

two vapor baths,) which operated in the usual way. I had almost forgotten to mention that this (Wednesday) afternoon, I found him sitting up, and able to walk across the room, with a little assistance. The medicines continued, with two injections a day. On Thursday morning he had a natural passage from the bowels—the first in eight days. On Friday he expressed himself able to walk about, and as a manifestation of his satisfaction, paid my bill that day.

I have reported this case, not because a cure of rheumatism by Thomsonians is an unusual thing, but because of the singular operation of the first emetic, and the uncommon quickness of the cure.

WM. HENRY FONERDEN.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1838.

(From the Huron Signal.)

OUR OWN BROAD LAKE.

We cannot boast of high green hills,
Of proud, bold cliffs where eagles gather,
Of moorlane glen and mountain rills,
That echo to the red-bell'd heather.
We cannot boast of mould'ring towers,
Where ivy clasps the hoary turret,
Of chivalry in Ladies' bowers,
Of warlike fame, and knights who wore it—
But, had we Minstrel's Harp to wake,
We well might boast our own broad lake!

And we have streams that run as clear,
O'er shelvy rocks and pebbles rushing—
And meads as green, and nymphs as dear
In rosy beauty sweetly blushing—
And we have trees as tall as towers,
And older than the feudal mansion—
And banks besprent with gorgeous flowers,
And glens and wolds, with fire-flies glancing;
But prouder—loftier boast we make,
The beauties of our own broad lake.

The lochs and lakes of other lands,
Like gems may grace a landscape painting,
Or where the lordly castle stands,
May lend a charm, when charms are wanting;
But *ours* is deep, and broad, and wide,
With steamships through its waves careering,

And far upon its ample tide
The bark her devious course is steering;
While hoarse and loud the billows break
On islands of our own broad lake!

Immense, bright lake! I trace in thee,
An emblem of the mighty ocean,
And in thy restless waves I see
Nature's eternal law of motion;
And *fancy* sees the Huron Chief
Of the dim past, kneel to implore thee—
With Indian awe he seeks relief,
In pouring homage out before thee;
And I too, feel my reverence wake,
As gazing on our own broad lake!

I cannot feel as *I have* felt
When life with hope and fire was teeming
Nor kneel as I have often knelt
At beauty's shrine, devotedly dreaming.
Some younger hand must strike the string,
To tell of Huron's awful grandeur,
Her smooth and moonlit slumberings,
Her tempest voices loud as thunder;
Some loftier lyre than mine must wake,
To sing our own broad, gleaming lake!

T. MACQUEEN.

July 9, 1849.

DOCTORS EASY AND FUSSEY.

There shall be (it is observed in the natural history of Humbugs,) two men, Doctors, for example, of equal learning and skill: they are on the look out for a practice. Dr. Easy puts his name on a brass plate on the door, and then sits down in his drawing room to wait for patients. Need I say that he has generally to wait a long time. But Dr. Fussey does not approve of the passive system. He starts a brougham before he has a visit to make in it.—He hires people to alarm all the neighborhood with peals of his surgery bell. He is continually being called out of church, and has once ventured on having his name shouted as being immediately wanted, while attending a religious meeting at Exeter-hall. Not a form of advertisement—barring those which pay the duty—does Dr. Fussey neglect, and the odds are in the end that he is making £1,000 a-year,