

best purgatives that can be employed. I am in the habit of prescribing them once or twice a week in connection with the lemon juice throughout the duration of the case. Iodide of potassium I also use, but only in the latter stage, as an alterative.

Dover's powder I have given at night to allay any irritation. Fomentations of the joints I order but seldom, and very sparingly, because they give more trouble than real advantage.

As an illustration of the preceding remarks, I will mention one case in particular that I treated in February 1853, which gave me a good deal of uneasiness on account of advice repeatedly offered to the patient by his surrounding friends. Mr. J. L. * * *, a gentleman connected with the first banking institution in Canada, was affected with acute rheumatism. Every joint was immovable, the pain intense, skin hot and perspiring profusely, pulse 110. From past results with lemon juice, I decided to use it, and directed two lemons to be sucked daily, confining him to low diet, and barley water as drink. Nothing else was ordered, but an occasional saline draught.

The improvement became sensible in less than a week afterward.—During this period many friends called upon my patient, each one giving in his opinion, &c., all, I regret to say, against my mode of treatment.—Being sure of a successful issue, from past experience, I paid no attention to their statements and insinuations, but continued my treatment, and, to the amazement of all his friends, Mr. J. L. * * * returned to the bank the thirtieth day from the date of his illness, perfectly well, and has not suffered since, though the temperature has been very changeable during the spring and this summer.

If you think, Messrs. Editors, that the above remarks, although written *currente calamo*, are worth publishing, I shall thank you in advance, and give you my best wishes for your success.

ART. XIII.—*Compound Fracture of the Humerus—Hæmorrhage—Obtiteration of the Artery—Mortification—Amputation refused—Spontaneous separation—Recovery.*—By F. S. Verity, M. D., Hemmingford.

On the afternoon of Nov. 28, 1852, I was called to attend a boy named Thomas McClarty, aged 11 years, who was reported to have broken his arm, and as the messenger said, "was bleeding to death." On my arrival at the house, I saw the lad lying on his back, with his left arm folded in a cloth, steeped in a pool of blood. His countenance was pale and anxious, his skin cold and clammy. He had been wrestling with a