

To say it was to do it,
When he had vowed his vow;
So, full of hearty action,
Himself he grasped the plough.

The neighbours flocked around him,
And gazed with purblind eyes,
Or lifted up their timid hands
In marvellous surprise.
Many there were who mock'd him,
And a few there were, who, then,
Went home with hearts uplifted,
Wiser and better men.
But the Man wrought on undaunted;
Nor stint nor stay he knew,
Till, where the wild weeds flourished,
Fair grains and grasses grew.

The stubborn glebe he tilled,
With an iron, resolute will,
And the blossoms of the spring time
The air with perfume fill.
The autumn brought the fruitage—
The corn, oil, and the wine—
And the Man he said, yet humbly,
"Lo! these good deeds are mine.
Though I have read but little,
Sure I have wrought the more,
And have made two blades of grass grow
Where one blade grew before."

By brave words and stout labour,
His high success he taught;
And though his phrase was homely,
'Twas Manhood spake and wrought;
And when his work was ended,
He laid him calmly down to rest,
Full of hope and reverent meekness,
With the sunshine on his breast;
And when flowers bloomed above him,
And time some years had won,
Men began to know and love him,
Through the good deeds he had done.

New Works.

FOREST LEAVES. By Lydia Jane Pearson.
THE FOREST.

Yes, I will go down to the hemlock dell,
Where the pure young breezes play,
Where the waters gush with a witching swell
Of dreamy melody.

Where the wild bird warbles her lullaby,
As the free winds rock her nest,
And the mountain doe comes stealing by
To her quiet place of rest.

Where the wild bee swings in the dewy flower,
With a low, delicious hum,
And the diamond drops of the blessed shower
Like welcome strangers come.

Through branches, which more than a hundred
years,
Have shadow'd the holy spot,
Lest the sun-beam should kiss away the tears
Of the sweet forget-me-not.

SUNSET IN THE FOREST.

Hark! from the dell
Where sombre hemlocks sigh unto the stream,
Which, with its everlasting harmony,
Returns each tender whisper; what a gush
Of liquid melody, like soft, rich tones
Of flute and viol, mingling in sweet strains
Of love and rapture, floats away tow'rd heaven.
'Tis the Adello from her sweet place,
Singing to Nature's God the perfect hymn.

Does it not seem
That earth is listening to that evening song?
There's such a hush on mountain plain, and
streams.
Seems not the sun to linger in his bower
On yonder leafy summit, pouring forth
His glowing adoration unto God,
Blent with the evening hymn? while ever
flower
Bows gracefully, and mingles with the strain
Its balmy breathing.

A HAND BOOK OF SPAIN: for Travellers in
Spain.

POSADA OF SPAIN.

The 'posada' is the genuine Spanish Inn; the term is very ancient, and, like our own word inn, or the French hotel, was originally applied to the dwellings of the higher classes; it then passed down to any house of rest or lodging, whether private or public. The 'posada' is as a public inn is, strictly speaking, bound only to furnish lodging, salt, and the means of cooking whatever the traveller brings with him, or purchases in the village; it differs from the fonda, where eatables and drinkables are provided in the house. The posada, which in smaller towns, degenerates into a 'venta,' ought only to be compared to the 'khans' of the East, and never to the inns of Europe. If foreigners, and especially Englishmen, would only bear this in mind, they would save themselves a great deal of time, trouble, and disappointment, and not expose themselves, by their loss of temper on the spot, or in their notebooks. No Spaniard is ever put out, although he maddens in a moment at the slightest personal affront, for blood boils without fire, 'la sangre hierre sin fuego.' He takes these things coolly, which more phlegmatic, cooler-blooded foreigners seldom do. The native, like the Oriental, does not expect to find anything, and, accordingly, is never surprised at only getting what he brings with him. His surprise is reserved for those rare occasions when he finds any thing actually ready, at a venta, which he considers to be a godsend. As most travellers carry their provisions with them, the uncertainty of demand would prevent the 'ventero' from filling his larder with pe-

rishable commodities; and formerly, owing to absurd local privileges, he very often was not permitted to sell objects of consumption to travellers, because the lords or proprietors of the town or village had set up other shops, little monopolies of their own. These inconveniences sound worse on paper than in practice. Whenever laws are decidedly opposed to common sense and the public benefit, they are neutralized in practice; the means to elude them are soon discovered; the innkeeper, if he has not the things by him himself, he knows where to get them. Travellers generally either send out and buy what they want, or give the money to the innkeeper. On starting next day, a sum is charged for lodging, service, and dressing the food: this is called 'el ruido de casa,' an indemnification to the innkeepers for the noise, the disturbance, which the traveller is supposed to have created; and no word can be better chosen to express the varied, and never-ceasing din of mules, muleteers, songs, dancing, and laughing, the dust, the row, which Spaniards, men as well as beasts, kick up. The English traveller, who will have to pay the most in purse and sleep for this noise, will often be the only quiet person in the house; he might claim indemnification for the injury done to his acoustic organs, on the principle of the Turkish soldier, who makes his entertainer pay him teeth-money, to make up for the damage done to his molars and incisors, from masticating indifferent rations. Akin to the posada is the 'parador,' a word derived from the Arabic warada, so 'halt.' It is a caravanserai for the reception of wagons, carts, and beasts of burthen; these large establishments are often placed outside the town, to avoid the heavy duties and vexatious examinations at the gates.

ROUGH NOTES OF A LARK among the Fiords and Mountains of the North.

NORWEGIAN HEBES.

I forgot to mention before, another custom, which at first appeared to us very odd—that of the ladies getting up from table, and attending their guests. This is not so prevalent a custom here, nor in the south, I understand, as in the north. I confess I like it; and the bright wine seems to sparkle more clearly, when poured out by the fair hand of the lovely girl at your side, than when filled by servants. The natural ease and grace with which these slight attentions are performed, are very pleasing.

BRITISH CHEERS.

We went to a public dinner in celebration of the King's birth-day. At this dinner they gave the health of 'Victoria, Queen of England,' in order to pay us a compliment. One thing struck me then, as it has often done elsewhere, no people can Cheer but the British. More than twenty times our number were present; but our four voices rang, clear and loud, over all. I have always found this to be the case, whenever foreigners and British meet.

BETROTHING.

Another custom of this country is that of betrothing people for a certain time before they are married,—never less than one year and often several. A regular ceremony is gone through, and the parties are regarded as booked. Still, the marriage may be broken off afterwards; but this is almost never the case. It is not considered correct to get married without conforming to this custom, although such things will sometimes happen. I remember, at one of the balls we were at, sitting chatting beside a handsome young widow, and, in the course of our conversation, this custom was alluded to. I, not approving, spoke against it, saying, that it gave a great deal of trouble, and that it would be better to adopt the English fashion of allowing people to marry whenever they felt inclined. She replied, "Oh, you may do that in 'Trondjem too if you like.'" I never felt so like a gone coon in all my life.

THE DISPATCHES AND LETTERS OF LORD NELSON, with Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas.

BATTLE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

By 1797, Nelson had left his beloved Agamemnon, and his pendant was flying in the Captain, on what he terms, "the most glorious St. Valentine's day," or 14th February, the day which witnessed the first great sea-fight, in which the hero already of "and hundred and twenty" engagements pre-eminently distinguished himself. About this affair there was afterwards some misunderstanding between Nelson and Admiral Parker; but though as jealous as Hotspur, of being deprived of one atom of his glory, and often indignant at the "hugh cantles" swept off by commanders inferior in talents, though higher in rank and station, there is no reason to think that Nelson ever grudged, or much less defrauded any other commander of the fame he merited. Laying aside the misunderstanding, which Sir Nicholas Harris properly throws back into the appendix, we take in preference to all other accounts and commentaries, Nelson's own private gazette of the great battle with the Spanish Fleet. It is entitled by him

"A FEW REMARKS RELATIVE TO MYSELF IN THE CAPTAIN, IN WHICH MY PENDENT WAS FLYING ON THE MOST GLORIOUS VALENTINE'S DAY, 1797."

"On the 13th February, at 6 P. M. shifted my pendant from La Minerve frigate to the Captain."

"Valentine's day, at daylight, signal to prepare for battle: at 10, saw some strange ships standing across the van of our fleet, on the larboard tack, which sailing in two divisions, eight in the weather, seven in the lee, on the starboard tack. About 11, signal to form the

line, as most convenient. At twenty-five past 11, the action commenced in the van, then passing through the enemy's line. About 1 A. M. the Captain having passed the sternmost of the enemy's ships, which formed their van, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, and perceiving the Spanish fleet to bear up before the wind, evidently with an intention of forming their line, going large—joining their separated division,—or flying from us; to prevent either of their schemes from taking effect, I ordered the ship to be wore, and passing between the Diadem and Excellent, at ten minutes past 1 o'clock, I was in close action with the van, and, of course, leewardmost of the Spanish fleet. The ships which I know were the Santa Trinidad, San Joseph, Salvador del Mundo, San Nicolas, San Isidro, another first-rate and seventy-four, names not known. I was immediately joined and most nobly supported by the Culloden, Captain Troubridge. The Spanish fleet, from not wishing, I suppose to have decisive battle, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, which brought the ships above mentioned to be the leewardmost ships in their fleet. For an hour, the Culloden and Captain supported this apparently, but not in reality, unequal contest, when the Blenheim, passing to windward of us and ahead, eased us a little. By this time, the Salvador del Mundo and San Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into a mastery style by the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, who compelled them to hoist English colours, when, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, he most gallantly pushed up to save his old friend and mesmate, who was in appearance in a critical situation: the Blenheim having fallen to leeward, and the Culloden crippled and astern, the Captain at this time being actually fired upon by three first-rates, and the San Nicolas, and a seventy-four, and about pistol-shot distance of the San Nicolas. The Excellent ranged up with every sail set, and hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the San Nicolas luffing up, the San Josef fell on board her, and the Excellent passing on for the Santa Trinidad, the Captain resumed her situation abreast of them, close alongside.

"At this time the Captain having lost her fore-topmast—not a sail, ahrowd, or rope standing, the wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the line or in chase, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

"The soldiers of the 69th regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, with Lieutenant Pierson, of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen-chains, was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant. He was supported from our sprit-sail-yard; and a soldier of the 69th regiment having broke the upper quarter-gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others, as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier (commodore with a distinguishing pendant) fell as retreating to the quarter-deck. Having pushed on the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. The San Josef at this moment fired muskets and pistols from the admiral's stern-gallery on us. Our seamen by this time were in full possession of every part; about seven of my men were killed, and some few wounded, and about twenty Spaniards.

"Having placed sentinel sat the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to push more men into the San Nicolas, I directed my brave fellows to board the first rate, which was done in a moment. When I got into her main chains, a Spanish officer came upon the quarter-deck rail, without arms, and said the ship had surrendered. From this welcome information, it was not long before I was on the quarter deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bended knee presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying with his wounds below. I gave him my hand, and desired him to call to his officers and ship's company that the ship had surrendered, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which as I received I gave to William Fearnley, one of my bargemen, who placed them, with the greatest sang froid, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson, 69th regiment, John Skyes, John Thompson, Frances Cook, and William Fearnley, all Agamemnons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships. The Victory passing saluted us with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet. The Minerve sent a boat for me, and I hoisted my pendant on board her, directing Captain Cockburn to put me on board the first uninjured ship of the line which was done; and I hoisted my pendant in the Irresistible, but the day was too far advanced to venture on taking possession of the Santa Trinidad, although she had long ceased to resist, as it must have brought on a night action with a still very superior fleet. At dusk, I went on board the Victory, when the admiral received me on the quarter deck, and having embraced me, said he could not sufficiently thank me, and used every kind expression, which could not fail to make me happy. On my return on board the Irresistible my bruises were looked at and found but trifling, and a few days made me as well as ever.

"H. N."

"N.B.—There is a saying in the fleet to flattering for me to omit telling—viz. "Nelson's patent bidge for boarding first rates," alluding

to my passing over an enemy's eighty gun ship; and another of a sailor's taking me by the hand on board the San Josef, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and assuring me he was heartily glad to see me."

That our account of this famous engagement may be in some measure complete, we sub-join the following particulars of the boarding of the Spanish ships by the "Nelson patent bidge," which were on the next day communicated by Nelson, in a conversation with Colonel Drinkwater. "I saw," said Nelson, speaking with great animation,

"That from the disabled state of the Captain, and the effective attack of the approaching British ships, I was likely to have my beaten opponent taken from me; I therefore decided to board the St. Nicolas, which I had chiefly fought, and considered to be my prize. Orders were given to lay the Captain aboard of her: the sprit-sail yard passed into her mizen rigging. Lieutenant Berry, with the ship's Boarders, and Captain Pierson with the 69th regiment, (acting as marines on board the Captain,) soon got possession of the enemy's ship. Assisted by one of the sailor's I got from the fore chains into the quarter gallery, through the window, and thence through the cabin to the quarter deck, where I found my gallant friends already triumphant." "He then gave the details of the extraordinary circumstances attending his afterwards getting possession of the St. Josef.

THE LIFE OF MOZART, including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes.

The life of Mozart is pregnant with incident and interest. The development of his surprising genius was not restrained until he had attained to manhood, but began with his earliest infancy. Musical talent seems, indeed, to have been in the family. His father was the vice chapel-master and violinist of a proud and mean Archbishop of Salzburg, and having to eke out his beggarly emoluments by private tuition he began to instruct his children—the Mozart and his sister, also a prodigy—almost before they were out of leading strings.

"When the girl had reached seven years of age she became her father's pupil on the clavier at which her progress was great and uniform, and finally made her mistress of the highest reputation that any female performer had ever acquired on a keyed instrument. Her brother at this time three years old, was a constant attendant on her lessons, and already showed, by striking thirds, and pleasing his ear by the discovery of other harmonious intervals, a lively interest in music. At four he could always retain in memory the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard; and now his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. The musical faculty appears to have been intuitive in him, for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time: his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass. To learn a minuet required half an hour; for a longer piece, an hour; and having once mastered them, he played them with perfect neatness and exact time. His progress was so great, that at four years of age, or earlier, he composed little pieces, which his father wrote down for him."

His desire of knowledge was great on all subjects, but it was in music that his genius thus revealed itself:—

"One day as Leopold Mozart, accompanied by a friend, had just returned home from the church, he found little Wolfgang very busy with pen and ink. "What are you doing there?" said his father. "Writing a concerto for the clavier," replied the boy. "The first part is just finished."—"It must be something very fine, I dare say—let us look at it."—"No, no," said Wolfgang, "It is not ready yet." The father however took up the paper, and he and his friend began at first to laugh heartily over this gillimitas of notes, which was so blotted as to be scarcely legible; for the little composer had continually thrust his pen to the bottom of the inkstand, and as often wiped away with the palm of his hand the blot thus brought up, intent solely upon committing his thoughts to writing. But as the father examined the composition more closely, his gaze became rivetted to the page, and tears of joy and wonder began to roll down his cheeks, for there were ideas in this music far beyond the years of his son. "See," said he, smiling to his friend, "how regularly and correctly written it is; though no use can be made of it, for it is so immensely difficult, nobody could play it."—"It is a concerto," returned little Wolfgang, "and be practised before it can be performed. It ought to go in this way." He then began to play it, but was unable to accomplish more than to give a notion of his design. This concerto was written with a full score of accompaniments, even trumpets and drums.

"What the ideas of a child of six years old could have been respecting the combination and employment of instruments, may be dismissed from the imagination for another wonder, which is, however, rather a matter of fact than of conjecture; namely, that at this age, Mozart knew the effect of sound as represented by notes, and had overcome the difficulty of composing unaided by an instrument."

Wolfgang, with his father and sister, visited Munich at this period, and performed a concerto in the presence of the elector. On his return to Salzburg, he made acquaintance with the violin.

"Before he had received any regular lessons, his father was one day visited by a violinist named Wenzel, an excellent performer, for the purpose of trying over some new trios of his composition. Schachtner the trumpeter, who