

From Parkinson's Treatise on Live Stock.

A SPORTING SOW.

Of this most extraordinary animal, will here be stated a short history, to the veracity of which there are hundreds of living witnesses.—Slut was bred in, and was of that sort which maintain themselves in the New Forest, with regular feeding, except when they have young, and then but for a few weeks, and was given, when about three months old, to be a breeding sow, by Mr. Thomas to Mr. Richard Toomar, both at that time keepers in the forest.

From having no young, she was not fed, or taken very little notice of, until about eighteen months old; was seldom observed near the lodge, but chanced to be seen one day when Mr. Edward Toomar was there. The brothers were concerned together in breaking pointers and setters, some of their own breeding, and others which were sent to be broke by different gentlemen: of the latter, although they would stand and back, many were so indifferent, that they would neither hunt nor express any satisfaction when birds were killed and put before them. The slackness in these dogs first suggested the idea, that by the same method any other animal might be made to stand and do as well as one of those huntless and inactive pointers. At this instant the sow passed by, and was remarked as being handsome. Richard Toomar threw her a piece or two of oatmeal roll, for which she appeared grateful, and approached very near; from that time they were determined to make a sporting pig of her. The first step was to give her a name, and that of slut (given in consequence of her soiling herself in a bog,) she acknowledged in the course of a day, and never afterwards forgot. Within a fortnight she would find and point partridges or rabbits, and her training was much forwarded by the abundance of both, which were near the lodge; she daily improved, and in a few weeks would retrieve birds that had run as well as the best pointers, nay, her nose was superior to any pointer they ever possessed, and no two men in England had better. They hunted her principally on the moors and heaths. Slut has stood partridges, black game, pheasants, snipes, and rabbits, in the same day; but was never known to point a hare. She was seldom taken by choice more than a mile or two from the lodge, but has frequently joined them when out with their pointers, and continued with them several hours. She has sometimes stood a jack-snipe, when all the pointers had passed by it; she would back the dogs when they pointed, but the dogs refused to back her until spoken to; their dogs being all trained to make a general halt when the word was given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that she has been frequently standing in the midst of a field of pointers. In consequence of the dogs not liking to hunt when she was with them; (for they dropped their sterno, and shewed symptoms of jealousy) she did not very often accompany them, except for the novelty, or when she accidentally joined them in the forest.

Her pace was mostly a trot, and seldom known to gallop, except when called to go out shooting; she would then come off the forest at full stretch (for she was never shut up to prevent her being out of the sound of the call or whistle when a party of gentlemen had appointed to see her out the next day, and which call she obeyed as readily as a dog,) and be as much elated as a dog, upon being shown the gun. She always expressed great pleasure when game, either dead or alive, was placed before her. She has frequently stood a single partridge at forty yards distance, her nose in a direct line to the bird: after standing some considerable time, she would drop like a setter, still keeping her nose in an exact line, and would continue in that position until the game moved; if it took wing, she would come up to the place, and draw slowly after it; and when the bird stopped, she would stand as before. The two Mr. Toomars lived about seven miles apart, at Rhinefield and Broomey lodges. Slut has many time gone, by herself from one lodge to the other, as if to court the being taken out shooting. She was about five years old when her master died; and at the auction of his pointers, etc. was included in the sale, and bought in at ten guineas.

Sir H. Mildmay having expressed a wish to have her, she was sent to Dogmersfield park, where she remained some years. She was last in the possession of Colonel Sikes, and she was then ten years old, had become fat and slothful, but would point game as well as before. When killed she was at Bassilden House. Slut weighed 700 lbs. Her death, to those who possess common feelings of humanity, appears (if one may use the expression,) at least animal murder: it would have cost but a trifling sum to have fed and sheltered her in the winter, and the park would have supplied her wants at no expence.

CAPTAIN RIOU.—April 23, 1790. "Crowther dined with us, and gave us an account of the shipwreck and Riou's fortitude." Mr. Crowther owed his education to the Elland Society; and had been recently selected by Mr. Wilberforce for a chaplaincy which he had prevailed on Mr. Pitt to found for New South Wales. A letter of the 17th of April announced to Mr. Wilberforce the shipwreck of the vessel in which Mr. Crowther sailed. "On the 11th of December we left the cape. On the 21st saw two islands of ice in lat. 42° long. 33° 30' E., distant about three

leagues. About noon on the 29d we saw another, and bore down towards it, hoisted out the jolly-boat and one of the cutters, and picked up some small floating pieces, and then bore away N. W., in order to get entirely clear of the ice. About half-past eight the same evening, the officer on the fore-castle cried out, 'An island of ice close a-head' (for, being in the dark, and a very thick mist, we could see very little before us). Before the alarm was sounded through the ship, she had struck one violent blow; and directly after she struck again, and got upon the ice, sliding along into an immense cavern in its side. Every effort was made to save the ship until Friday, when it was judged necessary to quit her. The captain would not leave her, but wrote a letter to the Admiralty. Two boats besides ours were hoisted out. We were taken up by a French ship, and came in it to the Cape, after being in an open boat from Dec. 25 to Jan. 3, exposed to cold, hunger, and thirst, having scarcely any clothes; two gills of water per day, and at most two pounds of bread, amongst fifteen." To this account he added, in a conversation which, with its racy Yorkshire dialect, Mr. Wilberforce delighted to preserve, "When the ship's condition was altogether hopeless, Capt. Riou sent for me into the cabin, and asked me, 'Crowther, how do you feel?' 'How? why, I thank God, pretty comfortable.' 'I cannot say I do. I had a pious mother, and I have not practised what she taught me; but I must do my duty. The boats will not hold one third of our crew; and if I left the vessel, there would be a general rush into them, and every one would perish. I shall stay by the ship, but you shall have a place; and be sure you go in the master's boat, for he knows what he is about, and if any boat reaches the shore it will be his.' In the bustle of embarking, I got into the wrong boat, and found out my mistake too late to alter it. The boats, however, neared each other to make an exchange of some of their provisions, and I heard Riou call to me, 'If you've a heart, Crowther, jump!' I made the attempt, and just reaching the boat fell backwards into the water, but was pulled in amongst them." No other boat than that into which he was thus taken ever reached the shore. "John Clarkson alone, of those who heard this conversation," says Mr. Wilberforce, "would not despair of Riou." "I have seen," said Mr. Clarkson, himself a naval man, "such wonderful escapes at sea, that so long as the captain preserves his self-possession, I can never despair of any ship." "Thursday 29th," says the diary, "waked by a note, saying that the Guardian, Riou, had arrived safely at the Cape. Poor Crowther could not believe it—sent him to Thorlow for a living." Captain Riou was preserved, for a more distinguished end; his gallant death at the hour of victory at Copenhagen has linked his name with the memory of Nelson.—*Life of Wilberforce.*

THE HUMAN EAR.

On Wednesday evening last, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the indisposition of Mr. Donald, Mr. Charles Creed, Surgeon, delivered an elaborate lecture on the Human Ear. The sense of hearing, Meckel calls, and with great propriety, "the most noble and intellectual of all the senses." The ear may be less complicated in its structure than the eye; yet on examination, it is discovered to be an extremely delicate organ, and its functions liable to be deranged by the slightest causes. Indeed it is one of two organs, selected by inspiration as the choicest proof of the infinite wisdom of the Supreme Being: "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" And most happily did every section of Dr. Creed's lecture evince the justness of the divine selection. There is the porch of the ear, wrought into irregular bends and hollows, which like circling hills, or surrounding rocky shores, collect the wandering undulations of the air;—the tube, or the external passage to the inner cavities, shaped according to the best principles of acoustics, and for its protection, supplied with glands which give out a bitter and viscous matter, forming a perfect morass, embarrassing to the feet of insects, and certain death to all the little intruders that feed upon it. Crossing the ear tube from the sides are strong, short hairs, intersecting each other in such a manner, that an insect must overcome the resistance of those pikes, or chevaux-de-frise, in case the ear-wax does not arrest its progress. Next, we have the drum-head or membrana tympani at the further extremity of the canal, and where the peregrinations of insects are impassably limited. Across the membrana of the drum a fine thread of a nerve is drawn, which gives it the requisite sensibility and connexion with the system—and this membrane, being on the stretch, is put in vibratory motion by the slightest pulsation in the air, which it transmits to the still more important apparatus within. Look at that apparatus—the drum barrel with its chain of bones, the hammer and the anvil, the minute round bone and the stirrup, and these little bones of hearing so placed in the drum barrel, one joined to the extremity of the other, that they make a compound lever, the object of which is to have the freest and longest extent of motion in a little space. Unlike the military drum, the sticks of this are fixed on the inside, connected to little cords, which jerk them down, wherever there is the least noise, to give the brain intelligence, as it were, of what is going on without. Passing by the muscles, the tenors (stretchers) and the laxators (looseners) of the little

bones, we come to the labyrinth, consisting of three parts, the vestibule, cochlea or snail-shell, and the semicircular canals, all hollowed out of the solid bone. Each of the parts of the labyrinth is admirably adapted to the purposes of hearing—the vestibule with its thin membranous bag, which spreads its branched into the semicircular canals—the interior of the bag, and of its offsets containing a liquid entirely shut up in the bag, etc.—the space between this bag and the bony shell, filled with a network, having a quantity of liquid—and above all, the auditory nerve coming from the brain, and piercing first the bone, and after the membranous bag, in the liquid of which it expands and floats. Among a multitude of parts very correctly and fully described by Dr. Creed, we have glanced only at the chief, but enough, we think, to demonstrate that the ear is a very complicated instrument, as well as an exquisitely beautiful piece of mechanism. And when viewed as a whole, how admirable does it appear! The sonorous impressions of the air first collected by the external trumpet of the ear, and directed into the ear tube; then received by the membrane stretching over the head of the drum, and conveyed from thence by the chain of bones in the cavity of the drum to the labyrinth, where it sets in vibration the liquid outside the membranous bag, then the bag itself, then its liquid contents, and last of all the expansion of the auditory, or hearing nerve connected with the brain. But how amazingly nice must be the formation, and how inconceivably exact the tension of the auditory nerves, to correspond with the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and so easily to distinguish their most subtle variations! And how correct must be the mechanical adaptation of the bones of the ear to each other, when if the extreme point of the handle of the hammer be moved the millionth part of an inch, by the vibrations of the drum-head, it will so operate on the anvil, and that on the stirrup, through the intervention of the minute round bone, (smaller than a mustard seed) that the stirrup will move through treble the space, by a single sonorous pulsation of the hammer, in the same period of time! It has been recently demonstrated that the human ear is so extremely sensible, as to be capable of appreciating sounds which arise from about 24,000 vibrations in a second; and consequently, that it can hear a sound which lasts only the 24,000th part of a second! May we not ask, triumphantly ask, "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

With us, the anatomy of the human body is a favorite study; indeed our great partiality for it has prompted us in the present instance, to remind the members of the Institute of some of the parts of the human ear, so beautifully illustrated in the late lecture. Next to a want of knowledge of the word of God, we should esteem it our greatest disgrace to be ignorant of the structure of our bodies; and no subject can be more appropriate for the Institute, and more ought to be more popular, than the human body. The curiosity of man, and his eager desire for novelty, will lead him to brave the dangers of the ocean; it will impel him on to explore unknown climes, to wander among savages, and it forbids him to leave any ruin of antiquity unsurveyed, or any interesting spot unvisited. A fragment of a rock from an old and almost forgotten castle, a twig from a tree over the grave of some buried great one, or any memento of a like kind, is valued as above price. This may all be well enough. Far be it from us to undervalue the pleasure and benefits of travels; but while we are searching after curiosities and novelties in far off and unknown lands, we might find things quite as curious and novel nearer home,—even in our own bodies. We shall there see a piece of mechanism far surpassing the ingenuity and invention of man. Even in the minutest part, we shall find organs of a complex and different character, performing various functions, and each harmonising with the other, and all operating by fixed and regular laws. In short, we shall behold the last, and most perfect work of God—the master-piece of an Almighty hand. And a great portion of the knowledge is within the reach of all and is of easy attainment: thus, to know the form of the ear-tube examine the skull of a sheep bleaching in the field, and you have a resemblance to the human ear, particularly striking:—so to know the nature of the membrane of the drum, with common ingenuity you may dissect this beautiful membrane in the head of a fowl, with the point of a knife. A snail-shell will give a good idea of the cochlea, and a crook-neck squash an exact representation of any of the semi-circular canals. With such views we listened to Dr. CREED, nor were we disappointed in our expectations. Leaving the abruptness of the call to appear before a public assembly, out of the question, we considered the lecture highly creditable to the talents and industry of the lecturer, and throughout the whole it was evident that Mr. Creed had a perfect knowledge of the subject. We noticed a slight degree of timidity in the lecturer incident to a maiden address, but which, we would much rather perceive than a pompous, affected, and almost impudent mode of appearance before a public audience.

EDITOR OF THE PEARL.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.—A lady after hearing a very impressive sermon, condemnatory of wickedness in every shape, coolly exclaimed, "Well, after all, I should like to see everything for once."