

under the walls of Vienna. It is curious to speculate upon what would have been the aspect of Europe now, if these battles had terminated differently.—*Baltimore America.*

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—We last week reported the violent death to which a fine Newfoundland Dog, belonging to a merchant here, was subjected by a decision of the police magistrates, in consequence of being found going about unmuzzled. The following anecdotes of this fine animal are warranted by his owner, and can be corroborated by the testimony of abundance of witnesses—some of which are worthy of a place in a new edition of Captain Brown's work on dogs:—

Almost every person in Perth knew the fondness with which he would accept of a half penny, and run to a baker's shop with it to receive a "farrel." He gained many friends from his tractable nature in this respect, and would approach his benefactors wherever he saw them, and fawn upon them for his accustomed coin, which was seldom refused. On one occasion he received a bad half-penny, and on going to the baker's was refused the "farrel." He carried the half-penny home, and never allowed himself to be cheated in the same manner afterwards, although often tried.

About three months ago he was a short time domiciled in a country village, where, merely from hearsay, his qualities were subjects of general conversation. One evening when such was the case a wager of 10s. was taken by a respectable innkeeper that he would find the baker's shop of the village and bring home a roll. He was immediately presented with a half-penny, and ordered to do so. He walked slowly up the one side of the street, smelling at every shop as he passed until he arrived at the top, where he crossed, and proceeding down the other side still doing the same. He at length arrived at the baker's, where taking a survey of the window, he went in, placing his fore paws upon the counter, and dropped the half-penny. The baker not conceiving what he wanted stood wondering, until the dog perceiving he was not likely to be served, coolly proceeded round the counter and helped himself and brought home the roll.

The story of the dog he dropped over the "North Shore," will bear another telling although noticed in the local Journals at the time:—The antipathy colliers bear to Newfoundland dogs is well known, and their propensity to attack the Newfoundland *only* when a herd of themselves is together. In the present instance a bull dog, from which he had frequently suffered much annoyance, finding itself backed by a companion of the same blood and three colliers, commenced a furious attack upon the Newfoundland at the foot of Speygate. To all observers he was in apparent danger, but the while, he had no doubt a particular achievement in view; for in a moment he shook the whole off him, and appeared with the annoying bull-dog by the throat in his jaws, which he dragged fully a hundred yards, and dropped him over the shore into the Tay.

The two following anecdotes may be the most remarkable, considering he was directed by no impulse but that peculiar to his nature. Last summer when the tide was in, in the Tay, a few boys threw a pup over the bridge, with a stone tied to its neck, but which had become detached when descending. The Newfoundland was passing at the time, and observing the circumstance, he sprung upon the parapet, gave a wild bark, leaped down, not into the water, but on the causeway, rushed down Charlotte Street, and plunged into the river at the "Devil's den," swam for and brought the pup ashore all but dead. Three times did he rescue as many pups from a watery grave.

The last is no less remarkable. On a fine day in June last year, a child had been playing with him apparently wearied or overcome with heat, the dog lay down in the middle of the high street; the child lay beside him, and fell asleep with its arms encircling the dog's neck. They had not lain long together, when a carriage came rapidly down the street: the dog started, and evidently perceived the child's danger, seized it by the waist and carried it safely to the pavement, where, laying it down he licked its face, exhibiting every symptom of inward satisfaction at the good deed he had done. The above anecdotes would scarcely be credited were it not that all of them were witnessed by numerous spectators, and the latter if I am not mistaken, was witnessed by one of the witnesses for the prosecution against him.—*Perthshire Courier.*

ANECDOTE OF MR. COURTTS.—"Mr. Courtts was a remarkably shabby dresser, however; so that the fault does not rest entirely on those who had charge of his wardrobe. He was a tall, thin, spare figure, and his clothes, always ill-fitting, bore that appearance of being 'rubbed at the seams' which reveals the 'business coat' of an office. He was often mistaken for an indigent person, and used to enjoy the mistake of all things. The following is one of many instances:—Mr. Courtts, from his too strict attention to the bank, felt his appetite diminished; and, in order to afford him a little exercise, his physician ordered him to walk daily after the bank had closed to a chemist's, who resided at some distance from the Strand, to have some preparation made up. So quiet and unassuming was he in manners, that he always made way for every one who came while he was at the shop so that the might be served before him; and with his fair, delicate countenance, spare frame, and very simple dress, no strangers guessed they were pushing aside the opulent Mr. Courtts. A kind-hearted, liberal man, a mer-

chant—who used to quit the counting-house about the same time that Mr. Courtts left the bank, and who had chanced to be in the chemist's shop several times at the hour when the latter came there—had remarked him, and, from his retiring, gentle appearance and actions, concluded he was a reduced gentleman, whose mind, was superior to his means. Accordingly, this charitable merchant resolved to administer to the necessities of the shrinking, modest individual; and, one day, having sealed up a sum of money for the purpose, he went to the chemist's shop where he remained a length of time, waiting anxiously for the appearance of the latter, who, however, on that day did not come for the tonic, being probably too much engaged in distributing thousands.—The stranger being at length tired of waiting, and feeling ashamed of occupying a place in the shop so long, told the chemist how the absence of the pale, indigent, elderly gentleman had prevented his intended donation. The chemist in amazement said: "And you really meant to offer pecuniary aid to that person, sir? Have you no idea who he is?" "None," said the other; "but I conclude he is some gentlemanly man in distressed, or, at least reduced circumstances." "You shall judge, sir, as to his circumstances; that unassuming, quiet individual is THOMAS COURTTS!"

WRITERS OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.—The simplicity of the narrative is never violated; there is even no panegyric on the august person they commemorate, nor a single epithet of commendation. When they mention an extraordinary effect of his divine eloquence it is history, not eulogy, that speaks. They say nothing of their own admiration; it is the "people" who were astonished at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. Again, it was "the multitudes marvelled, saying, it was never so seen in Israel." Again, it was the officers, not the writer, who said "never man spake like this man." In recording the most stupendous events, we are never called to an exhibition of their own pity, or their own admiration. In relating the most soul-moving circumstance, there is no attempt to be pathetic, no aim to work up the feelings of the reader, no appeal to his sympathy, no studied finish, no elaborate excitement. Jesus wept;—no comment. He is hungry;—no compassion escapes them. He is transfigured;—no expression of astonishment. He is agonized;—the narrative does not rise in emphasis. He is betrayed;—no execration to the betrayer. He is condemned;—no animadversions on the iniquitous judge;—while their own denial and desertion are faithfully recorded. He expires;—no remark on the tremendous catastrophe, no display of their own sorrow. Facts alone supply the void; and what facts? The earth quaking, the sun is eclipsed, the graves give up their dead. In such a history, it is very true, fidelity was praise, fact was glory. And yet, if on the one hand, there were no need of the rhetorician's art to embellish the tale, what mere rhetoricians could have abstained from using it.

Thus, it seems obvious, that unlettered men are appointed to this great work, in order that the success of the gospel might not be suspected of owing any thing to natural ability, or to splendid attainment. This arrangement while it proves the astonishing progress of christianity to have been caused by its own energy, serves to remove every unjust suspicion of the contrivance of fraud, the collusions of interest, or the artifices of invention.—*Hannah More.*

THE SCIENCE OF WOOD SAWING.—There are few employments in life, however humble, to which a certain degree of importance is not attached by some one or other. Of this truth we were convinced yesterday. Passing through Royal street we saw a fellow engaged in the scientific work of wood sawing. His "horse" rigged and reeled as if it had got the blind staggers; his saw groaned as if its teeth had been operated on by a dentist, and his clothes shook about him like the bells of a Turkish "jingling jounny." Two brothers of the saw stood on either side of him in a kind of stand-at-ease position, with their saws hung over their shoulders like the harps of wandering minstrels. They seemed to regard the efforts of the active member of the trio with mingled feelings of pity and professional contempt. One of them at length broke silence and addressing the other said, pointing at the same time to the would-be wood sawyer—

"How difficult it is to learn our business, Bill, ain't it?" "Can't never be done, Jim, no how," says Bill, "cept-in-case a fellow goes to it young and has a hextraordinary genius." "I've knowed, aye, as many as twenty to try it myself," says Jim, "but it war a complete failure—no go. They war all obliged to turn to some less scientific business, such as watch making or the likes." "Then that there's the reason," says Bill, "that our business is like banking, there's monopoly in it; why if every feller, such as broken speculators and music masters out of employment could take up the saw, the business wouldn't be worth a follerling." "Well, I pities a feller," continues Jim, "like this here man what's a sawing, who seems anxious to succeed but hain't the ability. Do you think he will ever come to any thing?" "No," replied the other, "it ain't in his natur. He may do very well on pine wood where it hain't got no knots, but he never can succeed at live oak or hickory. The consekvence is, that he never can arrive at the top of his purfession no how he can fix it." After this criticism on the merits of wood sawing we withdrew.—*Picayune.*

ROUSING THE WATCH.

How to ROUSE THE WATCH ON DECK.—From Sea Sketches in the Mercantile Journal.

"You know, shipmates," said Jack, "that some of our West India traders, belonging to 'down east,' are very apt to neglect keeping a 'look out ahead' during the night time. I once belonged to the brig Nonsuch, Captain Seagull, and we sailed from Portland, bound to Demerara, with a cargo consisting of lumber and Yankee notions—and we had the sleepest set of men that ever I met with, and I have fallen in with some pretty persevering sleepers in my day. But I verily believe that some of these long-limbed, yawning Yankees, from 'down east' would sleep with their heads in a bucket of water, especially if it was their watch on deck.

One night, about ten days after leaving port, we were crossing the pleasant latitudes of the trade winds, with all sail set, closely hauled, when the captain took it into his head to go on deck. It was about four bells in the middle watch—he found the old brig, under the influence of a light breeze, comfortably ploughing her way along towards the south, at the rate of two or three knots—and every man on deck was fast asleep!

The mate, and he was a smart fellow enough too, when he was awake, was enjoying a right royal nap on the weather hencoop—the "man at the helm" desirous of following such a laudable example, had nipped the tiller rope with a rope yarn—and stretched himself comfortably on the quarter deck—and the other two men of the watch had deposited their carcasses on a couple of soft white pine boards, and were snoring away like good fellows, as if sleeping for a wager!

The captain saw with a glance the lay of the land—and being a funny dog withal, resolved to have some sport. He went quietly to work, and unrove the tiller rope, *unshipped the tiller*, and quietly placed it in the small boat at the stern. He then took from the companion-way his large speaking-trumpet, which was only used on extraordinary occasions, went forward, and passing out to the end of the flying gib-boom, hailed the brig with the whole strength of his lungs—and his voice was none of the smallest—"Brig ahoy-oy!" said he—"Hard up your helm! Hard up! Hard up, or I shall run you down!"

His horrible bawling awakened the watch—and the men, who were enjoying themselves on the soft pine boards when they should have been keeping an eye ahead and under the lee, half frightened out of their senses, and imagining of course, that it came from on board a strange vessel, about coming down upon them, repeated the order—"Hard up your helm!"

The mate jumped off the hen-coop, and without stopping to rub his peepers, screamed out like a madman, "Hard up your helm!"

By this time the helmsman himself had recovered his wandering senses, and had raised himself upon his legs. He loudly responded to the general cry of "Hard up your helm!" and sprang with unwanted energy to execute the energy—but his astonishment may be more easily imagined than described, when he found that the "helm" had disappeared.

The captain was meanwhile bawling out from the end of the flying gib-boom, until he was black in the face, "Why don't you put your helm hard up! Hard up! Hard-a-port at once, or I shall cut you to the water's edge!"

The men in the waist repeated the orders "Hard up;" and ran forward to see what was to pay.—The mate turned to assist the helmsman, shouting out, "Hard up your helm," you sleepy headed lubber! "Hard up at once!" But he was thunder-struck when he found the tiller was missing, and floundered about like a struck dolphin.

By this time the watch below, of which I was one, came running on deck to see what was the cause of such a hallabulloo—and a scene of alarm and confusion ensued, which went a league beyond any thing I ever saw, before or since. It was, however, at last put an end to by captain Seagull, who came in from the jib-boom, in an agony of laughter. As soon as he was able to speak, he soundly rated the watch for their neglect of duty—and he never had occasion to complain of a failure to keep a good look-out afterwards.

George the Second being informed that an impudent Printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's Speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

How do you like the new furniture, carpets, &c. my dear, said a wife to her husband on his return from a voyage, "don't you think I've made a great change for the better?" "Very pretty, very fine indeed, my dear," said Benedict, feeling his emptied purse, "but how much change did you take to make it?"

WATCH LIGHT.—It is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house:—This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly burnt candle, when if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed chamber; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt and consumed in the wick.