

Review.

The Progress of Comparative Anatomy.

Many of our professional brethren may not have ready access to the London periodical press, and therefore we make no apology for drawing largely, for their benefit from the last Quarterly Review, for an able exposition of this subject constructed upon the works of OWEN. Nor is it uninteresting to mark the manner in which the labours of that philosopher are prominently brought before the lay portion of the public, by a publication not usually supposed to be partial to, or very familiar with Medical Science either directly or in its collateral departments. This review is the more acceptable from the admirable manner in which it opens up the whole question of this valuable portion of scientific investigation, the relation of which to every department of human knowledge is so intimate. Opening with a just and well merited tribute to the memory of JOHN HUNTER, the reviewer introduces Mr. Owen to the attention of his readers by stating that the impression likely to be produced on perusing the catalogue of his works, fifteen of which are enumerated, these being only the larger books, would be that of a man of age, whereas Mr. Owen is comparatively a young man. Having been at an early period of life in the Navy, he at the close of the last American war, commenced the study of medicine with the hope of being shortly again employed in the same branch of service. It was under the eminent Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh that his love for comparative anatomy was confirmed. From Edinburgh he went to Bartholomew's, and there attracted the attention of ABERNETHY who encouraged him to look for a permanent position in that school. Being frustrated in this design and expectation by the nature of the regulations, which gave strict precedence to the hospital apprentices, he availed himself of the interest which he still possessed, and having obtained the promise of an assistant surgeons'hip he called on his excellent but eccentric friend to bid him farewell.

“ ‘What is all this?’ said Abernethy—‘Where are you going?’

‘Going to sea, Sir.’

‘Going to sea—going to the devil!’

‘I hope not, Sir,’

‘Going to sea! You had better, I tell you go to the devil at once!’—reiterated glorious John—dwelling on the temptations, the difficulties, the loss of time and fame that must be the result of so rash a step, and insisting on another interview after the pause of a week. Owen revisited his rough but downright friend at the expiration of that time, when Abernethy proposed an appointment in the College of Surgeons. This was accepted:—our youthful anatomist and him-