

## EXCHANGES.

The chief attraction in the March number of the *Sunbeam* is a poem called "I am doing no good." The majority of the articles will be entertaining to those who are interested in the college.

The chief article of general interest in the *Philomathean Review* is one on "Parliamentary Law." There is also a portrait and short sketch of the life of Peter Cooper, the New York philanthropist.

The *Queen's College Journal* of March 31st is a most readable number. The articles on "Emerson, the Philosopher," and "Power in Preaching," are very well written." The article "As others see us" certainly does not reflect to the credit of the participants, but we hope the scenes are exaggerated. We are glad to notice that the *Journal* takes the first place among Ontario college papers with a circulation of 800. The *Sunbeam* has an equal number of subscribers.

The *McGill University Gazette* contains an article on Cicero. It is a wonder that the enthusiastic author of this panegyric stopped short with the praise he has given Cicero. He states that we should rest assured with the verdict which Cicero has given of himself, viz.: that he was a man whose virtues rather than his vices proved his ruin. But if Cicero had not backbone enough to put into practice his good intentions, his reputation must suffer for it. The *Gazette* also contains the Annual University Lecture, which was delivered by Principal Dawson.

The *Argosy* contains an article on "Design in Nature," which is worthy of careful perusal. The usual poem is by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes instead of Oscar Wilde.

"University Life in Ancient Athens" is the most interesting article in the *King's College Record* for March.

The *University Monthly* enters upon its second year with the March number, and, resolved not to be behind the majority of college papers, has appointed a "Fighting Editor," on whom all visitors are requested to call before invading the editorial office with warlike intentions. The contents are all interesting.

## FROM HAMBURG TO GOTTENBURG BY SEA.

On the morning of Oct. 14th, 1869, we sighted the red buoy outside of Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, where we got a pilot, and soon after sailed into the harbor and anchored for the purpose of being inspected by the health officer, a precaution always taken with foreign-going vessels at a quarantine station.

Cuxhaven is pleasantly situated on a large and safe harbor, which is one of the best on the coast and much resorted to by vessels in distress, by reason of its easy access and land-locked situation. There is a large lighthouse and semaphore station on the point of land nearest the sea, and vessels are reported at Hamburg, 80 miles up the river, in a very short time after coming in sight of the station.

Soon after anchoring we were boarded by the doctor; and the crew closely inspected. All being found in good health,

we were allowed to proceed up the river, which we did without delay, the wind being fair and blowing pretty fresh.

The scenery immediately above Cuxhaven is rather tame consisting of sand banks and windmills, with some fishermen's houses, and the river being very wide, there was not much to be seen: but after sailing about 30 miles it narrowed rapidly and a good view could be had of both banks. The grass here was tall and rich, and the heavy elm trees, of which there were large numbers, presented a very fine appearance on the shores, and at every few miles a village could be seen almost covered with trees, the red tiled roofs contrasting beautifully with the dark green leaves; here and there a tall church spire appeared above the houses, from which the sound of bells could be heard at intervals. It was not an easy matter to get the work done about the vessel, the crew being so interested in the views on shore, which were of such a novel character to eyes accustomed only to English or American sights, but the captain could not blame the sailors when he himself, leaving the sailing of the vessel entirely to the pilot, kept his glass fixed on some old castle or fortress, built generally of white stone, of which there were always two or three in sight, covered with ivy and looking very picturesque in the distance.

At Gluckstadt, 45 miles from the mouth of the river, we got a tugboat and furled our sails, an operation which took a great deal longer than it generally does at sea, on account of the beautiful and ever-changing views of the surrounding country, which could be seen so much better aloft than on deck.

The country looked more cultivated and the villages closer together as we proceeded up the river, till about 4 p. m. the town of Altona, about two miles from Hamburg, came in view, with several large steamers of the Havre and New York Line lying at the wharves, this place being the limit of navigation for these monsters. From Altona to Hamburg the road is one continuous range of houses on both sides, and also on the river bank; the wharves almost touch each other. Soon after passing Altona we reached Hamburg, which is situated on an enlargement of the river, affording accommodation to a large number of vessels of moderate draft. The river here is quite swift and clear, and is much resorted to by bathers in the summer, who pay a small sum for the privilege of bathing in the floating baths, which are covered in on top and sides, with bow and stern ports for the entrance and exit of the water.

There is a beautiful lake near the city called the Alster and a small river of the same name connecting it with the Elbe, and in summer a large number of small steam launches may be seen darting about with their bright colors, and at night red and green lights, making quite a fairy scene, which, with the numerous bands of music playing in the beer gardens, is calculated to drive all ideas of work out of the ordinary head; and indeed Hamburg is looked upon by English and American sailors as little short of Paradise as long as their money holds out.

An arm of the Elbe enters the city from the eastward and is divided into a number of canals, which run in various directions till they unite and join the Alster at the southern end, where they form a deep harbor, in the bottom of which strong piles are driven, to which the vessels are secured. This place is called Rummelhaven.