

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."
 SHAKESPEARE.
 His was the wizard spell,
 The spirit to enchain:
 His grasp o'er nature fell,
 Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.
 His spirit was the home
 Of aspirations high;
 A temple, whose huge dome
 Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.
 Black clouds his forehead bound,
 And at his feet were flowers:
 Mirth, Madness, Magic found
 In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.
 He signs, and lo! Romance
 Starts from its mouldering urn,
 Whilst Chivalry's bright lance
 And nodding plumes return.

SPENCER.
 Within th' enchanted womb
 Of his vast genius, lie
 Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
 Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.
 He hung his harp upon
 Philosophy's pure shrine;
 And placed by Nature's throne,
 Composed each placid line.

WILSON.
 His strain, like holy hymn,
 Upon the ear doth float,
 Or voice of cherubim,
 In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.
 Soaring on pinions proud,
 The lightnings of his eye
 Scare the black thunder-cloud,
 He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.
 He seized his country's lyre,
 With ardent grasp and strong;
 And made his soul of fire
 Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.
 The Passions are thy slaves;
 In varied guise they roll
 Upon the stately waves
 Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.
 In garb of sable hue
 Thy soul dwells all alone,
 Where the sad drooping yew
 Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.
 To bid the big tear start,
 Unchallenged, from its shrine,
 And thrill the quivering heart
 With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.
 On zephyr's amber wings,
 Like thine own Psyche borne,
 Thy buoyant spirit springs
 To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.
 Romance and high-soul'd Love,
 Like two commingling streams,
 Glide through the flowery grove
 Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.
 Crown'd with perennial flowers,
 By Wit and Genius wove,
 He wanders through the bowers
 Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.
 Where Necromancy flings
 O'er Eastern lands her spell,
 Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
 His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.
 Waked into mimic life,
 The Passions round him throng,
 While the loud "Spartan fife"
 Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.
 With all that Nature's fire
 Can lend to polish'd Art,
 He strikes his graceful lyre
 To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.
 Magician, whose dread spell,
 Working in pale moonlight,
 From Superstition's cell
 Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.
 Religious light is shed
 Upon his soul's dark shrine:
 And Vice veils o'er her head
 At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.
 Involved in pall of gloom,
 He haunts, with with footsteps dread,
 The murderer's midnight tomb,
 And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.
 O! when we hear the bell
 Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
 It strikes us like a knell,
 And makes us think of Thee.

W. L. BOWLES.
 From Nature's flowery throne
 His spirit took its flight,
 And moves serenely on
 In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.
 A solitary rock
 In a far distant sea,
 Rent by the thunder's shock,
 An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.
 Upon thy touching strain
 Religion's spirit fair,
 Falls down like drops of rain,
 And blends divinely there.

HOGG.
 Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
 'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
 He sees the faries gleam,
 Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.
 The Seasons as they roll
 Shall bear thy name along;
 And graven on the soul
 Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.
 On every gentler scene
 That moves the human breast,
 Pathetic and serene,
 Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.
 Soft is thy lay—a stream
 Meand'ring calmly by,
 Beneath the moon's pale beam
 Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.
 Wouldst thou his pictures know,
 Their power—their harrowing truth—
 Their scenes of wrath or woe—
 Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.
 Tradition's lyre he plays
 With firm and skilful hand,
 Singing the olden lays
 Of his dear native land.

KEATS.
 Fair thy young spirit's mould—
 Thou from whose heart the streams
 Of sweet Elysium roll'd
 Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.
 Sweet bard, upon the tomb
 In which thine ashes lie,
 The simple wildflowers bloom,
 Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.
 Impugn I dare not thee,
 For I'm of puny brood:
 And thou wouldst punish me
 With pungent hardihood.

REMINISCENCES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain question; and yet it is an art which it evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasive. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister Isle:—

"Is this the nearest road to Cork?"
 "Is it to Cork you are going?"
 "Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road?"
 "Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all."
 "Then which way ought I to go?"
 "Oh, that depends on your honour's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?"
 "Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow—do you know any thing about any kind of road here?"
 "There now, if your honour had asked that before, I could have told you at once."
 "Out with it then!"
 "Why the truth is, your honour, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way."
 "Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?"
 "Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why

did not your honour ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice, and stop where you are."

Mr. C. Croker, in his clever description of the south of Ireland, gives characteristic sketches of the peasantry, which every traveller will realize. The Irishman has the curious habit of conversing confidentially with every thing. "Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village?" said one of the tourists to the driver, who had for the last hour found no slight difficulty in urging on his wearied hacks. "I did not, your honour," was the reply; "but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Lime-riek."

I know few things finer in the northern incantations, or in the Fury scenes of antiquity, than some fragments of an Irish legend of the war between Eagan and "Conn of the hundred battles," probably some Scandinavian Nelson. The night before the final struggle, Eagan received the announcement of his destiny from these Irish Volkyriur:—

"When Eagan came back from the council, three witches stood before him, with fiery-looking eyes, and long grizzly hair hanging down over cadaverous countenances. The eyebrows of these fiends were large, rough, and grim, growing into each other, and forming two arches of matted bristles. Their cheeks were hollow, shrivelled, and meagre; their blasting tongues held ceaseless gabble; and their crooked, yellow, hairy hands, and hooked fingers, resembled the talons of an eagle. Thus, on small, in-bent, and bony legs, they stood before Eagan.

"Whence came ye, foul ones?" asked the chief.

"I demand to know your powers," they replied.

"We make the sea run higher than the mountain-tops by our breath; we bring snow on the earth by the nodding of our hoary heads; we spread flame through cities by our words; we change the shape of all things—of man and ourselves—by the rolling of our eyes!"

"Enough!" exclaimed the mighty Eagan; "I demand your names!"

"Our names are—Ah, Lann, and Leana, daughters of Tradan the magician. We have come from far countries, to warn you of death. Eagan shall fall by the knee-edged and bone-cleaving sword of the ever-victorious 'Conn of the hundred battles.'"

"On your own heads may the warning alight, ye hags! May your forebodings sink into the air, and find no answer in the mountains! May the trees bear the curse of your evil words, the poison of your tongues fall on the rocks of the valley, and your hatred be buried in the billows of the rolling sea!"

"It is the will of Fate that we speak: we have spoken without haste or hire!—Muttering their spells, they vanished from before Eagan.

"That night came the three to the tent of the King of Spain's son; and to him they boded ill; and thence they came where the hosts of 'Conn of the hundred battles' lay on the field, and they roused the hero with their words:

"In thy arm be thy strength; in thy sword be thy safety; in thy face be thy foes; in thy step, thy prosperity! The pride of Ireland is against thee, in life and in motion. Be thou restless as the treacherous light, that shines in the eye of the benighted traveller!"

MAXIMS, &c. RELATING TO HEALTH.

It is observed by Doctor Hufeland, that "the more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence."

Dr. Wainwright says, "a man in perfect health ought always to rise from the table with some appetite," and that "if either the body, or the mind, be less fit for action after eating than before, that is, if the man be less fit either for labour or study, he hath exceeded in the quantity."

Dr. Arbuthnot asserts, that "all the intentions pursued by medicines may be obtained and enforced by diet." And Dr. Buchan says, that "there is no doubt but the whole constitution of body may be changed by diet."

"It may be laid down (says Dr Hufeland) as a fundamental principle, that the more compounded any kind of food is, the more difficult it will be of digestion; and what is still worse, the more corrupt will be the juices which are prepared from it."

It is observed by an ingenious writer, that "they who least consult their appetite, who least give way to its wantonness, or voraciousness, attain generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themselves nothing they can relish, and conveniently procure. And it has been remarked, in favour of temperance, that "misers, who eat and drink but little, always live long."

Cheyne observes, that "water is the most natural and wholesome of all drink, quickens the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most."

Volney says, "Cleanliness has a powerful influence on the health and preservation of the body. Cleanliness, as well in our garments as in our dwellings, prevents the per-

nicious effects of dampness, of bad smells, and of contagious vapours arising from substances abandoned to putrify: cleanliness keeps up a free perspiration, renews the air, refreshes the blood, and even animates and enlivens the mind. Whence we see that persons attentive to the cleanliness of their persons and their habitations, are in general more healthy, and less exposed to diseases than those who live in filth and nastiness; and it may moreover be remarked, that cleanliness brings with it, throughout every part of domestic discipline, habits of order and arrangement, which are among the first and best methods and elements of happiness."

The ancients personified and even deified health. Salus was the goddess of health and safety, to whom there were erected several temples dedicated to Rome.

The following proverbs relate to health:—

"The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman."
 "Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark."
 "A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day."
 "Change your clothes in May, and you will repent many a day."
 "One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after."
 "Feed sparingly and defy the physician."
 "Every man is either a fool or a physician after thirty years of age."

Mr Brougham now and then relapses into a Bar recollection. The following is his best, and as such, his most frequent story. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court:—

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"
 "I saw a stone, and I ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."
 "Was it a large stone?"
 "I should say it were a largish stone."
 "What was its size?"
 "I should say a sizeable stone."
 "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"
 "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."
 "Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"
 "Why as near as I can recollect it wur something of a stone."
 "Can't you compare it to some other object?"
 "Why if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

THE CLEVER AGE.—To hear the present generation talk, one would imagine that all the arcana of human nature had been just discovered, and made as easy as A, B, C.—How Sophocles contrived to affect the feelings or Shakspeare to get such an odd insight into things, must appear a mystery to the men of this generation, seeing that their theories had not yet issued from the womb of time. Every one now a days, who can write a novel or a poem that shall set the young misses a weeping, is pronounced to be brimfull of passion and profound reflection. Truly this profundity is that of a slop basin, the bottom of which you cannot see because it is so full of dregs. Ah! the good old days of Pope and Dryden are passed away! Depend upon it, could Paradise Lost now issue from Murray's Press, it would be pronounced—"Such a work as is by no means lese-majeste in the court of criticism to pass over. A poem of some merit certainly—but by no means distinguished by that depth of feeling and intuitive insight into the human heart, which distinguish the productions of the present day." Do I exaggerate.

It was once observed by Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Earl, "and you may add perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

The Portuguese language must have been very poor before the time of Camoens, for he added two thousand words and they were all accepted on the credit of a single man.

Over the door of a vendor of varieties in a country village is—"Licentious dealer in Backy and Snuff."

At Iron Bridge, Colebrooke Dale, the following notice appears in a window:—

"LecHez Skept herE."

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.—The veriest urchin that ever crept through the High-street Edinburgh, is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishmen. With us it is art; with the Scotch it is nature. They pick your pockets without using their fingers for it; and they prevent reprisal by having nothing for you to pick.

It is with writers as with strolling players the same three ideas that did for Turks in one scene, do for Highlanders in the next.