

A New Cure for Rheumatism.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Two or three years ago a gentleman of convivial habits, but grievously afflicted with rheumatism, was taking an after-dinner stroll along an Australian beach accompanied by a few friends. Among other trifles of flotsam and jetsam lying about there happened to be a dead whale, for this was at Twofold Bay, which is a whaling station. The whale had already been cut open, and appeared to our hilarious friend a tempting morsel of flesh. He made for it and plunged right into the huge mountain of decomposing blubber. His friends, horrified, rushed to the rescue and made valiant attempts to rescue him, but in vain. The heat and the smell were too great, and they retired to wait until he should come to his senses and fight his own way out. He found himself so comfortable that he did not emerge for over two hours. When he did, however, he was quite sober, and, strangest thing of all, the rheumatism from which he had been suffering for years had entirely disappeared.

Thus the "whale cure" was discovered. In the town of Eden, which stands on the shores of Twofold Bay, is a hotel where the rheumatic patients congregate. Upon news of a whale being taken they are rowed over to the works in a boat. The whalers dig a sort of narrow grave in the body and in this the patient lies for two hours, as in a Turkish bath, the decomposing blubber of the whale closing round his body, and acting as a huge poultice. The whalers make no charge for a dip in the whale, and go on with their work on another part of the body while the patient is enjoying his immersion. The hotel at Eden makes a nice little thing out of the "whale cure," and many are the cases of complete recovery recorded of people who have hardly been able to use their limbs for years.

The New York Times

Published: March 7, 1896

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