

South's Corner.

NUREMBERG.

[The following poem, by H. W. Longfellow, comes with propriety after the successive articles on the city of Nuremberg recently inserted on the fourth page of the Berean. The "pix of sculpture rare" means Adam Kraft's astonishing work, mentioned in the last number. Of

"Hans Sachs, who was a shoe-maker and a poet too," as the old German rhyme hath it, a biography is contained in the first volume of the Berean, numbers 46 and 47.]

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song, Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng;

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold, Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme, That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band, Stand the mighty lindens planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Every where I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art: Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone, By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust, And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare, Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart, Lived and laboured Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;

Here in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand, Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies; Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair, That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes, Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild, Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme, And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poetry bloom In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft, Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor, And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song, As the old man grey and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his care and care, Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard; But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away, As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a flower-let of the soil, The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travellers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in winter, they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see

hardly anything but their eye-brows, and these were white and glistening with frost. At length they saw a poor man, who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travellers. "Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveller; "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped his sledge. "Come," said he, "come help me to rouse him." "Not I," replied the other; "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here and keep myself as warm as I can, till you come back." So saying he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man, whom they had providentially discovered. The ordinary means for restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveller was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure; and what was the consequence? Why the very effort which he had made to warm the stranger warmed himself! And thus he had a two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions which he had made. And how was it with his companion, who had been so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep warm!

The lesson derived from this little incident is very obvious. We are all travellers to a distant country. At every step of our journey we find other travellers, who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers;—and, far as the eye can reach, we see their dense and gloomy rank. Now there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go forward with the stern purpose of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying, in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our better feelings, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;" or we can say with the warm-hearted traveller, "I cannot see this man perish; I must hasten to his relief." And the rule which we adopt for our guidance in such cases will determine the question, whether we are to be happy or unhappy.—The man who lives only for himself, cannot be happy. God does not smile upon him; and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joy in his own bosom.—*Dayspring.*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, writing to one of his citizens.

Some time ago a tailor at Breslau sent to his Majesty an autograph letter from Frederick the Great when Crown Prince, and asked, as a reward for this valuable present, that the King would accept and acknowledge it in his own handwriting. His Majesty did so in the following letter:—

"Potsdam, Jan. 15. "I have been informed, my dear Mr. Bær, that, as a return for the letter of the great King which you have sent me, you wish to possess my handwriting. With this request I comply most cheerfully, as the letter has a particular value, because it affords a deep insight into the emotions caused by the frequent unhappiness attached to the early years of the great monarch. The return which you request for so valuable a present is but too valueless, and therefore I could at least wish to write these lines as handsomely as possible, and that again is unfortunately an accomplishment which I have forgotten long ago. It is impossible for me, as it is for every sovereign living, to govern and rule as well as the great Friedrich, I must, in justice to myself, call your attention to the circumstance that my handwriting is at least a little better than his. Your gift, however, has a still greater value in my eyes; it is a proof of the good and loyal sentiments which prevail among us, and which have gained us that respect and that standing among other nations which we so eminently possess. These sentiments, however, are at the present time a little checked by the unreasonable and foolish demands, which it is impossible to answer, and which only would lead to ruin if complied with. Strengthen therefore, my dear Bær, those excellent, strong, and patriotic sentiments which the citizens of your native town possess in so high a degree. The principal object of my writing is to thank you most heartily for the pleasure you have afforded me by forwarding the interesting letter; when I again come to Breslau I hope to see you. Fare you well.

(Signed) "FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

A GIGANTIC WINTER-GARDEN AT PARIS.—Our frivolous folk and rich loungers have been very busy with the re-opening of the Jardin d'Hyver. The sight is, indeed, marvellous, and it will become a far greater wonder when all the flowers which are announced shall have attained their growth. People talk of a legion of 12,000 camellias, which are destined to come into bloom within the same twenty-four hours, and for six weeks to decorate the gigantic flower-beds. In consequence, the Jardin d'Hyver is the fashionable paradox, the thousand and second night of the Arabian tales; it is the East in the heart of Paris. People now say, "Let us go to the Jardin d'Hyver," as they formerly said, "Let us go to Baden, Florence, Naples." The temperature is about the same as in the Antilles, thanks to two monumental fire-places, in which blaze unceasingly tremendous coals fires. Next to one of those chimney-pieces, and behind a weeping willow, stands a charming

aviary, full of birds flying, skipping, and warbling away, and having, in the most inclement frost, nought to dread beyond the prospect of awakening some fine morning, thoroughly roasted and cooked—and that would, indeed, be a pity. More than £100,000 have already been expended upon this Jardin d'Hyver. It remains to be seen whether the profits will bear any satisfactory proportion to the immense outlay; and the question would be easy of solution were the present crowds ever to continue flocking there as eagerly as in the first days of January. Many a daily amount of receipts has exceeded the sum of 12,000*l.* (£180). But with our public, as inconstant as it is prone to curiosity, how is it possible to depend on a lasting infatuation?—*Literary Gazette.*

THE NATIONAL CLOCK.—The publication of certain parliamentary papers furnishes us with several particulars respecting the great clock which it is proposed to construct in the tower of the new Houses of Parliament. It will be, when completed, the most powerful clock of the kind in the kingdom. According to the specification, it is to "strike the hours on a bell of from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter." With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions surpass those of any other clock face in Europe. The dial of St. Paul's is as yet the largest in this country with a minute hand; it is eighteen feet in diameter. Most of the clocks in Belgium which strike on large bells have to be wound up every day; but the new one is to be an eight-day clock; and, as we are informed, every resource of modern art and science will be made use of to render it a standard. We are glad to see it in contemplation to take advantage of one of the most interesting inventions of the day for a galvanic communication between the clock and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The four sets of hands with the motion wheels, it has been calculated, will weigh 15 cwt; the head of the hammer, 260 lbs.; the weights from 150 to 300 lbs.; and the pendulum bob, 300 cwt. One of the candidates proposes to jewel the escapement pallet with sapphires, as preferable to the stones generally made use of. The hands are to keep going while the clock is being wound up; but the motion of the minute hand is not to be constant; it will move once every twenty seconds, when it will go over a space of nearly four inches. It is hoped that the astronomer-royal's recommendation, with regard to facilities for the admission of visitors, will be adopted to the letter. "As it is intended," he says, "that this clock should be one of which the nation may be proud, and in which the maker ought to feel that his credit is deeply concerned, I would propose that the access to it should be made good, and even slightly ornamented, and that facility should be given to the inspection of the clock by mechanics and foreigners."

RAPID TRAVELLING TO PARIS. COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.—A deputation of Directors of the Boulogne and Amiens Railway Company has been in London some few days past, to arrange with the Directors of the South Eastern Railway for the commencement of thorough traffic between London and Paris. The double line of rails is now laid the entire distance from Boulogne to Paris, with the exception of half a mile, and it is expected the railway will be opened throughout on the 15th of next month, thus enabling the passengers to proceed the whole distance from London Bridge to Paris by steam. There will, from that date, be five through trains daily from Boulogne to Paris. The departures from Boulogne will be 4 a. m., 8 a. m., 11 a. m., 3 p. m., and 9 p. m.; from Paris at 8 a. m., 9 a. m., 12 at noon, 4 p. m., and 7 p. m. The trains from Paris at 8 a. m., and Boulogne at 3 p. m., will be express trains, performing the distance in 5 hours and 20 minutes. A steamer will leave Folkestone for Boulogne, to proceed by the express train at 3 p. m., and a special train will leave the other side, in union with the express train leaving Paris at 8 a. m. This arrangement will enable parties who leave London or Paris in the morning after breakfast, to reach their respective destinations on the same evening. The passengers will be booked through on either side.—*Eur. Times.*

THE LATE KING OF DENMARK. Christian VIII., the late King of Denmark, Duke of Sleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, &c., died at Copenhagen, on the 20th Jan., in the sixty-second year of his age, and the ninth of his reign, having succeeded his cousin, Frederick VI., on the 3rd of December, 1839. He was born September 18, 1786; married a second time May 22, 1815, to Caroline Amelia, of Sleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, born June 18, 1796, now surviving Queen Dowager, with whom he had no issue; but of his first marriage was born, October 6, 1808, Frederick Carl Christian, now actually proclaimed King of Denmark, who ascends the throne as Frederick VII. During his short reign of eight years, Christian VIII. has had the satisfaction of seeing Denmark prospering, and rapidly increasing its internal resources. The finances have improved, as well as agriculture and commerce; and all branches of industry, as well as the arts and sciences, of which this accomplished King was the great protector. His unusual abilities, excellent intentions, and gentlemanly manners, would, no doubt, have secured the deceased King the best affections of the Danish people, if he had not unfortunately clung to the old-fashioned principles of that absolute government which he inherited with the ministers of his predecessor, and had not sufficient courage to throw aside although repeatedly urged by the petitions of the people who could never forget that he had

been instrumental in procuring for Norway (formerly under the sway of the Danish Kings) its excellent constitution. Had he acted with courage and decision in establishing a responsible government, instead of advocating slow reforms, it is most likely that the unfortunate dissensions with the Duchies would not have arrived at the extreme point of bitterness now existing. The new King, in the proclamation destined to announce his accession to the throne, declares that he will continue the work of his father, and that he will inaugurate his reign by giving to the country new institutions. These political concessions may gain for him some degree of popularity; but, at present, he is not much liked by the people, on account of his personal character, of which many most unkindly anecdotes are in circulation. He is divorced from his second wife, a Princess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, and has no children. The presumptive heir to the throne, therefore, is his uncle, Prince Frederick, now nearly sixty years of age, and also childless. After him, should the present King not marry again, the Crown would pass to Prince Frederick, eldest son of the Landgravine of Hesse, eldest sister to the late King. His accession will lead to a forced solution of the question of the separation of Holstein from the Crown of Denmark, a question raised at the end of 1816, by a rescript of King Christian VIII., and which has so much agitated men's minds in the Duchies and in Germany. The Duchy, being wholly German, wishes to be separated from the Danish Monarchy, and become, under the Duke of Augustenburgh, a part of the Confederation. It was the expressed determination of the late King to keep the succession of the Duchy of Holstein in the female line; against this resolve the Duchy itself has protested.

RESULT OF THE SICILIAN REVOLUTION. The Proclamation, dated Naples, Jan. 29, 1818. Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies and of Jerusalem, Duke of Parma and of Placenza, Grand Hereditary Prince of Tuscany, &c.,

"Having heard the general wish of our well beloved subjects to have guarantees and institutions in conformity with the present civilization, we declare that our will is to descend to the desires which have been manifested to us by giving a constitution, and for that purpose we have charged our new Minister of State to present to our approbation in a period which must not exceed ten days, a project on the following basis:—

"The legislative power shall be exercised by us and by two Chambers—namely, a Chamber of Peers and a Chamber of Deputies. The members of the first Chamber shall be nominated by us; the Deputies shall be nominated by electors on the basis of a property qualification which shall be fixed.

"The only dominating religion of the state shall be the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion, and no other form of worship shall be tolerated.

"The person of the King shall always be sacred, inviolable, and not subject to responsibility.

"The Ministers shall always be responsible for all the acts of the Government.

"The land and sea services shall always be dependent on the King.

"The national guard shall be organized in all the kingdom on a uniform mode, similar to that of the capital.

"The press shall be free, and only subject to a repressive law for all that may offend religion, morality, public order, the King, the royal family, foreign Sovereigns and their families, as well as the honour and interests of private individuals.

"In here notifying to the public our sovereign and free resolution, we confide in the loyalty and good sense of our people for the maintenance of the order and respect due to the laws and constituted authorities. (Signed) "FERDINAND. (Countersigned) "DUKE DE SERRA CAPRIOLA, Minister Secretary of State, President of the Council of Ministers."

The proclamation of the Constitution was received with the greatest manifestation of joy, and during two days the King, Queen, and Princes, the nobility, and the citizens appeared to be all animated with one idea—the welfare of the country, and the preservation of order, amidst an enthusiastic effervescence, which is easily accounted for, when it is considered that, without any transition, that country passes from, perhaps, the most absolute regime in Europe to the Constitution, which it cost France so many struggles to establish. On the 20th of January the entire population of Naples and its environs traversed the streets in their holiday attire, and adorned with Italian three-coloured ribands. In the street of Toledo particularly, from the palace of the King to the extremity of that immense street, a *corso* had been organized, which lasted the whole day. From all the windows men and women waving handkerchiefs responded to the continual *vivas* of the crowd, both on foot and in vehicles, containing each from twelve to fifteen persons. The King rode out on horseback without any escort, and traversed that dense mass of people, which crowded round him and thanked him with an effusion peculiar to Italian manners. His Majesty perceiving in a group the son of the Duke of Proto, (the young Duke of Albanetto,) who had been imprisoned some weeks before on account of his political opinions, rode up to him, and thus addressed him:—"Proto, calm your desires. You see that I have done all that I should do. You also have a duty to fulfil." Then, finding that he wore a tricoloured cockade, the King added, "Do not carry those colours; they are not mine—they would involve you in difficulties with other countries. I have my cockade, and it is not necessary to change it, because we have a Constitution." The young Duke, almost moved to

tears by those words, promised the King not to wear those colours, and entreated his Majesty to appear in the evening at the theatre. The King replied that he would willingly do so, but that he was too tired, and promised to repair thither on the following evening. In a remote quarter of the city, the King was saluted by a crowd of persons of the lower orders with cries of "Viva the King! Down with the Constitution!" The King stopped and gently reprimanded them, saying that this was no business of theirs (*quest' affare non vi riguarda*), that it was a form of government like another, and that he had freely granted it because he considered it the best. Then turning towards a clergyman who stood by, "Explain this," said he, "to these good people." During that long promenade, the King was the object of the most noisy demonstrations of joy and affection; and when he re-entered the palace the whole of the troops, in their grand uniform and with perfect order, defiled under the windows of the royal residence.

TESTIMONY TO LORD ROSSE AS A MECHANIC.—On one occasion when he was but a youth, he went to an exhibition at the Adelaide Gallery, where some kind of London steam engine was being exhibited. By some means or other the exhibitor could not set his engine going; all his efforts to effect it were in vain, and he was about to give it up in despair, when Lord Rosse stepped forward, and said he thought he could make it work. No sooner said than done. He put his hand to the work, discovered by an instant's look where the machinery was out of order, and made a few turns, put all to rights, and then the machine, to the admiration of the company, worked beautifully. Lord Oxmantown (for that was then his only title) was dressed rather roughly, and not in drawing room habiliments, so that he might be mistaken as, he was, for a poor mechanic. He had already, however, proved himself to be a first rate one. Led by his rather rude appearance to suppose that he was a workman who would be glad of a job, a gentleman accosted him, and saying he was in want of a man of talent like him, offered to employ him, at a liberal salary. Lord Rosse of course politely declined the offer, which, however, was perhaps as honourable to him who made it, as to him to whom it was made.

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