

## FROM HAMBURG TO GOTTENBURG BY SEA.

(CONCLUDED.)

Just before the tide had reached its highest point the ship gave three heavy rolls and swung off into deep water, the carpenter standing by the hawsers with a sharp axe to cut it, if the keel showed any signs of bringing the ship to a standstill, which it did not do, and having hauled the yards round we shaped a course for Gottenburg, where we were bound.

As soon as we got a short distance up the coast of Denmark the sea was quite rough and the ship began to leak, and the fine sand with which she was ballasted choked the pumps, but this having been cleared out and the water reduced by continuous pumping, together with the sea running down as we proceeded, enabled us to get our regular watches again. After three days we reached the Skaw, which is the most northerly Cape in Denmark, and taking a tug-boat we were towed to Gottenburg where we found that there were no dry docks and the vessel would have to be "hove down" to repair the injuries she had received while on the rocks.

It may not be out of place here to give the outlines of heaving a ship down, which are briefly these: the yards and masts are sent down, with the exception of the lower masts, and heavy tackles are put from their tops and also to capstans on the wharf; about 100 men then put long spars through these capstans and wind round till the ship is brought on her side and the keel just out of the water; floating stages are then put round her and she can be repaired as well as if she were on a dry dock. Gottenburg is a city of 35,000 inhabitants, situated on the river Gotha-elf in the south-west of Sweden. It is built partly on a low marshy plain and partly on an elevated plateau, the whole surrounded by high and naked rocks with cultivated valleys between, the cliffs at the back of the upper town ranging from 100 to 300 feet high. There are some fine public buildings in the upper town, and one magnificent church built since 1812 with stone brought from Scotland. The city has been devastated several times by fires, but such is the enterprising character of the people it has been rebuilt, each time more expensively than before. One thing strikes a stranger forcibly on landing in Gottenburg, and that is the remarkably clean and neat appearance of the streets, no dust or dirt being observed lying in the corners or gutters; this is owing to a municipal act compelling every property holder to sweep the street in front of his land every morning, and the city scavengers clean it all away daily.

While we were here the celebrated Saxby gale swept over the city, and the ship had to be let up owing to the violence of the gale and the rising of the water, which flooded the lower town to the depth of ten feet, compelling the people to leave and causing a complete cessation of business. As the wind and sea increased it was found necessary to get out extra cables from the ship to the shore and some heavy buoys near her. With all these precautions she floated on top of a wharf and was only stopped by her keel from landing on it bodily, and had the water risen two feet more the good old vessel would in all probability have found a resting place forever in Gottenburg harbour, as the water fell as quickly as it had risen, and there were no steamers to be had, and the vessel must have grounded on the wharf and broken her back. During the storm, the boats and the spars, which we had sent down and put on shore to lighten the ship, floated up the streets of the city, and had to be looked for next day

and hauled back to the ship on wheels; fortunately everything was at last found and restored to its place and work went on as before, but it was not so with the poor people living in the lower town whose houses were flooded, although the government, aided by private subscriptions, did all in their power to relieve their distress. On the 8th December we had finished repairing, and having taken in cargo we sailed for Boston on the succeeding day.

BARNACLE.

## ART CORNER.

The first copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that reached England was received by Mr. Mudie, who had them printed for private circulation.

The Princess Louise has promised some of her own water-colours for the World's Exhibition in Boston, where she enjoyed herself so much.

A first prize has been taken at the Kansas University, Lawrence, by Blanche X. Bruce, nephew and namesake of the colored ex-Senator.

The handsome Princess Pignatelli, the sister of the lovely Countess Potocka, is about to become a public singer, chiefly in order to torment her relations.

The Swedish composer Hallstrom has been invited by the Queen of Roumania to compose the music for the new opera she has just written, the action of which is laid in Roumania.

A plaster cast of the celebrated inscription in Greek and Latin, known as the will of Augustus, made for the British Museum, has been brought from Anezra by Dr. Tomaszewski of Vienna.

The sculptor of the bronze equestrian statue of General Burnside to be erected at Providence, Rhode Island, will be Launt Thompson who worked nine years in the studio of the sculptor Palmer.

Miss Rosalind, a young lady of Pitcairn Island, who is the organist of the place, is about twenty-six, weighs two hundred pounds, never had a shoe on her foot, and can swim like a fish, writes a dainty hand, and is assistant teacher in her father's school; her father is pastor as well as pedagogue.

Mr. John Jones, who died last year, bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum what is called the noblest donation ever made by a private individual to any country in the world's history. Its chief wealth is in Sevres furniture and ormolu-work of the Louis Quatorze and Quinze. Mr. Jones was originally a tailor. *—The Times. That the 9th Earl of Devonshire.*

A boy writing a composition on "Extremes" remarked that "we should endeavour to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."—*Ec.*

A very good joke was recently made at an election in Scotland by one of the defeated candidates. A gentleman approached him with, "Well, Mr. —, how do you feel?" "Well," said he, "I feel I suppose, pretty much as Lazarus did." "As Lazarus did?" said the first speaker; "how is that?" "Why" said he, "Lazarus was licked by dogs and so was I."—*Ec.*