

Correspondence.



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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a small dark spot near the top left. A vertical crease or fold line is visible on the right side of the page.

LOCAL NOTES

change is not to be effected without a revolution, and what revolution would cost us not the most sagacious amongst us, not even Sir CHARLES DILKE, could tell. But we are becoming too serious, and it is really not worth while to discuss gravely important constitutional changes which, if they ever take place at all in this country, can scarcely be said to concern this generation. We have more practical and tangible matters to deal with, and we can remit the question of monarchy versus republicanism to posterity.

READING-ROOMS.

WINTER is now amongst us, and already we have felt the necessity of adding fuel to the fire, blankets to our beds, and coats to our backs. In the same way, in the evening, to a very considerable extent, may be spent indoors—Open-air pastimes being no more for the present it will be serious problem to many how to wile away the long winter hours. The answer is, of course, to dig down from the shelf the hitherto discarded romances they possess, and attend legendary lore, romance of giants, exciting scenes of travel, and the like. The first of these is, of course, that ever popular book—the *History of England*, they will again find fresh interest and real pleasure. Others will look upon the *History of England* as a book that has been for some new book. As books, in spite of their cheapness, cannot be had for nothing, and as it is impossible for the majority of working men to be ever buying books, it is strongly recommended that all readers to be long members of some Reading-room. For a mere nominal sum they will thus have the privilege of reading most of the leading titles, laugh-

pictures of *The Illustrated London News*, or the *Graephic*, besides having access to a well selected library which is in most cases attached to Reading-rooms. In thus acquiring useful knowledge a peculiar satisfaction is ever felt; for the pleasures of knowledge are real but not selfish. I have heard a French nobleman declare that but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedges and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and it is not to be quenched. We must, therefore, must eat and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dredges of polluting passion.”

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How astonished would many of our forefathers have been to find that the average American of all times is for less than a penny per week! Impossible! Yet so it is—a wonderful fact. The average American, however, is not a miser. He has neither a Xero plot Service nor cheap Pensylvania. How important then to try to keep up the standard of living. If the poor are poor, will make us respectable and will prevent the proud from contemning us. The rich are rich, and the poor are poor, and rich but the bunch of us may be well-informed. The man who has thoroughly mastered the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Erasmus, Whately, or a book of Euclid, stands upon a much higher intellectual pedestal than the man who has read the works of the last three-volume novel by an indifferent writer. Our advice is, read the works of the great writers, and you will have a better history of our country, and while we do it "let the dead past bury its dead" keep it all in the past. The history of our country is history. There are so many first-rate books to read and so little time to peruse them that we must advise the reader to read the novel to the moles and bats, and seek stronger intellectual food than that usually afforded by the idle fables of imagination and fancy issued from the press.

LOCAL NOTES,
By "A RANGLER."

Yes, it is serious weather, and the roads and footpaths are in a most wretched condition; but don't cry out before you are hurt, as the surveyors of Consett, Leadgate, and Belsfield Local Boards will make them all right just now with asbes and metal. "It is true that that work should have been done before the bad weather set in; but, other pressing engagements, &c. (you understand) came in the way, and "Not supposing that we should be visited with such severe weather as this, we thought that most necessary work would be regarded as being done." We have been overtaken by the unexpected and severe storms; however, the work will be attended to forthwith." Now be satisfied with that, and take the will for the deed in the meantime.

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And, despite the efforts of the Government to crush it, the country is deluged with blood-suckers, and it can be seen in the replies regarding about our neighborhood, gorgeous gamblers with blood in their numerous victims. The place of the fraternity has found its way into the mouths of those who have just left our Sabbath schools, and while assembled in bands at the corners of the streets on Sundays (following an example set them by their seniors, some of whom used to be deemed respectable) they prate about "the events," "the latest odds," and their "favorite," whether it be dog, man, or horse. This is siring the education they are receiving during the week. And, moreover, it is so that there is not a secret place for gambling in the neighbourhood but what is the haunt of gamblers on Sundays, and who even pursue their game in those places at night-time by the aid of

lights. The stillness is assuming alarming proportions, and is invading almost every family, irrespective of its social position or moral standing. Well sir, what do you wish me to do? Do? expose the evil. "Cry aloud, and spare not," till the authorities are made aware of it. I should think the authorities are aware of it, but their endeavours to stay its progress are surmounted with so many difficulties; however, I will note it down, and perhaps our respected superintendent of police may put his men more on the alert, so that the street corners may be cleared and some of the hands of the gambling crew caught. Many thanks; good day, my friend. Good day.

Well, Jack, what's sent you here? This will be another complaint, likely. Please, sir, the master's name is Jernell. Why, what's the matter, now? There's a lot o' idle lads gannin about w'e squans an crackers, and they'll seem lave the place f'r poor Wor. I'm afeard he's been here afore, an' mayben the new one an' a wicked raw lad shaved a cracker, an' cut ear, an' burned it; an' the master says y'ow hev te write the practice up fo' his unlegal an' a greet ahn! I think it wants writing down, an' the police sent to see if they can't get him. He's a bad sort o' master meen. Well tell him I'll publish it.—Will the police take the hint from this? I can assure them it is substantially correct.

What time do you go to-night? Take carenot by the fire, an' get your pipe. What's your crack? I hope you have plenty of news. (John takes the crack, fettes his clay, but is never very communicative.) It is nearly half smoked. News! Look here, look here!

del; but for outside acts, such as the shooting of the Communists (scandalous work like hit *Rose*); the illness of the Prince of Wales, poor fellow; and the death of the Duke of Windsor, poor fellow, the sensationalists should be profoundly grateful. Oh, we mustn't miss *Daily's* sensation; but I should "spoke spook," as paddy says, to you on that topic, as your friends need your proclivities. No nonsense, Victoria. Well, while I think on, I'll jist rite your half-dressed republicanism by reading the following effusion:—"It is reported, but not on authority, that an eruption of a volcanic nature occurred in the city of London, on the 10th inst. The cause of the note of discontent was sounded by the butler, who, it is alleged, inhabited a proper notion of the importance of aristocratic institutions in his last place, where he was allowed to carry the key of the wine cellar in his hand. He was, however, a man of a very different sort. He said that as it may, it appears, if it is not true."

report be correct, that on one evening lately the baronet when giving his usual instructions about the dinner party, said to his butler, "Remember to tell the footman to respond 'Yes, Sir Charles,' the rather ungrat, 'No, Yes, Citizen Dildie.'" The baronet started, bit his lip, but said nothing, and walked into the conservatory for a spring of thought. He was not a very original person, regarding the effect of a smile, and he first upon some recently imported exotics, his gardener said, "No, Citizen Dildie." Feeling rather nettled, but bottling his wrath, he stalked into the drawing-room, and found his daughter, who was the flower he was carrying for his daughter. On reaching Lady Dildie Sir Charles told her what had transpired between him and his butler and gardener, and she said, "I am not surprised, my father, it has increased, when, in reply, he was informed that the head housekeeper had just given in her notice to leave, because she couldn't think of living in such a place, and the head housekeeper had also given notice to leave, because she couldn't think of living in such a place, and the assistant housekeeper had also given notice, they could not get the shoemaker's wax and other fluff and dirt of the chair corners in the best drawing-

and, Susanne laundress is leaving, because the rooms in the stable have christened her sweetheart "Citizen Washleather." Now, my dear Sir Charles, I will never do. You know, my dear, we can't do without servants, and really my love, to think of Mrs. Scitons Dilke, and that she should be obliged to go, that is really too shocking. I shall have him coaxing into the chain) my dear Sir Charles that would never do: and our new carriage coat, with our beautiful arms on it. Little Buttons the page, told my maid that the coachman had ordered the painter to fetch over some red paint to cover over our beautiful coat-of-arms with a death's-head and cross-bones as a memento—poor Buttons doesn't understand tombstone latin—of our extinct title, and I shall say my love, that I shall never do. Now just to think (sighing), my dear, that my beautiful par carriages should be turned into an old

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What else did you? Let me see. Oh, yes. As you are fond of a bit of gossip, here's a clipping or two from the *Harvard Daily*. First, relating to a question that has been very long ago, to use the words of my esteemed friend, John Murray, of Pontop, "made us all drift together." The clippings are from a series of papers entitled "North country worthies." The particular "worthy" of the paper quoted being "the last Earl of Derwentwater." I am the more anxious you should give them publicity, because the writer has evidently studied the history of the "worthy" he is writing about. After recounting the early history, marriage, and other events in the brief, brilliant, and interesting sketch of the life of the Earl, the writer minutely describes that which preceded and caused his fall. After stating that the estates were forfeited, and what became of them, the writer proceeds to say

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other words—if the Government account of the
 manner in which the letters were left, that is, if
 the letters were only to correct a mistake in them; and
 if her own account be correct—that they were
 to go to the heirs male or female—who can't be the
 heirs, for the very obvious reason, that at John's
 death, there was no male remaining of his blood.
 Lady Petre would have perceived that they would
 have remained in her family everlastingly. I trust your
 thoughtful readers will ponder over the above, so
 that they may demise from their minds the least
 probability of the "discovery" of this periodical
 lady are anything less than a delusion; and that
 they are something more than a delusion is only too
 painfully evident.—Sensibly put John; sensibly put
 I hear the "retainers" are particularly incensed at our
 schoolmaster friend; and I am sure need not be
 concerned to see him, with all his "discovery" at
 the-Maine, and they will never forgive him for
 publishing it.

your budget through? No. I have just another question. How did you like the funeral of Basil Burn, the president of the Shovelers' Club? Yes, I've seen him occasionally. We'll be just going to Scarborough for his grandfather's funeral. The old fellow has died at the ripe old age of 90, William's father being the only one of the Burn family to survive. I heard, John Henry Wesley preach at Tarr 77 years ago, and it is believed that he was one of the oldest Methodists in the world. Now I am finished. I have no more questions to ask you. Good night."

When John was relating his last item, and as he went up in his knowledge of local Methodist folks and Methodist doings, he was "all ear." Have you ever heard of the famous "two old fellows" who lived side Methods for the last week of two years? Well, exactly! Well, I knew Gawin 30 years ago. He used to mind the engine that stood where Consett is now. The man, however, was not a Methodist. He looked to be an old man. He would preach kindly among the Wesleyans. Man, how fast the old ones are passing away! I have seen some of the old fellows among them.

Local and District News.

DISTON GAS WORKS.—These works are now progressing satisfactorily towards completion, and, we are informed, will be ready to be made in a few days to lay down the pipes. It is expected that gas can be ready in a month or six weeks.

MARLEY HILL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—On Sunday evening, the Rev. J. Kelley, of Gatehead, delivered a lecture in the Western Hall (nearly full), on the subject of "Charles Dickens' career (with a numerous attendance. Mr. Outburt Berkly presided the chair.

At the Newcastle Police Court on Monday, John Hogg was committed to prison for three months, on a charge of embezzling various sums of money, the property of his employer, Mr. W. B. Baines, chemist and druggist, by whom he had been employed as a traveller.

At the Newcastle Police Court, on Monday, the prisoner, who pleaded

STRAINED TO DEATH AT TOW LANE.—On Saturday morning, at about 10 o'clock, an Irishman named James McGee, alias Charles Linn, died of a heart attack while on duty at the Tow Lane police station. McGee was given the police, and on Sunday Police Surgeon T. W. Sweeney, in company with the coroner, examined the body. McGee was a native of Ireland, and had been in the service of the police for some time. He was a married man, and had a family. The cause of death was ascribed to a heart attack, and the body was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Tow Lane.

ANIMAL CLASH SEPTENN.—On Monday evening, at about 10 o'clock, a dog named "Blast-Furnace" was seen to be in the company of a dog named "Cinderella." The report was one of the most curious that had been received for some time. The dog named "Blast-Furnace" was a large, black, and white dog, and the dog named "Cinderella" was a small, black, and white dog. The two dogs were seen to be in the company of each other, and the report was that they were in the company of each other. The report was that they were in the company of each other, and the report was that they were in the company of each other.

ACCIDENT TO A WOMAN.—On Monday morning, an Englishman named Henry Bond, belonging to Darlington, while on duty at the Tow Lane police station, was seen to be in the company of a woman named Margaret Sweeney, living at Stanley, who was on duty at the Tow Lane police station. The woman was seen to be in the company of the Englishman, and the report was that they were in the company of each other. The report was that they were in the company of each other, and the report was that they were in the company of each other.

man had seen very low-spirited, and about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, he was in the street, and he attempted to cut it and end her existence by cutting her throat in three places. Dr. Lewis was immediately sent for, and on his arrival did all he could for the poor woman, who now lies in the hospital.

LECTURE AT LEADSLATE.—On Wednesday evening a lecture was delivered in the Wesleyan school-room by Mr. William Raw, of Blackhill, in the of the Leeds Reading Room. The Rev. J. Mitchell, M.A., vicar of St. Ives, Leeds, very pleasantly presided. The subject of the lecture was "A Voyage round the World." In the course of a really able lecture, Mr. Raw dilated upon the vast extent of the British Empire, giving statistics of its population, and of its commerce. He then gave a very interesting account of the Australian and Canadian colonies, interspersed with sage remarks upon their suitability as countries for the settlement of the poor.

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BRAES OF DERWENT FOXHOUNDS meet on Saturday at Shotley Bridge, at 10 o'clock.

Several persons in Consett and Shotley gave have contributed to the United Kingdom one £100,996 fund.

ACTRESS VISITS.—The annual club supper of the "State Minors" took place on Saturday evening at the house of Mr. G. Routledge, Commercial Consett. The supper, which was of a first-class description, was partaken of by between twenty and thirty young men and women who were clothed in Calvert was voted to the chair, and the usual list having been gone through, the remainder of the evening was spent in harmony.

GOOD TEAMPLAYERS.—On Saturday evening, officers of the Derwent Foxhound Lodge of Good Templars Blackball were elected and installed. The principal were—Broas J. Bushby, W.C.T.; W. Bell, Neph; and T. George, treasurer.—The officers of

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LOCAL SPORTSMEN.—At the Gatehead
rough Grounds, on Saturday, H. Armstrong,
ofoley, and T. Armstrong, of Mountst., played with
quilets, at 12 yards distance, and 61-points up for
the first three rounds; the latter was the more
typical character, the result being in doubt until
last three ends, when the favourite, getting the
edge, it won a rattling game by three points.
Scores.—T. Armstrong, 70-89-102-102-102-
102-102-102-102-102-102-102-102-102-
102-102-102-102-102-102-102-102-102-
total 58; H. Armstrong, 70-89-102-102-102-
102-102-102-102-102-102-102-102-102-
total 58.—Wm. Callender, of Stanbury, and M.
Crawford, of Frodoch, were engaged in a most
interesting contest away upon their journey to an
airable start, but Callander quickly shot to the
lead, and improving his command as he went along,
won very easily by three parts.

MINDFUL OF BUSINESS.—Last week's *Laborer*
has been full of items of interest to this locality.
Workmen in Cleveland limestone quarries write on

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Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

gushing correspondence commenced between the two young men, the means of which was the following, which, resulted in the loving confession of his affection for her, and the promise of marriage. On Monday morning the bridegroom, who was in the city, was informed of this unfortunate mistake which was made on the part of the bride. A cab and pair had taken them to the altar, and the ceremony, when horror! the bridegroom discovered that in his haste from Gotesborg that morning he had married a girl who bore no resemblance to the girl for which they would be compelled to return as they had rated—bachelor and spinster! What was to be done? The bridegroom, who was a young man of the name of the slayer of little Ibsa! The bridegroom suggested that the telegraph should be sent in haste, and that the bride should be informed of the error through the wires, this suggestion could not be acted upon, and the upshot of the affair was that the bridegroom was obliged to return to his home in Sweden, however, that they would no longer receive the bride, and that the bridegroom was obliged to return, the following morning they returned, this time not minus a price of paper, and the "consummation devoutly to be wished" was consummated, and the bride and her friends "went on their way rejoicing."

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