

**THREE WEEKS IN WET
SHEETS; BEING THE DIARY
AND DOINGS OF A MOIST
DISITOR TO MALVERN**

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Three Weeks in Wet Sheets; Being the Diary and Doings of a Moist Disitor to Malvern by
Joseph Leech

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JOSEPH LEECH

**THREE WEEKS IN WET
SHEETS; BEING THE DIARY
AND DOINGS OF A MOIST
DISITOR TO MALVERN**

Three Weeks
IN
WET SHEETS;
BEING THE
DIARY AND DOINGS
OF
A Moist Visitor to Malvern.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD BY H. SMITH.

"* Ἀπὸ τοῦ μὲν ὕδατος."
"There is nothing like water."
—*Translation.*
—*Pinder on the Pump Room.*
"Hot and cold, moist and dry,
Contend alike for mastery."

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.
BRISTOL: JOHN RIDLER.

1851.

157. C. ~~157~~. 269.



1350 [Leech, Jos.] Three Weeks in Wet
Sheets at Malvern, 1st edition; p. 8vo, *Ms.* 2s
Bristol, 1851

DEDICATED

(WITHOUT PERMISSION ASKED)

TO JAMES WILSON, ESQ., M.D.



MY DEAR DOCTOR, accept my book
and my blessing.

'Tis now more than twelve months
since, like a good laundress, you sent
home your work well washed and "made
up," after having had me three
weeks in the tub; and I have been thinking more than
once what requital I could make you for your politeness
to the poor gentleman, whom you were kind enough
to call "a Hercules over-worked." Once I thought of a
tureen of turtle or two, but that amphibious luxury is
heterodox in your house; a case of champagne would
be equally malapropos; and as for a Perigord pâté,
that's poison.—The book then suggested itself to me,
so accept it, good Sir, with my best compliments.

Though I have not seen Malvern since the day of
my departure from your house, when I looked back
upon it from the top of the coach and the bottom of the
Spetchley road, and waved my adieus to its rank and
file of houses, mustered under the hills; still I bear a

most lively recollection of the many moist moments I spent in the Vale of the Severn, and believe, with the poet,—

“ There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the Vale in whose bosom the *bright waters* meet.”

I was thinking of praising you, but I have changed my mind, not through any doubt as to your eminent deserts; but you have had this done for you so often already, you would not value my poor mite. All your patients, from her Serene Highness of Saxe Weimar, down to her soubrette, have *packed* you in panegyric. My friend Lane has douched you with it, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has covered you with it, as with a dripping sheet, and pronounced you, in the face of the whole world, a gentleman and a water doctor.

You told me, when I was leaving, that the chief use of a short sojourn in your house, consisted in the patient being taught how to treat himself for the future. I certainly prepared myself in the requisite rules, but cannot place my hand on my heart, and say I have since implicitly followed them. Whatever else be their virtues, the waters of Saint Anne's Well do not resemble in one respect those of the poetic fountain described by Ovid, and which possessed the faculty of weaning a man for ever from wine—

“ Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit
Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis.”

Met. lib. 15.

I have fallen back occasionally from my faith in simple fare, and relapsed more than once into the errors of

the table; but these backslidings have been usually attended with their own punishment, and brought dyspepsia, if not despair. A return once more to the bosom of benign hydropathy has been the result—a packing or two has restored placidity of mind, and in the tranquilizing repose of the Sitz Bath, I have meditated on the blessings of temperance, and the talents of Doctor Wilson.

Therefore believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Yours very gratefully,

THE MOIST MAN.

Bristol, December, 1851.



PREFACE.



WO or three have advised me to print my name in the title of this little work, to show that it is not the home-made fiction of a man who

had never had a broadside from a douche, or been imprisoned in a packing-sheet.

There is something in this; for certainly in these book-coining days, so many people sit down and write about what they never saw, that one cannot reasonably complain if, anonymously appearing on paper, he is classed amongst the same shadowy characters. Influenced by these considerations, I therefore hesitated for a moment whether I would not intrepidly inscribe my name on the title-page, and had actually gone so far as to write the first letter of my Baptismal designation, namely, "By J—," when I threw down the pen, frightened at the possible personal inconvenience to myself of such publicity. I pictured to my imagination my name, surrounded by an atmosphere of dripping associations for ever afterwards—I should move in society a damp character, and I fancied the company in the drawing-room, the moment the servant threw open the door, and announced "Mr. —,"