a lucid exposition of my diseased state, and pointing out, satisfactorily, how it was that I had gone on for so long a time from bad to worse. It would be too long, in a communication of this kind, to enter into an account of the physiological and pathological details with which I then, for the first time, became acquainted; sound views of the philosophy of health and disease, which, carried into practice, I can unhesitatingly say, preserved my existence. A short time before I commenced the Water treatment, a physician of acknowledged talent and considerable experience gave me to understand that my recovery was beyond the reach of art. Before I left Dr. Wilson's establishment, I was able to walk from twenty to thirty miles a day, *in any kind of weather*, and returned home, at the end of thirteen weeks, clothed with solid flesh, *a living and substantial witness of the efficacy and safety of the Water Cure*. My treatment was comprised in the use of the Wet Sheet, the Shallow bath with friction, the Sitz bath, and Foot bath, the constant application of the abdominal compress, drinking water, diet, and exercise. These were all modified in their use according to the state I was in; and simple as these remedial means may appear, yet they require to be prescribed with as much real judgment and discretion as any other mode of medical ministration."

THE PRINCESS SAPIEHA'S CHILDREN.

The following cases are of such interest that I shall present them to the reader with some details as published in my "Water Cure." The Princess is so thankful for the preservation of her children, and the benefit experienced by herself, that she repeats what is here written whenever she has an opportunity. Her children were all born strumous and with very large heads, except the last, which was owing to her having gone through the Water Cure treatment some time before, and during the *whole time* she was *enceinte*. This child was born with a small

head, grew rapidly, has been in perfect health, and without any of the peculiarities which characterised the six previous ones.

When at Graefenberg, I was introduced to the Princess Sapieha, at her request; all her family were under the treatment, including herself and sister. This lady had lost four children with affections of the brain and stomach, after having consulted all the first men in Europe, and was without hope of eventually saving two of the survivors, a girl and a boy. The four who had died, had been carried off at different ages, from two to seven years, by convulsions and vomiting, which nothing would arrest. The most violent and energetic means were had recourse to. The last, of the age of seven, vomited for fourteen days before the fatal termination. Hearing from some of her neighbours of the 'miraculous cures' made by the Water Cure, she determined to go and consult Priessnitz. The little girl, six years old, had incessant cough, which had been gradually increasing for three years; she expectorated large quantities of thick yellow sputa, frequently mixed with blood; she had hectic fever, and was reduced to skin and bone. This was complicated with an affection of the brain, and a tendency to convulsions; her physicians declared the case to be one of consumption, and that the child could not last longer than six months. Eighteen months before this she had had an attack of convulsions; blisters were applied, from the nape of the neck to the loins, and the child was confined for above six months to her bed. Priessnitz said there was still hope, and that it was 'scrofula fallen on the chest.' During the first six months' treatment by the Water Cure, the child gained flesh and appetite, the fever ceased, but the cough and spitting, mixed with blood, were undiminished. The family physician, who had accompanied them, was still against proceeding with the Water Cure, saying it was utterly useless. When the mother asked what then he would propose, he said, 'an issue in the arm.' 'Oh!' she replied, 'thank you; you have applied that once, and the child was laid up for several months, and narrowly escaped with the erysipelas it brought on.' These contending opinions, however, had such an effect upon her own health, that she had frequent fainting fits. In this state of things, she consulted me. On examining the child's chest, I found the whole of the right side very dull on percussion. On placing the ear, there was a strong bronchial râle throughout; under the right collar-bone, there was a small cavity, and the gargouillement and pectorilique were distinct. I gave the following opinion at once, in these words; 'You have no chance that I can see, except by the Water Cure, and I am happy to say that I agree with Priessnitz in thinking there is a chance; the child is daily gaining flesh, and the great point is *to keep up the nutritive powers, keep off fever, and relieve irritation in the chest as much as possible.*' I added, 'If it was my child, I should send it from the low situation here in the town, up to the hill.' My advice was taken.

Her progress during the summer was very rapid; she became quite fat, with a ruddy complexion; but the coughing and spitting, though considerably diminished, still continued, and still mixed with blood. About a week or ten days after I had first seen the child, I took Dr. Coq,

an intelligent, and one of the leading physicians of Ghent, (who was going through the Cure,) to see it; his opinion and advice were similar to my own.

The Princess and her family were under my care during the winter in Italy, her daughter going on regularly with the system. Two months after my return home, I received a letter from the Princess, which gave me great pleasure and confirmed my prognosis. Relative to her daughter she says:—

“Je profite de cette occasion pour vous dire que Sophie va de mieux en mieux; elle tousse moins tous les jours, et ses nuits sont excellent. J’aime à vous dire, Monsieur, que vous êtes pour beaucoup dans cette amelioration, et je vous en remercie de tout mon cœur. Je joins en mille compliments pour Madame Wilson, et pour vous l’assurance de mes sentiments distingués.”

“SAPLEHA.”

I have since heard that the invalid has quite recovered.

The state in which we found a patient sent by Mr. Coulson, reminded us forcibly of that of LORD BYRON in his last illness, as described in his life by Mr. Moore. Might I not venture an opinion, that a similar treatment would have been attended by the same result in *both* cases? Many months have now elapsed since this patient left Malvern, but a few days ago he wrote by a patient he sent here, to say that by following his instructions, he “still continued in perfect health, and still called himself a ‘*miracle*.’”—This is his case.

INDIGESTION, &c. &c., WITH THREATENING INFLAMMATION OF THE BRAIN.

This case was a very interesting one, and was sent here at an hour’s notice by Mr. Coulson, a distinguished surgeon in London, under whose care he had previously been. The patient, a gentleman of forty years of age, had undergone excessive mental excitement, accompanied with constant and distressing sinking about the stomach and bowels, fever alternating with a tendency to fainting and cold sweats, all which he had endeavoured to fight against by frequent taking of stimulants. With all this he had been unable to procure even a small amount of sleep. In our first interview with him at Malvern his speech was almost incoherent, his gestures violent, and his whole appearance that of a person on the verge of insanity or inflammation of the brain. His tongue was fiery red, his bowels constipated, and his skin dry and harsh, except when the cold sweat suddenly appeared on it, together with the symptoms of fainting. All this plainly indicated the use of the wet sheet, in which he was to lay for an hour twice a day, with sitz bath in the intervals. In twenty-four hours this patient became calm, and slept almost all that time he was in the wet sheets, of which he spoke as the *most soothing and delightful remedy he had ever experienced*. On the first night after commencement of the treatment he slept five or six hours consecutively. His bowels also opened and his tongue became paler; of course no stimulants whatever were allowed, although up to the moment of this treatment he had taken them largely, and he expressed surprise at not feeling the want of them. At the end of a week he pronounced his feelings to be better in all respects than they had been for more than a year. Nevertheless we

thought it advisable he should continue the general treatment for a fortnight longer, which he accordingly did; and at the end of three weeks returned to London, speaking of himself as "*a miracle*," and extolling the Water Cure in enthusiastic terms.

REMARKS.—Nothing could be more striking than the *immediately* sedative effects of the wet sheet upon the highly excited nervous system of this patient. It is impossible to conceive of any medicinal opiate acting so quickly and so efficiently; neither had the sleep any of the disagreeable characters of that obtained by opiate, for he awoke soothed, refreshed, and with a moist tongue. This effect too continued throughout the case; the patient never retrograded for a single day. Although when he came, his limbs would scarcely carry him half a mile, within a week he was able to mount to the highest of these hills. The harassing condition of mind disappeared, and he frequently expressed his surprise at the totally altered view he took of the circumstances which had previously so painful excited him. We confess our ignorance of any medicinal treatment which could remove the symptoms enumerated, and restore the general health so rapidly and completely as the means employed in this case. (J. W.)

FEVER, &c., WITH SWEATING CRISIS.

A lady, (Miss I——n,) well-known to many of the present inmates of my house, after feeling unwell for a few days, with shiverings, &c., was attacked with violent fever; I found her in the following state; pulse 120, full and strong, flushed face, and burning skin, violent headache, and pains in all the limbs. She was put in half a dozen wrung sheets, with intervals of ten minutes, quarter, and half an hour. At the termination of this process, she was placed in shallow chilled bath from ten minutes to a quarter on a hour, ablution and gentle rubbing being carried on the whole time. She was then well dried and put to bed. In an hour profuse perspiration came on, which continued from six o'clock in the evening until nine the next morning, with only her ordinary bed coverings.

She then took a cold bath. She had slept well during the night, ate a good breakfast after the bath, and there was no return of fever. This patient had suffered for ten years from a skin disease on the throat, chest, and ears, which was always red and covered with a thick dry scurf. The day after the sweating it had completely disappeared, not leaving the slightest trace of its ten years' standing; the skin, which had been always red, being smooth and fair. This is what is called a sweating crisis. I may mention, that the lady declared that nothing could exceed the refreshing and soothing sensations she experienced from the wrung sheets. The day but one following she came to my house to show herself to her friends. (J. W.)

FROM A PATIENT AT DR. WILSON'S TO A FRIEND.

The following letter was shown by the writer to Richard Coxwell, Esq., of Dowdeswell, near Cheltenham, who was at the time a patient in my house. Mr. Coxwell told me of it, and I requested a copy. (J. W.)

My dear Sir,—I was on the point of writing to you when I received your welcome letter of the 14th instant. The Water Cure has indeed had a most powerful influence upon me; it is really wonderful, so rapid so extraordinary has been my recovery, after suffering, as I have done, for many years. I am now, after barely a month's treatment, in the enjoyment of all the delightful feelings of health. When I came here I was in the most deplorable state of both mind and body, everything in my system was going wrong. I was considered by my friends in a hopeless state, and I knew that my medical adviser was of much the same opinion; everything tended to impress upon me the conviction that I had not long to live. You will no doubt like to know how so great a change has been effected, and what kind of life we lead at this interesting place. As soon as I arrived I had an interview with the Doctor, who, after a careful and lengthened inquiry, evidently thought my case a serious one, requiring prompt treatment, but instead of plunging me at once into cold water, as I had been led to expect, a bath servant was set to work with warm fomentations, to which were soon added tepid wet sheet baths, chilled baths, &c., from which I experienced considerable relief, and by a carefully graduated system, I was soon brought into a state to bear cold water in the variety of ways in which it is here applied. Day after day I felt myself gaining strength of body and cheerfulness of mind, and all the dangerous and distressing symptoms giving away. Within ten days everything I had to do became a pleasure; I had a good appetite and a good digestion; and now my power of walking or riding is nearly as great as ever it was in my life. I reside in the Doctor's establishment, which is full of patients, and we form a large and agreeable party of ladies and gentlemen. If you saw us at table, I think you would find it difficult to credit, judging from the appetites and good spirits that predominate, that so many of us had been given up as incurables. We want neither champagne nor sauce piquant to make us merry; roast mutton, rice puddings, and such like good plain dishes are our general fare. Dr. Wilson dines with us whenever he can spare the time, and is perfectly free and communicative on all subjects which can be of interest or service to his numerous patients. Besides the establishments, the whole village is full of lodging-houses, which are principally occupied by parties who are under the water treatment, and surprising indeed are the cures. I have witnessed its effects on my fellow patients, and I have felt them in my own person, and I am convinced it is one of the greatest blessings ever discovered. I will give you only one case in addition, but of quite a different character to my own. A few days ago a daughter of Lady B——— was laid up in this house with a violent fever, the day but one following she was out walking. They appear to make quite a trifling matter of what are called acute attacks. The system must ere long find its way into our hospitals, or new ones be erected for the practice of it. For myself I cannot be sufficiently grateful. The Water Cure treatment here has saved my life and I am now looking forward to return to my family to

fulfil with pleasure those duties which have for years been a burden to me. Little did I anticipate when I was brought here that I should ever again be able to subscribe myself as I now do,

My dear sir, yours very sincerely,

P.S. I wrote last week to our good friend, ———, with an account of my improvement, and I may also say to you as I did to him, that you have only to submit for a short time to the Water Cure to be entirely freed from your gout and all its irritation.

The following satisfactory recovery took place last winter. The Rev. Mr. Majendie was in my house at the time; he and the patient got into such condition, that they used to walk to Worcester (nine miles distant) to church; this they did from mere redundancy of health.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION, &c., WITH SUICIDAL PROPENSITY.

The subject of this distressing malady was a gentleman of forty-six years of age, who after eighteen years of active and incessant attention to commercial affairs, retired with a moderate fortune from them in consequence of the growing distress both in the stomach and brain, which unfitted him for further action, and, as he said, "rendered the sight of the ledger intolerable." It avails not to repeat all the means he had tried previous to his trial of the Water Cure; suffice it that they comprised all the circle of drug medication and, what is for the most part as bad, drug dietetics, by which is meant the system of keeping up a certain amount of stimulation from food and wine on the condition of maintaining a proportionate amount of stimulation from medicines. He came here complaining that he only got one hour or an hour and a half sleep in twenty-four hours, that he had the most horrible mental sensations, the predominating one being that he was doomed to be his own destroyer: indeed for the last two years he had never been left without some one to watch him. His bowels always costive and his belly protuberant, no pain was present when they were pressed; but eating always brought on a more intense degree of the mental pain. His volition was quite gone, and his moral courage extinguished. The contents of the chest were perfectly sound.

We commenced the treatment of this case with hot fomentations to the stomach and bowels at bedtime, the wet sheet bath at morning and evening, a sitz bath in the middle of the day, and he also commenced lying in the wet sheet; the result of which was, that on the fourth night he had five hours' sleep. From the bowels too he had on the morning following this, a good natural evacuation. The mind, however, still held by its painful sensations. He now began to lie every morning from one hour to one hour and a half in the wet sheet, followed by a bath; the sitz bath at noon and the wet sheet bath being continued. During this time he went every morning walking on the hill, and drank from three to six tumblers of water as he felt inclined. In the course of the day he drank from eight to twelve tumblers, taking exercise, which varied from five to ten miles a day. At the end of eleven weeks he left Malvern perfectly recovered, having, during the

latter half of that period, used the douche daily, and broken upon the wet sheet by occasional sweatings in the blankets. His capability of taking water increased with his progress towards health, and he sometimes took fifteen or twenty tumblers a day. The changes in the expressions of his face indicative of that in his feelings, was striking to all the patients in the establishment, and from being the most lugubrious he became the most laughter-loving of them all. He slept invariably from the time he went to bed—ten o'clock—until the servant awoke him in the morning; and his sleep was dreamless.

The only evident crisis in this case was an increased action of the bowels for a fortnight, carried to the degree of diarrhoea for two or three days, but without any pain, griping, or debility. The wet sheet, however, in which he had laid for a long time rendered the water in which he was daily washed dark and turbid, with a copious flocculent sediment.

REMARKS.—Here is a case in which during two years the patient had been gradually getting worse, notwithstanding that he had obeyed, as he said, to the letter every system of treatment he had followed, backed by perfect rest of mind and body. It is plain that in such fearful states of irritation of the nerves of digestion and of the brain, all internal medicinal means should rather exasperate than alleviate, and such was the fact in the present instance. Yet by the soothing operation of the local fomentations and the general application of the wet sheet, an almost immediate effect was produced upon that irritation, as the sleep and rapidly increasing quietude of mind testified. The same remedies, by thus reducing irritation, and conjoined with the derivative effect of the sitz baths, succeeded at an early stage in setting up a regular movement of the bowels. Having thus secured the quiescence of the nervous system and restored the regularity and quality of the secretions and excretions, it only remained to renovate the tone of the system, which was effected most completely by the douche, and the appropriate union of the previously-named remedies. It will be remarked that the diarrhoea here served as an internal crisis, of which mention has been made in the previous pages. But although this did not continue for more than four days, there were for as many weeks from two to three copious natural evacuations every day; and it was a curious feature, as observed by the patient himself, that the less he ate the more copious was the evacuation, a fact of which he convinced himself by repeated experiment.

RHEUMATISM, CONTRACTED JOINTS, &c.

A lady about twenty-six years old, well-known to Mr. Hodgson, a medical gentleman at Birmingham, came to Malvern in July for the Water Cure treatment. She was in a state that we call in our profession "forlorn." The right knee and elbow were contracted, without the power of movement, swollen and painful; the wrist nearly in the same state, and many of the fingers completely distorted. She had been brought by her long and severe sufferings to a state of extreme debility, and appeared emaciated and bloodless. All the functions were deranged and in the worst condition. She had not been out or

walking for nearly twelve months. She told me that her medical advisers had given a decided opinion, that "even if she ever recovered she would be a cripple for life." A few years ago I should have come to the same conclusion. From the impossibility of taking exercise of any kind, and the weak state of the patient, the treatment was commenced with tepid and chilled water, warm wrung sheets, both as ablutions, and for the vapour process, gentle sweating, and compresses, &c. In a few weeks the contracted knee gave way, and at the expiration of two months she was able to walk up tolerably steep ascents, without any lameness. In the third month she had become stout and well covered with flesh, the colour of the skin and face completely changed, and all the functions of the body in healthy order. The elbow which I considered fixed beyond the chance of regaining its movement, is now beginning to give way. She also walks out in all weathers.

There is a feature in this case that should be noted, viz., the patient had made rapid strides towards recovery, before she could use exercise or benefit by the fresh air of Malvern.

SEVERE STOMACH COMPLAINT, WITH ERUPTION ON THE FACE, CRISIS, &c.

The following case was sent here by General L'Estrange, who had been under my care the preceding summer, and was cured of some severe ailments

A military officer, twenty-four years old, came to Malvern in December last, for the above very common and disfiguring disease. His face was covered with red pimples, and many of them with white heads, one crop of them succeeding another. He had been for several years troubled with severe headaches and a confirmed stomach complaint, showing itself in flushings after dinner, depression of spirits, and obstinately constipated bowels. His appetite was entirely gone, and he had consequently fallen into the habit of taking a strong dose of spirits and bitters immediately before dinner, without which he was unable to eat any. He had had his gums *touched* more than once with mercury, and had no relief of bowels except from purgatives, from which period he dated the commencement of his complaints, both local and general.

As there was much internal irritation to subdue, the treatment was commenced by laying twice a day in the wrung sheet, followed by a general bath; a hip bath being taken at mid-day, and six or eight tumblers of water taken daily, the major portion before breakfast whilst using exercise on the hills. The feverish symptoms reduced, and the bowels relieved naturally, which took place in the second week, he commenced sweating, the douche and the hip bath, with an occasional application of the wet sheet. In consequence of this treatment, a crisis of boils appeared in the third week, showing itself on the abdomen and extremities. In the meanwhile, as early as the second week, the appetite had become good—indeed, almost too good, and continued undiminished during the whole treatment. What frequently occurs in skin disease took place in this case, namely, an increase of the original eruptions at the outset of the treatment.

But as the critical boils appeared on other parts of the body, those on the face disappeared, and ceased to be renewed. Indeed a striking change took place in the whole of the skin, which, from being harsh and inactive, became pliant and healthy in appearance. The total cure was effected in five weeks.

REMARKS.—It is only necessary to observe in this case that the eruption depended on the diseased condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and that this appeared to have been much aggravated by the medicines he had taken, the first course of mercury being, most probably, the starting point. Add to this the hurtful habit he had acquired of taking bitter stimulants before dinner to force a fictitious appetite, and stimulants after dinner to mask the pains of indigestion. This patient declared that for years he had not been in such spirits as he was during the time the crisis of boils was present, all of which time he never walked less than from six to ten miles daily.

THE CASE OF A PHYSICIAN WITH CHRONIC RHEUMATISM AND GOUT,
AND TENDENCY TO MALIGNANT DISEASE OF THE STOMACH.

A talented physician, enjoying considerable practice in one of the suburbs of London, was the subject of this case. He is forty-five years old, during fifteen of which he has been afflicted with rheumatism and gout; besides which he has an hereditary tendency to black cancer of the stomach, his mother having died of that frightful malady. He had been constantly under treatment of one kind or the other, until his case was nearly hopeless, and his health so broken up as to oblige him to think seriously of abandoning his practice. An old friend of his, a physician* at the time under treatment of the Water Cure at Malvern, wrote to him, advising him strenuously to try it, which he determined to do; but previously made a point of calling on two of the most eminent practitioners in London, who, as might be expected, ridiculed the idea, recommending at the same time a course of mercury and iodine. The patient having previously tried this with some disastrous results, and convinced, as he said, "that that was all that was wanting to *finish him off*," at once started for Malvern, where he arrived in the following condition. The body much emaciated; the trunk almost bent double; the face pale, sallow, and anxious; cheeks sunken; tongue swollen to twice its natural size, furred and red at the edges; appetite morbid and capricious, leaning to indigestible articles of food; bowels torpid, with bad secretions; knees swollen and painful,—one of them lame for several years past; lumbago; incapability of walking more than two or three hundred yards without great pain and exhaustion; considerable fulness and excitement about the head; little or no sleep, and what there was of an unrefreshing kind.

We shall not enter into the details of the treatment of this case, but will merely mention that by careful management he was soon brought into a state that allowed of the application of all the processes of the Water Cure, even to the douche; and that, although

* Dr. Adair Crawford, the learned author of the article "Inflammation," in the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.

there were many other drawbacks in the shape of mental excitements on family affairs, he left Malvern at the end of eleven weeks, standing erect, walking ten and twelve miles a day on the hills without fatigue, the lameness having disappeared, together with the chronic swelling of the knees; his appetite so great as to require restraint, his sleep restored, and the bowels in perfect order. He left this place about a month ago, highly satisfied with the results, and only regretting that his professional avocations obliged him to return to town, otherwise he would have preferred to continue the treatment throughout the summer. We venture to say that the change in his complexion and expression of countenance will be no small matter of astonishment to his metropolitan friends, both professional and laical.

REMARKS.—It will be seen that even a medical man may go through the "Dangers of the Water Cure," and come out of them, not only unscathed, but restored. Yet it should be stated that this enlightened gentleman would have been deterred from trying this only really safe treatment, but for the pressing representations of Dr. Crawford, who, from investigation and experience in his own person here, was well able to allay any apprehensions on the subject.

EFFECTS OF THE WATER TREATMENT AND WET SHEET IN CHILDREN.

The following letter was kindly sent me by a gentleman well known and holding an official situation of great trust and importance.

Banger, 17th Oct. 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—My knee still continues troublesome from the effects of the late unlucky blow; but the pain and swelling are steadily yielding to the local application of water, and to my perseverance in such parts of your admirable system as are practicable while moving from place to place.

My bodily health is better, and my general feelings more tranquil than they have been for years. Dyspepsia, with all its attendant discomforts, appears to have vanished, and I trust I shall always look back with thankfulness upon my five weeks' visit to Malvern.

But I have even greater cause of gratitude for the beneficial effects of the water treatment, under your skilful and judicious application of it in the cases of my wife and children. They all happily possess good constitutions, but impaired, and in train to be still further injured, by the practice of resorting to medicine for every slight ailment,—a practice of which the pernicious tendency, especially upon young and delicate frames, has long been apparent to me, but from which neither science nor experience appeared till lately to have provided a systematic and safe escape. Your work on Stomach Complaints and the abuses of drugs, &c., enlightened me more completely on this subject, and although, with yourself, I regret the tone with which it is written, it contains invaluable information, and appears to me based upon enduring truth.

Malvern air no doubt contributed to the marked improvement which has taken place in the health of the two little girls, as well as their mother; but Malvern air could not (as packing in the wet sheet, followed at first by the tepid and afterwards by the cold bath did) have determined the internal irritation, which appeared to be preying upon the health, spirits, and temper of the children, to the surface of their skin, in the form of an eruption which at first alarmed our inexperience, but which you immediately hailed as an indication of their constitutional strength and of the efficacy of the system; and which you at once foretold, as the result proved in both cases, would *vanish* after a few more doses of the wet sheet, and carry their ailments with it. Certainly the glowing health and joyous spirits, in which I left them last week, afforded a striking contrast to their irritable condition when first placed under your care, and all this, be it remembered, without a single "grey powder," or a drop or grain of any other medicine whatever.

But I have a letter from my wife to-day, in which she tells me that by your directions, the baby has been twice packed in a wet sheet, because his teething, &c., troubled him, that he enjoyed it as soon as he was fairly enveloped; fell asleep and slept long and soundly under the "infliction;" and each time awoke full of fun and good humour.

Having so often myself experienced the tranquillizing effect of the wet sheet, I can well understand its soothing influence upon a child, especially when suffering from feverish irritation, and I am now fully persuaded of its perfect harmlessness and great efficacy when used under proper advice; I can now also enter into the feelings with which you wrote in your "Water Cure," that "it is an application which has often saved, and will save again full oft, many children's tears, many a father's grief, and mother's lamentation." Pity that its entire safety, as well as its efficacy, should not be more extensively known and acted upon.

You are at liberty to make any use of this letter, which you may think at all likely to contribute towards this end; reserving my name only for those who may wish to know the authority upon which its statements rest.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obliged servant,

LIVER AND STOMACH COMPLAINT, WITH EMACIATION.

Mr. ———, a Liverpool merchant, in consequence of long continued exertion in the climates of South America, irregular living, and considerable labour of brain, had at length fallen into a state of disease indicated by the following symptoms.

Complexion pale yellow, without a sign of circulating blood; face thin and haggard; but generally emaciated; pain in the right side of many years' standing, bowels confined, appetite gone; great lassitude and indisposition to exertion. For these ailments he had gone through various courses of medicines, mercurials, purgatives, tonics, &c.; he had also tried different mineral waters, and had

finished the list with a course of Morison's Pills; all to no purpose, for he came to us with enlarged liver, and all the symptoms of confirmed stomach disease. It should not be omitted that he suffered from frequent tic and cramps in the leg. His age was forty-six years.

Alternate wet-sheets and sweatings, with frequent sitz-baths, compress constantly kept on the abdomen, and latterly the douche, produced, in the course of a few weeks, a decided change in his appearance. His appetite became enormous, his digestion undisturbed, and the evacuations from the bowels, twice a day, very copious; he slept well, and his spirits were of the highest order. At the end of a month a crisis of boils commenced, principally over the region of the liver and right side of the body, which, however, were rather a subject of jest than of alarm to him, since, notwithstanding there were as many as twenty or thirty at one time upon him, he was never once absent from the breakfast, dinner, and supper table, and took his walks as he had always done. The only difference in treatment required for these boils was an extra wet sheet in the middle of the day, which, with the refreshing of the linen compresses, he found removed all inconvenience and disagreeable sensation, which might have arisen from the existence of the boils. Under the action of these boils the enlargement of the liver rapidly gave way, and the diminution of its disease was palpably exhibited in his face, which became round and red from being pale and thin.

REMARKS.—In every way this case is satisfactory, and the result was obtained in much shorter time than we expected, being a little above six weeks. It is further satisfactory, as it gives the opportunity of demonstrating what has been asserted relative to the perfect safety of the crisis of boils when these are produced with discretion, and treated with judgment. Being withdrawn from business, and free from all artificial stimulants, both mental and bodily, we perceive how small an affair this crisis is. But had this patient left us a fortnight before he did, with boils upon him, and entered upon the cares of his business at Liverpool, or had he put himself under a course of drug medication at that time, we venture to say that the result would have been very different. As it is, we hear at this time (now five months since his leaving Malvern) that he is on the point of embarking for Canada, and says "that he has got a new lease of life from the Water Cure."

SLIGHT PARALYSIS, WITH EMACIATION, &c., TREATED AT 75 YEARS OF AGE.

The lady who is the subject of this case came here eight months after a slight attack of apoplexy, which left her with the following symptoms. Partial loss of voluntary motion in the lower extremities, occasioning an uncertain and shuffling step, gradually increasing up to the time she came here. Considerable thinning of the legs, and almost total disappearance of the calf. Permanently cold feet. Speech altered and difficult. Tongue red and

dry. Bowels obstinately bound, yet purged violently with three or four grains of compound rhubarb pill. Sleep disturbed. Occasional giddiness. Pulse large, hard, and bounding, and varying from eighty-five to ninety beats in the minute.

The treatment was commenced by warm fomentations to the stomach and bowels, from three-quarters of an hour to an hour night and morning. After the morning fomentation, she had a general ablution with a wet sheet, taken out of water at about 85°. She slept well the whole of the night, and the bowels were slightly relieved naturally. In the meantime she had had two foot-baths of cold water daily. At the end of a week she was in a state to be wrapped in the wet sheet, wrung out with warm water; but this was only done once, as, on the second day, it was applied cold, and she laid in it an hour each morning: a cold wet sheet-bath followed. From the commencement, she drank about three tumblers of water a day. The result of this was, that the bowels became regular and natural every morning after breakfast, the feet permanently warm, the tongue moist, the pulse soft and sixty-five. But what struck most forcibly a lady who lived with her for thirty years, was, that in a few days after the first fortnight, the calves of the legs had increased remarkably in size, and that flesh had accumulated to some extent over the whole body. This lady is still under treatment; and lies every alternate day in the wet sheet, followed by a shallow-bath at 65°, which she takes every morning. The foot-baths are also continued, as well as the compress over the bowels, which has been worn night and day from the commencement.

REMARKS.—After all the nonsense that has been uttered about the “Dangers of the Water Cure,” what will the reader think of them when he finds it applied to a case like this, in which every circumstance would seem combined to render it especially perilous? The previous apoplectic seizure, the tendency to its recurrence, the emaciated state of the body, and of the lower limbs particularly, the advanced age of the patient, are all conditions which would illustrate the “Dangers of the Water Cure” admirably, were there any danger in it when properly applied. With such application, however, in an extraordinary short time, all the secretions are restored to a healthy state, nutrition is re-established, and the symptoms indicating fulness of the head reduced. It is one of the many instances which might be given of the united safety and potency of this mode of treatment; one such is sufficient answer to volumes of unfounded assertions.

MERCURIAL LEPROSY.

The following case presented as remarkable a specimen of the leprosy produced by mercury as I have ever seen.

The patient, Mr. P——e, is a gentleman-farmer, and visits Malvern frequently; he came here in July for the Water Cure treatment. The chest and abdomen, in fact, the whole body, with the upper and lower extremities, were covered in patches with a scaly

eruption, and the hands were so bad as to oblige him to have them always covered. On one leg there was a large ulcer of long standing. Before the skin disease made its appearance, he had gone through several courses of mercury. At the end of six weeks he left Malvern without a vestige of the leprosy. The skin was perfectly clean and smooth, with the exception of slight discoloration on the arms where the patches of scales had been most abundant.

His general health was also good, he declared himself "quite well in his bodily health." About a month afterwards he called to show me the ulcerated leg, which had also completely healed. He went through all the processes of the treatment, varied from time to time as his symptoms indicated. There was no evident crisis in this case.

BARRENNESS.

The discovery that the Water Cure treatment frequently removed this state was the result of accident. Many ladies who had gone through a course of treatment for some other complaints, were rejoiced and surprised by having a family afterwards, having long given up all hopes of such an event. In time, and from repeated instances occurring, it became known, and many went to the Water Cure for this purpose alone. I was introduced to several ladies of rank, at the Princess Sapielha's house at Friwaldau; they were getting into healthy condition by the Water Cure, and also hoped to have a family afterwards. I had the pleasure of seeing two cases where it had succeeded.

It must strike the reflecting physiologist that the removal of barrenness in many cases by the Water Cure, need not be looked upon as anything extraordinary—for what would be so calculated to effect this, as the rapid formation of new blood, the deposition of new and healthy solids, and throwing off of old matters, with the necessary removal of obstructions and diseased deposits, all of which takes place during the Water Cure treatment. Liebig, the great modern chemist and philosopher, made the following observation to Sir Charles Scudamore, that "By means of the Water Cure treatment a change of matter is effected in a greater degree in six weeks than would happen in the ordinary course of nature in three years."

The following is also worthy of notice:—Dieffenbach, the great Prussian surgeon, told a friend of mine at Vienna, that when he had to operate, as in amputation, he could at once perceive the difference in the flesh of water-drinkers, and those who had gone through the Water Cure, from those who indulged in stimulants, "the former cut and looked like *beef*, the latter like *veal*."

CONVULSIONS IN CHILDREN.

A child in convulsions is perhaps one of the most distressing objects that can be witnessed, and great numbers die in this state. During many years of private practice in London, the treatment of children came necessarily much under my notice, and I can recollect at least a dozen cases in which the convulsions were fatal; notwith-

standing that all the most approved means were used, and all the best assistance that could be obtained called in.

The summer before last my child was slightly convulsed from teething, and there was every symptom of the attack becoming of a serious nature: it was deadly pale, grinding the gums violently, squinting, and becoming insensible. As soon as possible, the partial wet sheet was applied, at the same time the feet were well rubbed with the hands frequently dipped in cold water, and a wet towel placed under the head. In less than an hour all the symptoms had disappeared; the face composed, and the colour of the face rather better than usual. After the packing it was well rubbed in a shallow chilled bath for a few minutes. After this threatening, a compress was placed on the abdomen and worn night and day, with the bath I have mentioned night and morning. Although the child was predisposed to convulsions, being very delicate and exciteable, and teething very rapidly, from having been nursed some months too long, there was not the least recurrence of the symptoms. I may mention that it is now strong and perfectly healthy, and has never taken a dose of medicine of any kind.

The natives of the Himalaya mountains induce sleep in their refractory children, by putting the head for a few minutes under the first spout of water they come to.

Many modes of treatment resembling the processes of the Water Cure, more particularly those that are considered dangerous and extraordinary, are known and practised by some of the native practitioners of India. Mr. Strachen of Clifton told me an interesting instance of an English officer being cured, when considered in a forlorn state, by having a wetted night shirt and cap put on him and then enveloped in blankets. I have no doubt in my own mind that many of the prophets knew well the healing properties of water, and many of the processes of the Water Cure as it is now practised.

INDIGESTION AND LIVER DISEASE WITH ASTHMATIC BREATHING, AND
INTERNAL ACCUMULATION OF FAT.

The lady who is the subject of the following interesting case, is a complete convert to the Water Cure. She has been two seasons at Malvern with her family. It is now nineteen months since she commenced the treatment, has been quite well since, and she tells me she is now the same figure she was twenty years ago.

Mrs. H——, a lady, about fifty years of age, of strong constitution, had been for many years in the habit of indulging a large appetite to its full extent, and entering into all the unhealthy ways of fashionable life. The consequences were, in time, shown in constant pain of the right side over the liver, and in the back, which was soon followed by asthmatic breathing, laborious action of the heart, and therefore, the greatest difficulty in ascending stairs. At the same time she became inconveniently fat on the surface, and gave likewise every indication of a similar accumulation within, and more particularly of that which is so apt to take place about

the heart, the kidneys, and coverings of the bowels. The other common symptoms of a deranged state of the digestive apparatus, especially costiveness, were all present. With these ailments she came to Malvern. On my first visit, I could hear her breathing before entering the room.

It is tedious to recapitulate frequently the treatment of indigestion and its accompaniments; suffice it to say, that in ten days this lady was able to walk up the hills with but little difficulty of breathing, an undertaking she would not previously have dared to attempt; the pain in the side, for which she had been frequently cupped by other practitioners was gone; the functions of the stomach and bowels were regularly performed; and her spirits rose to the highest state of exuberance. She continued the treatment for six weeks, at the end of which time, a crisis appeared in one of the legs in the shape of boils; which, however, did not confine her to the house. It is now about eight months since she left this place, and a week or two back we had the gratification to hear through the medium of a lady resident at Malvern, that she continues in perfect health, and speaks of herself as "better than she ever remembers to have been."

REMARKS.—In the ordinary mode of treatment by drugs, &c., this lady would have occasionally had temporary relief by doses of mercurials, salines, and purgatives; she would have been (as indeed she frequently had been) cupped over the side, and sometimes at the back of the neck; and many would probably have bled her from the arm also. A sound pathologist, looking to the case as it was presented here, would have no difficulty in predicting to what such treatment would eventually lead. Most unquestionably, dropsy of the chest or belly would have been the result. if, in the meantime, some acute inflammation had not intervened to carry her off. On the other hand, the water treatment, by setting up and maintaining a vivid action of the skin, by inducing a healthy degree of waste through it, and a healthy state of all the secretions, by the transfer of irritation from the internal parts to the point at which the crisis appeared; and by enabling the patient to take a great amount of active exercise, brought about a state which annihilated the local congestion of the stomach and liver, and put a stop to the enormous accumulation of fat about the heart and other viscera.

IMPUISSANCE, COMPLICATED WITH GOUT, ETC.

The uncle of the reigning Duke of Nassau, between sixty and seventy years of age, had been afflicted with gout so severely, that when he arrived at Graefenberg, he was almost bent double. In addition to this he had become impuissant.

He remained for two years, married while there, and in due time became the father of two children; and was, moreover, perfectly cured of gout.

The above case of His Serene Highness Prince Nassau, as related by Dr. E. Johnson, was considered beyond the reach of any reme-

dial measures. When he commenced the Water Cure treatment, his prospect of marrying was about as great as that of his being Emperor of Austria. All his joints were crippled with gout, and it had already slightly attacked his heart and brain. When I left his Highness his recovery was nearly completed.

The following inveterate case was introduced to me by my friend Major Wilmot, a resident of this place.

RHEUMATISM.

Colonel V—— came into this neighbourhood for his September shooting, but, in a few days, was so severely attacked with rheumatism in the lower part of the back, the groins, and legs, as to oblige him to give up all his sporting engagements, and lay himself up. The same thing had occurred to him in several previous years, and had confined him more or less during the winter. When I saw him he complained of great and incessant pain; and when he attempted to walk he was nearly bent double.

During the first fortnight that I treated him, the pain, though severe when present, became intermittent, and there were intervals when he could walk straight. Still there was every appearance of its being one of those obstinate cases, which usually baffle all treatment. He was a good patient, however, and stuck to the plan of treatment I laid down for him, with perseverance. Before five weeks from the commencement were over, all pain was gone, both in the trunk and limbs; and he was able to walk as well as ever. A few days ago I met at a *battue chasse*, at Lord Beauchamp's, at Maddersfield, where he took his share with us in killing a great many pheasants; and although the day turned out very wet, he stood it out, laughing at the idea of a return of rheumatism. His general health and appearance also underwent a very marked change for the better; indeed, his health may be said to be now perfect. The restoration of the general health is one of the *striking features* of the Water Cure.

BROWN LEPROSY.

A young gentleman, fourteen years of age, son of Mr. F———y, gilder, at Cheltenham, became a patient here in December last. Over the greater part of both legs there existed a scaly eruption, the individual scales being dark in colour, easily detached, about the size of a human nail, and when detached, leaving the surface underneath raw and tender, the latter discharging a serous fluid, until the scales became again formed. This had been going on for a long time, gradually increasing in extent, without the least amelioration. He remained in the establishment nearly thirteen weeks, and left it to return to his father at Cheltenham, with his skin clean and healthy, and all the external appearance and internal signs of a robust state of health. He sweated every other day, and lay in the wet sheet every day, and on alternate days twice. On coming out of the blankets or wet sheet, his attendant, as well as ourselves, witnessed a very strong and peculiar odour emanating from them, and

continued for several weeks of the treatment. The regular employment of sitz-baths and of the douche also formed a part of the treatment. Compresses were kept constantly upon the diseased parts, and he took from twelve to fifteen glasses of water daily.

REMARKS.—Here is a case in which the simple operations of the Water Cure not only eradicated a local disease which all medical men know and acknowledge to be one of the most difficult, but also brought the patient into robust and general health. Compare with this the following list of medicines usually given in this disease, and which medical writers tell us are all more or less uncertain;—muriatic acid, corrosive sublimate, preparations of arsenic, caustic potash, white hellebore, &c., all of which, if uncertain to cure the skin, are pretty certain to injure the general health by establishing disease in the internal organs.

THREATENING APOPLEXY, STOMACH AND LIVER DISEASE, ETC.

Mr. Shailer called upon me a few days ago with another patient, the Rev. A. Crow, his neighbour. I found the former greatly improved in strength and his general health, and remarkably reduced about the abdomen. At the time he was going through the cure here, and throwing off fat, another patient, the Rev. George Burder, who was thin and worn, gained flesh rapidly. It so happened that they were going through precisely the same processes in the treatment.

*Dunnington, near Alcester, Warwickshire,
September 29th, 1843.*

My dear Sir,—It affords me great satisfaction to add my testimony to that of many others which I know you are constantly receiving as to the efficacy of the Water Cure treatment. I entered your establishment on the 29th of May last, in a state of suffering very difficult for me to describe. I will enumerate the following as the principal features of my case: low spirits, costiveness, piles, headache, oppressed with fat, and threatened with apoplexy. I had the greatest difficulty to collect my thoughts, my memory was nearly gone, and I could scarcely direct my servants. I was in so deplorable a state of health, that I felt, and have since been told, that I was, at that time, in great danger. I was led to think favourably of the *water cure treatment*, by the perusal of one of your books upon the subject, and therefore at once surrendered myself to your care, and during the three weeks I remained in your house, and from that time to the present date, I unremittingly followed your directions; being packed in the wet sheet every morning for one hour, as well as using the shallow bath, sitz-bath, and compresses, at the same time drinking cold water, and observing the diet recommended by you. And now I have the gratification of stating, that having got rid of about forty pounds of superfluous fat about the stomach, &c., I am nearly relieved from the distressing symptoms I have mentioned above, and entertain fair hopes of having better health than I have known for many years.

If this expression of my feelings is considered of the slightest use in giving confidence to those under bodily afflictions in the efficacy of the water cure treatment, I must add that it will give me much pleasure your making use of it in any way you think proper.

And believe me, my dear Sir,

Very gratefully and faithfully yours,

To James Wilson, Esq., M.D.

THOMAS SHAILER.

STOMACH COMPLAINT WITH DISEASED LIVER.

Captain R——, past his fiftieth year, who had seen considerable service as a military man, and who became afterwards a merchant in London, consulted me there for the following train of symptoms.

His face was a strange mixture of chalky white and yellow, with a care-worn look, and the skin hung upon, rather than adhered to, the muscles underneath: in fact, it was the true wrinkling of a purgative-pill taker. He was alternately desponding and irritable, and found his business becoming excessively irksome. He complained of pain in the right side, of capricious appetite, and the impossibility of doing without purgatives. He was determined to try the Water-cure and continue his business at the same time; an attempt the futility of which I pointed out to him. He essayed it, however; and by the time he had done so for some weeks, I had established myself at Malvern. He wrote to me, stating that he was going on very badly; in consequence of which I told him to desist, or come down here; and he did so shortly afterwards.

In five weeks he left this place a changed man; for his complexion had become natural, his flesh firm, his stomach and bowels in admirable order, and his mind clear and cheerful. And I hear that he still continues well, and "that his faith in the Water-cure is unbounded."

There was an interesting feature in the progress of his treatment. For the first twelve or fourteen days, he threw up the water he drank while on the hill, before breakfast. I, therefore, directed him, as he vomited without effort, to go on drinking until he retained four of five tumblers. On an average he rejected the first twenty tumblers, perfectly saturated with blackish bile. After the third morning his appetite for breakfast became that of a healthy man; he digested this meal as also the others in the day, easily and completely. He slept well all night, and next morning he began again, to use his own words, "to throw up the bilge-water, wondering where it could all come from." His power of exertion returned rapidly under the general treatment to which he was subjected, and after the fourteenth day, he could drink any quantity without the least inclination to reject it.

SUPPOSED CONSUMPTION, ETC.

The writer of the following letter, the Rev. Mr. Marshall, had suffered for a long time many of the symptoms preceding rapid decline,

and it was expected that he would have been obliged to retire from the duties of the Church.

Cases of this kind are frequently met with on the Continent, where the subjects of them go in search of health. At Rome and in other parts of Italy, I saw many such, and amongst them a number of clergymen going on from bad to worse, the appetite decreasing, the strength lapsing, the tone of the skin becoming less and less. These cases, often commencing in mental work and irritation, lead on to derangement of the stomach and bowels, are accompanied with stomach cough and extreme readiness to take cold, and not unfrequently terminate in substantial disease of the lungs:—a conclusion which is seldom prevented by the system of remedying they too often go through, which on the contrary, leads to hotter rooms, warmer clothing, more stimulating drinks, and additional chilliness and debility. It is really quite melancholy to see many of them in Italy—far from their friends and their occupation—shivering at the bare thought of the bracing and healthy winter of their native isle, and feeling actually more cold than their countrymen on the banks of the Thames:—

Bridgenorth, August 14th, 1843.

My dear Doctor,—It is now just a year since I consulted you at Malvern. I had been out of health for many months, and tried various remedies in vain; there was then every appearance that I should be obliged to give up my public duties, and seek refuge in a warmer climate. Since I left Malvern, I have been in perfect health, and have not had an hour's illness, a thing I had not known for several years previously.

I feel it due to the system and to yourself, to state that your treatment has fully realized all you promised; for the last twelve months I have been more equal to my public duties than at any other former period of my life. During the winter I went out in all weathers, and at all hours, and never once took cold. I have not taken medicine of any sort or kind since I saw you. I never can be too thankful for the benefit I have derived from the treatment. With best wishes,

I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

James Wilson, Esq., M.D.,

W. K. MARSHALL.

Great Malvern.

Malvern, Friday, October 6th, 1846.

Sir,—The reading of your * * * * book, "Life at the Water Cure," raised some faint glimmerings of hope in my mind as to the possibility of my yet enjoying the blessings of health, for with the failure in my case of changes of air, plain dieting, travelling, exercise, &c., to say nothing of tonics, leeches, pills, and drugs, my hopes of health had quite forsaken me, and left me but the miserable expectancy of a life of nervousness, headaches, bile, and indigestion. With hopes thus slightly revived, though not unmingled with sundry misgivings, nor unsparingly diluted with various qualmy remembrances anent the fair promises and the dangerous practices of deluding quackery, and very shivery anticipations of water buckets, dark mornings, and icy wet sheets, dangerous sweatings and killing colds, I set out for Dr. Wilson's

establishment at Malvern, accompanied by a friend about as full of hopes and qualms and shivery notions, and as sceptical as myself. Arrived at Malvern, almost wishing we had not come, with several tiny half-expressed determinings to take the road for London back again, we called in and saw the Doctor; had our states described, got some grains of faith in Hydropathy, and a strong partiality for the Doctor himself; and then began to think, that after all, our visit might be a wise one. The bathman's dreaded first morning visit gone, and with it all our fears of dripping sheets and shallow baths, with sitzes, pleasant packings, refreshing rubbing sheets, and glorious douches, this the third week of our Malvern sojourn finds us healthy, hungry, and happy, and very grateful to you for your * * * * book, and to Dr. Wilson for his kindness and skill.

My complaint, which was general weakness and loss of appetite, and consequent nervousness, depression of spirits, &c., has to all appearances vanished, while that of my friend (who, in addition to the above distressing ailments, suffered from a nervous deafness so badly as combined with his general debility to unfit him for following the profession he had chosen, and in which he had spent both years and money) has given place to the strength, the brilliancy, and comeliness of youth. To the full we have enjoyed the views, saunters, and walks you so * * * * describe in your book. We've seen and tasted, and critically pronounced upon the flavors of all the rills, and pearly springs you mention. Your good old Quaker is nowhere to be seen. At morn we miss him at the accustomed well; nor up the hill, nor at the tank, is he; but in his stead we've seen a kindly rare old *Methodist*, with silvery hair and wrinkled brow, "whose strength like to the eagle's is renewed," and who with grateful heart doth "thank the Lord for all;" and in this spirit of the good old man my friend and I make two of the score of weatherbeaten, scrambling, water-drinking, jolly invalids, who will ever have cause to speak and think with sincere thankfulness of "Lane's book," Dr. Wilson, and Hydropathy.

To convey our thanks to you is the intention of this note, and with much confidence that your goodness will pardon the liberty I have thus taken in writing to you.

I am, Sir, gratefully and with much respect, yours,

To. R. J. Lane.

HUGH AITKEN.

N.B. The result of an experiment made with a low ticking watch on my friend's hearing proved that his ear is now as acute as mine, which has been always good.

H. A.

Note.—This kindly and generous letter may serve as a sample of numerous documents which I gratefully keep. The reader may supply certain blanks in the printer's version, with expressions, superlative or derogatory, according to taste.

Dear Sir,—After your * * * * work, it will, I feel assured, be a pleasure to you to learn that, from practical experience, I also can bear witness to the water's all powerful effects. When I consider that you have stood forward * * * * I feel that no apology is necessary for the liberty I take in thus intruding upon your time and attention. Of Dr. Wilson I can speak in the highest terms, both as

regards his medical skill, and his uniform kindness and attention to those who are under his care. My sister was sent here last year in a well-nigh hopeless state, her own medical attendant said that it was the only chance left. I was myself abroad at the time; however I did all which I could by letter to dissuade her from having recourse to a mode of treatment which I had been led to fear was attended with danger to so delicate a subject. I considered her coming to Malvern an act of perfect insanity. While under Dr. Wilson's care she was for some days in a highly critical state; but thanks to the varied application of cold water and the rare skill of her physician, she weathered the storm. The delicacy of my own health had obliged me to pass many years in the Island of Madeira, but so little did that much-vaunted climate tend to restore my health, that I came here seven weeks ago in a state of mind and body which it would be vain for me to attempt to describe. I looked forward to the future with gloom and despondency. Gradually and imperceptibly a change took place—my spirits returned—my general health improved—and the morbid pains from which I had so long suffered began to leave me. I doubted the reality of all this, and thought that a few days would bring them back with tenfold violence; but such has not been the case. I am the astonishment of friends and others, and rejoice in the prospect of an English winter. I believe that with God's blessing the Water Cure has saved my life. If I had not had recourse to Hydropathy, what would have been my fate—a few short months, perhaps years, of suffering with the feeling that recovery was hopeless. They would have then said, "Poor fellow, he died of consumption." With more justice they would have said, from the effects of blisters, croton oil, morphine, sulphuric acid, and other like things, which would have caused the disease they were meant to cure. The poor unfortunate ganglions were completely overlooked, and you may well imagine how adapted the above-mentioned medicines were to aggravate any evil which existed there. When I see others around me progressing in an equal ratio with myself, I cannot but congratulate you on the good work which you have already accomplished, in extending the knowledge of the Water Cure, and I heartily trust that your work may be the indirect mean of relieving the sufferings of many. Already I have induced two much valued friends of mine to come here, and place themselves under the care of our kind and intelligent friend, Dr. Wilson. That you may go on and prosper in the worthy cause you have undertaken, and that you may ever enjoy health and happiness, is the ardent wish of dear Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

(To R. J. L.)

WILLIAM SEALY.

Note. The author of this interesting letter, a clergyman of our church, whose studies were interrupted some years, is restored to perfect health. (1850).

No. 2, Oak Place, Northern Southampton. *July, 15th 1850.*

Dear Sir,—I am glad to find, through a friend, that you are preparing a new edition of your "Life at the Water Cure," a work I believe calculated to do great service in the cause of the invalid part of the community. If you should think the following testimony regarding my

own cure fit for your pages, you are heartily welcome to make any use you please of it, as my gratitude and thanks to Providence for my recovery are heartfelt and sincere.—I was considered in imminent danger when I had recourse to the Water Cure, and I placed myself under the care of Dr. Wilson at Malvern, induced thereto by the earnest entreaty of a lady, a member of the "Society of Friends," whom he had, under the Divine blessing, cured of a similar attack. This recommendation and the reading of your * * * * * decided me on doing so. I had been labouring under paralysis of the left side of the face—numbness in the right arm—pupils dilated and immoveable, articulation very imperfect, &c. &c. I was bled and leeches with the usual treatment of medicines. The symptoms remaining when I reached Malvern a month afterwards, were loss of memory, numbed arm and shoulder, extending down the side, deafness, noises and pressure in both ears, with the feeling of apoplectic fulness, general weakness and intense depression of spirits. After about a week of the water curing, many of my feelings had so far abated that existence again begun to be a pleasure, and I could walk up the Malvern hills. My appetite returned after the walks and rides, and soon became keen for excellent food, so well selected at the Dr's. table, to lessen the labour of our much abused stomachs, and at each meal was made to remember the golden rule of moderation.

The result was, that in six weeks I returned to my home, a perfectly renewed man, and have resumed my duties in the service of Her Majesty's Customs at this Port. I am carrying out a gentle treatment at home and have no doubt my restoration will be permanent if I abide by my instructions, which nothing shall prevent me from doing. I consider my recovery to have been very rapid and next to the Almighty. I owe it to Dr. Wilson's great skill and experience, and the potency of remedies that skill has evoked from the healing spring. My wife was also a patient of the Doctor's and received great and unexpected benefit from the treatment. We both of us attained a knowledge of personal management that will be invaluable, resolved as we are to profit by it in the rule of our private home. With best wishes,

I remain, Dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

TO MR. R. J. LANE.

CHARLES BROOKS.

May 5th, 1849.

Dear Sir,—I feel that long ere this it was my duty to have written you an account of my proceedings at the Water-cure, but I thought it better to wait patiently until the cure was fairly tested, and then, if successful, would have the greater satisfaction in making known to you the result, as you first directed my attention to the subject. It is three years next June since I went to Malvern, and a happy event it has been in my existence.

I followed your advice to the letter, and put myself entirely under the control of Dr. Wilson, and at the termination of my visit found myself an altered man! I found very soon a change going on in the system that quite convinced me that the health I had for so many years endeavoured to procure, through every possible channel, was once more

coming into play. During the first interview with the Dr., I told him that I had used the liberty of writing you, and that you had given me your opinion and counsel. He made a most minute and searching inquiry into the nature of my ailments, and jocosely said, "You have a good and vigorous constitution, the timbers are all sound, and I will soon put the vessel into proper trim if you will attend to my directions." I readily pledged myself to obey his mandates, and we set to work.

I left him sooner than he wished, not being able to remain any longer (my stay was under a month by two or three days), and came home looking rather delicate. My friends, who were on the *qui vive*, watching the result, for Hydropathy is still little known in this part of the world, shook their heads, adding what else could be expected from water; and spoke significantly about a thinning of the blood, and a weakening of the system. I kept most steadily to the instructions given me, and followed out at home what I pursued at Malvern. All went well enough for about three weeks, at the end of which I had a violent attack, more so, indeed, than any I had had for a number of years. My watchful wife became greatly alarmed, and insisted on the surgeon being called in, but I stood out against it, but promised I would agree if things became worse. Your case, under similar circumstances, came very vividly to my aid and recollection; so sitting manfully to work with the wet sheet, the fever was soon greatly mitigated, and in a few days I began to rally. I wrote to Dr. Wilson, and he said that what I described were critical symptoms, and told me how to proceed, and desired, if not soon well, to return to him. That, however, was not necessary; this violent attack proved the last, and ever since I have been in the enjoyment of perfect health. Before going to the Water, I was thin and emaciated, fit for no exertion, and constantly suffering from colds, inflammatory and bilious attacks, and I may safely say that during the three preceding winters I spent half of my time in my bed.

When I first saw Dr. Wilson he inquired what my weight was. I told him, before my health gave way, I was 14 stone, but in my present thin miserable condition I was barely 11. He replied, "a man of your height (6 feet 2 inches) will never do at that; trust to me and I will soon adjust the standard and bring back olden times." He has done so, indeed, the risk now is that I will exceed his predictions. My desponding friends, when they have the substance to look at instead of the shadow, begin to allow that something has done me good, that something is entirely the effect of the pure element which God in His infinite goodness has made the means of thoroughly washing away those ills that the flesh is heir to, and I trust that I will never forget," &c., &c.

I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

(To R. J. L.)

Jno. DICKSON.

(From James Sheridan Knowles, Esq., author of the *Hunchback*, &c.)
Glasgow, Nov. 5th, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I am glad that a new edition of your testimony, in favour of the Water Cure, is coming out. You know my opinion of the establishment at Malvern, and the high respect that I entertain for Dr. Wilson, its proprietor and accomplished superintendent, whose patient I

had the good fortune to be when I had the pleasure of making your valued acquaintance.

When I arrived, I could scarcely walk to the turnpike and back again—little more than a few roods from the house; but before I left, I could cut my stick for a trudge of several miles; and for the last three weeks, almost constantly scaled, before breakfast, that insolent hill, in front which had previously looked down upon me, and successfully defied me to put a foot upon its crest. I entertain no doubt, whatever, that, with the blessing of God, a longer residence would have resulted in the thorough removal of my lameness of many a year.

In speaking upon the subject, I should be guilty of injustice and ingratitude did I omit to say that some years before, under the care of Doctor Balbirnie, formerly of Glasgow, I had experienced from the Water Cure, similar benefit, similarly abridged.

So much for my own experience.

To speak of what passed under my own observation with regard to others:—I witnessed the removal of apoplectic symptoms; subduing of a neuralgic affection of the heart, as well as of pulmonary threatenings; summary expulsion of the gout; a formidable cutaneous disease superceded by a healthy state of the skin; exhaustion from the effects of a residence in India, by indications of rapidly declining vigour, &c. In short, uniform justification of my previous faith in the admirable system practised at Malvern. If you value this hurriedly drawn up, but honest testimony, make what use of it you please. At all events, believe me, your friend and servant,

(To R. J. L.)

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Note.—Here ends my sample of letters addressed to me; selected—not as extreme cases—but as presenting a variety of testimony, and exhibiting the characteristic virtues of the Water System and its advocates.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. EDWARD JOHNSON, M.D.*

The natural anxiety of man to be relieved of his complaints—the little or no relief which he can derive, in the majority of cases, from the exhibition of drugs, and the great ignorance which necessarily prevails throughout the great bulk of mankind, in all that regards the real nature of life, health, and disease—have caused at various times a vast number of so-called new remedies to find favour with the public. From a few of these some good has resulted. But by far the greater number have proved themselves to be little better than impostures, instituted by design and encouraged by folly, but vanishing into thin air at the first touch of the hand of science.

General Effects of the Water Cure as one entire System of Treatment.

In examining the subject of hydropathy, we are first to consider it as one great whole—consisting of many parts, as the wet-sheet packing, the blanket packing, the dry sweating, the vapour sweating, cold baths of various kinds and different degrees of power; clothing, systematic exercise, and regulated diet. In inquiring into its mode of action, therefore, we must first look to its general effects

* "The Theory and Principles of the Water Cure shewn to be in accordance with Medical Science." Simpkin and Marshall. 1843.

as one whole. These, I presume, will not be disputed by any one. They are, to strengthen the digestive functions; to cool the system; to increase the appetite; to allay excitement; to purify the blood; to strengthen the muscular fibre of the heart; to quicken the action of the skin; (which is, in the hydropathic treatment, what the stomach and bowels are in the drug treatment) to overcome internal congestions; to restore and augment all the secretions; to accelerate the change of matter, and thus to renovate the tissues of all the organs, to invigorate the vital principle. * * *

It is this general effect of the whole treatment, which makes it of such signal advantage, as a general tonic and palliative, in many cases of old chronic disease, in which perfect restoration has become hopeless. And it is this general effect which makes it so peculiarly adapted rapidly to restore to health and strength those who are suffering, or likely to suffer, under that slow and lingering convalescence which, under the drug treatment, so frequently happens after a long and protracted illness—resulting partly from the disease itself, and partly from the severe bleeding and drugging which such persons have usually undergone. And there can be no doubt that surgical operations would be performed with much greater safety if the patient were first to prepare his system by a few weeks of hydropathic treatment.

Philosophic Aims of the Water Cure.

It begins at the beginning. It begins by correcting all the known causes of disease; and by surrounding the patient with all the known causes of health. These it intensifies and concentrates into one focus. In the centre, as it were, of this focus it places the patient. All the causes of health—all the known healthy influences—are accumulated and brought to bear upon him at once.

Having thus corrected the causes of disease, it next proceeds to correct the nutritive actions. It raises or depresses the circulation and respiration at will. It exercises complete control over absorption. It restores all the secretions, especially those of the bowels and skin. It has power to excite the action of the skin to an amount which is almost unlimited; and by increasing this one secretion preternaturally, it has the power of diminishing the others in proportion, if that be necessary; since it is well known that in proportion as one secretion is in excess the others will be decreased. I have shown that the pores of the skin, if joined end to end, would form a tube twenty-eight miles in length. Surely there can be no difficulty in believing that if this tube be obstructed, and the matters which it is intended to carry out of the blood be left in it, while the matters which it is intended to convey into the blood be kept out of it—surely, I say, there can be no difficulty in believing that a very unhealthy and wrong state of the blood must be the necessary result. And it must surely be apparent that any treatment which has the power of restoring or augmenting the functions of this stupendous secreting tube, must be capable of exercising a beneficial influence on the health, and, through its means, alone, of curing many diseases. How plain and common sense-like

all this appears ! How rational ! how intelligible ! How different from the practice of those who seek to cure diseases by the administration of little portions of certain drugs, concerning the manner of whose operation they have not, and do not even pretend to have, the slightest notion.

Power of the Water-Cure to prevent and to arrest Scrofula and Consumption.

If those parents who have delicate children could be persuaded, and could be made to see the advantage, in every point of view, which would result, both to themselves and to their children, from sending them for a year or two to a hydropathic establishment, instead of sending them so soon to school, consumption and other confirmed scrofulous diseases would be much less rife amongst us. The expense to the parent, in the end, would be no greater ; the advantages to the poor child would be incalculable—to him, in many instances, it would make all the difference which exists between life and death.

But let us suppose that, in either case, the child is destined to live and become a man—that is, whether he go to a hydropathic establishment before he goes to school or not. (Be it remembered, that we are speaking now of delicate children, and those known to possess weakly or scrofulous constitutions.) If he go to school at once, the strong probability is that, by the time he has finished his education, he has become a confirmed invalid ; and totally unable to enter upon those scenes of life with a view to which he has been expressly educated. The parent has now to make sacrifices in his favour, which greatly overbalance the expense which would have been incurred, had he sent him, for a year or two, to a hydropathic establishment before he was sent out to school ; and he has upon his hands a sickly youth, instead of a healthy son, ready and able to go out into the world and win his own way. Neither would the boy lose anything in point of education. For, undoubtedly, a healthy child will learn more in four years, and retain it better, than can be acquired by an unhealthy and weakly one, to whom everything is toilsome, painful, and laborious.

If this plan were generally adopted in England, we should not meet, in society such multitudes of crooked spines, weak ankles, hip-diseases, paralytic limbs, glandular swellings, crippled joints, pigeon chests, heart and head affections, consumptive lungs, &c., which are now so heavy a curse upon the youthful population of our island. Surely it is not less an imperative duty to *prevent* a disease which is obviously impending, than it is to *cure* diseases which are actually present ; and more especially, in the case of those maladies which, when once incurred, are known to be incurable.

The next question is: how far the hydropathic treatment, by strengthening the vital principle and purifying the blood, is capable of preventing consumption, in those cases which exhibit the well-known signs of the consumptive diathesis, or when consumption has already attacked other branches of the family. This consideration is really a matter of great moment—of national importance. When we are threatened with a visit from the blue cholera, the whole nation rings with preparations.

to prevent or diminish its ravages. Yet, in England, for every ten persons killed by cholera, consumption kills at least ten thousand. On the continent, consumption is called the "English disease."

There is something in the very nature of the water treatment which makes it singularly applicable to a weak or delicate state of the lungs. The lungs are, as every body knows, the respiratory apparatus. But it may not be so well known that the skin, also, is a respiratory apparatus; that it takes in and gives out the same matters which are taken in and given out by the lungs. It is the assistant apparatus of the lungs. It diminishes the labour of the lungs by sharing it. Now, the expiring organs of the skin are a number of small tubes, a quarter of an inch in length. These are called the pores of the skin. The number of these little tubes contained in a superficial square inch of skin has lately been counted, by Erasmus Wilson, under a powerful microscope. He found, by multiplying the number of square inches of skin on the whole body, by the number of tubes contained in one square inch, that, if they were joined end to end, they would make one tube 28 miles in length. The office performed by the skin, therefore, must be a most important one; and since that office is the same as that of the lungs, the assistance which the lungs derive from it in purifying the blood must be very great indeed; and consequently, the additional labour and distress which they are compelled to undergo, when the functions of the skin are obstructed, must also be very considerable.

Now, I suppose its worst enemies will not deny to the water treatment the merit of exercising a beneficial influence on the skin. No one will deny that it cleanses it; that it increases the vigour of the circulation through it; frees the mouths of the breathing pores from all obstructions; and exalts the functions of the skin in every respect. In doing this, it is obvious that it cannot fail, in a corresponding degree, to lighten the labour of the lungs; to relieve them from oppression; and thus indirectly to strengthen them.

But the functions of the skin, when well performed, not only lighten the labour of the lungs, but they also purify the whole mass of blood, by depurating it of certain noxious matters which, being retained in it, adulterate and spoil it, and render it unfit perfectly and fully to nourish the body.

When the functions of the skin are imperfectly performed, therefore, the whole body suffers. The heart, the lungs, the liver, the stomach, the brain, the nerves, the bowels, are imperfectly nourished; and their vitality is moreover oppressed and weakened by the noxious matters with which the blood is loaded. Thus a weight is placed upon the springs of life. By restoring the functions of the skin, this weight is taken off.

But the hydropathic treatment also restores the functions of the bowels. And thus another weight is removed. In like manner, it restores all the other secretions, and thus all the springs of life from oppression. It moreover wonderfully increases the powers of digestion, and makes the appetite of jaded men keen as that of a school-boy.

It must be remembered that the scrofulous taint is not always equal. Some are tainted beyond all hope of redemption; but others are tainted less deeply. In these latter cases, it is probable that they may go through life without the development of any scrofulous disease, provided they escape the attacks of other disorders. But if they constantly be taking cold; if they get influenza; if they become the subject of indigestion, rheumatism, diarrhoea, nervous disease, &c., then the additional weakness resulting to the constitution from these affections will be almost certain to light up scrofulous disease in such constitutions. Here, the important thing is to protect those persons from what may be called the minor diseases of life; to harden their frames, and strengthen their powers of resistance against those ordinary noxious influences and causes of disease with which all are more or less surrounded. In these cases, whatever form disease may assume in the first instance, it is pretty certain eventually to fall upon the lungs, and settle there. It is of great moment, therefore, that the skin should be always made to perform its share of work in purifying the blood, and thus lighten the labour of the lungs as much as possible.

There are two things which the water treatment can do—no other treatment in the world can do these two things. I speak advisedly when I say this. I speak with a full knowledge of all that the drug treatment can and cannot do. I speak with a willing disposition to allow to all other modes of treatment their full share of credit. Mesmerism has its merits; homœopathy has its claims to regard; the drug treatment, in its proper place, can do much in certain cases; all can do something; but none of them can do these two things. But hydropathy *can* do these two things, if it can do nothing else. No one, who thinks on the subject for half-an-hour, can doubt it. No fact in the universe is more certainly a fact than this: that THE WATER TREATMENT CAN STRENGTHEN THE VITAL PRINCIPLE, AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

ON THIS PRINCIPLE ALONE, IT CAN CURE MORE DISEASES THAN ANY OTHER TREATMENT CAN CURE; AND PREVENT MORE THAN ANY OTHER CAN PREVENT. AND IT CAN CERTAINLY, IN MANY INSTANCES, PREVENT CONSUMPTION.

The Water Cure does not drive disease inwards, but brings it to the surface.

Nothing can be more absurd and untrue than that supposition still entertained by many, that there is something in the water treatment which is calculated to repel disease, and drive it inward. The exact contrary to this is the fact. All its tendency, all its powers, are exerted in just the contrary direction, viz., to bring *out* disease upon the surface, and to keep it there, if it be there already.

No doubt cases may have occurred, although I never saw one, in which rheumatism and other diseases which have a natural tendency to shift about from place to place, have retreated inwards, while

under the water treatment. This will happen under any and all kinds of treatment whatever, and without any treatment at all. But this happens very rarely indeed in the hydropathic practice; whereas Dr. Watson declares that, under the drug treatment, in one half of the patients treated for the rheumatism, the disease attacks the heart. And being then physician to one of the metropolitan hospitals, his experience was very large.

What the Water Cure promises and performs.

All diseases may be divided into two great classes, viz., those which are curable, and those which are incurable. Of those which are curable, the number which can be cured by the hydropathic method greatly exceeds, in my belief, the number which can be removed by any other known treatment. But can it do nothing for those which are incurable? Yes, it can do much; and is indeed the only treatment which can do anything, in these cases, without doing harm.

The next best thing to being cured of a disease altogether, is to arrest its further progress, and to put the patient into such a condition as shall enable him to bear it with the least amount of inconvenience, and for the longest period of time, before it destroys him. The hydropathic treatment possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power of accomplishing these objects. For, by restoring and rectifying all the secretions; by working the old and vitiated blood out of the patient, and filling him with new, by restoring and exalting the functions of the skin; by imparting vigour to the circulation; and, finally, by superadding the digestion of an ostrich to the appetite of a wolf; it gives a high degree of tone, energy, and firmness to the general health, and thus builds up a bulwark against the further advance of disease, while it accumulates within the system the greatest possible amount of capability and endurance.

For this reason, also, six or eight weeks of the water treatment I believe to be the only effectual preventive measure against the cholera. There is in the living system a protective or conservative principle, called by medical men the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, whose office is to resist the operation of morbid influences; and this principle is strong or weak, accordingly as the general health is strong or weak; and of course the stronger it is, the better it is able to protect the system from the attacks of disease. And I have just shown the remarkable effects of the water cure in exalting the general health.

"Ups and downs" in the progress of cure.

The great majority of patients who resort to the water treatment are labouring under old, chronic, and deep-seated maladies, which have resisted, for years, every species of remedy which medical ingenuity could devise. In such cases it is not to be wondered at, that its operation is sometimes slow and tedious, and that some-

times it fails altogether. It is often, as a patient of mine once remarked, a "thing of ups and downs." One week the patient feels better, and fancies he is going to get well at a hand-gallop. The next week he feels worse, and fancies the treatment does not agree with him. It requires some firmness of purpose, and some strength in the hydropathic faith, to enable the patient to persevere to a successful issue. Sometimes, it seems to do no good at all for weeks, and then suddenly the patient takes a turn and gets well rapidly.

Expediency of a "visit" to a Water Cure Establishment.

There is one thing which I cannot help mentioning here. While there are so many wild and extravagant and silly reports in circulation, as to the nature of the water treatment, it has often struck me as very odd, that persons who are half inclined to try it, but who are deterred by the conflicting rumours and opinions which they hear concerning it, do not adopt the very obvious and straightforward course of going to an establishment for a few days in order solely to *look at it*; and also to see and converse with those who are actually undergoing it. For my own part, I shall be glad at all times to see such persons, whenever there happens to be room in my house for their accommodation.

Treatment of incurable Diseases.

The object of such treatment should only be to palliate or temporize; that is, to protect life to the utmost, by such means as are best calculated to support the strength and general health, and so to retard the progress of the disease as much as possible. And it is surprising how many years may be added to human life, under the pressure of incurable disease, by the judicious application of hydropathic measures. I have the fullest and deepest conviction that, in every kind of chronic disease, thousands of human beings, suffering under that form of malady, are hurried out of the world many years before their time; not destroyed by the natural influence of disease, but killed by the remedies used to restore them. It is the inherent and inevitable curse of the drug treatment that, even when most successful, that success is always purchased at the expense of much, and frequently ineradicable mischief inflicted on the living machine, and the poor sufferer has to sustain all the injury (which is frequently more serious than the disease itself) without any good to counterbalance it. At the end of his course of treatment he finds himself in a much worse condition than when he first commenced it; his stomach ruined, his nervous system shattered, his constitution quite broken down. Under these circumstances, there is nothing left to oppose the progress of his malady, which now hurries on to its termination. Whatever constitutional strength the patient might have had to act as a wall of defence against the onward march of the enemy, the drug treatment has quite battered down; and the unrestrained disease now walks through the breach to shake hands with death on the other side.

(Note.)—I trust that, in making these extracts from the invaluable works of Dr. Edward Johnson, I have not exceeded the bounds of discretion. I would rather hope that I have effectually led many to possess themselves of the entire treatises of which I give a sample.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. BALBIRNIE.*

Medical orthodoxy, and the reluctance to innovate.

The History of Medicine is but a series of revolutions. Practice that is *now* considered heterodox was *once* most orthodox; and upon its first assailants were evoked the wrath and persecution of the whole faculty.

WATER is the only physical agent that exercises a certain, safe, and salutary control over all the functions of the living organism. It most effectually and speedily quells inflammation, subdues fever, opens the obstructed pores, maintains perspiration, and soothes morbid sensibility. Pure water, pure air, and plain food, with water (simple or saline) variously applied to the skin, in conjunction with active bodily exercise, are the great sources of acquired health, and means of throwing off disease. For it is neither physic, nor the physician that heals. The Inherent Conservative Powers of the Living organism are the only agents in restoration. The aim of all scientific treatment must be to give the fullest scope and highest activity to all the vital or vegetative processes—to second the efforts of Nature to throw off diseased action—to counteract disturbing agents, or to eject them from the economy.

Animal life, according to Liebig, consists in the transformations effected by the various combinations of the elements of food and oxygen. The processes of the Water Cure bring about more efficiently than any other means these favorable conditions. The appetite is speedily improved; exercise is increased proportionably; the elements of the transformations in question are afforded in greater quantity. The result is an exaltation of vitality, whereby the powers of the system have full play for the work of altering morbid conditions—breaking up obstructions—restoring secretions—and eliminating diseased excretions from the system;—thus producing more rapid transformations, renewing the blood, and compacting the solids by healthier depositions of new material.

How the patient must co-operate to second the efforts of treatment.

The condition of treatment as regards the patient himself, is to withdraw as much as possible from all sources of unnatural or excessive stimulations. For this reason, repose of the passions is necessary—the turmoil of business, and the excitements of study, are to be avoided—all dietetic stimulants, alcohol and fermented liquors, are eschewed.

What classes of Disease most benefitted by the Water.

The diseases wherein the Water Cure achieves its greatest

* "The philosophy of the Water Cure;" by John Balbirne, M.A., M.D. Ivern. Whitaker & Co., London. "Words of a Water Doctor," do., do.

triumphs has been hitherto the opprobrium of medicine and of its professors. These are the protean class of nervous disorders, the (so-called) stomach and bilious complaints (organs more sinned against than sinning), the host of anomalous and non-descript ailments, resulting from the wear and tear of body and mind produced by the competitions of business and the collisions of modern society ; chronic gout and rheumatism : scrofula, syphilis, and mercurial diseases, the causes and physical conditions of apoplexy, palsy, generated vitiated habit, &c.

But the power claimed and possessed by the new treatment of exalting the energies of the living organism is not to be applied indiscriminately, immoderately, or in a routine manner. The age, temperament, and constitution of the patient—the season of the year—climate—the nature, seat, and source of the complaint—are the guides of the mode of treatment and the measure of its extent. It is to be distinctly remembered, that the Water Cure is chiefly applicable to functional disorders, and not to organic disease. And it is a consolatory fact to know that in cases of confirmed indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, nervousness, and hypochondriasis, organic disease is of comparatively rare occurrence.

THE WET-SHEET PROCESS.

The effects of the immersion of the body in a moderately heated medium, as the tepid water, vapour, or wet-sheet bath (which latter is a felicitous union of the two former) are an agreeable combination of the sedative and stimulant results detailed. It at once depresses unduly excited action, and excites unduly depressed action. It is essentially a general fomentation or poultice. Its effects are pre-eminently soothing, anodyne, and emollient, according to the previous wants of the economy, or sensations of the individual ; it removes all local irritation, pain, and general uneasiness, and recruits animal fibre, relaxes stiff joints and spasmodic contractions, softens, expands, and dilates the superficial tissues, and modifies the texture of the skin ; rigid muscles lose their tension and solidity, yet acquire plumpness. This soothing medium diminishes excessive evacuations, and restores those which are suppressed. It is powerfully derivative ; acting as a direct but gentle stimulus to the skin, it promotes the activity of its capillary vessels, and its exhalent and absorbent functions. The uniform expansion of the fluids it favours—and the universal and intimate penetration by the blood of the solid tissues of the superficial as well as the deep-seated parts it promotes—facilitate and equalize the circulation on the surface and extremities, while it relieves internal congestions and local determinations : thus measuring to every part its own share of the vital current, and apportioning the fulness and force of the circulation in organs to the size of their vessels, and the necessities of their function. It fulfils at once, and in every part of the economy, every possible indication that can be demanded in ordinary cases. While it ab-

stracts the morbid heat of those who burn, it increases, by accumulation, the heat of those who shiver. Its action on the skin makes it a diaphoretic—a powerful drain of viscid, fetid, and morbid humours, and uncombined or decomposed elements lodging in the system, and poisoning the fountains of health. Its action on the kidneys makes it a diuretic ; on muscular fibre, an anti-spasmodic ; on the nervous system, an anodyne. It diminishes the excessive vascular plethora and secretions of the intestinal canal, and of its associated glands, which produce diarrhoea ; and, in opposite cases, it rouses the defective nervous power which presides over the peristaltic movements.

The wet sheet is calculated to supersede all other modes of refrigeration, as being equally potent in effect, much more easy of control, and admitting a corrector graduation of its dose. It entirely does away with the objection as to the impossibility of determining the precise extent to which we ought to carry the sedative effect of cold. The speedy equalization of its temperature to that of the body prevents troublesome reaction, while the abstraction of the quantity of caloric necessary to vapourise the water effectually cools the surface. The pulse becomes softer and slower ; the skin, cool, moist, and perspireable. It removes previous headache ; it recalls the failing functions of intellect ; it tranquillizes the general feelings of the patient, and induces a placid sleep ; no new materials of strength are imparted, yet the patient is refreshed and invigorated. An appliance of curative art whose primary effect is to abstract a morbid heat which consumes ; or to develope and accumulate a heat that is latent but unfelt and inoperative : whose secondary effect is to allay a nervous irritation which exhausts ; and whose combined result is to liberate physical and mental energies which are overwhelmed—presents strong claims to the notice and trial of the faculty in cases at least of bad fevers and inflammations.

This remedy is to be repeated as often as is the disposition of the morbid heat and action to return. When these are no longer evinced : when sedation has told : when nervous irritation and vascular excitement have been reduced to the due point—and a discriminating observer will easily decide this—then a further continuance of the application would only depress vital action so low that recovery might be impeded instead of advanced, if not sometimes rendered impossible.

The previous loss of blood formerly counselled in the cases just alluded to, and then sometimes necessary, is now superseded. The indication to lessen by depletion the violence of the local affections, or the general fever, is certainly, promptly, and safely accomplished by a cooling bath, or affusions ; but better far, by the wet sheet.

The wet sheet, or the cold affusion, produces effectually and permanently, all that relief which bleeding produces ineffectually and

temporarily ; and with the material advantage of not robbing the constitution of the prime elements of its strength. No anodyne, no opiate, no evacuant, no medicinal means, can equal, or at all approach, the prompt and powerful sedative effect of the wrung-sheet on the vascular and nervous systems.

THE WET SHEET IS PRIESSNITZ'S GREATEST DISCOVERY, and far outstrips all other therapeutical improvements ever made in the healing art. This is destined to be by-and-by the universal domestic remedy used by mothers and nurses in the outbreak of all illnesses ; and will supersede, in nine cases in ten, both the employment of medicine, and the attendance of the physician. With every water-cured person its efficacy will be an article of *faith* that no arguments will stagger, and its practice in every emergency a source of confidence that no authority will baffle. Henceforth the name of Priessnitz will be a household-word, and a grateful posterity will embalm his memory. Few are the complaints in young or old in which this remedy will not be hailed as one of the best boons ever given by Heaven to suffering mortals. This language is strong, and may be called enthusiastic. But we appeal to those who have tested the powers of the wet-sheet fomentation, whether our meed of praise is commensurate with its merits. In weariness and watching—in fatigue and cold—in restlessness and anguish—in acute diseases and in chronic ailments—in fevers and inflammations—in shivered nerves and fretted brain—in worn-out stomachs and palsied bowels—in irritated skin and broken bones—in quelling morbid heat and soothing morbid sensibility—in the quiet routine of home and the bustle of travel abroad—in infancy and in age—in the weak and in the strong—in cottages and palaces—in courts and in camps—in hospitals and in prison—in all climates and seasons—shivering at the poles, or scorching in the tropics—in all the multiform ills that flesh is heir to—the wet-sheet will be the first remedial resource of the sick, and the last earthly refuge of the dying.

THE SITZ OR HIP BATH.

Had Priessnitz done nothing else than develope the manifold and manifest advantages of this energetic remedy, he would have done enough to entitle him to the lasting gratitude of posterity. Its powerful aid is had recourse to, to accomplish two opposite intentions.

I. As a tonic, stimulant, solvent, antispasmodic and anodyne ; in obstructions, engorgements, chronic irritation, and acute inflammation of the digestive apparatus, and of the pelvic viscera.

II. As a powerful derivative in acute and chronic affections of the heart, lungs, and brain.

According as either of these intentions is to be accomplished, so is the temperature, duration, and frequency of the bath to be varied. The temperature varies from 40° to 60° Fahrenheit, and the duration in it from a quarter of an hour to a full hour, or longer. While in the bath, the patient is to employ himself in thoroughly rubbing the belly, sides, and loins ; first with one hand and then with the other. Very soon the

first chill of the baths subsides, and the heat of the water by degrees equalizes itself to nearly that of the body. If the stay in it therefore be prolonged, it is necessary to change the water once or oftener. To fulfil the first intention specified, the temperature must approach the higher range given, that is near 60°, and its duration need not exceed twenty minutes; but the bath should be repeated several times a day: On quitting it, reaction is further promoted by hard friction with a coarse dry towel. Two of such baths per diem is a usual dose: in special cases and for a short time, five or six a day may be taken; as in severe constipation, chronic diarrhœa, dysentery, passive uterine hæmorrhage, uterine and vesical catarrh of a profuse character. To fulfil the second indication, the water must be colder, the duration in it more prolonged, and the friction more severe. The best time for administration of hip baths is between meal hours, when the stomach is not loaded; and the indispensable exercise can be made both to precede and to succeed the bath. The muscularity of hip, their prolonged use induces, is very striking.

N.B.—At this stage of my reckless progress with the Printer, and having prepared for the press further extracts from Dr. Balbirnie, (from his last work “The Words of a Water Doctor,”) and a pile of quotations from other standard works on Hydropathy, I am suddenly, but thankfully brought to a full stop: having unexpectedly received permission, which I had earnestly sought, to enrich my book by a Reprint, verbatim, of SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON’S “Confessions,” which originally encouraged me, at every step, in the composition of my journal, and which has been, by me, hitherto unfairly treated by being broken up into detached and ill-arranged quotations.

So—having already exceeded the amount of matter specified in my contract with the Printer, I gratefully break off. Happy to think that as in the doings of our Malvern Circle, the IMMORTAL SITZ was allowed to figure as “Clown to the Ring,” so—the sound sense and strong North Country eloquence of Dr. Balbirnie has brought me to the close of my labours with his thoughtful eulogy on THE WET SHEET and THE SITZ.

January, 1851.



CONFESSIONS
OF
A WATER-PATIENT.

BY
SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.

Fourth Edition.

APPENDED TO THIS WORK BY KIND PERMISSION OF
THE AUTHOR.

1851.

truth which he enounces in his favourite dictum—"I do not cure the disease, I cure the man."

Quite in accordance with this theory was the abstinence preached by Abernethy, (though not, indeed—the grand mistake—his dread specific of the blue pill,)—quite in accordance with it has been the simple treatment, especially of the old, (who more or less may be styled the chronic sufferers, by emphasis) practised by Dr. Holland—quite in accordance with it the general hygeian and training system pursued by Dr. Jephson, of Leamington—quite in accordance with it the regimen ordained by the homœopathists, and enforced by all the physicians at the several mineral springs of France, Italy, and Germany. Instead of resting, as heretofore, all principal hope on the drug that was to counteract an acid, or brace a nerve, or regulate a function, with a few general and mild exhortations to avoid cold, or be moderate in wine, prefer old sherry to champagne, and take a little gentle exercise in the middle of the day,—instead of bringing all science to bear upon a local infirmity growing out of an impaired general system, and leaving the general system to coax and coddle itself into vigour, the awakened genius of medical men has addressed itself, of late, to the improving the whole man, and so enabling Nature and himself to outgrow the local malady.

With this disposition among the ablest practitioners, have co-operated the feelings and experience of the public itself: this was evinced by the interest the public took in that most salutary legal enactment, which permitted the apothecary to charge for his time as well as his drugs; a revolution in itself as favourable to the enlightenment of the apothecary, as to the reprieved stomach and ganglionic nerves of the patient. It has been evinced by the general eagerness with which all new sects in the '*Religio Medici*,'—'*Galvanism*,' '*Magnetism*,' '*Manual Therapeutics*,' '*Homœopathy*,' and the believers in '*Mineral Springs*,'—have been greeted, provided only they omitted, or prodigiously curtailed the heretofore train and baggage of the physician—phials, pill-boxes, and mixtures every three hours. Meanwhile, as in his remote hamlet, the uneducated Priessnitz was curing his sick, and sending forth his disciples—men of the most indisputable science, of the subtlest and profoundest intellect, were not only seconding the main principles of his general treatment, but, unconscious or irrespective of his existence, explaining the theories by which the efficacy of his peculiar application of cold and moisture might be solved.

In the writings of the great Liebig, which the universality of his knowledge, and the eminently practical bias of his

intellect, have diffused as authorities throughout Europe, Priessnitz may be as much surprised to learn upon what abstruse yet infallible laws he has been renovating the powers of the human frame, as Shakspeare (could he return to the earth) might be to read in Goethe the principles upon which he created 'Hamlet.'

In all great changes that mark epochs in the intellectual history of the world, there seems ever thus a simultaneous movement towards the truth, which the epoch establishes and bequeaths—a wonderful co-operation on the part of thoughtful learning to inculcate—plastic ignorance to receive—and active genius to carry into effect the lesson from which the Future is to profit. Hydropathy is not only a novel principle of cure, or, if you will, like all truths, an old principle, re-produced and re-applied,* but, through all other principles of cure, its influence will be felt. Even those who oppose it will be found enriched by its discoveries, and unconsciously subjected to the mode of thought and action it has shaped out and fashioned. For a true reformer is not influential alone upon his own sect; he reforms, enlightens, and teaches the very adversaries who condemn him as a heretic. If fagot and pyre are found no more in the papal territories, Luther has some share in the extinction; if three hundred years hence, human life is unshortened by drastic to dyspepsia, and irritants to irritation, due praise and honour be given to the peasant of Silesia.

In England, the reception of all changes is proverbially slow, and therefore it seems sudden; for in proportion to the time in which the grain remains buried underground, does the appearance of the blade above it seem abrupt and startling. But the public mind was long and gradually prepared for a system in therapeutics which should combine modes of cure for the complaint, with a general repair and reintegration of the constitution. Hydropathic establishments were founded in England—all that the public required was practical experience of their effects. The vision of Graefenberg was too remote for the majority of the afflicted. The sick man has seldom energy sufficient to contemplate a long journey to foreign lands—intercourse with strangers, consul-

* In the sixteenth century, that most extraordinary man—of whom it was said, "that he seemed to gain knowledge by intuition"—*Cardan*, boasted that he could cure all diseases by water alone (*Card. Lib de Aqua.*) *Cardan*, too, held the doctrine, now more liberally admitted, that the simplest medicine had some concomitant evil. A judicious selection, carefully translated, of the works of *Cardan*, (which, alas! are in ten volumes folio!) would be an inestimable addition to letters.

tations in an unfamiliar tongue. For the water-cure to become popular in England, the shy English patient, of all men, must find it in his own land, nor add exile to his other afflictions.

As these establishments have spread, as they have surmounted the first prejudices that assailed them, they have won their way, not empirically, by bought puffs and venal scribes, nor by that lucky accident which has often made awhile, leech and specific, the inconsiderate rage—viz., the cure of some potentate, or prince, or reigning beauty—nor by the dictum of some recondite and fashionable authority, but by the stoutened limbs and cheerful countenances of patients, hitherto, drawn from the middle ranks of life, and returning home to desk and counter, the amaze of the native doctor, and the example to his impatient patients. This is as important as it is undeniable. If the Water-Cure has made progress within the last few years—if it has become a subject of general interest and conversation—if it has forced its way into the favour of science, and the practice of the orthodox—if, where one bold and despairing man went, amidst the tears of his wife, and against the warning of his Galen, in forlorn hope, to the holy well, fifty now may be seen calm and cheerful, well versed in the theoretic philosophy of the wet sheet and sparkling draught, taking their places in the train, and scaling the Worcestershire Beacon, it is not because a royal duke has set the fashion, or a court physician has written a treatise thereon, but because the actual, positive, concurrent testimony of numbers has carried hope to the sick and conviction to the timid. It has rested simply and wholly upon evidence; and its missionarics, now happily found in almost every town, are those whose doubts it has removed—whose fears it has allayed—whose ailments it has redressed. These—men, women, and children—these are its true puffs—its recommendatory treatises—its walking advertisements!

Since I first wrote this letter, has appeared, not only the charming and *naïve* journal of Mr. Lane,* which attests so well the pure enjoyments and high animal spirits which accompany the cure, and smile away all its hardships,—but the highly favourable testimony of the leading medical journal, edited by Dr. Forbes. Many of the most eminent of the faculty, with the true liberality which should belong to those embracing a profession whose object is human relief, now send patients to hydropathic establishments. I may cite, amongst others, the illustrious names of Locock, Forbes, Watson, Sir James Clarke, Lawrence, in sanction of hydropathic treatment in proper hands, as a system agreeable to science and approved

* “Life at the Water Cure.”

by facts. And when we consider how very short a time the water-cure has been established in England, the great obstacles common to all innovation, and more peculiar to this—whether from the long-rooted habits of the population, the cry and clamour of the interested, the publicity given to every isolated case unsuccessfully treated, compared with the reverent silence, under which, in ordinary practice, thousands sink daily into the grave—I cannot but think the favour it has already won amongst those whose earlier doctrines it must oppose, and whose pecuniary profits it must somewhat invade, as conducing not more to the honour of the system than to the dignity of the profession, upon which, indeed, it must rely, for permanent support and progressive improvement. For as it is not out of every wood that the Delphic knife could carve a Mercury, so it is not out of every man that you can shape a water-doctor. Not less from him than from the physician who applies himself to the secrets of drugs and simples, is required a profound knowledge of the human frame, of the diagnosis of disease, of the sympathy between the several components of our physical machine, and of all the different forms which, in our multiform variety of temperaments, the Protean enemy assumes.

Most beneficial, and most to be welcomed, is this approaching union between the orthodox medical profession, and the dispensers of the water-cure. It enables us to hope that hydropathy will not fall into the hands of rash and unlearned men, who might dip apoplectic Jones into the plunge bath, or wrap Smith, with a pulse scarcely palpable, in the wet sheet, because Johnson recovered his nerves at Graefenberg, by the one, or Jackson was cured of rheumatism or fever by the other. Most important is it, and to my mind, most certain will it be, that hydropathy will, ere long, form a constituent part of general medical education—that young physicians of ability and education will devote themselves to its peculiar practice—that while it will, more or less, in its leading principles, blend with other modes of scientific and enlightened treatment, it will obtain for itself a due proportion of the growing intelligence, and genius of the College, And thus the new generations may spring up under auspices singularly favourable to happiness and longevity in the circulation of doctrines conducive to innocent simplicity in our pleasures, and to temperate and hardy habits, not only as the means of health, but the sources of exquisite enjoyment. In the same spring to which we go for health, we shall find the true philosophy that is content with little but what Nature gives, and the true virtue, which in its instincts after happi-

ness finds it centered in obedience to the common laws of our being,—in excitements which bring no satiety, in pleasures which leave no sting.

I ought not to conclude this preface without some remarks, intended as a reply to such as have insinuated that I have built my eulogia of the water-cure upon 'the fancied cures' of 'imaginary ailments.' On the contrary, aware not only of the tendency in others to ascribe to the enthusiasm of one whose imagination may have been over-cultivated, much of the wonders he names, but also of that tendency in ourselves to exaggerate the merit of what we gratefully approve, I have confined my observations entirely to the rigid circle of my own personal experience, and my own absolute eye-witness.

The following is one of the many cases I witnessed when at Doctor Wilson's establishment, showing how much may be done by a scientific application of the water treatment. It is that of a lady, who had had the lower limbs palsied for *nine* years, and who could, at the time I saw and conversed with her, walk well—and walk far. This case was the more striking, and I have selected it more particularly, because the cure was effected without the aid of those adjuncts of air or exercise, in which some sceptics are inclined to place the whole benefit which hydropathic treatment confers. For the patient had recovered the use of her limbs, and was enabled to walk without assistance, before she had once quitted the two rooms which, for nearly six months, formed the magic limit of the cure. And I confess that I scarce know which I envy most, the delight of this grateful patient,* or the pleasure and honest pride of Doctor Wilson in so signal a service to humanity, and so undeniable a trophy of his skill.

The lady had passed the meridian of life, and it was not until the power of standing had returned, that she had any faith in recovering the use of the limbs, notwithstanding Dr. Wilson's confident assurances, from the first, that she would walk again; her only hope was benefit to the general health; and this, with the Doctor's assiduity, induced her to persevere until his prediction was fully accomplished.

I have had frequent occasion to mention Dr. Wilson in this treatise, and in recommending him so strongly to the

* The simple old poet, Hesiod, wishing to convey the idea of extreme cyfulness, uses two illustrations, to which he evidently attaches equal importance—the delight of the lover hastening to his mistress, and the delight of a patient relieved from his pain. Which is the more vivid illustration of human pleasure? I would leave it to Romeo himself to decide—if I could only find a Romeo just set free from a sharp fit of the gout.

sufferers I address, I have not been influenced by any undue partiality. It was at his establishment that I had the principal opportunity of observing the invaluable results of the water-cure treatment. In every sense, a gentleman and an honest man, devoted to his patients, and with his heart in his calling, he has had during his long residence at Graefenberg, and in his own establishment, a peculiarly extensive experience of the hydropathic system, preceded by the best medical education, and twenty years' practical study of his profession; while he eminently possesses those precious qualities of quick discrimination of disease, caution, and comprehensive knowledge, which in all branches of the profession, distinguish the really able and safe practitioner.

The time that has elapsed since this Letter was first made public has only confirmed, by further reflection and observation, my honest and firm belief in the efficacy of a system, which is rapidly making its most zealous converts amongst those who were once its most scornful adversaries, and scarcely a month passes without bringing me fresh intelligence from patients of the success that has attended the seekers after health who have followed the guidance of Doctor Wilson, to the sparkling sources of St. Anne; while perhaps the best testimony that I have not exaggerated the skill of my worthy friend may be found in the spacious buildings which the continued increase of his patients has compelled him to construct for their accommodation.

Nor can I omit this occasion to enforce the expediency of undergoing the cure in the house of the physician rather than in separate lodgings. I am persuaded that in the former case the cure is far more rapid. The regularity of hours and habits, with the minutiae of the treatment, are not only better observed, but are rendered more agreeable by the example of numbers; the spirits are sustained by intercourse with others united in the same pursuit, and by the encouraging view of the progress of those who are preceding us to the return to health. The mind is not left alone to brood over the ailments of the body. There is always some cheerful voice at hand to say—"I was worse than you." The communion with the physician is more frequent and easy—his superintendence necessarily more minute. A celebrated hydropathic physician in Germany said to a lady who asked him how long a time her case would require, and who wished to lodge out of the house—"Two months, if with me; but if you lodge out of doors, the chances are against it."

Hitherto, it is true, that in England few establishments have been sufficiently commodious to afford accommodation to

to all the patients who resort to them. But the spirited enterprise which has founded the establishment at Ben Rhydding, and that which Dr. Wilson has now completed at Malvern, tend to supply all that can be desired: and comprise not only the comforts, but the luxuries compatible with the treatment, and while away the tedium of convalescence by such healthful amusements as water-cure patients (ordinarily the most cheerful of all invalids) are permitted and inclined to indulge.

To you, Reader, suffering and yet dubious, I can but repeat yet more earnestly the twin injunctions, which I have urged in this letter—*faith and perseverance*—and upon this last I insist with the greater weight, because I wish it clearly understood that I promise no cure to obstinate and long-standing maladies from a short experiment. Since this letter was written, I have conversed, chiefly abroad, with several patients from Graefenberg, and their testimony has confirmed my own impression as to the exaggeration in the accounts of the *rapid* cures made by Priessnitz. No system human art has yet applied to human nature has achieved the wonder of regenerating the decayed constitution with the wand of Harlequin. I will add even, that where the frame has been long afflicted, it is not enough to *get well*, you would do well to wait till you have acquired the *habit* of being well. Thus, unconsciously, you arrive at that state in which you feel not only the negative relief of freedom from your afflictions, but the positive enjoyment of what Erasmus calls “*basilicâ, athleticâ, pancraticâ valetudine*,”—a right royal, athletic, pancratical state of health!

“If I was you,” quoth Yorick, “I would drink more water, Eugenius.” So shall you be able, in good truth, to hold that imaginary conversation recorded in Tristram Shandy:

“And in perfect good health?”

“The most perfect, madam, that friendship herself could wish me.”

“And drink nothing—nothing but water!”

“Clitorio quicunque sitem de fonte levarit
Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis.”*

* Ov. Met. xv., which Dryden has thus translated:—

“Clitorian streams the love of wine expel,
Such is the virtue of the abstemious well.”

CONFESSIONS
OF
A WATER-PATIENT,
In a Letter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,"

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am truly glad to see so worthily filled the presidency in one of the many chairs which our republic permits to criticism and letters—a dignity in which I had the honour to precede you, *sub consule Planco*, in the good days of William IV. I feel as if there were something ghost-like in my momentary return to my ancient haunts, no longer in the editorial robe and purple, but addressing a new chief, and in great part, a new assembly: For the reading public is a creature of rapid growth—every five years a fresh generation pours forth from our institutes, our colleges, our schools, demanding, and filled with fresh ideas, fresh principles, and hopes: And the seas wash the place where Canute parleyed with the waves.

All that interested the world, when to me (then Mr. Editor, now Mr. Editor's humble servant) contributors addressed their articles—hot and seasoned for the month, and like all good articles to a periodical, "warranted *not* to keep," have passed away into the lumber-room, where those old maids, History and Criticism, hoard their scraps and relics, and where, amidst dust and silence, things old-fashioned ripen into things antique.

The roar of the Reform Bill is still, Fanny Kemble is Mrs. Butler, the "Hunchback" awaits upon our shelves the resuscitation of a new *Julia*; poets of promise have become mute, Rubini sings no more, Macready is in the provinces; "Punch" frisks it on the jocund throne of Sydney Smith, and over a domain once parcelled amongst many, reigns "Boz." Scattered and voiceless the old contributors—a new hum betrays the changing Babel of a new multitude.

Gliding thus, I say, ghost-like, amidst the present race, busy and sanguine as the past, I feel that it best suits with a ghost's dignity, to appear but for an admonitory purpose; not with the light and careless step of an ordinary visitor, but with meaning stride, and finger upon lip. Ghosts, we know,

have appeared to predict death—more gentle I, my apparition would only promise healing, and beckon not to graves and charnels, but to the Hygeian spring.

And now that I am fairly on the ground, let us call to mind, Mr. Editor, the illustrious names which still over-shadow it at once with melancholy and fame. Your post has been filled by men, whose fate preludes the envy which their genius might excite. By Campbell, the high-souled and silver-tongued, and by Hook, from whom jest and whim, and humour, flowed in so free and riotous a wave, that books confined and narrowed away the stream ; to read Hook is to wrong him.

Nor can we think of your predecessors without remembering your rival, Hood, who, as the tree puts forth the most exuberant blossoms the year before its decay, showed the bloom and promise of his genius most when the worm was at the trunk.

To us behind the scenes, to us who knew the men, how melancholy the contrast between the fresh and youthful intellect, the worn-out and broken frame ; for, despite what I have seen written, Campbell when taken at the right moment, was Campbell ever. Not capable, indeed, towards the last, of the same exertion, if manifested by those poor evidences of what is in us, that books parade, but still as powerful in his great and noble thoughts, in the oral poetry revealed by flashes and winged words, though unrounded into form.

And Hook jested on the bed of death, as none but he could jest. And Hood ! who remembers not the tender pathos, the exquisite humanity, which spoke forth from his darkened room ? Alas ! what prolonged pangs, what heavy lassitude, what death in life did these men endure !

Here we are, Mr. Editor, in these days of cant and jargon preaching up the education of the mind, forcing our children under melon-frames, and babbling to the labourer and mechanic, "Read, and read, and read," as if God had not given us muscles, and nerves, and bodies, subjected to exquisite pains as pleasures—as if the body were not to be cared for and cultivated as well as the mind ; as if health were no blessing instead of that capital good, without which all other blessings—save the hope of health eternal—grow flat and joyless ; as if the enjoyment of the world in which we are, was not far more closely linked with our physical than our mental selves ; as if we were better than maimed and imperfect men, so long as our nerves are jaded and prostrate, our senses dim and heavy, our relationship with Nature abridged and thwarted by the jaundiced eye, and failing limb, and trembling hand—the apothecary's shop between us and the sun !

For the mind, we admit, that to render it strong and clear,

habit and discipline are required;—how deal we (especially we, Mr. Editor, of the London world—we of the literary craft—we of the restless, striving brotherhood)—how deal we with the body? We carry it on with us, as a post-horse, from stage to stage—does it flag? no rest! give it ale or the spur. We begin to feel the frame break under us;—we administer a drug, gain a temporary relief, shift the disorder from one part to another—forget our ailments, and when we pause at last, thoroughly shattered, with complaints grown chronic, diseases fastening to the organs, send for the doctors in good earnest, and die as your predecessors and your rival died, under combinations of long-neglected maladies, which could never have been known had we done for the body what we do for the mind—made it strong by discipline, and maintained it firm by habit.

Not alone calling to recollection our departed friends, but looking over the vast field of suffering which those acquainted with the lives of men who think and labour cannot fail to behold around them, I confess, though I have something of Canning's disdain of professed philanthropists, and do not love every knife-grinder as much as if he were my brother—I confess, nevertheless, that I am filled with an earnest pity; and an anxious desire seizes me to communicate to others that simple process of healing and well-being which has passed under my own experience, and to which I gratefully owe days no longer weary of the sun, and nights which no longer yearn for and yet dread the morrow.

And now, Mr. Editor, I may be pardoned, I trust, if I illustrate by my own case the system I commend to others.

I have been a workman in my day. I began to write and to toil, and to win some kind of a name, which I had the ambition to improve, while yet little more than a boy. With strong love for study of books—with yet greater desire to accomplish myself in the knowledge of men, for sixteen years I conceive no life to have been more filled by occupation than mine. What time was not given to action was given to study; what time not given to study, to action—labour in both! To a constitution naturally far from strong, I allowed no pause or respite. The wear and tear went on without intermission—the whirl of the wheel never ceased.

Sometimes, indeed, thoroughly overpowered and exhausted, I sought for escape. The physicians said, "Travel," and I travelled. "Go into the country," and I went. But in such attempts at repose all my ailments gathered round me—made themselves far more palpable and felt. I had no resource but to fly from myself—to fly into the world of books, or thought or reverie—to live in some state of being less painful than my

own. As long as I was always at work it seemed that I had no leisure to be ill. Quiet was my hell.

At length, the frame thus long neglected—patched up for a while by drugs and doctors—put off and trifled with as an intrusive dun—like a dun who is in his rights—brought in its arrears—crushing and terrible, accumulated through long years: Worn out and wasted, the constitution seemed wholly inadequate to meet the demand.

The exhaustion of toil and study had been completed by great anxiety and grief. I had watched with alternate hope and fear the lingering and mournful death-bed of my nearest relation and dearest friend—of the person around whom was entwined the strongest affection my life had known—and when all was over, I seemed scarcely to live myself.

At this time, about the January of 1844, I was thoroughly shattered. The least attempt at exercise exhausted me. The nerves gave way at the most ordinary excitement—a chronic irritation of that vast surface we call the mucous membrane, which had defied for years all medical skill, rendered me continually liable to acute attacks, which from their repetition, and the increased feebleness of my frame, might at any time be fatal. Though free from any organic disease of the heart, its action was morbidly restless and painful. My sleep was without refreshment. At morning I rose more weary than I laid down to rest.

Without fatiguing you and your readers further with the *longa cohors* of my complaints, I pass on to record my struggle to resist them. I have always had a great belief in the power of WILL. What a man determines to do—that in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred I hold that he succeeds in doing. I determined to have some insight into a knowledge I had never obtained since manhood—the knowledge of health.

I resolutely put away books and study, sought the airs which the physicians deemed most healthful, and adopted the strict regimen on which all the children of Esculapius so wisely insist. In short, I maintained the same general habits as to hours, diet (with the exception of wine, which in moderate quantities seemed to me indispensable), and, so far as my strength would allow, of exercise, as I afterwards found instituted at hydropathic establishments.

I dwell on this to forestall in some degree the common remark of persons not well acquainted with the medical agencies of water—that it is to the regular life which water-patients lead, and not to the element itself that they owe their recovery. Nevertheless I found that these changes, however salutary in

theory, produced little, if any, practical amelioration in my health.

All invalids know, perhaps, how difficult, under ordinary circumstances, is the alteration of habits from bad to good. The early rising, the walk before breakfast, so delicious in the feelings of freshness and vigour which they bestow upon the strong, often become punishments to the valetudinarian. Headache, languor, a sense of weariness over the eyes, a sinking of the whole system towards noon, which seemed imperiously to demand the dangerous aid of stimulants, were all that I obtained by the morning breeze and the languid stroll by the sea-shore.

The suspension of study only afflicted me with intolerable *ennui*, and added to the profound dejection of the spirits. The brain, so long accustomed to morbid activity, was but withdrawn from its usual occupations to invent horrors and chimeras. Over the pillow, vainly sought two hours before midnight, hovered no golden sleep. The absence of excitement, however unhealthy, only aggravated the symptoms of ill-health.

It was at this time that I met by chance, in the library at St. Leonard's, with Captain Claridge's work on the "Water Cure," as practised by Priessnitz at Graefenberg. Making allowance for certain exaggerations therein, which appeared evident to my common sense, enough still remained not only to captivate the imagination, and flatter the hopes of an invalid, but to appeal with favour to his sober judgment.

Till then, perfectly ignorant of the subject and the system, except by such vague stories and good jests as had reached my ears in Germany, I resolved at least to read what more could be said in favour of the *ariston udor*, and examine dispassionately into its merits as a medicament.

I was then under the advice of one of the first physicians of our age. I had consulted half the faculty. I had every reason to be grateful for the attention, and to be confident in the skill of those whose prescriptions had, from time to time, flattered my hopes and enriched the chemist. But the truth must be spoken—far from being better, I was sinking fast. Little remained for me to try in the great volume of the herbal. Seek what I would next, even if a quackery, it certainly might expedite my grave, but it could scarcely render life—at least, the external life—more unjoyous.

Accordingly I examined, with such grave thought as a sick man brings to bear upon his case, all the grounds upon which to justify to myself an excursion to the snows of Silesia. But I own that in proportion as I found my faith in the system

strengthen, I shrank from the terrors of this long journey to the rugged region in which the probable lodging would be a labourer's cottage,* and in which the Babel of a hundred languages (so agreeable to the healthful delight in novelty—so appalling to the sickly despondency of a hypochondriac) would murmur and growl over a public table spread with no tempting condiments.

Could I hope to find healing in my own land, and not too far from my own doctors in case of failure, I might indeed solicit the watery gods—but the journey. I who scarcely lived through a day without leech or potion!—the long—gelid journey to Graefenberg—I should be sure to fall ill by the way—to be clutched and mismanaged by some German doctor—to deposit my bones in some dismal churchyard on the banks of the Father Rhine.

While thus perplexed, I fell in with one of the pamphlets written by Dr. Wilson, of Malvern, and my doubts were solved. Here was an English doctor who had himself known more than my own sufferings, who, like myself, had found the pharmacopeia in vain—who had spent ten months at Graefenberg, and left all his complaints behind him—who, fraught with the experience he had acquired, not only in his own person, but from scientific examination of the cases under his eye, had transported the system to our native shores, and who proffered the proverbial salubrity of Malvern air and its holy springs, to those who, like me, had ranged in vain from simple to mineral, and who had become bold by despair—bold enough to try if health, like truth, lay at the bottom of a well.

I was not then aware that other institutions had been established in England of more or less fame. I saw in Doctor Wilson the first transporter—at least as a physician—of the Silesian system, and did not care to look out for other and later pupils of this innovating German school.

I resolved, then, to betake myself to Malvern. On my way through town, I paused, in the innocence of my heart, to inquire of some of the faculty if they thought the Water Cure would suit my case. With one excep-

* Let me not disparage the fountain head of the Water Cure, the parent institution of the great Priessnitz. I believe many of the earlier hardships complained of at Graefenberg have been removed or amended; and such as remain, are no doubt well compensated by the vast experience and extraordinary tact of a man who will rank hereafter amongst the most illustrious discoverers who have ever benefited the human race.

tion, they were unanimous in the vehemence of their denunciation.

Granting even that in some cases, especially of rheumatism, hydropathy had produced a cure, to my complaints it was more than inapplicable—it was highly dangerous—it would probably be fatal. I had not stamina for the treatment—it would fix chronic ailments into organic disease—surely, it would be much better to try what I had not yet tried.

What had I not yet tried? A course of prussic acid! Nothing was better for gastrite irritation, which was no doubt the main cause of my suffering! If, however, I were obstinately bent upon so mad an experiment, Doctor Wilson was the last person I should go to. I was not deterred by all these intimidations, nor seduced by the salubrious allurements of the prussic acid under its scientific appellation of hydrocyanic.

A little reflection taught me that the members of a learned profession are naturally the very persons least disposed to favour innovation upon the practices which custom and prescription have rendered sacred in their eyes. A lawyer is not the person to consult upon bold reforms in jurisprudence. A physician can scarcely be expected to own that a Silesian peasant will cure with water the diseases which resist an armament of phials. And with regard to the peculiar objections to Doctor Wilson, I had read in his own pamphlet attacks upon the orthodox practice sufficient to account for—perhaps to justify—the disposition to depreciate him in return.

Still my friends were anxious and fearful; to please them I continued to enquire, though not of physicians, but of patients. I sought out some of those who had gone through the process. I sifted some of the cases of cure cited by Doctor Wilson. I found the account of the patients so encouraging, the cases quoted so authentic, that I grew impatient of delay. I threw physic to the dogs, and went to Malvern.

It is not my intention, Mr. Editor, to detail the course I underwent. The different resources of water as a medicament, are to be found in many works easily to be obtained, and well worth the study. In this letter I suppose myself to be addressing those as thoroughly unacquainted with the system as I was myself at the first, and I deal, therefore, only in generals.

The first point which impressed and struck me was the extreme and utter innocence of the water-cure in skilful hands—

in any hands indeed, not thoroughly new to the system. Certainly when I went, I believed it to be a kill or cure system. I fancied it must be a very violent remedy—that it doubtless might effect great and magical cures—but that if it failed, it might be fatal.

Now, I speak not alone of my own case, but of the immense number of cases I have seen—patients of all ages—all species and genera of disease—all kinds and conditions of constitution, when I declare, upon my honour, that I never witnessed one dangerous symptom produced by the water-cure, whether at Doctor Wilson's or the other Hydropathic Institutions which I afterwards visited.

And though unquestionably fatal consequences might occur from gross mismanagement, and as unquestionably have so occurred at various establishments, I am yet convinced that water in itself is so friendly to the human body, that it requires a very extraordinary degree of bungling, of ignorance, and presumption, to produce results really dangerous; that a regular practitioner does more frequent mischief from the misapplication of even the simplest drugs, than a water-doctor of very moderate experience does, or can do, by the misapplication of his baths and friction.

And here I must observe, that those portions of the treatment which appear to the uninitiated as the most perilous are really the safest,* and can be applied with the most impunity to the weakest constitutions; whereas those which appear from our greater familiarity with them, the least startling and most innocuous,† are those which require the greatest knowledge of general pathology and the individual constitution. I shall revert to this part of my subject before I conclude.

The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which, under this system, good habits are acquired and bad habits relinquished. The difficulty with which, under orthodox medical treatment, stimulants are abandoned, is here not witnessed.

Patients accustomed for half a century to live hard and high, wine-drinkers, spirit-bibbers, whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry, here voluntarily resign all strong potations, after a day or two cease to feel the want of them, and reconcile themselves to water, as if they had drunk nothing else all their lives. Others, who have had recourse for years and years to medicine,—their potion in the morning, their cordial at noon, their pill before dinner,

* Such as the wet-sheet packing.

† The plunge-bath—the Douche.

their narcotic at bedtime, cease to require these aids to life, as if by a charm.

Nor this alone. Men to whom mental labour has been a necessary—who have existed on the excitement of the passions and the stir of the intellect—who have felt, these withdrawn, the prostration of the whole system—the lock to the wheel of all the entire machine—return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday.

Here lies a great secret ; water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement, it supplies the place of all others—it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, sometimes to irritate, but always to occupy.

Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked—the complete repose of the passions during the early stages of the cure ; they seem laid asleep as if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest ; after a short time, mental exertion becomes impossible ; even the memory grows far less tenacious of its painful impressions, cares and griefs are forgotten ; the sense of the present absorbs the past and future ; there is a certain freshness of youth which pervades the spirits, and lives upon the enjoyment of the actual hour.

Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear—the passions and the mind—calmed into strange rest,—Nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency, which is always towards recovery. All that interests and amuses is of a healthful character ; exercise, instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame braced and invigorated by the element. A series of reactions is continually going on—the willing exercise produces refreshing rest, the refreshing rest willing exercise.

The extraordinary effect which water taken early in the morning produces on the appetite is well known amongst those who have tried it, even before the water-cure was thought of ; an appetite it should be the care of the skilful doctor to check into moderate gratification ; the powers of nutrition become singularly strengthened, the blood grows rich and pure—the constitution is not only amended—it undergoes a change.*

* Doctor Wilson observed to me once, very truly I think, that many regular physicians are beginning to own the effect of water as a stimulant who yet do not perceive its far more complicated and beneficial effects as an alterative. I may here remark, that eminent physicians are already borrowing largely from the details of the water-cure—recommending water to be drunk fasting—the use of the sitz, or hip bath, &c. But these, however useful as aids in the treatment of maladies, cannot comprehend that extraordinary alterative which is produced by the various and com-

The safety of the system, then, struck me first ;—its power of replacing by healthful stimulants the morbid ones it withdrew, whether physical or moral, surprised me next ;—that which thirdly impressed me was no less contrary to all preconceived notions. I had fancied, that whether good or bad, the treatment must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings as to dwell upon the mind amongst the happiest passages of existence. For my own part, despite all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in that sense of *being* which is, as it were, the conscience, the mirror, of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as perhaps can fall to the lot of man ; but amongst all my most brilliant recollections, I can recall no periods of enjoyment at once more hilarious and serene than the hours spent on the lonely hills of Malvern—none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated.

The rise from a sleep sound as childhood's—the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh, and the birds first sang—the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring—the delicious sparkle of that morning draught—the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below—the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy ; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I witnessed in others—that that very present was but the step—the threshold—into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour ;—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.

But here I must pause to own, that if on the one hand the danger and discomforts of the cure are greatly exaggerated (exaggerated is too weak a word)—so, on the other hand, as far as my own experience, which is perhaps not inconsiderable, extends, the enthusiastic advocates of the system have greatly misrepresented the duration of the curative process. I have read and heard of chronic diseases of long standing cured permanently in a very few weeks. I candidly confess that I have seen none such. I have, it is true, witnessed many chronic diseases perfectly cured—diseases which had been pronounced

plicated agencies of water, brought systematically, unintermittingly, and for a considerable period, to bear, not only upon the complaint, but the constitution.

incurable by the first physicians,—but the cure has been long and fluctuating.

Persons so afflicted who try this system must arm themselves with patience. The first effects of the process are indeed usually bracing, and inspire such feelings of general well-being, that some think they have only to return home, and carry out the cure partially, to recover. A great mistake!—the alterative effects begin long after the bracing—a disturbance in the constitution takes place, prolonged more or less, and not till that ceases does the cure really begin.

Not that the peculiar “crisis,” sought for so vehemently by the German water-doctors, and usually under their hands manifested by boils and eruptions, is at all a necessary part of the cure—it is, indeed, as far as I have seen, of rare occurrence—but a critical action, not single, not confined to one period, or one series of phenomena, is at work, often undetected by the patient himself, during a considerable (and that the later) portion of the cure in most patients where the malady has been grave, and where the recovery becomes permanent. During this time, the patient should be under the eye of his water-doctor.

To conclude my own case: I stayed some nine or ten weeks at Malvern, and business, from which I could not escape, obliging me then to be in the neighbourhood of town, I continued the system seven weeks longer under Doctor Weiss, at Peter-sham; during this latter period, the agreeable phenomena which had characterized the former, the cheerfulness, the *bien être*, the consciousness of returning health vanished; and were succeeded by great irritation of the nerves, extreme fretfulness, and the usual characteristics of the constitutional disturbance to which I have referred. I had every reason, however, to be satisfied with the care and skill of Doctor Weiss, who fully deserves the reputation he has acquired, and the attachment entertained towards him by his patients; nor did my judgment ever despond or doubt of the ultimate benefits of the process.

I emerged at last from these operations in no very portly condition. I was blanched and emaciated—washed out like a thrifty housewife’s gown—but neither the bleaching nor the loss of weight had in the least impaired my strength; on the contrary, all the muscles had grown as hard as iron, and I was become capable of great exercise without fatigue; my cure was not effected, but I was compelled to go into Germany.

On my return homewards I was seized with a severe cold, which rapidly passed into high fever. Fortunately I was within reach of Doctor Schmidt’s magnificent hydropathic

establishment at Boppard; thither I caused myself to be conveyed; and now I had occasion to experience the wonderful effect of the water-cure in acute cases; slow in chronic disease, its beneficial operation in acute is immediate. In twenty-four hours, all fever had subsided, and on the third day I resumed my journey, relieved from every symptom that had before prognosticated a tedious and perhaps alarming illness.

And now came gradually, yet perceptibly, the good effects of the system I had undergone; flesh and weight returned; the sense of health became conscious and steady; I had every reason to bless the hour when I first sought the springs of Malvern. And here, I must observe, that it often happens that the patient makes but slight apparent improvement, when under the cure, compared with that which occurs subsequently. A water-doctor of repute at Brussels, indeed, said frankly to a grumbling patient, "I do not expect you to be well while here—it is only on leaving me that you will know if I have cured you."

It is as the frame recovers from the agitation it undergoes, that it gathers round it powers utterly unknown to it before—as the plant watered by the rains of one season betrays in the next the effect of the grateful dews.

I had always suffered so severely in winter, that the severity of our last one gave me apprehensions, and I resolved to seek shelter from my fears at my beloved Malvern. I here passed the most inclement period of the winter, not only perfectly free from the colds, rheums, and catarrhs, which had hitherto visited me with the snows, but in the enjoyment of excellent health; and I am persuaded that for those who are delicate, and who suffer much during winter, there is no place where the cold is so little felt as at a water-cure establishment.

I am persuaded also, and in this I am borne out by the experience of most water-doctors, that the cure is most rapid and effectual during the cold season—from autumn through the winter. I am thoroughly convinced that consumption in its earlier stages can be more easily cured, and the predisposition more permanently eradicated by a winter spent at Malvern, under the care of Dr. Wilson, than by the timorous flight to Pisa or Madeira. It is by hardening rather than defending the tissues that we best secure them from disease.

And now, to sum up, and to dismiss my egotistical revelations;—I desire in no way to overcolour my own case; I do not say that when I first went to the water-cure I was afflicted with any disease immediately menacing to life—I say only that I was in that prolonged and chronic state of ill health which made life at the most extremely precarious—I do not say that

I had any malady which the faculty could pronounce incurable—I say only that the most eminent men of the faculty had failed to cure me. I do not even now affect to boast of a perfect and complete deliverance from all my ailments—I cannot declare that a constitution naturally delicate has been rendered Herculean, or that the wear and tear of a whole manhood have been thoroughly repaired.

What might have been the case had I not taken the cure at intervals, had I remained at it steadily for six or eight months without interruption, I cannot do more than conjecture, but so strong is my belief that the result would have been completely successful, that I promise myself, whenever I can spare the leisure, a long renewal of the system.

These admissions made, what have I gained meanwhile to justify my eulogies and my gratitude?—an immense accumulation of the *capital of health*. Formerly, it was my favourite and querulous question to those who saw much of me, “Did you ever know me twelve hours without pain or illness?” Now, instead of these being my constant companions, they are but my occasional visitors. I compare my old state and my present to the poverty of a man who has a shilling in his pocket, and whose poverty is therefore a struggle for life, with the occasional distresses of a man of £5,000 a year, who sees but an appendage endangered, or a luxury abridged.

All the good that I have gained, is wholly unlike what I have ever derived either from medicine or the German mineral baths: in the first place, it does not relieve a single malady alone, it pervades the whole frame; in the second place, unless the habits are intemperate, it does not wear off as we return to our ordinary pursuits, so that those who make fair experiment of the system towards, or even after, the season of middle-age, may, without exaggeration, find in the latter period of life (so far as freedom from suffering, and the calm enjoyment of physical being are concerned) a second—a younger youth! And it is this profound conviction which has induced me to volunteer these details, in the hope (I trust a pure and kindly one) to induce those, who more or less have suffered as I have done, to fly to the same rich and bountiful resources.

We ransack the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract our potions from the deadliest poisons—but around us, Nature, the great mother, proffers the Hygeian fount, unsealed and accessible to all. Wherever the stream glides pure, wherever the spring sparkles fresh, there, for the vast proportion of the maladies which Art produces, Nature yields the benignant healing.

It remains for me to say, merely as an observer, and solely with such authority as an observer altogether disinterested, but, of course, without the least pretence to professional science, may fairly claim, what class of diseases I have seen least, and what most, tractable to the operations of the water-cure, and how far enthusiasts appear to me to have over-estimated, how far sceptics have undervalued, the effects of water as a medicament.

There are those (most of the water-doctors especially) who contend that all medicine by drugs is unnecessary—that water internally and outwardly applied suffices, under skilful management, for all complaints—that the time will come when the drug-doctor will cease to receive a fee, when the apothecary will close his shop, and the water-cure be adopted in every hospital and by every family.

Dreams and absurdities ! Even granting that the water-cure were capable of all the wonders ascribed to it, its process is slow in most chronic cases—it usually requires such complete abstraction from care and business—it takes the active man so thoroughly out of his course of life, that a vast proportion of those engaged in worldly pursuits cannot hope to find the requisite leisure. There are also a large number of complaints (perhaps the majority) which yield so easily to a sparing use of drugs, under a moderately competent practitioner, that the convenient plan of sending to the next chemist for your pill or potion can never be superseded, nor can I think it desirable that it should be. Moreover, as far as I have seen, there are complaints curable by medicine which the water-cure utterly fails to reach.

The disorders wherein hydropathy appears to me to be the least effectual are, first, neuralgic pains, especially the monster pain of the *Tic Doloieux*. Not one instance of a cure in the latter by hydropathy has come under my own observation, and I have only heard of one authentic case of recovery from it by that process. Secondly, paralysis of a grave character in persons of an advanced age. Thirdly, in tubercular consumption. As may be expected in this stage of that melancholy disease, the water-cure utterly fails to restore, but I have known it even here prolong life, beyond all reasonable calculation, and astonishingly relieve the more oppressive symptoms.

In all cases where the nervous exhaustion is great and of long standing, and is accompanied with obstinate hypochondria ; hydropathy, if successful at all, is very slow in its benefits, and the patience of the sufferer is too often worn out before the favourable turn takes place. I have also noticed

that obstinate and deep-rooted maladies in persons otherwise of very athletic frames, seem to yield much more tardily to the water-cure than similar complaints in more delicate constitutions: so that you will often see, of two persons afflicted with the same genera of complaints, the feeble and fragile one recover before the stout man with Atlantic shoulders evinces one symptom of amelioration. I must add, too, generally, that where the complaint is not functional, but clearly organic, I should deceive the patient if I could bid him hope from water more than what drugs may effect—viz., palliatives and relief. But medical science is not always unerring in its decisions on organic complaints, and many that have been pronounced to be such, yield to the searching and all-penetrating influences of water.

Those cases, on the other hand, in which the water-cure seems an absolute panacea, and in which the patient may commence with the most sanguine hopes, are, First, rheumatism, however prolonged, however complicated. In this the cure is usually rapid—nearly always permanent, Secondly, gout.

Here its efficacy is little less startling to appearance than in the former case; it seems to take up the disease by the roots; it extracts the peculiar acid, which often appears in discolorations upon the sheets used in the application, or is ejected in other modes. But here, judging always from cases subjected to my personal knowledge, I have not seen instances to justify the assertion of some water-doctors, that returns of the disease do not occur. The predisposition—the tendency has appeared to me to remain. The patient is liable to relapses—but I have invariably found them *far* less frequent, less lengthened, and readily susceptible of simple and speedy cure, especially if the habits remain temperate.

Thirdly, that wide and grisly family of affliction classed under the common name of *dyspepsia*. All derangements of the digestive organs, imperfect powers of nutrition—the *malaise* of an injured stomach, appear precisely the complaints on which the system takes firmest hold, and in which it effects those cures that convert existence from a burden into a blessing.

Hence it follows that many nameless and countless complaints proceeding from derangement of the stomach, cease as that great machine is restored to order. I have seen disorders of the heart which have been pronounced organic by no inferior authorities of the profession, disappear in an incredibly short time—cases of incipient consumption, in which the seat is in the nutritious powers; hæmorrhages, and various

congestions, shortness of breath, habitual fainting-fits, many of what are called improperly nervous complaints, but which, in reality, are radiations from the main ganglionic spring; the disorders produced by the abuse of powerful medicines, *especially mercury* and iodine, the loss of appetite, the dulled sense, and the shaking hand of intemperance, skin complaints, and the dire scourge of scrofula—all these seem to obtain from hydropathy relief—nay, absolute and unqualified cure, beyond not only the means of the most skilful drug-doctor, but the hopes of the most sanguine patient.*

The cure may be divided into two branches—the process for acute complaints—that for chronic; I have just referred to the last. And great as are there its benefits, they seem common-place beside the effect the system produces in acute complaints. Fever, including the scarlet and the typhus, influenza, measles, small-pox, the sudden and rapid disorders of children, are cured with a simplicity and precision which must, I am persuaded, sooner or later, render the resources of the hydropathist the ordinary treatment for such acute complaints in the hospitals.

The principal remedy here employed by the water-doctor is, the wet-sheet packing, which excites such terror amongst the uninitiated, and which, of all the curatives adopted by hydropathy, is unquestionably the safest—the one that can be applied without danger to the greatest variety of cases, and which I do not hesitate to aver can rarely, if ever, be misapplied in any cases where the pulse is hard and high, and the skin dry and burning.

I have found in conversation so much misapprehension of this very easy and very luxurious remedy, that I may be pardoned for re-explaining what has been explained so often. It is not, as people persist in supposing, that patients are put into wet sheets and there left to shiver. The sheets, after being saturated, are well wrung out—the patient quickly wrapped in them—several blankets tightly bandaged round, and a feather-bed placed at top; thus, especially where there is the least fever, the first momentary chill is promptly succeeded by a gradual and vivifying warmth, perfectly free from

* Amongst other complaints, I may add, dropsy, which in its simple state, and not as the crowning symptom of a worn-out constitution, I have known most successfully treated; cases of slight paralysis; and I have witnessed two instances of partial blindness, in which the sight was restored. I have never *seen* deafness cured by hydropathy, though I believe that one of the best German treatises on the Water Cure, at Graefenberg, was written by a Prussian officer, whom Priessnitz relieved from that not least cheerless of human infirmities.

the irritation of dry heat—a delicious sense of ease is usually followed by a sleep more agreeable than anodynes ever produced. It seems a positive cruelty to be relieved from this magic girdle in which pain is lulled, and fever cooled, and watchfulness lapped in slumber.

The bath which succeeds, refreshes and braces the skin, which the operation relaxed and softened. They only who have tried this, after fatigue or in fever, can form the least notion of its pleasurable sensations, or of its extraordinary efficacy; nor is there anything startling or novel in its theory.

In hospitals, now, water-dressings are found the best poultice to an inflamed member; this expansion of the wet dressing is a poultice to the whole inflamed surface of the body. It does not differ greatly, except in its cleanliness and simplicity, from the old remedy of the ancients—the wrapping the body in the skins of animals newly slain, or placing it on dunghills, or immersing it, as now in Germany, in the soft slough of mud-baths.* Its theory is that of warmth and moisture, those friendliest agents to inflammatory disorders.

In fact, I think it the duty of every man, on whom the lives of others depend, to make himself acquainted with at least this part of the water-cure:—the wet sheet is the true life-preserver. In the large majority of sudden inflammatory complaints, the doctor at a distance, prompt measures indispensable, it will at the least arrest the disease, check the fever, till, if you prefer the drugs, the drugs can come—the remedy is at hand, wherever you can find a bed and a jug of water; and whatever else you may apprehend after a short visit to a hydropathic establishment, your fear of that bugbear—the wet sheet—is the first you banish.

The only cases, I believe, where it can be positively mischievous is where the pulse scarcely beats—where the vital sense is extremely low—where the inanition of the frame forbids the necessary reaction;—in cholera, and certain disorders of the chest and bronchia; otherwise at all ages, from the infant to the octogenarian, it is equally applicable, and in most acute cases, equally innocent.

Hydropathy being thus rapidly beneficial in acute disorders, it follows naturally that it will be quick as a cure in chronic complaints in proportion as acute symptoms are mixed with

* A very eminent London physician, opposed generally to the water-cure, told me that he had effected a perfect cure in a case of inveterate leprosy, by swathing the patient in wet lint covered with oil-skin. This is the wet-sheet packing, but there are patients who would take kindly to wet lint, and shudder at the idea of a wet sheet!

them, and slowest where such complaints are dull and lethargic—it will be slowest also where the nervous exhaustion is the greatest. With children, its effects can scarcely be exaggerated; in them, the nervous system, not weakened by toil, grief, anxiety, and intemperance, lends itself to the gracious element as a young plant to the rains.

When I see now some tender mother coddling, and physicking, and preserving from every breath of air, and swaddling in flannels, her pallid little ones, I long to pounce upon the callow brood, and bear them to the hills of Malvern, and the diamond fountain of St. Anne's—with what rosy faces and robust limbs I promise they shall return—alas! I promise and preach in vain—the family apothecary is against me, and the progeny are doomed to rhubarb and the rickets.

The water-cure as yet has had this evident injustice,—the patients resorting to it have mostly been desperate cases. So strong a notion prevails that it is a desperate remedy, that they only who have found all else fail have dragged themselves to the Bethesda Pools. That all thus not only abandoned by hope by the College, but weakened and poisoned by the violent medicines absorbed into their system for a score or so of years,—that all should not recover is not surprising!

The wonder is that the number of recoveries should be so great;—that every now and then we should be surprised by the man whose untimely grave we predicted when we last saw him, meeting us in the streets ruddy and stalwart, fresh from the springs of Graefenberg, Boppard, Petersham, or Malvern.

The remedy is *not* desperate; it is simpler, I do not say than any *dose*, but than any *course* of medicine—it is infinitely more agreeable—it admits no remedies for the complaint which are inimical to the constitution. It bequeathes none of the maladies consequent on blue pill and mercury—on purgatives and drastics—on iodine and aconite—on leeches and the lancet. If it cures your complaint, it will assuredly strengthen your whole frame; if it fails to cure your complaint, it can scarcely fail to improve your general system.

As it acts, or ought, scientifically treated, to act, first on the system, lastly on the complaint, placing nature herself in the way to throw off the disease, so it constantly happens that the patients at a hydropathic establishment will tell you that the disorder for which they came is not removed, but that in all other respects their health is better than they ever remember it to have been.

Thus, I would not only recommend it to those who are sufferers from some grave disease, but to those who require

merely the fillip, the alterative, or the bracing which they now often seek in vain in country air or a watering-place. For such, three weeks at Malvern will do more than three months at Brighton or Boulogne; for at the water-cure the whole life is one remedy; the hours, the habits, the discipline—not incompatible with gaiety and cheerfulness (the spirits of hydropathists are astounding, and in high spirits all things are amusement) tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable.

Compare this life, O merchant, O trader, O man of business, escaping to the sea-shore, with that which you there lead—with your shrimps and your shell-fish, and your wine and your brown stout—with all which counteracts in the evening, the good of your morning dip and your noonday stroll.

What, I own, I should envy most, are the feelings of the robust, healthy man, only a little knocked down by his city cares or his town pleasures, after his second week at Dr. Wilson's establishment—yea, how I should envy the exquisite pleasure which he would derive from that robustness made clear and sensible to him;—the pure taste, the iron muscles, the exuberant spirits, the overflowing sense of life.

If even to the weak and languid the water-cure gives hours of physical happiness which the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow, what would it give to the strong man, from whose eye it has but to lift the light film—in whose mechanism, attuned to joy, it but brushes away the grain of dust, or oils the solid wheel!

I must bring my letter to a close. I meant to address it through you, Mr. Editor, chiefly to our brethren—the over-jaded sons of toil and letters—behind whom I see the warning shades of departed martyrs. But it is applicable to all who would not only cure a complaint, but strengthen a system and prolong a life.

To such, who will so far attach value to my authority, that they will acknowledge, at least, I am no interested witness—for I have no institution to establish—no profession to build up—I have no eye to fees, my calling is but that of an observer—as an observer only do I speak, it may be with enthusiasm—but enthusiasm built on experience and prompted by sympathy;—to such, then, as may listen to me, I give this recommendation: pause if you please—inquire if you will—but do not consult your doctor. I have no doubt he is a most honest, excellent man—but you cannot expect a doctor of drugs to say other than that doctors of water are but quacks

Do not consult your doctor whether you shall try hydropathy, but find out some intelligent persons in whose shrewdness you can confide—who have been patients themselves at a hydropathic establishment. Better still, go for a few days—the cost is not much—into some such institution yourself, look round, talk to the patients, examine with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, before you adventure the experiment. Become a witness before you are a patient; if the evidence does not satisfy you, return and flee.

But if you venture, venture with a good heart and a stout faith. Hope, but not with presumption. Do not fancy that the disorder which has afflicted you for ten years ought to be cured in ten days. “Beware, above all, lest, alarmed by some phenomena which the searching element produces, you have recourse to drugs immediately to disperse them.” The water-boils, for instance, which are sometimes, as I have before said, but by no means frequently, a critical symptom of the cure, are, in all cases that I have seen, cured easily by water, but may become extremely dangerous in the hands of your apothecary.

Most of the few solitary instances that have terminated fatally, to the prejudice of the water-cure, have been those in which the patient has gone from water to drugs. It is the axiom of the system, that water only cures what water produces. Do not leave a hydropathic establishment in the time of any “crisis,” however much you may be panic-stricken. Hold the doctor responsible for getting you out of what he gets you into; and if your doctor be discreetly chosen, take my word he will do it.

The cure imperatively demands, at least in a large proportion of cases, abstraction from all the habitual cares of life, and in some the very neighbourhood of London suffices to produce restlessness and anxiety. For certain complaints, especially those of children, and such as are attended with debility, the air of Malvern is in itself Hygeian. The water is immemorably celebrated for its purity—the landscape is a perpetual pleasure to the eye—the mountains furnish the exercise most suited to the cure—“*Man muss Gebirge haben,*” “one must have mountains,” is the saying of Priessnitz.

All these are powerful auxiliaries, and yet all these are subordinate to the diligent, patient care—the minute, unwearied attention—the anxious, unaffected interest, which Doctor Wilson manifests to every patient, from the humblest to the highest, who may be submitted to his care. The vast majority of difficult cures which I have witnessed, have emanated from his skill. To his long practical experience, and

thorough knowledge of his profession, he adds a tact* in diseases which seems intuitive ; he has that pure pleasure in his profession that the profits of it seem to be almost lost sight of, and having an independence of his own, his enthusiasm for the system he pursues is at least not based upon any mercenary speculation. I have seen him devote the same time and care to those whom his liberal heart has led him to treat gratuitously as to the wealthiest of his patients, and I mention this less to praise him for generosity than to show that he has that earnest faith in his own system, which begets an earnest faith in those to whom he administers ; in all new experiments, it is a great thing to have well-founded confidence, not only in the skill, but the sincerity, of your adviser. —His treatment is more discriminating and less violent than that in fashion on the Continent. If he errs, it is on the side of caution, and his theory leads him so much towards the restoration of the whole system, that the relief of the particular malady will sometimes seem tedious in order to prove complete. Hence he inspires in those who have had a prolonged experience of his treatment a great sense of safety and security.

And since there is no small responsibility in recommending any practitioner of a novel school, so it is a comfort to know that whoever resorts to Doctor Wilson will at least be in hands not only practised and skilful, but wary and safe. And I cannot help adding, that though Mrs. Wilson does not interfere with the patients, it must be gratifying to such ladies as resort to Malvern to find in her the birth and manners of a perfect gentlewoman, and the noiseless solicitude of a heart genuinely kind and good !

Here then, O brothers, O afflicted ones, I bid you farewell. I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made —the familiar intimacy with Water. Not Undine in her virgin existence more sportive and bewitching, not Undine in her wedded state more tender and faithful than the element of which she is the type. In health may you find it the joyous playmate, in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager.

* I use the word "tact" advisedly ; for I think the medical profession will bear me out in the observation, that a certain quality, which I can describe by no other word, is as valuable, as it is rare in practice, and often makes the precise and scarce describable difference between one physician and another. To this Doctor Wilson joins a remarkable acuteness in his predictions as to the nature and termination of complaints, which he, no doubt, owes in much to his knowledge of the human frame, and his careful education as a practitioner,—but towards which, I suppose, as in all other gifts, a natural faculty guides the acquired experience.

Round the healing spring still literally dwell the jocund nymphs in whom the Greek poetry personified Mirth and Ease. No drink, whether compounded of the gums and rosin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of modern wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the water-drinker.

Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try first whatever—wine, spirits, porter, beer—he may conceive most generous and supporting; let him then go through the same toil with no draughts but from the crystal lymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strengthening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of nature, I throw up my brief.

Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into the courses most agreeable to the human frame, to enjoy the morning breeze, to grow epicures in the simple regimen, to become cased in armour against the vicissitudes of our changeful skies—to feel, and to shake off, light sleep as a blessed dew, let them, while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the water-cure.

And you, O parents! who, too indolent, too much slaves to custom, to endure change for yourselves, to renounce for awhile your artificial natures, but who still covet for your children hardy constitutions, pure tastes, and abstemious habits—who wish to see them grow up with a manly disdain of luxury—with a vigorous indifference to climate—with a full sense of the value of health, not alone for itself, but for the powers it elicits, and the virtues with which it is intimately connected—the serene, unfretful temper—the pleasure in innocent delights—the well-being that, content with self, expands in benevolence to others—you I adjure not to scorn the facile process of which I solicit the experiment. Dip your young heroes in the spring, and hold them not back by the heel. May my exhortations find believing listeners, and may some, unknown to me, write me word from the green hills of Malvern, or the groves of Petersham, “We have hearkened to you—not in vain.”

Adieu, Mr. Editor, the ghost returns to silence.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

