

melancholy-looking houses, dropping from all their eaves, and darkened by the continuous rain of weeks. I was directed by the coachman to by far the most splendid temperance coffee-house I had ever seen ; but it seemed too fine a lodging-house for harboring the more characteristic English, and I had not crossed the Border to see cosmopolites ; and so, turning away from the door, I succeeded in finding for myself a humbler, but still very respectable house, in a different part of the town.

There were several guests in the public room : some two or three smart commercial gentlemen from the midland trading towns ; two young Sheffield mechanics, evidently of the respectable class, who earn high wages and take care of them ; and a farmer or two from the country. In the course of the evening we had a good deal of conversation, and some controversy. The mechanics were Methodists, who had availed themselves of a few days' leisure to see the north country, but more especially, as I afterwards learned, to be present at a discussion on controverted points of theology, which was to take place in Newcastle on the following evening, between a prodigiously clever preacher of the *New Connection*, very unsound in his creed, of whom I had never heard before, and a more orthodox preacher of the same body, profound in his theology, of whom I had heard just as little. From the peculiar emphasis placed by the two lads on the word *orthodox*, I inferred that neither of them deemed orthodoxy so intellectual a thing as the want of it ; and I ultimately discovered that they were partisans of the clever preacher. One of the two seemed anxious to provoke a controversy on his favorite points ; but the commercial men, who appeared rather amused to hear so much about religion, avoided all definite statement ; and the men from the country said nothing. A person in black entered the room, — not a preacher apparently, but, had I met