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MISCELLANEOUS.

One of the sweetest things that Crabbe ever wrote is the following song of a heart broken maiden, crazed by the perfidy of her lover, wishing gently to be at rest. The melody of the numbers is faultless, and beautiful as harmony, with the graceful pathos of the subject.—*Sketches of late English Poets.*

Let me lay this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
Let morning guests, wet with dew,
Find my young brows outspread;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
From which the fragrant spirits fled,
And every sweet, every new
Bright, shining flower, am dead.
Give the herbs I loved to bear
Garlands under their hair, most beautiful
Let them glorify some of death,
As grace the glory some of life.
Place with grace the [illegible]
Where only Lycidas [illegible]
Where the [illegible] lie
Where the violets on the borders [illegible]
And the [illegible] shade
The cold phosphoric pass [illegible]
[illegible] rose to Lucy shows;
Fair as a pure and silver cloud
The green collinos, [illegible] ground,
Unpicked of all but most [illegible] hand.
Design earth, lid them out round,
There let my maiden from the laid
Not my changed city [illegible] mind,
Nor for new guests that here be made.
There will the lark, the lamb in sport,
Lie on my earth, secure to play;
And lines to my grave resort,
As ancient, but not so gay.
[illegible] the churchyard ground,
[illegible] black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Down my wasted limbs be thrown.
Wishing and shelter I will not sleep
Till [illegible] cold clay,
Though wind [illegible] worms creep,
Around the shrouded bosom prey.
[illegible] the [illegible]
When those sad mourners [illegible] begin,
Let them, without regard or [illegible],
Throw on vile mouldering masses in.
[illegible]
[illegible] these cold couples [illegible]
[illegible] me there,
[illegible] me now!
[illegible] stone,
[illegible] grave may trace,
[illegible] eyes, come [illegible],
And [illegible] find the place!

THE CHURCHYARD—BY KARAMSIN.

[From the Russian Anthology.]

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Scarce breathes the calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And fan'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There rots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
In the yawn skull serpents foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its rattle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

But lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb,
No moments are there—but the nightingales come,
Along their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The owlets of night flap their wings o'er the grave!
In the sepulchre's shades—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice

Here the coney at evening disports with his love,
Feeds on the soil—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

Oh, darkness and dumpness with noisome breath,
Pestilent decay till the dwelling of death
The trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

Yet are the breezes that play round the tomb,
Sweet with the violet's watted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Dark, gloomy, and with trembling and fears,
He is hunched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveller outworn with his pilgrimage dreary,
Lay down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly repose forever.

ANCIENT THESSALONICA.

U. S. Ship United States,
SALONICA, July 22d, 1834.

If never before, we felt, on Saturday morning, in getting to sea from Vourla something at least, of the enthusiasm of the song—

'I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But loved the gay sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird in search of its mother's nest.'

A succession of thunder-showers the preceding afternoon and evening, had purified and given new elasticity to the atmosphere, which in its turn produced a like effect on our spirits; and, without knowing whither we were going, or what we were to see during our absence, we were satisfied, for the time being, with the assurance that whatever might follow, we were again upon

'the sea—the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, and the ever free!'

Passing to the North of Scio and Ipsara, we coasted, during the afternoon and evening, the Southern and Western shares of the ancient Lesbos, now Mitylene—without a single rapture, however, at all the recollections we could muster of the Sappho and her compeers in poesy, or even in the harmonious breathings of the trunkless head of Orpheus, and the accompanying melody of his harp played upon by the winds as they floated across the Egean to confer their gifts upon this favoured isle.

During the day the British fleet was seen at a distance to the windward of us. It was greatly desired on board that we should join it to try how our frigate would sail with some of the vessels composing it, and also to have an opportunity of observing the manœuvring of so great a number of magnificent ships cruising under the same flag. Admiral Rowley has expressed a strong desire that we should bear him company; and all his captains, on leaving Vourla, expected it, but Captain Ballard felt it to be more desirable, for the present, to avoid ourselves of the full moon to accompany the cruise before us, and we consequently kept on our way in this direction.

During the whole of the Sabbath we were almost beating in the mouth of the Egean; having the islands of Tenedos and Lemnos, and the mouth of the Dardanelles on the far distance beam; then on the starboard, and a cluster of islands off the entrance of the Gulf of Salonica, bounded by the shores of Napoli and the mountains of Thessaly, on the other.

The most attractive and imposing object in view at this time, though at a distance, was *Monte Santo*, formerly *Mount Athos*, raised in a height, for its height—so great as to cast its shadow, in those days, on the authority of Plutarch and Pliny, to the island of Lemnos, a distance of seventy or eighty miles—and for the canal, cut at its base across the peninsula on ancient stations, by Xerxes in his invasion of Greece, for the passage of the millions of his army. Its present name and chief reality are derived from the Greek monasteries and hermitages scattered over its acclivities, and its reputed sanctity of the devotees occupying them. In the view which we had of it, its general outline is pyramidal, rising abruptly from the sea to a elevation of one hundred feet.

But what will you think of me, when I tell you that we were the whole of yesterday in full view of Mount Pelion, Mount Ossa, *Olympus itself*, with the outlines of Tempe embraced in the landscape, without being sensible of one single emotion of delight—at least nothing beyond the common place gratification derived from the contemplation of nature in her rather to me—the splendid fictions of Grecian poetry and mythology, in place of coming upon the imagination in fresh array with a sight of the scenery with which they are associated, had, for aught I know, to me, lost, if not all the charms they ever possessed. Independent of the uneasiness in consequence of being at least every landscape we have yet seen in the Archipelago, in the outlines and forms of nature are so far inferior, in romantic grandeur, to ten thousand scenes adorned in song, in other parts of the world, which have left their imagery with so lasting vividness on my mind, that I can scarcely resist the conviction that in this respect we are the dupes of credulity, and that the visions of loveliness which we have associated with Greece, at least in modern times, never had a local habitation in this section of the globe, and exist only in the fancy of her bards and her historians.

Towards evening we began to approach the head of the Gulf of Salonica, with a more rich and better cultivated country along its Eastern shores, than we had before observed—one in which harvest fields, covered with sheaves of newly reaped grain, flocks and herds grazing on the hill side, and other pastoral and rural objects were to be seen.

The city of Salonica lies at the head of a bay which juts Eastward with a considerable angle with the general direction of the Gulf, and is conceived from view till within some ten miles of it, by a bluff point around which you haul, in making your way to it. It was twilight, just after a magnificent sunset,—one to which the many topped Olympus' on the shore opposite to us was indebted for a brief moment of glory—that it came suddenly in sight with no little effect, at the distance we saw it, stretching in a dark mass, relieved by innumerable minarets of snowy white, from the water's edge far up the acclivities of a hill sweeping round the bay.

It was near ten o'clock before we came to anchor, a mile or more from the city. The moon, though an hour above the horizon, did not afford sufficient light to disclose much of the scene around; but while waiting for a visit from the American Consul, this morning, we had abundant time to examine it before going on shore.

The head of the bay presents a beautiful curvature, eight or ten miles in its sweep, from the low points of which on the North and South on either side, the land rises gradually to the Eastward, till, behind the town in the centre it reaches an elevation of some hundred feet. The surface is every where naked, parched, and sunburnt, except a stretch of a mile or two immediately along the water, on each side of the bay, where the eye rests with delight upon the tufted groves, green gardens, and various vegetation of a luxuriant and well watered soil. The only other object, in the general landscape, refreshing from its verdure, is the summit of a mountain in the south-east clothed slightly with wood.

With a different style of building and more cheerful colours, the city would be more imposing in its exhibitions from the anchorage. It extends a mile and more along the water side, and rises gradually in a triangular form up the hill in one dense mass of tiled roofs, and despite the smoky hue these presents, in an unvarying dark red or Spanish brown, by the white embatled walls which front it on the shore, skirted along the hills, a round tower or two and a castellated section on the highest point—by the domes of its mosques and especially by some thirty lofty and snow white minarets scattered over its different quarters, intermingled with the dark cypress, scarce less symmetrical or less lofty, and the foliage of the wide spreading oriental plane—it is far from being without attraction and beauty to the eye.

It is unnecessary to tell you that Salonica is the ancient Thessalonica, long one of the most flourishing and prosperous cities in this section of the world. It was made capital of Macedonia by Cassander, and called by its former name after his wife, Thessalonica, daughter of Philip of Macedonia, and sister of Alexander the Great. During the Roman dominion in Greece, it maintained its rank among the chief cities, and still contains from a hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom thirty thousand are Jews, thirty thousand Christians, and the remainder Turks.

The family history of the founder of Thessalonica, in the parricides and fratricides by which it is made to possess, furnishes the materials for scenes of tragedy and blood on the records of the place. One of the most terrible of these events itself with the memory and stamps with savage severity a character which not for this single act, would have stood first among the most unprincipled and depraved of the emperors of Rome—that of Galerius Maximus, the last ruler of the entire Empire of the world. Though applauded for the zeal as a Christian by the ecclesiastical writers of the day, for his zeal and charity in the personal exemplification of the virtues it enjoins, when a favourite officer was, as it is believed accidentally killed in this city, he issued orders for the indiscriminate massacre of its inhabitants, and, in three hours, six thousand, without regard to sex or age, were put to the sword, a crime for which he was justly ejected from the brotherhood of the Christian church to do penance, imposed upon him by St. Ambrose.

The association, however, which has been uppermost, since I came, I believe, in every mind in view of the place, is that of the preaching of St. Paul to it, and the epistles afterwards addressed by him to his converts here. Even to us among us, who are little accustomed to search the scriptures,' have been eagerly turning out the course of the Apostle in his travels, at least from the time when a vision appeared unto him at Troas—and stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, *come over into Macedonia and help us!*

We are so much the creatures of circumstances and of sense, that with the spot in full view, where this 'chosen vessel' was honoured with such signal success in the preaching of the gospel, and where so many lived and died to whom he was personally known, and by whom he was greatly beloved, most of us have now read the brief account in the Scriptures of his sojourn here, and the Epistles afterwards transmitted to the church he established, with an avidity and interest unknown before. With the history of the Eastern Church before one, and a knowledge of its present state, it is not uncharitable to question whether a single instance of pure faith and holy life can be found among those who bear the christian name in the ancient Thessalonica; still, the commendations in the Epistles upon the faith, love, and goodness of its early believers, insensibly give tone to the feelings with which we gaze upon it, and predisposes us to sentiments of respect and good will.

AUTUMN.

"See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground."

This is the season of reflection—as often as it steals around we are imperceptibly and gently carried back to days of yore. The country village, the pedagogue, and the school room where we learnt the hymn of which we have quoted the two first lines, are still fresh in our minds—it was a Sunday's task and we remember how well the solemnity of the day, and the muffled whispers of the boys within, accorded with the melancholy that reigned over nature without.

Autumn is to man, what the chisel of the aged sculptor in Old Mortality was to the moss covered tombs—it recalls those scenes whose outlines are dimly traced and fading from recollection, and stamps them anew upon the Tablet of Memory. We lose however, in the city much of that impressive lesson which nature is now reading to the husbandman, and but ill appreciate the great change which is going on in the natural world; and if here and there a tree with its spread foliage be present, yet the eye rests upon it but momentarily, and we are hurried on to the transaction of business without even an opportunity to 'take note of time by its passage.'

The silken cords of Hope, which in the spring-time bind us to the future, are now loosed, to give free tension to the golden chain of Memory that links us with the past,—we may now dwell upon the bright and dark picture of time travelled, and review its chance and change—we may think on buried friends; of blighted expectations, of resolutions made and broken, of the evil done, and the good left unfinished; for such thoughts are in unison with the external world.

Autumn speak its warning alike to him who has just commenced the journey of life and to him who has travelled far into the vale of years; to the youth it says, your bounding march must soon be changed for the measured steps of age; and to age, each heavy tread is slowly but certainly advancing to the grave. Happy and wise then, will he be, who always lives as though in the autumn of life: contributing continually to the happiness of his fellow beings he will never feel the reproaches which attend the last moments of an uncharitable man; living always uprightly, his last hours will be embittered by no unavailing solicitude, but when, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he is gathered into the garner, his end will be that of the righteous.—*Bangor Whig.*

MR. MILL'S ASCENSION FROM LANCASTER.

To the Editor of the United States Gazette.

PHILADA. *Sunday afternoon.*

Sir:—In conformity with the desire of some friends in Lancaster, I made, on Saturday, the 1st of Nov. an ascension from that place that an hour, before the specified time, I had my balloon completely inflated; and as the spectators were already on the ground, I set off six minutes before three, P. M. although I had announced my intention of going at three.

At that time, the thermometer indicated a temperature of 54 deg. and the barometer stood at 26 deg. 8. The wind nearly due east, was light and irregular. My course was at first westward, so that I passed immediately over Lancaster, when a change of current took me several miles in a northwestward direction. As I did not rise high, I could distinctly hear the sound of the horses hoofs, as their riders pursued me. My elevation, at that time, was 27 deg. 5, and the temperature 44 deg.

A new and higher current of air from the north and west, soon drove me back towards Lancaster; which as I passed, it appeared to be half a mile or less to the westward of my course. I could see the assemblage in the inclosure in which I had left them, but I was out of hearing of their salutations. My elevation at this time, was about 24 deg. 5; or, very nearly a mile above the earth. At this time I could see a vast expanse of beautiful country, and among other objects recognized the Susquehanna, and its bridge, at Columbia.

Soon after leaving Lancaster for the second time, I entered and passed through the clouds, which though thick enough to conceal the earth from my view, did not seem to be more than twenty or thirty yards in thickness.—Emerging from this *stratum*, I suddenly found myself in a bright sunshine, with a vast field of white opaque vapours below me, convoluted into singular forms, and presenting a variety of elevations and cavernous depressions.

I continued above the clouds for nearly an hour and during that time saw the earth only three times, and then but for a moment, as the rolling clouds beneath happened to break their well preserved continuity.

As I fell below the clouds, I was surprised to see a beautiful river, full of boats and vessels, and to find myself almost immediately over a small town, on its margin, while I saw another of greater size, at a little distance inland. After some reflection, I felt sure that it was not either the Susquehanna or the Chesapeake, but it never entered my head to suppose that I could have travelled so far as to have reached the banks of the Delaware, at New Castle, and that the beautiful city of Wilmington lay in sight, to the north of my position.

Attempting to descend here, to avoid crossing the river, I encountered the eastern current, with which I had started at Lancaster, and was carried by it across the State of Delaware. I, at 5 P. M. precisely, touched the earth, near Couch's Mills, 3 miles from Elkton.

As I passed over a house near this place, some white people hailed me, 'who are you,' I replied by asking 'where am I,' which they answered 'go back where you came from.' I soon after, let go my anchor, near to the turnpike, and fortunately it laid hold of a fence, when I called to two black men to come to my assistance, which they at first declined, without giving me any answer in words. After repeated solicitations, they were induced to approach, and drawing down the balloon, brought me to the ground.

Soon afterwards, I was joined by a party on horseback from Elkton, who taking hold of the anchor-rope, as I sat in the car, carried me, sailing through the air, along the turnpike, to Elkton, a distance of 3 miles, where at half past 6, I arrived in safety, discharged the gas, folded the balloon, and at seven, had finished the folding and securing the balloon, car, &c.

As we passed along the turnpike, the intervention of trees sometimes, made the road too narrow for the passage of the balloon, which was then, by lengthening the cable, elevated above them, and brought over their tops.

This morning I went to Frenchtown, and by rail road and steamboat reached Philadelphia at 5 P. M.

It is not easy to tell the exact distance traversed during the two hours and six minutes passed in the air, but it is probable, that it was not less than one hundred miles.

In descending, I adopted a simple plan of estimating the force and direction of the current beneath me. A feather of sufficient size to be visible a distance loaded in such a manner as to fall slowly, floats along with the balloon and its current, until it enters another atmospheric movement, when it is seen to take the new direction. The aeronaut may thus be guided to a choice of current before he enters it. In ascending, the same kind of knowledge may be had by letting off very small balloons, prepared for the purpose, and carried up in the car.

I cannot conclude, without expressing my thanks to the friends at Lancaster, who gave me countenance and assistance, and to the good people of Elkton, who did every thing in their power to promote my comfort and convenience.

The annexed table will show the various altitudes, and their corresponding temperature. I should have noted the time of entering the clouds, and their exact elevation, but I was so completely absorbed by the beauty and variety of the phenomena, that I entirely forgot to make at that time, the necessary observation.

I am, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.
JAMES MILLS.

Time.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	
2 54	29 8	54	W.
3 5	27 5	44	N. W.
3 15	25 0	46	N.
3 30	22 2	34	E. N. E.
3 59	20 4	32	S. E by S.
4 0	19 9	31½	

SINGULAR OPERATION.

About five months ago a woman swallowed a bone which stuck in her windpipe, and in consequence of the effects which it produced she was sent to the infirmary at Edinburgh, where the operation described below was performed by Mr Liston. The symptoms were, that inspiration was noisy and stridulous, particularly during respiration. There was no complaint of pain, but a sense of rawness was felt on coughing, and during her attempts at expectoration. Sleep disturbed by difficult breathing. Towards morning she occasionally expectorated a mucous fluid tinged with blood, and felt as if it were obstructed by something acting as a valve a little below the right ventricle. On the 11th, the usual operation of tracheotomy was performed, and after a little delay, to allow the irritation produced by the admission of a drop or two of blood into the trachea to subside, a gum-shot probe was passed down to the right bronchus, and the bone was immediate struck. A pair of curved forceps were then introduced twice, but, as the body could not be grasped by them, another pair of different construction were tried, by which it was at once secured. In the first attempt to extract it, it escaped from the forceps, but, on the second, it was brought out without much difficulty. The passing of the instrument procured violent fits of coughing, with heaving of the chest, and lividity of the face. The removal of the bone gave instantaneous relief: the respiration became perfectly calm and easy, and the stridulous inspiration ceased entirely. The cure was complete in less than a fortnight, and the woman is now with her family, in perfect health.—*English and Scotch papers.*

THE DATE PALM IN GEORGIA.

There is at present in our New Room a great curiosity, being no less than a branch from a Date tree, raised in Georgia, which is clustered with the golden fruit. We are indebted for it to JOHN COOPER, Esq. of St. Simons, who is distinguished for his zeal in endeavouring to naturalize exotic fruits in this climate. A glance at its stock would suffice to show its kin to the Palmetto, they both belonging to the natural order *Palmæ*.

In the specimen before us, the fruit of a rich golden color is pendant in clusters of four to eight at the extremities of slender stems, about a foot and a half long, which radiate from the very extreme of the branch of the tree. The stem is free of fruit for full a foot: it, like the fruit, is of a golden color. The whole number of dates on this branch amounted to about 200. The fruit is not yet ripe. Inside it is firm and fleshy, with a sub acid, but not disagreeable taste.

The Palmetto flourishes in great vigour on our sea coast, and we see no reason why the Date-Palm could not be naturalized in the same climate. Mr. Cooper has, we understand, upwards of fifty Date trees on his plantation, where he has also succeeded in raising a large number of Olive trees.

These results are highly flattering to his perseverance and industry, and should encourage other gentlemen prosecute the same experiment.—*Savannah Georgian.*

TAXES! TAXES!
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT the County Tax for 1833, and County and School Taxes for 1834, are now due. Those persons who are in arrears for taxes are requested to settle the same without further delay, as no longer indulgence can be given.
RICHARD RIDGELY,
City and County Collector.
N. B. R. R. will attend to the drawing and acknowledgment of Deeds &c. and other duties connected with the office of a Justice of the Peace.
City and County Collector's Office.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
BY virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias issued out of Anne-Arundel County Court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Upton D. Welch, at suit of James Sykes, Charles Capito, Reuben Warfield, Joshua Dryden, Densmore and Kyle, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, both at law and equity, of said Upton D. Welch, of in and to all those tracts or parts of tracts of land and premises, called the Last Shift, Hopper's Search, Shipley's Contention, one other tract called a Farm, in a Better Shape, containing the whole three hundred and thirteen acres of land, more or less, being the land and premises as at present occupied by Upton D. Welch, lying and being in Anne Arundel county near Sykesville, also one other tract of land called John's Last Shift, containing two hundred acres of land more or less, and one other tract called, Lot No 2, containing one hundred and ninety acres of land, more or less, also the following Negroes, the Negro man the name Solomon, one ditto woman named Ann, one ditto woman Rachel, a number of Children, Joseph and Thomas, also sundry Stock, Horses, Cattle, and a number of Black Plantation Utensils, among which is a certain Wagon and Geer; and on Monday the 10th day of November, at the residence of said Upton D. Welch, I shall proceed to sell the said property, or such part thereof as may be necessary to discharge the debts aforesaid. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.
Terms CASH.
R. WELCH, of Dan.
Sh'ff. A. A. County.
October 16.

MEDICAL PUBLICATION.
THE REGISTER AND LIBRARY OF MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SCIENCE, edited by GRANVILLE SHARP PATTERSON, M. D professor of anatomy in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, assisted by James Hagar M D Washington City, published by Duff Green
CONTENTS OF THE RECENT NUMBERS.
No. 36. Treatment of Hernia; Lightning; the abdominal aorta; case of poisoning by sulphuric acid, with dissections; case of hydrophobia, by Baron Dupuytren; a general bird's eye view of journals within the city of London, and bills of mortality from December 1832, till December 1833; Brodie on diseases of the joints, concluded.
No. 37 Operation for fistula in ano; the use of sulphur baths in the treatment of disease; Mr. Riley's portable apparatus for application of sulphurous acid gas; case of epilepsy; Belladonna in obstruction from hard faeces; Philip on minute doses of mercury.
No. 38. Observations on the theory of respiration; observations upon ulceration of the cartilages of joints, and on anchylosis, by Mr. Mayo before the Medico Chirurgical Society; prolapsus of the uterus caused by labour; fungus of the bladder: Lithotritic instruments; Dr. Harnish's improvements in regulated hernia with perforation of the intestines; sciatica simulating Rheumatism; commencement; general Rheumatism of the whole cerebral mass; altered state of the lateral lobe in which the lateral ventricles communicated with the internal auditory canal; two cases of chronic angina tonsillaris, cured by making incisions in the tonsils; chronic peritonitis, ascites tapped thirty times and cured; efficacy of antimonial powder in neuralgia of the face; colica pictonum successfully treated by sulphate of morphine in large doses; amputation of the penis by a new process; varicose veins, successfully treated by the application of caustic issues; Philip on minute doses of mercury concluded; Blundell's principles and practice of obstetricy, commenced.
No 39. Stimulant treatment of purulent ophthalmia. Pathology and treatment of gastritis, by Wm. Stokes, M. D. Blundell's principles of midwifery, continued.
A glance at the contents of the Register and Library, will satisfy medical gentlemen of the great advantages which it offers, independent of the matter of the Registry, containing the current improvements in medical science, there have been already published in the Library the following new and standard works: Sir Charles Bell on the Nerves; with numerous illustrative engravings. MacIntosh's Pathology and Practice of Physic. O'Bierne on Dilatation. Lawrence on Diseases of the Eye. Mayo on Injuries of the Rectum. Blake on Delirium Tremens. Brodies Pathological and Surgical observations on Diseases of the Joints. Philip on the influence of minute doses of mercury. Blundell's principles and Practice of Midwifery.
Velpeau's great work on Operative Surgery, with notes by Professor Pattison, and an atlas of plates, will succeed Blundell.
These works, exclusive of the Register, would cost upwards of sixty dollars at the book store. One years subscription to the Register and Library, embracing 52 numbers, is ten dollars.
The great advantage which this work is to Medical Students attending Lectures, and Physicians desirous of enriching their libraries with the standard works of the most eminent authors must be apparent.
The entire work being stereotyped, subscribers will be promptly supplied with the back numbers.
Octo. 2.