

GETTING THE BEST OF THE COMMODORE.

'Did you ever hear,' said Peters, 'old Toby tell the story of his stealing the Commodore's broad pendant at Chatham; he was as nimble a boy at that time as ever was seen.'

'No,' replied they, 'how was that?'—It was when he was a boy in one of the ships laid up at Chatham. His master was the boatswain of her, and there was only the three warrant-officers with two or three boys, to keep watch on board of her. The guard boat from the Commodore's ship was rowing about all night, and if they passed a ship that did not hail them, they would go alongside and steal any thing they could get hold of, and carry it ashore in the morning to the commissioner's office in the dock-yard. One night his master, the boatswain, had the first watch, and having been ashore all day on duty at the dock yard, felt very tired, and told the boy (Toby) to keep a look out while he went down into the galley to smoke a pipe; he went down and fell fast asleep. The boy, not accustomed to keeping his eyes open, fell fast asleep also, and the guard boat passing, hailed them, when, receiving no answer, they went alongside, and actually unshipped the bell from its place, and carried it quietly over the side without being found out. At twelve o'clock the boatswain awoke from his sleep, and going to strike the bell, found it gone. He immediately knew who had taken it: he called to the boy, and after bestowing plenty of blessings on him, said to him, 'Now, there's only one thing can save my warrant, and if you don't get it for me I'm done: I must have the Commodore's broad pendant before to-morrow morning. He accordingly got into the punt alongside, and took the boy with him, and pulled softly ahead of the Commodore's ship, got under her bows, and the boy got hold of the mooring chain, from thence to the bobstays, and getting up to the bowsprit, went quietly along the forestay into the foretop, from thence he got by the main-topmast-stay to the masthead, and finally to the truck, where unbending the flag, he stuffed it into his bosom; as it was the night pendant it was not very large; and returning the same way unobserved, got down to the mooring chain, and giving a low whistle, the boatswain, who was some little distance off, dropped under the bow and took him in. The boatswain was highly delighted with his success, and the next morning gave the boy directions to hoist the flag at the ensign staff when he should wave his pocket handkerchief; he went ashore to the dockyard to answer the signal that was made for him. He went boldly to the commissioner's office, having first made the signal to the boy to hoist the flag, and there was the Commodore, who always attended to such complaints as might be made, sitting with all the gravity on his countenance which such a case demanded. The boatswain was called in, and making his best bow, wished to know what he was wanted for.

'Mr. So-and-so,' said the Commodore, 'I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that such a gross neglect should be laid to your charge as that now preferred—an old officer of your character—can't excuse it, sir. The guard boat went alongside your ship last night, and during your watch, as is proved, took away the ship's bell. Now, sir, you must either have been drunk or turned in, both of which are very great crimes; and I am sorry, truly sorry, that I shall be obliged to report your case to the Navy Board, when you will be sure to lose your warrant.'

'Very sorry, your honor,' said the boatswain, 'shore knocking about in the dock yard all the day—not asleep a minute.'

'No excuse, sir—no excuse at all for such a great neglect,' replied the Commodore. 'Why, sir, if such a thing was to go unpunished, we should have the Commodore's ship as bad as yours.'

'Why, your honor,' said the boatswain, 'your ship has a full complement of men on board, and sentries in both gangways, and for all that aint so much better after all.'

'What dy'e mean, sir?' said the Commodore? 'not keep a good look out on board of my ship—what do you mean, sir?'

'Why, sir,' replied the boatswain, 'when I found my bell gone at twelve o'clock last night, I sent aboard your ship and got your broad pendant to save my warrant.'

'My broad pendant!' exclaimed the Commodore.

'Yes, your honor, and if you will just step outside, I will show it to you flying at the flag staff of my ship.'

Accordingly the Commodore and all his retinue went out, and sure enough there was the pendant as the boatswain had said. The flag had, it seems, been missed in the morning, and they had put it down as blown away.

'Oh,' said the Commodore, 'the boatswain has quite weathered me; I had better say no more about it.'

'Accordingly,' said Slender, chiming in, 'the old boatswain bore off the bell.'

CAMBRIDGE.

As rich as the University is, and as rural as it is, its venerable antiquity strikes me still more than either its wealth or its beauty. Most of these noble buildings are hundreds of years old. Even King's Chapel, all freshly vigorous as it looks, was only finished by Henry VIII., having been begun long before. There is one sequestered ruinous building in the background of one of the squares, now used as a barn, which was used as a deputation-hall at the period when Colleges were not yet known: and here

Erasmus read his first Greek Lectures in England. Everything I see about me, indeed, is time-hallowed, and picturesque with the traces of other days; the huge massy archways, under which I enter from the town into the several green College squares, surrounded with the several quadrangles of hoary stone; the cloistered walks, which some of them enclose—long and high, with clustering pillars at the side, shadowy, and hollow-sounding to the foot; the high grey walls of stone around the grounds, in some places overgrown, like the building, with ivy, which seem to have been unmolested for ages; the sweet cool paths in the gardens and green fields, attached to the Colleges, and all bordering on the Cam, and all overshadowed by rich thick rows of ancient and majestic elms, filled in with shrubbery below, and affording in their branching summits a shelter for whole armies of lazy-swinging and gruffly-cawing rooks, that seem to consider the footsteps of every passer-by an intrusion upon their domain. Imagination, and association, I need not say, enhance immeasurably the interest of these beautiful scenes. As I follow out the windings of these dark avenues, and climb these well-worn stairs of stone, I think of the generations who trod them before me; of the great events which have passed around them since those walls were reared, and which themselves have seen; of the Renunciation of the authority of the Pope, and the Reception of Elizabeth, and the hoisting of the Royal flag for Charles, and the planting of Cromwell's cannon on the walls of the institution, in which he was educated himself for the race he ran. I think, above all, of what is far more honourable to the University, and more sacred in itself—the memory of that genius, learning, science, the labour of mighty intellects, the nursing of great men, then unknown even to themselves, who since have made, as Milton did, 'all Europe ring from side to side.' The stars and seas have been the theatre of these men's toils and triumphs. On wave and shore they have poured out rivers of immortal blood for liberty, country, home. Every desert has been traversed by their enterprise.—All literature, that lives on earth, or will live while man exists, is and will be imbued with their spirit. They have written, and preached, and died at the stake, for Christianity itself—invincible champions of God's truth and martyrs for his worship, and the deathless influence of their sacrifices, and of their superb spirits, has sunk into the souls of Christendom, and will go down to the last posterity of freemen, 'making all the earth an altar.'—These are they who have breathed upon this spot: the Chaucers, Spensers, Drydens, Miltons, Johnsons, Grays; the Bacons, Newtons, Cokes; the Porsons and Bentleys; and Faleys and Barrows; the Taylors, Tillotsons, Latimers, and Cammers. Every College has its long list of such men—its jewels. I do not care which college they belonged to. It matters but a trifle to me that Milton's mulberry-tree stands, bending with years, in the garden of Christ's, or that 'the Trinity people have Newton's glass. It is enough that they were nursed into maturity within these walls, and that they became what they were, and achieved what they have left the memory of behind them, never to be forgotten. It is more than enough that I can claim them as countrymen of mine. Every American has a share of the pride, as well as of the benefit, of their genius, virtues, labours, and fame. He speaks the language they made so musical. The Christianity they died for, has been taken up by the Pilgrims, and borne, like the ark, over land and sea. Their science, discoveries, laws, have entered into one being, as the blood enters into the body. Their blood itself is ours.—*The American in England.*

GERMANY.

GOTTINGEN

Is rather a well-built and handsome-looking town, with a decided look of the middle ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and like the rest of the German university towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture each on his account at his own house, of which the basement floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the Continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with the nine-story houses and the narrow streets, which impart the compact, secure look, peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheepcote, and locked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton frame work filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes; and as they are built, to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers.

Hence it is not uncommon to find a professor occupying the two lower stories of strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer-seller conveniently upon the student, a washer-woman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top—a pyramid with a poet for its apex and a professor for the base!

As we passed the old Gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house a party of students smoking and playing billiards, and I recognized some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty others of all varieties; some with plain caps and clothes and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left and avoided collision with every one they met. These were "camels," or studious students returning from lecture; others swaggered along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands and bull-dogs at their heels; these were dressed in marvellously fine caps and Polonaise coats covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renommists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting quart and tierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion, "Remember thy swashing blow."

All along the street I saw, on looking up, the head and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking-caps and heterogeneous-looking dressing-gowns, with the long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed in many instances a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street-pumps.

GERMAN TITLES.

Nowhere, in fact, are such fine distinctions in the forms of address observed as in Germany. The system is complicated, and extends from the lowest to the highest grades of society. If you write, for example, to a shoemaker or a tailor, you address the "well-born" tailor Schneiderff, or his "well-born-ship" the shoemaker Ropeter; but if to gentlemen, whose name has the magical prefix *Von*, you style him the "highly-well born" Mr. Von Katyenjammer. A count of the empire is "high-born;" a prince is not born at all, but is addressed as His Serenity or (literally) His Transparency, (*Durchlaucht*); a minister of state or an ambassador, is His Excellency; but the protector of an University is His Magnificence.

GAME.

The old French Ordinance of the year 1721, for the preservation of partridges in this Colony is still in force, and its provisions are, we observe, about to be put in operation by the police in this city. It imposes a penalty of 50 Livres upon persons who shall kill, or have in their possession, partridges between the 15th of March and the 15th July in each year, that being the breeding season, and during which the birds are easily discovered and destroyed. We have a decided objection to those Game Laws which preserve animals of chase for the amusement of a privileged class at the expense of the cultivators of the soil, and would be amongst the first to resist any approach or return to them. But the provisions of the Ordinance we refer to, and which will be found in our advertising columns, are founded in no such pretension; they are based on the principle of humanity, and intended to protect this useful variety of birds as a delicate article of food, from wanton destruction during the period of incubation and whilst the young birds still require the fostering protection of the parent wing. We therefore trust that this black letter ordinance will not merely be republished but strictly enforced. The partridge of our woods is a bird which does but little, if indeed any injury to farmers; it is seldom known to feed in the fields of grain, except indeed a field of Buck-wheat, a grain little cultivated in Lower Canada, may tempt it from its usual woodland haunts and its fare of beech mast, berries and such other food as the forest produces. Yet so constant is the war of extermination urged against it that it is to be seen exposed for sale in our markets at all seasons of the year.

The hen birds in the spring are shot on the nest, as may easily be known by the state of the plumage on the breast, and the young poults are destroyed before they have ever spread a wing, and when they can furnish but a tasteless mouthful, to the most ardent devourer of game. The partridge is a cheap luxury which providence has stored the forest solitudes of this continent, and whilst we abhor all game laws which limit the gifts of heaven to the enjoyment of a privileged class, we would uphold those