years were meant to lead to. The process is one not patent to the eye; thus they do not perceive how that inner thing, the Self, is shrinking and dwindling, instead of plumping out and shedding skin after skin *towards* perfection of character. They eat busily at the leaf they are on, and miss the purpose and intention of life.

Such men would, I doubt not, sneer at my vagaries and (they might think) impertinent analogies. It does not occur to them that there is any need of study to understand this mysterious thing, this mortal life of immortal beings; nor that to the intent heart and the observant eye it is surrounded by parables, hints, and indistinct, yet grand suggestions. They take it in a matter-of-fact way,—dealing with it as though there were nothing below the surface. Yet, in truth,

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

And many a poem is being wrought out, in the processes and existences around and beneath us,—poems full of solemn sweetness, profound meaning, echoes of revelation. And as to the present theme, I need not do more than hint at the well-worn, but ever-new and beautiful analogy, joined with the last skin-casting of our friend the caterpillar whom we left in his coffin, and under the mould. Ah, how much of glorious anticipation seems offered to those who will accept it, when we behold the last change of the creeping insect!—the transfiguration, the radiancy and beauty, the power to soar! In what variety of loveliness, out of so many hiding-places; nor only from the earth, but out of the waters, springs that new and glorious life. I must remind those who need such reminding of one famous description of this latter resurrection:

> "To-day I saw the dragon-fly
> Come from the wells where he did lie.
>
> An inner impulse rent the veil
> Of his old husk; from head to tail
> Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
>
> He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
> Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
> A living flash of light he flew."

But I must just note down a curious and even startling counter analogy, described by Archbishop Whately in his annotated edition of "Bacon's Essays." I must quote from memory, as I have not the book by me. He describes there how an egg may be deposited in the earliest stage in the body of the caterpillar by an enemy fly; how this egg shall hatch into a parasite, which shall live on in the grub through all its growth and changes, not at all interfering with the outward present life; so that the creature eats and grows, and goes through its existence much, to all appearance, like its fellows; even, like them, passing into the last stage but one, and sleeping in its coffin. But here an end. The hidden enemy had been all through its life feasting on the inner self, the spiritual thing within the creeping grub;—and the dark coffin lies silent, unopened. *There is no butterfly within!*

HIGH TEESDALE.

Another link in the railway system means "fresh woods and pastures new" to the inland tourist. The iron road which crosses England from Middlesborough by Darlington, to Tebay for Windermere, follows the Tees from the German ocean to Barnard Castle, and then swerves to the south and crosses the Pennine chain into Westmoreland. A branch of nine miles from Barnard Castle, recently opened, leads to Middleton in Teesdale, the village metropolis of Lead Mining.

On landing at the station the sides of the open valley are seen to be sparingly sprinkled for miles with glistening white houses, an external coat of whitewash being the territorial sign of the Dukedom of Cleveland, the successor of the Baliols. A small cluster of these tenements four miles off, just distinguishable in the neck of the valley, is the High Force Inn. Beyond this, the slopes rise on both sides, up to the horizon of the fell-country which forms the water-shed of the rivers, and is termed the Pennine chain. About the sources of the Tees, the five counties of York, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland unite. But we have something to say before we get to Middleton. After crossing the Tees near Barnard Castle by a magnificent viaduct, and leaving the main line, we pass over a gorge bearing a name dear to Antiquaries, Balderdale.

The names hereabouts, Balder-dale, Odins Croft, Bail-hill and Thorsgill, have impressed antiquaries with the notion that we are passing a seat of primitive Scandinavian occupation, and that the heathen invaders have left us at least their names as the marks of their dominion. The rival rendering is *Bald-dur*, the strong stream. We will not enter into the vexed question of etymologies: the dale, with its rocky wooded sides, and a few ruined walls at its entrance (remains of a stronghold destroyed by a raid of Scots), is worthy of exploration, whether we people it in imagination with the shadows of old Pagans or not. At Bail-hill are traces of a British earth-work whereat coins of Edward the First and of Alexander of Scotland were found, as though it had been a station in former warfare.

Romaldkirk is distinguished by a fair tower standing up nobly on the hill-side. Its church is early English (about Edward the Third), and has a recumbent effigy of a crusader, supposed to represent Sir Fitzhugh who died in 1304 at Cotherstone Castle. Romald was a local saint whose virtues did not reach Rome.

Cotherstone, once renowned for the castle of the Fitzhughs at Hall Castle, is now of wide fame for its coveted cheeses, into the value of which the tourist will do well to make experimental enquiry at his noon-day quarters. Romaldkirk and Cotherstone are both rich in school endowments. The opposite bank of the river is Egglestone. The highest summit of the wooded bank is Foxgyll, the view from which excites the most animated descriptive powers of the county historian.*

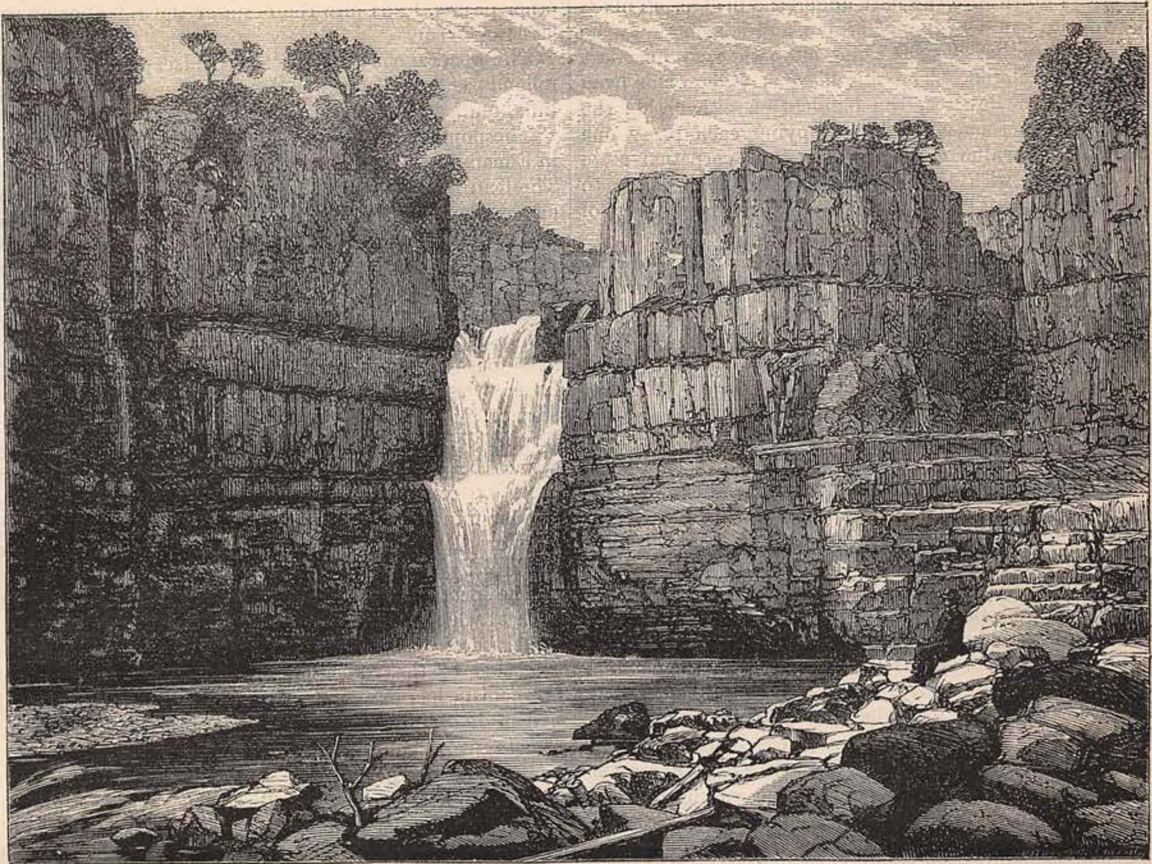
We now come to the Lune, a favourite dale for artists and scientific folk, and shortly after passing by Mickleton, the Fells are fuller in sight, and we are at the terminus opposite Middleton.

There is no point in all the Dale so advantageous as Middleton for viewing the Fells. A peculiar sense of loneliness, at times almost unbearable, is induced by the vast silent valleys and rough round hills; and though there are few effects of rock and ravine such as Poussin delighted to paint, yet the dread and awe which are induced by his pictures are equally felt under the influence of Fell scenery. Not that the rock and ravine are wanting, but only that the first impression produced on a stranger by this country owes its distinctive character to its general aspect of loneliness and breadth.

The geologist will see a fine example of split and contorted rock in Skears valley, which runs up behind

* Hutchinson's Durham, vol. iii. p. 276. 1794.

Middleton and at right angles with the Tees. Here a little stream, often clouded by the mine-washings, dashes down from the shoulders of a distant fell, and forces its way between the rocks of a ravine where the ivy mantles the precipice, and the daring rowan hangs its scarlet berries lead from their treasure-house. Where this insult has been shown them there is a brown gash in the hill-side, but the heather and stunted herbage soon recover their lost ground, and nothing else relieves the solemn monotony of their reign.



HIGH FORCE FALLS.

on many an imminent deadly breach. On the right of this rivulet nearer to the village there is a huge boulder of stalactite like petrified moss. The spring bubbles up just above it, and is the favourite haunt and wonderment of the children, whose eagerness in the pursuit of science even leads them to sacrifice the immediate enjoyment of the hazel nut and apple for the sake of receiving them back after a lapse of time coated with calcareous sediment.

From any spot above Middleton a grand view presents itself of the surrounding country. Looking down the valley the river winds in and out round knolls covered with fir trees, under scarped out banks, beneath the black pine-clad shoulders of Egglestone, and is then lost to the eye, but its course is distinctly traceable to Barnard Castle. On the horizon it is almost a relief to have the black and barren incline broken by one clump of trees that rises near Richmond. On a clear day it is just possible beyond the rolling smoke of Darlington, and the furnaces of Middlesborough, to catch a silver gleam of the sea at Redcar.

Turning to the other view we lose the last trace of verdure, no single corn field gladdens the eye; seasons come and go, seed time and harvest pass, but the wild fells hold their own as "monarchs of all they survey." Their majesty has only been disturbed when the adventurous miner has rent their royal robe to "hush" the

Above the Tees, on the opposite side to the Force, there nestles the little hamlet of Holwick, wilder and more savage than any in all the district. The houses lie under a lofty cliff, not unlike the scenery around the Giant Causeway in Ireland, and few of the thatched roofs but have suffered from the wildness of the winds sweeping down the valley. The Primitive Methodist chapel can only be distinguished from a cow-byre by the inscription over the door. A few years ago a traveller was murdered on the heights of Holwick Scar, and the suspected murderer when charged with the crime denied it vehemently—wishing that his right hand might wither and decay if he were guilty. The terrible legend, which rests, indeed, on more than a legendary basis, affirms that the fearful curse fell on him, and that he died not long after in great agony.

From such a dreary recollection it is pleasant to find relief, such as is presented in Fairy Dell. This is an exquisite little glen, a mile or so nearer Middleton, on the right side of the Tees. Two of the streams, which have their rise in the heather marsh above, join their waters, and come tumbling widely down a ravine quite secluded from sight until the visitor is close upon it. The cataract is broken midway on a ledge of rock, and then "falls like a broken purpose" into a black basin beneath, fringed with fern and heather.

Half-way between the High Force and Middleton

the river is crossed by Wynch Bridge; which has the local reputation of being the first wire suspension bridge put up in England. There is no more beautiful point in all the Tees than this. The waters, chafed into rage against the rock, swirl round a little island midway in the stream, and then fling themselves in a hundred cataracts down into the part under the bridge. This is a favourite haunt of the fisherman, and is sometimes the scene of another "sport" not altogether so harmless as the gentle craft. The mischievous village lads from Holwick and Bowlees, the hamlets on either side the river, amuse themselves by occupying each party one end of the bridge and keeping it in a perpetual state of vibration with their heavy clogged feet, much to the imperilment of the peace of mind and body of passengers.

The turbid mass of waters foaming under the suspension bridge gives the first preparation-note for the grander effects which are to be found two miles higher up the river. Here the Tees, after receiving the tributes of two or three small streams, flows on with glassy smoothness to the verge of a precipice seventy feet deep, over which the whole river is hurled into a black basin beneath. Nothing can exceed the glowing grandeur of this scene, high rocky barriers shut in the waters—the wild fells stretch away and away beyond—above Cronkly Scar crowns the height. All the approaches to the Fall are through dark masses of pine trees, and the grey clouds overhead completed the sombre effect of the whole.

The constant pressure of so great a volume of water is said in the judgment of that indisputable authority, "the oldest inhabitant," to be wearing away the channel of the river, and slowly, but surely, diminishing the height of the fall; but whatever old eyes may see of lessened grandeur, to a stranger's, Tees High Force will seem to stand alone amongst English waterfalls, in the breadth of the fall, the passion of the swirling waters fretted and chafed by the rocks in the bed of the stream, the deep sullen roar which all the year round greets the ear as one approaches the scene, and above all the sombre gloom of its surroundings. To see the Force, however, in perfection it should be visited in the sudden thaw of early spring, when the ice beds are broken up in the Weal and Cauldron Snout, and masses of rock bedded in ice are swept down over the cataract and on to Wynch Bridge in the flood. Of course the Fall suffers (as all our falls do) in seasons of drought, but we know no other that suffers so little. The glories of Lodore at its fullest are unworthy to compare with those of Tees High Force, even when it is in very low water indeed; and even the ducal pride of the Clevelands in their favourite shooting box has not given to the Teesdale line that dilettante guide-book air which mars our enjoyment in the English Lake falls.

Above the High Force there is a delicious pastoral vale, fertile in rare plants, and whose sides are formed of the fells in many forms and colours. The landscape becoming wilder, the Blae Beck comes down in a series of most picturesque cascades from the small tarns on the summit; next we see the rugged basaltic cliffs of Cronkly, green with juniper, and abundant in botanical curiosities; then, after another wind among very rugged rocks, or a walk over enamelled meadows and rough bog, we reach the crowning waterfall, as regards height, Cauldron Snout, where the Tees flings itself over a staircase of two hundred feet torn out of the solid barrier of a whin.

Then there is the long silent level of the Weal, and above this the fells of the summit—the sources of the great rivers which give names to the industry of the north of England, the Tyne, Wear, and Tees.

The highest of the Yorkshire fells, Micklefell, is not picturesque on the Teesdale side, but the far-off summit of Cross-fell is quite worthy to close the landscape. A short traverse through High-cup Nick, or one or two other passes, leads into the basin of the Eden, or of the Tyne or Wear.

The general character of the landscape is that of an upland pastoral district, surmounted by heather-covered hills, gullied by ravines with rushing streams.

The population is principally engaged in mining, but in a manner which does not interfere with the landscape. The lead is contained in narrow veins which are worked on the slopes of the hills by an adit level driven at the foot of the hill, and then the vein is taken down, the ore extracted, and the rubble used to fill up the vein again; so that there is little refuse at the mouth of the level, and no machinery for drawing, no engine, no buildings, save at the dressing floors. The miners live for the most part in Middleton, or on small farms, which they cultivate during their turn to be at surface. The effect of the latter on their health is favourable, though even with this advantage lead mining cannot be called a healthy occupation. The frequent cases of consumption, and the sallow looks of the regular miners, testify to the contrary. The overmen, who are less underground than the ordinary miners, are healthy looking and live to attain full age.

The people are, as a whole, unusually intelligent, a fact which is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the lead company devote much attention to the education of the children, and that Methodism has in one or other of its divisions obtained a firm hold in the village life of the Dale. Living remote from the fluctuation of trade, under constant average of prosperity, the demoralising influences of want have not been felt so fully as elsewhere in England. This has had an effect on the general tone of the people, has made them kindly and hearty, whilst education and religious influences have added the elements of thoughtfulness and shrewdness.

Lead mining has been carried on in this district ever since the days of Queen Philippa, and probably long before. The shallow pits on the course of some of the principal veins are the traces of the "old men." The old system of mining by extracting the vein stuff from the surface and washing it to extract the lead, is locally termed hushing, whence the term "hush" for a work of this kind. It has made the remarkable ravines crossing the crest of the hill above Newbiggin and elsewhere, which now form a curious feature in the landscape, and furnish an artificial valley, which rain and rivers slowly widen. The old system appears to have occupied a considerable number of persons; and when the time arrived, that it could no longer be pursued with mere labour, but required capital, poverty and distress appeared. Then came a royal and noble company, set on foot by the nobility, and worked with an enormous apparatus of cost, which failed almost immediately, and the condition of the country became worse than ever. An Act was passed in the days of Queen Anne for winding up the concern. The sad condition of the population struggling against natural difficulties, sunk in indigence, obtaining only casual and uncertain profits whereon to subsist, attracted the attention of a benevolent Quaker lady who was travelling through these parts. On reaching London she suggested the application of capital, and the result was the formation of the Company of Mine-adventurers of

England, the oldest mining, perhaps now the oldest trading, association in England, principally composed of members of the Society of Friends. The career of the company, which is now in greater vigour than ever, is perhaps the most signal instance in the world of a great enterprise based on varying profits, conducted for centuries on enlightened principles of commerce, and at the same time on principles of sound philanthropy. The schools, libraries, and places of religious worship, the public provision for education, the compulsory attendance required in schools, the method of letting the work, whereby the men are partners in the gains, have resulted in a state of things extending over upwards of 100 square miles, which, for the benefit it has conferred and is conferring, is worthy the attention and study of all who desire the knowledge of great social problems.

The effect of compulsory education, both in Sunday and day schools, is to interest all the dalesmen in the celebrations connected with the schools. The Sunday school anniversary is the occasion for a display of histrionic talent on the part of the boys and girls, who personate "Cain and Abel," "The Three Hebrew Children," or some other well-known Scripture piece, in a dialect that is sufficiently startling to the chance visitors. Along with their annual displays of course goes the irrepressible "tea." How religious fellowship could be maintained without this institution it is difficult to imagine. At the annual tea-drinking of the Baptist chapel in the new school-room at Middleton, which is held on Christmas Day, all the country side flocks to the scene, regardless of the pelting hail or heavy snowfall; a brass band is engaged for the occasion, and the voice of "all kinds of music" alternates with the addresses of the speakers through the after-meeting. The undisputed rule of tea has, however, of late been threatened by its rival, coffee, as we saw in the shop windows at Middleton an invitation to a "coffee supper!"

High Teesdale is scarped out of one geological formation only, but this one consists of a series of layers of hard unfossiliferous grit-stone, alternating with layers of thin shales, and fossiliferous limestones. The whole series is called mountain limestone, and forms the lower portion of the coal measures. There are scanty traces of coal and coalplants in the grits, with traces of large marine worms (crassopodia) on some of the surfaces, and abundant corals and shells in the limestones. The shales decay faster than the limestone, and the limestones wear away faster than the grit; hence the terrace-like form of the hill sides, the slopes being shale, the platforms grit, and the bold cliffs or scars limestone. But the chief geological notabilia in the dale are, first—the great Teesdale Fault, a disturbance which has split the rocks in the direction of the valley and raised one side or depressed the other by a throw of several hundreds of feet; so that limestone, which is in the bed of the river on one side, is raised on the other side into a cliff 300 feet high. This great dislocation occurred since the consolidation of the strata, and, probably, gave rise to the first outline of the valley. Second—the great whin-sill, or volcanic outburst, which is first discoverable on the Foggerthwaite bank of the Tees, opposite Mickleton. Crossing the river we next find it on a higher level, kept up by the fault under Laithkirk chapel, where it is about ten or twelve feet thick. Thence it extends up to Holwick and helps to form the picturesque scars and sides of the fairy glen. Through Holwick we trace it to the river below Wynch Bridge, and here it becomes thicker and more fully developed at surface. It forms the rugged bed of the river, rises with the strata, and is the uppermost bed at the High Force. It is now seen in the beautiful mural crags of the White Force, in the beck which rushes over the forehead of the mountain, and thence crowning the magnificent precipices of Cronkly, which form a grand amphitheatre of rock. Here it is rudely prismatic and columnar. At Cauldron Snout it is the bed of the waterfall which owes its character to the jagged and hard masses which here present a vain barrier to the waters.

There are ample opportunities of observing the structure of the country, the little becks cutting into the rocks, the scars and even the "hushes" of the mines, all display in an interesting manner the geological features. If fossils are scarce, and in ill-condition, the collector may make up for his disappointment by collecting minerals, of which some specimens may be got from the vein stuff at the mines.

The floral beauties of Teesdale are, as might be expected from its sub-alpine character, somewhat minute, but yet its rarities are very considerable. So much so that it is probable the banks of the river above the High Force yield to no district in England in botanical interest. The pretty little primrose, *primula farinosa*, follows the river almost from its source to the sea, but it is specially abundant in the enamelled meads about Widdybank. Some of the rarer orchids are also abundant here.

The "coffee supper," of which notice has been taken, reminds us naturally enough of the first planting of Methodism in the Dale, for it was in a farm house on the same spot that the itinerant preachers received their earliest welcome from a farmer whose descendants still occupy the same place, and still show hospitality to the ministers. Somewhere about 1750, having been driven out of a house where they had at first found shelter, the preachers were received into Low-Houses, a long white farm house easily to be distinguished between Newbiggin and the river Tees. At Newbiggin the pulpit is still reverently preserved, from which John Wesley himself preached. The names of the first converts to Methodism—Allinson, Bainbridge, Richardson, Coatsworth—are household words in Teesdale to this day. The first preaching of the Gospel was much opposed. Wesley was played upon by the fire engine in the streets of Barnard Castle. Matthew Rowell was flung by a drunken mob over the battlement of a house into the street below, at a preaching place on the site where Middleton House now stands.

William Richardson—Willy Ritson as he was familiarly called—was once the hero of an amusing incident which very well illustrates the wild life of the dalesmen a century ago. "Arrangements had been made amongst the miners for a great cock-fighting match to take place at Middleton, between the Weardale and Teesdale main. Some of the combatants had to be sent from Manor Gill shop to engage in the bloody scene, but it became a question amongst the men as to the most proper person to be entrusted with such a commission, no little jealousy of each other being entertained. A thought however darted into the mind of some individual more penetrating than his fellows, that if Willy Ritson could be got to take charge of them, they could not have a better man. They obtained his consent to deliver a bag, in which they had deposited the cocks, at a certain house in Middleton, without acquainting him with the contents. As he trudged along over the fell, the secret was betrayed by one of the chanticleers popping his head through a hole in the poke, and setting up a loud

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 agone, 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 interest 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-