

crow. Willy was no doubt at first a little startled, and indulging his soliloquising reflections, began to ruminate on the evils which his innocent companions would occasion; the cursing, swearing, gaming, &c., all presented themselves to his glowing imagination. But could it not be prevented by destroying the cause? The thought was father to the deed: he took them out one by one, wrung off their necks, replaced them in the bag, and delivered it at the appointed house: As may be easily conceived the fury of the cock-fighters was unbounded, and in the first transport of their rage, his life was in no small peril."—(History of Methodism in Barnard Castle, by Anthony Steele.)

All opposition notwithstanding, the preaching of the Gospel, earnest, hearty, simple, by Wesley and his band, began to tell on the district. Each little hamlet and village had its one or two families who were obedient to the truth; then the room got too small for the members, the chapel took its place; and soon, from Barnard Castle to the Tees High Force, there was a chain of preaching stations which continue still. Wesley's words are descriptive of the triumphs of the Gospel over wild and savage hearts: "I have not found so deep and lively a work in any part of the kingdom as runs through the whole circuit, particularly in the dales that wind between these horrid mountains."

Other religious bodies have planted themselves in the valley following in the wake of Methodism, but none of them have become so thoroughly identified with the spirit and disposition of the people. In the village of Cotherstone there is an old chapel and chapel-house with a rough coat of arms over the door, which carries us back to the times of the great restoration of the Established Church in 1662. The thatched roof of the dwelling house was burnt down lately, and now presents rather a desolate appearance, leading no doubt to a restoration which will probably issue in a new Gothic chapel, more favourable for worship, but stripped of all the pleasures of memory which cling about the old sanctuary in which for two centuries service has been sustained. Nor should we omit to mention the picturesque cottage and chapel belonging to the Baptists in Middleton, where apple and pear and cherry ripen on the wall, and cluster round the windows. To the same body belongs the little ivy-matted sanctuary perched on a rock not far from the High Force Fall, sufficiently near for the preacher's voice to be disturbed by the roar of the waters, and howl of the storm in times of flood and tempest.

P.

BROUGHAM AND CANNING, IN 1823.

THE announcement of the death of Lord Brougham carried us back to times far beyond the present generation. Born at Edinburgh in September, 1778, he died at Cannes on the 8th of May, 1868, when within four months of ninety years. An outline of his extraordinary life has already appeared in our pages, with a portrait of "the old man eloquent" ("Leisure Hour," No. 460). Leaving to formal biographers the fuller record of his career, we present to our readers a graphic sketch, by a cotemporary of forty-five years ago, of Brougham and his great parliamentary rival, Canning:—

The men who, during the session of 1823, were foremost in eloquence, if not in influence, in the hostile ranks of the Opposition and the Administration, were Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning; and to them not only their respective parties, but all those who took an in-

terest in the proceedings of the House of Commons looked for some great trial of strength.

So much was this the case, that it is important to show wherein they were alike, and how they differed. They had this in common, that their wealth and their ancestry stood them in little stead, and they had not been remarkable for political consistency; yet each was, in his party and his style of eloquence, not only absolutely without peer, but almost without a follower. Yet, though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed, as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This distance extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance; that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gaiety: the features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme; while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes, seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist: those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel, which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained his cold and brassy hue; and he triumphed over the passions of other men, by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham, angular, bony, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as a thing dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit, and the glow of spirit,—something showy and elegant: Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery,—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race, merely to make it tremble at his strength.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations, were just as different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouth-

able the better. Canning arranged his words, like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice: Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning, and of the understanding: the modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connection, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear tract,—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every corruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful;—it was all felt, and it was felt at once: Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course, nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other, during the early part of the session for 1823:—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskinson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was, at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant, and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing fearfully, first toward the orator, and then towards the Secretary.

There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that undertone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the house; and the voting members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as at the blast of a trumpet. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the house in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric. It was as when the thunder cloud descends upon giant peak—one flash—one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation.*

In another sketch, entitled "St. Stephens," the same writer gives a scene where more justice is done to Canning, rising after one of Brougham's fierce onslaughts. Brougham is described as "dropping upon his seat exhausted, giving the House time to cheer, and leaving you confounded":—

While you are wondering what can come after this, and in your wonder glance your eye to the other side of the Speaker's chair, you perceive a figure somewhat obese, but exceedingly elegant and prepossessing, beaming like the sun from under the dark cloud which has so astounded with its thunders and pierced by its lightning. If you be an admirer of fine heads, you lose the first sentence of the right honourable Secretary, in scanning his appearance; but you are soon compelled to listen to him, and the more so perhaps that his matter and manner are so very unlike those of him, the edge of whose eloquence the Secretary has to turn. You can perceive by the glance which he sends across, a manly admiration of the powers of his antagonist, and perchance the expression of a lingering wish somewhat analogous to "would he were one of us!" But the smitten small ones have gathered themselves under the wing of the protecting hen, and therefore he must exert himself and drive away the kite. He does it, however, not so much by disproving what has been advanced, or bringing discredit upon the averments of his opponent, as by winning your admiration of himself. What he utters is so elegant in its form, and so bespangled with wit, that you care not much, and indeed have no time to care, for the material of which it is made. Whatever be your political opinions, you are pleased to escape from the agony which you feel the invective of Brougham must have occasioned; and if your watchfulness of yourself be not all the closer, you detect a

* "Attic Fragments," 1825. Mr. Jerdan, author of "Men I Have Known," has some interesting personal reminiscences of Canning and Brougham, illustrating their rivalry at this period. On one occasion Mr. Canning asked Mr. Jerdan to be present in the House, as he was going to speak. At night returning together to Brompton, where they were neighbours, Mr. Jerdan asked why he had not spoken. "I did not give Brougham opportunity for reply," said Mr. Canning; "I was not afraid of him, but didn't want to let him have the last word."

voluntary "Hear" stealing out of your own lips, while the reiterated cheers of the House follow the eloquence of the Secretary.

A CHAPTER OF UNNATURAL HISTORY.

I HAVE always been fond of animals, and have from my youth up made them my companions as much as possible, treating them not merely with humanity—every man who is a man does that—but with kindness and as much indulgence as was good for them. Perhaps I have gone too far in that way at times, seeing that I must confess to having released an imprisoned mouse now and then from Betty's trap, when she was out of the way, and giving the poor sleek little captive one more chance. I have not been without my return for gentleness towards living things—for, by a kind of instinct for which I cannot account, all animals take kindly to me, and most of the domestic pets of friends and acquaintances will not only come at my call, but without calling, generally making up to me if they can, as if to claim a caress. Of course I have dabbled in natural history (as who has not that loves his four-footed, his feathered, or his finny fellow-creatures?) and found it an interesting study. But latterly my researches in this direction have led me out of the beaten track, and in consequence my ideas of the animal kingdom have suffered a shock which has unsettled them somewhat, and set me a pondering over the systems and theories of the naturalists, not without misgivings as to the value and truthfulness of their darling science. The reader must be informed that I have discovered in a work of undoubted authority not only several new races of animals which are not down in the compendiums of Mr. Rymer Jones, or the all-embracing catalogues of Baron Cuvier; but also counterparts of many of the old and well-known races, which are addicted to habits and modes of living differing altogether from anything and everything related concerning them by their scientific biographers, and quite opposed, moreover, to the doings of such of their brethren and congeners as our daily experience makes us familiar with.

I shall say something here, first, concerning some of the novelties which have puzzled me—of those strange creatures, I mean, never met with in books or in museums or collections of any kind; and then I shall conclude with some remarks on the singular perversities of habit characterising those better-known animals with which most of us are more or less acquainted.

The first specimen I shall introduce to the reader's notice is called the Wyvern. What, in the language of science, is his normal habitat (which means, Where does he live when he is at home?) I have not yet been able to discover. He is a most singular-looking fellow, having the head of an hound—and a very hungry-looking hound too—the body of a bird, and the legs and claws of a bird of prey. He has formidable wings, too; but they are not the wings of a bird or bat—they rather resemble the spiky back fin of a monster perch, horrent with lacerating weapons on the upper ridge, and stiff and strong with a bony frame-work all featherless and ghastly to look at. His breast bears shining scales instead of feathers, and his back is armour-plated like the sides of a man-of-war of the last Admiralty pattern. His tail is a standing wonder, being longer than his whole body and armed at the end with a ferocious-looking barb; its terrors are, however, somewhat mitigated by its being gracefully curled and looped inward, as if waiting to be tucked out of sight under the wing when

that member closes. What this rather alarming creature feeds on is nowhere stated, so far as I can find: my authority, which is very sparing, and still more mysterious in matters of detail, says something about "crosslets fitchee"—if crosslets is another name for pikelets, then the food of the Wyvern may be a kind of a muffin and is of course farinaceous; but this is only a guess, and certainly is not corroborated by the presence of the formidable incisors seen in the creature's expanded jaws.

The next I shall mention is the Griffin. This is even a more uncouth-looking specimen than the Wyvern, to which at a casual view it bears some general resemblance. The head, however, is clearly that of a bird of prey; the fierce eye of the vulture flashes down over the curved beak of the eagle, and above them both bristles an angry-looking crest of stiffish feathers. A huge pair of wings—their "mighty pens" erect—spring from his shoulders and seem to lift him from the ground; his forefeet terminate in fearful claws, like those of the vulture. Below the breast his form is that of the tiger, and the feet are a tiger's feet. Add to this, that he wears a pair of longish ears cocked in that knowing way which is the delight of Whitechapel dog-fanciers—and that he carries his extensive mouth open and thrusts out his long undulating tongue for an airing—and you have a tolerably good notion of the Griffin.

The Pegasus comes next. I had imagined hitherto that this was a fabulous animal, typical of the lofty and untiring flights of the epic muse; but I must have been mistaken. Here he is in the flesh, the identical winged horse as painters have drawn and sculptors chiselled him. What is remarkable about him is, that though he is repeatedly brought forward by my authority with his wings grandly outspread and fanning the air, he yet does not fly, but insists on standing still on his hind legs, while he seems to be feeling about with his fore feet for something shut up in a kind of box. On mentioning this peculiarity to my friend Mr. R. Jones, that accomplished naturalist tells me it is quite right—that Pegasus does not fly now-a-days, it being quite as much as he can do to get upon his hind legs; and that what he is feeling about for is probably the cash, of which just now he is sadly in want.

The next specimen is called the Sea Lion. He is a lion to all appearance as to his head and mane and fore legs and feet; but below the waist he is indubitably a fish, and is covered with big scales from the breast right down to the tail; the tail, however, does not finish off with the ordinary piscine appendage to that member, but with a composite bunch of something not unlike the Pope's-head of the housemaid, and intended, it may be imagined, to sweep the cobwebs from the sea-caves.

There are several samples of the Dragon and the demi-Dragon: some of them have the terrible heads and jaws of the pre-Adamite lizards, while others are content with the rounded beak of the parrot. That a good many of them are given to vomiting fire, does not say much for the pleasure of their company. Whether this peculiarity may be accounted for by the nature of their food—which, for ought I know, may be Wallsend washed down with paraffin—I must leave others to determine. The dragon is always rampant and bent on mischief to somebody, but the demi-dragon, albeit evidently a chip of the old block, is seen nestling in the cup of a flower, his fiery eye and fateful jaw showing in grim contrast to the tender calyx.

The last which I shall mention of these strange unaccountable creatures is the Cockatrice. The body of this fellow is neither that of bird nor dragon, but a kind of mixture of the two, being what is called "wattled" in