

Accord.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

HUNDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Tow are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow,
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er the soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched thro' sickness by thy bed,—
Call him a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh! by thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them into heaven. F. H.

Art. II.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From a late Liverpool paper.

MR. BROUGHAM—A PORTRAIT.

The following extract of a letter written by a gentleman who first saw Mr. Brougham at the last York Assizes, to a friend who had never seen him, but who greatly admired that distinguished personage, contains a vivid description of his appearance at the bar—Believing that it will interest and amuse those of our readers who have not the good fortune to behold this extraordinary man, we avail ourselves of a correspondent's kindness to give the portrait at length:

YORK, APRIL 3, 1827.

Well, at length I've seen our great favorite, Henry Brougham, and I feel as if I were a thousand pounds richer than when I left home. I don't forget how strongly you charged me to give you a "full, true and particular account" of the great man; but if you had not not said a syllable, I'm so full of the subject, that I should forthwith have sat down to tell you "all about him." I dare say you will ask—"Is he what you expected?" No, I reply, nobody could have expected to find so singular a looking man. I don't know how or where to begin to describe him—whether at his appearance when sitting, or when speaking—whether at his manner or his eloquence—whether at his ghastly laugh or his terrible sneer—whether at his want of dexterity or tremendous power—whether at his nose or his eyes, his figure or his action. I think you shall begin where I did—you shall have him presented—first you shall find him out in Court, and then you shall watch him through a cause.

Well then, I went to Court with Mr. F. of this city, who knows all the Counsel very well, and he took me to a seat, where we were to have a good view of Mr. Brougham. I will describe the Court to you at another time, as well as the Judge, Mr. Scarlett, the crowd of barristers, &c.; at present I am intent, as I was on entering the Court, on the great orator. Business had just begun, and a trivial cause was proceeding: I immediately asked my friend to point out Mr. Brougham, but he, to exercise my skill in physiognomy, told me to look around and endeavor to find him out myself, only advising me that he was not strikingly handsome. I accordingly began to examine the countenances of the barristers—as much of them at least as could be seen from out of the mass of curls and powder of their overwhelming wigs. But such various shapes of ugliness met my gaze, such uncouth expressions, such pictures of anxious toil; such faithful reflections in their "faded cheeks" of the old parchment which lay before them—mixed, by the way, pretty plentifully with vacant, listless countenances—that I declared it absolutely impossible to form a conjecture which of the wigs and head pieces enshrined the brains of the states-

man. At length, pitying my anxiety, my friend pointed out the object of my curiosity. "Look," said he, "at the further side of the table, just in front of the dandy attorney:—the man with large features and a careless look." "Oh, thank you—aye, a very singular face,—but I didn't know that he squinted."—"That's —," said F. "His the next to him."—"The next? Well, really; he's not so ugly a man, either; what fine black eyes and eyebrows, and Roman nose! Upon my word—it's just what I should!"—"Pho!" interrupted my friend, "that's little Williams; look on the other side of —."—"On the otherside?"—"Yes."—"You don't mean next to Mr. —?"—"Impossible! you're joking. I never saw so empty a face in my life. Do you mean the man with the large turned-up nose, which he pushes up still higher by his hand covering his mouth and cheek?"—"Yes." The dark man, with long lantern jaws, who is just now gaping as if he had not been in bed last night?"—"The same," "with little grey eyes, as dead as a stone?"—"Identically, Mr. Brougham." At this moment Mr. Scarlett threw a note over the table to him, which roused him out of his idle mood. He took his hand from his face and leaning his long figure over the table, with divers and uncouth shrugs and grimaces, rendered more strange by a convulsive twitch of his cheek which pulled about his most prominent feature, he gave a laughing reply to Mr. Scarlett. "Well, positively," I exclaimed to my friend, "he's the most undignified man I ever saw. Is it possible that this is the enlightened statesman,—the senator whose eloquence makes a phalanx of ministers tremble, the man of lofty views, of boundless knowledge, of generous ardor, of indefatigable perseverance?—this the profound savant, the accomplished scholar, the author, the wit, the orator? Lavator was a fool: I'll never trust physiognomy more." Stop a moment," said my friend, "don't be too hasty; this cause is going off, and he's opening his brief, as if he was engaged in the next. If he should be, you may then perhaps see something more answering to your expectations."

My friend was right. Mr. Brougham rose. The cause happened to be insignificant, and he began with the utmost nonchalance. His voice, though strong, had something of the Scottish twang: at first he drawled, especially when he had forgotten a name or a date; and almost as much passed between him and his junior, who answered his questions and supplied him with the facts, as between him and the jury. As he proceeded, however, I noticed that the words came to him very readily, and that he steered through two or three long sentences involved by double or treble parentheses, with great dexterity. His countenance certainly became more intellectual; but the extreme carelessness of his manner, his utter indifference to appearances, and particularly the most incessant twitching of his cheek and nose, made me feel that this was any thing but the beau ideal of an orator.

The witnesses for the plaintiff were soon got through and Mr. Scarlett then made a speech for the defence, in which he showed that Mr. Brougham's was excessively lame and even fraudulent. A few simple honest witnesses, who told a very straight tale, appeared for the defendant, one of them it was Mr. Brougham's duty to cross-examine. He rose with an expression of strong indignation, intended to be virtuous, but only hideous, and fell upon the alarmed witness with a sneering question, which implied a charge of perjury. The poor man trembled—Mr. Brougham's voice thundered out the question a second time, with an improved point; but the witness recovered, and gave a satisfactory explanation. After trying a little further to frighten the witness and impress the jury with the conviction that his evidence was incredible, Mr. Brougham adopted another plan, and began gibing him, endeavoring to throw ridicule on the whole affair. Never did I see or hear a laugh like his: he smiles with his jaws, and laughs with his stomach and shoulders; it is in fact a ghastly grin, nothing spontaneous or voluntary, but requiring the exertion of his whole frame; the laugh is shaken up from the bottom of his stomach, with no small effort of his sides and shoulders, and his features are made to correspond by a distortion intended for a smile. Yet at these times his look is good natured; his attitude droll, and joke drops out after joke with such facility, and so well seasoned, that the court has much ado to retain its gravity.

In his reply to the case for the defence, Mr. Brougham showed great ingenuity, but his sophisms were rather too obvious. He continued to throw infinite ridicule on the opposite witness-

es, availing himself of all their peculiarities, using their dialect and phraseology, applying to them the technical words common in their respective trades, and repeating illustrative anecdotes, so as to keep the whole court, his lordship and the Jury included, in a roar of laughter. Of course he lost his cause.

By this time, you may suppose my opinion of Mr. Brougham was not a little raised, but still he appeared any thing rather than the person I expected to see.—In the course of the same day, however, an important cause relative to the validity of a will came on, in which Mr. Scarlett was engaged for the plaintiff, and Mr. Brougham for the defence; and the latter had decidedly the better cause, though he had to contend against all the skill of his accomplished antagonist, and a host of witnesses brought to establish the adverse interest. Mr. Scarlett put forth his strength, and made out a case which seemed quite impregnable. There was manifestly a fraudulent conspiracy on the one side or the other; the case was one calculated to excite the feelings and interest the mind. I was very curious to hear how Mr. Brougham would answer this case, how he would dispose of the testimony on the other side, and what case he could set up to overthrow it.

He rose with an expression of staid gravity and collected power. His exordium was deliberate and impressive, and I was particularly struck with the fixedness of his gaze. He seemed not so much to look at the Jury as to look through them, and to fix his eye upon them, less for the purpose of seeing how they felt, than to rivet their attention, and as it were to grasp the minds within the compass of its own. The small grey eyes, which in his quiescent state reveal to you nothing, now became keen and strong as the eagle's. The steadfastness of his look, together with the calm and masterly manner in which he disposed of the preliminary considerations, reminded me of an experienced general quietly arranging his forces, and preparing to bear down in overwhelming strength upon a single point. His voice became loud and commanding, his action animated, and his eloquence poured forth like a torrent, strong, copious and impetuous. He first took extensive views and laid down general principles applicable to the case; then he applied these to the particular facts, examining the testimony of each witness, and showing its weakness, the suspicion attaching to it, and its inconsistency either with itself or with the other parts of the evidence. He displayed as much skill in exposing, and, if I may so speak, concentrating the weakness of the opposite side, as in exhibiting his own strength. He unveiled the knavery of the case, and turned all suspicion from his own clients to Mr. Scarlett's.—He lashed some of the witnesses without mercy, and covered them with his sarcasm. His sneer was terrible. He then unfolded his own case with great clearness, and made it appear that he had evidence which would quite overthrow that of the other side, and leave not a doubt on the minds of the Jury. The case being one which required physical and metaphysical observation; from involving a question of bodily and mental derangement, Mr. Brougham's universal knowledge enabled him to treat it in a very luminous manner; he seemed to combine the professional skill of the physician, with the just and profound views of the philosopher. He gave a most striking picture of the diseased and doating testator, coloring it with almost poetical brilliancy, and bringing out the features with a breadth and force peculiarly his own. He gathered his illustrations from nature and from art, and levied contributions on science and literature. Every thing in the manner and matter of the orator bespoke power, the strength of his voice, the sweep of his arm, the piercing glance of his eye, his bitter sneer, his blazing indignation, the force of his retort, and the nervous vigour of his style. He despises the graces of elocution, but seems to have unlimited confidence in the strength and resources of his intellect. In short, this was the highest oratorical achievement it has fallen to my lot to hear, and was of course successful, but it certainly was not one of his greatest efforts. I was fascinated by his eye, and carried away by the torrent of his eloquence; and before quitting the Court, I strongly felt, that on my first view of him I could not bring myself to believe, that I was indeed in the presence of a man of first rate genius and learning, of one who was familiar in the circle of the sciences, whose pen and whose tongue were chiefly at command, who had worthily presided over one university, and founded another; whose enlightened patri-

otism has placed the people of this country into grand and useful undertakings—who had stood up in defence of oppressed innocence, against all the power of a Court, and who had, with great, though varying success, vindicated before the Parliament of Great Britain, the cause of Liberty and justice throughout the world.

A LIFE OF TRIALS.

Human life is indeed a state in which much is to be endured, and to be enjoyed; and I have been early taught that this world is not my home, is not my Canaan; and ought I then to murmur if, in my pilgrimage through the desert, the fruits and flowers of Eden are denied me?

Anonymous.

I have this day completed my ninetieth year.—It may fairly be supposed that vanity has nothing to do with one who is faltering on the brink of the grave; and that she can have little in view, save the instruction of others, in detailing two of the trials of a strange and chequered existence. The first may teach the younger part of my sex, in this age of over-refinement, that if courage be indispensable to bold, enterprising man, self-possession is no less necessary to timid, shrinking woman; and my second, that if anatomical exposure be the nurse—and I believe it—of medical science, caution should be used in the selection of objects, and discrimination in the choice of those who are to participate in its disclosures. And thus, when my feeble voice will be heard in this world no longer, I may instruct from my grave.

I was a girl of eighteen when my father was Governor of York Castle. A murder, attended with circumstances of the most inhuman barbarity, had been perpetrated in our neighbourhood, and an old man with two sons, charged with the commission of the crime, were delivered into his custody. By accident I witnessed their being brought into the Castle. Years have passed away, and other events have succeeded: joy and sorrow, affluence and poverty, like storm and sunshine, have chased each other; foreign scenes and foreign faces have intervened; but I see them before me now—in the deep gloom of midnight in which I am writing—as clear, as eye, as if they were standing in life before me! The hardened, ruthless look of the elder murderer—his venerable, hoary hair frightfully contrasted by the expression of his countenance—his cold grey eye, which glanced incessantly around with the most fearful and restless anxiety—his parched lips and haggard look, sadly at variance with his bent form and tottering gait—all combined to form a picture, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. The two sons stood behind their father. The eldest stern and sullen—muttered an incoherent answer when asked what injury he had received from his victim—while an expression of vindictive triumph glared in his eye: the youngest seemed bowed down with the consciousness of guilt, and kept his eyes fixed sadly on the ground. Once only he raised them. They encountered the old man's glance, and sunk beneath it.

Deposition, after deposition, was drawn out, and such a mass of circumstantial evidence accumulated, that it was hardly possible to doubt their guilt. The trial was to come on in the course of ten days; but in the interim a committee of the House of Commons required my father's presence in town, and I was left in charge of the castle. It was a responsibility which I had incurred before, and it did not appear formidable. I was surrounded by trusty and tried servants, and having always been taught to rely on my own courage and resolution in exigencies, I entered upon my duties without fears. The keys of the different wards were brought me, every night, and remained under my pillow till morning; and that my father's room might be kept perfectly aired, I removed to it the evening after his departure. Things went on smoothly for some days, till, one morning, I was told that the eldest Welsford was not to be found, and was supposed to have made his escape. Pla-cards were posted over York without delay—large rewards offered for his apprehension—officers and constables despatched in all directions—but without success. Eight and forty hours elapsed and no tidings were procured of him. How he had escaped—and to what retreat he had fled—was as much a secret as ever.

In this annoying posture of affairs, I went to my own room, in the evening of the second day, for some papers I wished to consult. I had opened my desk, and was busily prosecuting my search, when, happening to glance my eye round, I distinctly saw the face of a man cautiously peeping over the furniture of my bed. I felt it was Welsford's! My first impulse was to scream, but recollecting that I was alone—in a distant part of the house—that all eyes were

was beyond my reach—then the faintest shriek would seal my doom—I hastily smothered my emotion, and continued my search as before. I confess I trembled—and thinking my death-blow might be dealt from behind, I determined on having what little notice I could; and facing my foe, I drew my chair fronting the bed, and read a letter—my voice, I know, faltered—aloud. I then sang for a few moments—very faintly, I believe!—till, gradually getting nearer and nearer the door, I made a grasp at the lock, and rushed out. I trust I felt as grateful as I ought towards a merciful Providence, when I locked the door upon the Felon!

The turnkeys were then summoned—the fugitive was taken—secured—and, in a few hours afterwards, condemned. On the night preceding his execution he made a full confession. After admitting the justice of his sentence, he continued,—that having discovered by accident his cell joined my apartment, and knowing the keys were given me nightly, he had climbed up one chimney, and let himself down by another into my room; that his design was to have murdered me, possessed himself of the keys—and escaped; that during the two whole days he was missing, he had lain concealed in my room, enduring—as he himself expressed it—"between hunger and disappointment, the torments of the damned." He added, he thought himself in heaven when he at last saw me enter; and though I had not the keys with me, would have been despatched me, but that he was sure from my manner and stay, I had no suspicion he was near me! How closely did I hover on the confines of the other world!—A sound, may even a look, and I should have been in eternity!

I pass over many years in which I was launched on the stormy sea of sorrow, and buffeted with its waves—and hasten to the last trial. I had seen the light turf strewn over my father and five brothers;—one, only one, the youngest, and my favourite, survived.—The death of the others had only knitted us more strongly together, and made us all the world to each other. After having received a thoroughly medical education, he was on the point of entering into partnership, when my mother's death recalled him to York. Her loved form had been deposited in its narrow dwelling, and he was about to return to town, when a friend requested him to demonstrate on a subject, and three days after the funeral he consented to do so. He went to the Infirmary—his instruments were ready—and every preparation had been made—but when the cloth which covered the body was removed, he recognised his—own mother! The empire of reason was at an end. He rushed from the room a maniac!

I am now an isolated being. Of a large and happy family, I remain the solitary survivor. But do I complain? do I repine? Oh no!—Roses have been scattered among the thorns which have strewn my path thro' life; and feeling that my connection with earth and its illusions will be shortly closed, I look forward to the period when the storms and tempests, that have deformed the evening of my days, will be succeeded by the never failing pleasures of eternal spring. RACHEL.

Dense Fogs.—There have been remarked at different times, in the winter seasons, such dense fogs as to occasion serious accidents from their interference with distinct vision. These are observed in and about large towns only, and are supposed by M. De-franc to originate from the stagnation of the smoke and vapours generated in such situations. On certain calm winter days, it may be observed that the smoke, on leaving the chimneys, falls to the ground; and that downward currents set through those fires, at the bottom of which there is no fire; and it is supposed that when this takes place in a town, it occasions the fogs peculiar to those accumulations of houses. Many instances are then quoted, according with these views, but M. Arago objects to the conclusion, remarking, that, in the first place, these fogs often form in a few minutes; and in the next, that they frequently do not occur in the calmest, and according to M. De-franc's supposition, most favorable weather.—Ann. de Chimie, xxxiii. 415.

Amidst all the disorder and inequality which variety of discipline, example, conversation and employment, produce in the intellectual advances of different men, there is still discovered by a vigilant spectator, such a general and remote similitude, as may be expected in the same common nature affected by external circumstances indefinitely varied.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.