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who attended his lectures, is strongly testified by the fact, that the students printed, at their own expense, his reports, in order to spread them all over the kingdom.

*A Treatise on Pathological Anatomy*, by G. Andral, Professor to the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, &c. &c. Translated from the French, by Richard Townsend, M. D. M. R. I. A. and by Wm. West, M. D. M. R. I. A. Dublin: printed for Hodges and Smith.

In our number for November we stated our intention of occasionally noticing such medical works as issued from the press of this city, and we particularized the Dublin Hospital Reports, and the Medical Transactions as demanding our earliest attention. We conceived ourselves called upon thus to enter on a field which strictly did not lie within our boundary, in consequence of the want of a periodical in Dublin, devoted to subjects connected with the science and literature of medicine. Having been informed, however, upon good authority, that such a publication is soon to make its appearance amongst us; and finding that some of the essays in the works alluded to, which most called for the chastenings of our pen, treated of subjects not exactly suited to the majority of our readers, we have, for the present, given up our intention with regard to them, in the hope that they will receive their due proportion of commendation or correction in the pages of the journal now in embryo. We cannot, however, avoid calling the attention of our medical readers to the publication before us—a work which, as far as we are able to judge, we take to be the result of the extreme and accurate observation of a master mind. We sincerely congratulate the press of Dublin upon its being made the medium through which the translation of this valuable treatise is presented to the British public, and we strongly recommend the principles of pathological science therein laid down for the complete adoption of the profession. A work on pathological anatomy, embracing all the modern discoveries in this branch of science, we are given to understand by our medical friends, has long been a desideratum, and we would say that M. Andral has more than filled up the gap. We could willingly enter more at large into the work, did our space permit, or were it a subject calculated to interest the generality of our readers. Of the translation we can speak in terms of praise generally, although there are parts which we could wish had been better *Englified*; as we have no doubt it would have been much more intelligible and pleasing to the English reader, were there much less of the French idiom preserved. Besides which, the circumstance of the

translation having been a joint production, has by no means tended to its advantage. The old adage of “too many cooks spoil the broth,” would not be inapplicable in the present instance—one cook too many having been employed on the occasion.

*Pathological Observations, Part III.* By William Stoker, M. D. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

This is, we understand, the most recent of a series of publications, in which the author has described the cause of epidemic diseases in this metropolis, as viewed in connection with their causes and effects. We are induced especially to notice it, as in the preface the causes of these moral and physical diseases, by which our country has for centuries been infected, are touched upon; and although differing from the learned Doctor in some of the views which he takes, feeling assured, that a fair temperate discussion of such questions, is the best way of arriving at the truth, and of finding out what would be really beneficial to the country; and knowing as we do, that the author is equally remote from the prejudices which actuate the opposition given at present to the measures of government, as from the influence of patronage of any kind, we are the more disposed to listen attentively to his arguments, and to give them an impartial examination.

The appalling picture which he has sketched of the present condition of the Irish poor is, we are sorry to have to say, but too faithful a likeness. Indeed many of his observations on this head are so judicious, as to induce us cordially to recommend the work to our readers. The medical portion of it we leave to the observation of the medical work to which we have alluded, and which we hope soon to see making its appearance.

*Maternal Duty, or the History of the Armstrong Family.* By a Lady.

We are not quite sure that story books for children exactly belong to that grade of literature, over which our right of censorship extends. As the present, however, seems a kind of approach, in bulk as well as character, to the novel, we suppose we must not lay it by unnoticed—especially since it is written by a lady. It is a well-intentioned and religious work; Mrs. Armstrong, the heroine of the tale, is deserted in rather a strange way by her husband; who, having ruined his fortune, goes abroad to mend it. Meantime his wife takes a lovely cottage somewhere in Wales, tells her children some very pretty stories, and contrives to spend the time as usefully and agreeably as possible till her wandering swain comes back a nabob. On this

simple thread, the authoress has contrived to string together a number of incidents which will sufficiently amuse the young reader, so to gain his attention to the moral they convey. On the whole, she has produced a very instructive and interesting tale. In the name of the young ladies and gentlemen of Ireland, we cannot but thank her.

The Military Bijou, or the contents of a Soldier's Knapsack; being the Gleanings of Thirty-three years Active Service. By John Shipp, Author of his own Memoirs. Two vols.—London—Whitaker, Treacher and Co.—1831.

Among the glaciers and icy precipices of the Alps, the boundaries of fertility and cultivation and of eternal and never-thawing barrenness are but a few feet divided; in the same way, the warm and gushing stream of imagination may be suddenly chilled and congealed in its flow, and the genius which penned Waverley and the Antiquary, can also blot paper with the Monastery and —, but we will stop. Such were our reflections, as we laid down the "Military Bijou," which, but for the title page, we could not believe ever to be written by John Shipp of the 87th; his extraordinary military career we had read with feelings of admiration, pride, and enthusiasm; we beheld him leading on "the forlorn hope," entering the deadly breach like another Coriolanus; we heard the *pas de charge*—we lost him in the smoke, the hurry, the groanings of the *mêlée*—and we wept over him as he lay in the cold trench, feeling more acutely the agony of disappointment and discomfiture, than the pang of his stiffening and unbandaged wounds.

The soldier "bearded like the pard," and the "slipped pantaloons," are not more dissimilar than the *unus et idem* author of these two publications. We confess when we waded through the labels of his wares, so ostentatiously puffed in the "United Service," we hazarded a tolerably exact guess at the intrinsic value of the articles. Like Antolicus in the Hunt-

er's Tale, we may exclaim, "I have sold all my trumpery, not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomanda, pouch, table-book, ballad, knife," &c. not one left—they are all gone: he has inflicted on the heads of an unoffending nation a most villanous dose—a compound of noisome dregs and sickly sentimentalism, and shreds from obsolete and forgotten tomes, (we do not mean the adventurer to whom he is largely indebted), garnished by numerous extracts from Joseph Miller, Esq. We have parodies on poor Serjeant Bothwell's Memoranda, and serjeants' wives asking wounded gentlemen, "are you from Albion's isle?"—all the vulgar and regimental slang of a corps is committed "to a generous public," in order that Mr. John Shipp, so he tells us himself, may hook the fish on which depends his dinner.

However, we will not particularize his wants. The reader can make his own selection, and we will merely indulge in an extract or two, and commence with the "Forlorn Hope." "A strong fortress is about to be stormed—an officer steps forward as candidate to head twelve volunteers (privates) to lead the column of attack—stand the brunt of shot, shell, rocket and explosion; and his little band are exposed to the fire of the whole fort in all directions—he cannot fall back—he must proceed—must mount the breach—the eyes of all are upon you—where one escapes, a hundred fall—when fled the three forlorn hopes at Bhurtpore, all were killed save myself and one man of the 76th. A soldier standing in a valley eating the allowance, a musket ball carried it away—enraged, he turned on a comrade who was standing by, and hit him a violent blow over the back for the supposed spoliation, but, on looking at his finger and thumb, saw the bleeding, and thereby discovered the real thief—a ball."

We are sorry to see some hits aimed at chaplains, and ill-natured stories told of certain Rev. Gentlemen who were rather addicted to the jolly god—we should hope they are exaggerated.

## VARIETIES—LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

*Greek Antiquities in India.*—The Chevalier Ventura, formerly in the French army, and now a general in the service of Runjeet Singh, was encamped, in April last, near Manekiala, or Manicyala, where there are the ruins of a large city. The place is seventy-two miles east of the Indus, and thirty or forty west of the Jhylum or Hydaspes, in lat. 33° 23' north, and long. 73° 15' east. In Elphinstone's

*Cabul*, the very remarkable stone cupola, on the top of a solid mound, which is believed by the natives to have been built by the gods, is described as bearing a much greater resemblance to Greek than to Hindoo architecture. General Ventura made an opening into the cupola, and, on digging three feet, he found six medals; and afterwards the workmen came to a chamber of hewn stone, twelve feet square.