

The Saturday Evening Visitor ;

A Cheap Family Paper,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, MORALITY, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1842.

NO 12.

THE UNIVERSAL VOICE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

There's a voice in the desert's solitude
When the simoon roves in its maniac mood;
There's a sound on the vast and shipless sea
When it holds with the winds high revelry.

There's a whisper in heaven when through the sky
The thunder booms, drowning the mariner's cry,
And through the clouds sweeps a dissonant wail
When the levin-flash hisses through sleet and hail.

There's a voice, harsh and dread, in the womb of the earth
When it quakes at the shock of the fire-spirit's birth;—
And Nature hath tongues—yea, a thousand!—to tell
Of the mystic things in her world that dwell !

The birds are her choicest interpreters,
And they chaunt her praises in coral airs,
And they anthem her glory, and hymn her name,
'Till the loud echoes join in the grand acclaim !

The insects, that over the bright grass fleet,
Have notes that fall on the ear as sweet
As those perfume-sounds that from roses rise,
When they take their last look of their sunny skies !

And the flowers—those essences which the earth
Casts out in her bounteousness of mirth—
Have each and all their fragrant sighs,
To hallow fair Nature's mysteries.

O, then let man in the jubilee join !
Nor claim from the general glee esoin ;
Let him lift his voice through the depths to Him
Who gives speech to the mute, and sight to the dim

From the London Atlas.

Hydropathy: or, the Cold Water Cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Gräfenberg, Silesia, Austria. By R. T. Claridge, Esq., Author of "The Guide along the Danube."

Half way up one of the steep mountains of the Sudetes, in Silesia, on a long well-wooded slope, the traveller may discern through the foliage the little colony of Gräfenberg, consisting of about twenty irregular-looking-houses. The situation is peculiarly picturesque, commanding a variety of magnificent views, and amongst the rest the remote plains of Prussia stretching away into the distance like a blue mist. The colony is reared in the heart of a forest, for the whole side of the mountain is covered with trees, and the houses, or cottages, that occupy the cleared space, are for the most part tenanted by peasants. At the foot of the mountain, and clustered at its base lies the village, or town, of Freiwaldau, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, engaged in agriculture or the manufacture of linen.

Gräfenberg was originally as a farm, and belonged to an individual of the name of Priessnitz. In his advanced years he was stricken with blindness, and his son, Vincent succeeded to the management of the small place. Vincent was brought up to agricultural pursuits, and his education was consequently limited to the mere details, of the farm. It appears that this district has always been famous for the purity of its water, which gushes out of the naked rock, and which so far back as 1730 was celebrated by Dr. Hahn, of Schweidnitz, who wrote a book descriptive of the curative virtues of cold water. The book, however, fell into oblivion, and its suggestions, whatever they might have been were forgotten; but a tradition still existed nevertheless in the valley and on the hill side, that water possessed peculiar remedial properties in application to the lower animals. The notion, of course, was crude, and, to a certain extent, tinged with superstition; but, as it had never been productive of any mischief, so it never excited discussion or resistance. Early in life a severe accident befell Vincent Priessnitz. He was engaged in haymaking, when he was knocked down by a severe kick from a horse, and a cart passing over him broke two of his ribs. A surgeon from Freiwaldau was called in; but he declared that nothing could be done, and that Vincent would never be fit for work again. Vincent, however, was a fellow of strong resolution and presence of mind; and, recollecting the virtues that had been attributed to cold water, he determined to try the experiment upon himself. His first object was to restore his ribs to his former position, and this he effectually accomplished by the painful operation of leaning his abdomen with all his might against a table, while he held his breath so as to swell out his chest. He next applied wet cloths to the parts affected, lived sparingly, and drank copiously of water. In ten days he was able to go out—in a year he was once more at his work in the fields. This is the first cold-water cure on record. The fame of the affair spread far and near; the peasant who had thus miraculously doctored himself was unreasonably expected to be able to doctor everybody else; the quiet hamlet of Gräfenberg was besieged by visitors; and in a little time this untaught child of nature had already effected such extraordinary cures that he was denounced as an impostor to the authorities at Vienna. It was asserted that the sponges he used in ablutions were secretly steeped in medicines. A commission was accordingly issued, the sponges were decomposed, the fallacy of the suspicion clearly proved, and the accused honourably acquitted. Vincent Priessnitz has since applied his simple remedial measures with such happy results in numerous cases amongst the aristocracy of the empire that he is now honoured with the friendship of some members of the royal family. The persecution he underwent in the first instance had the effect that usually follows all persecutions—it surrounded him with interest and curiosity, and gave a notoriety to his proceedings which they never could