The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. VIII.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., APRIL, 5, 1877. NO 24

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

BY HESBY STRETTON

Author of 'Lost Gip.' &c.

I.—Out of my County.

If it would do anybody good to hear my story, they are welcome to it; ay! kindly welcome. I'm too old now to be of any use as a guide; but maybe I can still be useful as a finger-post, that points the way folks should follow.

I married out of my county; my people said out of my station. For my father held a small farm, and the squire's lady had seen that I learned to read and write, and do fine sewing; but my husband was only a handloom weaver from the north, a man that could weave and sing right well, but never cared much for the inside of a book. But he was true and faithful to the backbone, till I learned from him something of his faithfulness, and knew it was the same as Abraham's, who was called the father of the faithful. Words that were always on his lips were 'Faithful in little, faithful in much;' and it seems to me now he is gone, those words are now my chief comfort. Wherever Transome is, he is faithful still.

It was a daring thing to marry so far away from own's people in those days. There were no railroads, and the coaches were too dear for us, even the outside of them, where in the summer you were covered with dust and parched with thirst, and nipped with frost and wind in the winter. Transome and me did not once think of taking the coach after we were wedded. The coach ran almost straight from my village to his; and though the journey took us the best part of three days, and he was winning no money, it was the cheapest way of travelling. It seems to me, when I shut my eyes and think of it, as if it had all been in some other world, when Transome and me were young, and the warm sunny days were full of light and brightness, such as the sun never gives now-a-days, as if the sun itself is growing old. The boat floated slowly along the canal, whilst we walked together till we were tired, gathering the blossoms from the grassy banks, or we sat on the boat, plucking the water-lilies up by their long roots. How gently we were rocked as the water rose beneath us in the locks! I can hear the rush and gurgling of the water now! And with my dim old eyes shut, I can see Transome looking upon me with a smile, such as I shall never more see again, till I behold his face on the other side of death's dark river, smiling down upon me as I reach the shore. Ah! there are no times now like those old times!

It was in the cool of the evening he brought me to his house, standing on the brow of a low hill, with what he called a clough, and I called a dingle, full of green trees and underwood, running down to a little sparkling river in the valley below. We could see far away from the door, and feel the rush of the fresh air past us, as it came over fields and meadows, and swept away to other fields and meadows. The cottage was an old one even then—built half of timber, with a thatched roof pitched very high and pointed, and with one window in it to light our upstairs room. Downstairs was one good-sized kitchen, with a quarried floor, and the loom standing on one side. Not a bit of a parlour or spare chamber, such as I'd been used to. I knew Transome thought often of that; but the place grew so dear to me, I ceased to care about any parlour. As for the garden we worked in it all our spare time, till many a passer-by would stop to look at the honeysuckle, and travellers' joy climbing up the wall, and hanging over our window in the roof; and at the posies in the garden, the hollyhocks, and roses, and sweetwilliams, which made the air all sweet with their scent. After a while, when father and mother were dead, I forgot my old home; and it seemed that I had never dwelt anywhere else, and must dwell there till the end of my days. Nothing happened to us; nothing save the birth, and the short, short life of a little child of ours, our only child, who died when he was seven years old, and could just read to his father at the loom. It was that year the sky began to grow greyer, and the wind to blow more chilly about the house. Transome was ten years older than me, and he began in some way to feel his age now the boy was done. And as time went on things became duller and duller; and his rheumatism grew worse and worse, till he had to give up his loom, and at last he could do little more than work out the rent by being odd man for our landlord, who knew he could trust him with untold gold.

But all this while the country side was changing even faster than Transome and me. The railroads had been made, and machinery invented, and all the little villages were turning into towns as if by magic. There had always been a few mills along the course of our little river, but every year more and more sprang up with their tall smoky chimneys, and streets were made, and houses built, until the dingle itself became a row of straggling cottages, creeping up towards our pretty homestead. Perhaps it was because I belonged to another county, and spoke in a different fashion, but none of the country folk about there ever took heartily to me, and I always felt shy with them and their rough ways. Transome himself was a quiet man, and never cared to make many friends; so we dwelt like strangers among our neighbors, up in our thatched cottage, which was as different from the new brick houses about it as we were to the factory people living in them. But I never felt strange with children, nor they with me. So when Transome was laid up for his work, I opened a little dame school for the lads and lasses living in the houses down the dingle. They soon flocked to me like chickens at the cluck-clucking of an old mother hen, till I might have filled my kitchen twice over. But my outside number was thirty, and as they paid me threepence a week each, Transome and I managed to get along—what with him working out the rent, and me taking in fine sewing from the ladies of the town.

Transome was always proud of my learning and now he was glad for me to earn money in that way, instead of by washing, as many a woman has to do when her man is ailing. But he did not like little ones as I did; they pottered him, he said, and he never knew how to manage them. So after a while, whenever he could not go to work, he liked better to lie abed upstairs, till the evening school was over, than sit in the chimney-nook listening to the hum of their lessons, which always sounded in his ears like a score of hives swarming. I used to be afraid he would be dreary and sad in those long days, whilst I was as busy as could be downstairs. But he said he had thoughts come into his head that he could not put into words, for he had always been a man of few words, fewer than any I ever met with, and as he got older they became fewer still. Maybe he'll know how to tell me those thoughts of his when we meet in heaven.

II.—A New Scholar.

I have only one thing to tell you about my little school; the only one strange thing that happened to me all the years I kept it.

It had been a sharp frost in the night, so sharp that the panes in the window, little diamond-panes, were frosted over with so many pretty shapes that I almost wished they could stay there always. I quite wished that the children were there to see them. When I opened the door all the great, broad sweep of country stretching before me was lightly powdered over with snow, and long icicles hung like a ragged fringe to the eaves. If the dingle had been there, how sparkling and beautiful every tree and shrub would have shone in the early light! But the last bit of the dingle was gone, and a new, red brick house stood at the end of our garden. Still the low bushes about our place were silvered over, and glittered in the frosty sunshine, which they caught before it reached the houses below.

I had overslept myself that morning, for the night before I'd been poring over a book that had been lent me, till my candle burned down in the socket, and left me in the dark. I could not put that book down; it stirred my heart so. But now I began to feel as if I'd been wasteful, for candles were not plentiful with us, nor money to buy them, though I was loath to blame myself. At any rate I was behind time, and I could not tarry at the door, but must hurry more than usual in getting breakfast over, and redding up the kitchen in time for school. Inside the house the place seemed dark and dreary, and everything was cold to the touch of my fingers. I began to think of how ailing Transome was, and how the frost would bite him. He had not been to work for a fort-night, and the rent was running on all the while. The rent was my heaviest care. As long as that was paid, it did not matter much to me what I had to eat and drink, so that we made both ends meet, and kept out of every man's debt. But Transome's pains had been very bad all night; and I knew well he could not go out in such a bitter frost, if the rent was never paid.

Well! I was down-hearted that morning; and I felt as if I could not afford to put more than a spoonful and a half of tea in our little black teapot, which stood simmering on the hob. I'd been in such a glow over that book the night before, it seemed as if it made me all the lower that morning. I had wanted to be doing something good in the world; trading for the Lord, so as to offer Him something more than my mere day's work, which seemed to be all for myself and Transome. But the glow was gone I felt what a poor old creature I was, and that I could do nothing at all extra for Him.

'Ally!' I heard Transome calling from the room upstairs 'are yo' asleep again! Aw'm fair parched wi' drought.'

The floor between that room and the kitchen was nothing but boards and beams, so I could hear if he only turned over in bed. I had no need to stir from the fire to answer him; I only raised my voice a little.

'Coming, coming in a minute,' I called back, 'the tea's in the pot, and's only standing to get the strength out.'

'Aw niver see such a lass for a book,' I heard him mutter to himself; "hoo forgets all when hoo has a book.'

That was quite true. But hearing him say to himself, and him in such pain, was ten times worse than if he had rated at me. Ay! I'd been selfish, all in my glow of wishing to do good in the world. What better could I do than attend to the duties the Lord had given me? He had given Transome to nurse, and take care of, and wait upon, and I'd sat up late in the night, and overslept myself in the morning, while he was parched with thirst and racked with pain. Then there was the school; and the clock was pointing to not far from school-time, and me nothing like ready. If I could not fulfill these little duties, how could I ask the Lord to set me a greater one?

I poured out Transome's tea, and carried it upstairs. He did not seem in the best of tempers. But I took no notice of his contrariness; for how could he be cheerful when he could not lift his hand to his mouth, and I had to feed him with every morsel and every sup he swallowed? At last he smiled upon me, a very little smile, and bade me go down to my breakfast. I had hardly time to eat it, before my scholars came trooping up from the dingle; the mischievous little urchins bringing with them icicles hidden under thier jackets, which soon melted and trickled down in pools on the floor. I had need of patience that morning.

After that water was wiped away, I sat down behind my round table in the chimney-nook, with my Bible and a Catechism, a Hymn-book and a primer before me. There were four benches across the floor, besides a small one at the end of the loom, where I put my best scholars, because they were out of my sight there. All were full, till there was scarcely elbow room; and much care and thought it gave me how to scatter the most troublesome of them among the good ones, like the tares and the wheat growing together until the harvest. Not but that I could have picked out the tares well enough; but I knew it would never do to let them all congregate together. Maybe the Lord knows it is better for the wicked themselves to be scattered about among the good; so I set the tares about side by side with the wheat, but kept them all where I could have my eye upon them.

The snow was beginning to fall pretty thickly, with large, lazy flakes drifting slowly through the air, for there was no wind, when a boy near the door at once broke in upon a spelling-class, that stood in a ring before me.

'There's somebry knockin' at th' door,' he said, in a loud voice.

It must have been a quiet knock, for I had not heard it; but then my hearing was not as quick as it used to be when I could hear the bubbling of the river below the dingle. Besides, the lads and lasses were all humming their tasks. I told the boy to open the door; and he jumped up briskly, glad to put down his lesson-book, if only for a minute. Still when the door was open I could see nothing but the large flakes floating in, and the children catching at them.

'Eh! but he's a gradely little chap!' cried the boy at the door in a tone of surprise.

'Tell him to come in,' I called, bidding the class make way for our visitor.

Well, well! I never saw such a beautiful boy before, nor since. He was about seven, but rather small and delicate for his years. His eyes were as blue as the forget-me-nots that used to grow along the river-side; and his brown hair was sunny as if it had a glory round it. Somehow I thought all in a moment of how the Lord Jesus Christ looked when he was a blessed child on earth. The little fellow had on a thin, thread-bare sailor's suit of blue serge—so thin that he was shivering and shaking with cold, for the snow had powered him over as well as everything else. He looked up in my face half smiling, though the tears were in his eyes; and his little mouth quivered so he could not speak. I held out my hand to him, and called him to me in my softest voice, wishing it was as soft as it used to be when I was young.

'What are you come for, my little man?' I asked.

'I want to come to your school,' he said, almost sobbing; 'but I haven't got any money; and Mrs. Brown says you'll not have me without money.'

'Who is Mrs. Brown?' I asked feeling my heart strangely drawn to the child.

'She's taking care of me,' he answered, 'till father comes back. Father 'll have lots of money when he comes home. But he's been away a long, long while; and nobody's kind to me now. Sometimes Mrs. Brown says I must go to the workhouse. Father brought me a parrot last time he came; but it flew away one night while I was asleep, and nobody ever saw it again.'

I felt the tears start in my own old eyes as he spoke, and all the scholars looked to me as if there was a mist in the room.

'Poor boy!' I said. 'And where is mother?'

I might have spared him the question if I had thought a moment. His little mouth quivered more than ever, and the tears slipped over his eye-lids, and ran down his cheeks.

'Never mind!' I said hastily, and drawing him near to me, closer and closer till his curly little head was on my bosom, 'you shall come to school, my little lad.'

Yet before the words were off my tongue, I began to wonder how it could be managed. There was not a spare inch of bench, not even at the end of the loom, where my best scholars sat. Only the day before I had refused steadily to take in a boy for fourpence a week; ay! sixpence a week his mother offered me if I would only have him, and keep him out of mischief. Besides, there was Transome laid up, and the rent running on, and sixpence a week ready for me if I'd take it. Still, it would cost me nothing to teach the child, and it came across me as if the Lord was saying, 'This is what you can do for me!' Yes, this was the extra work I had set me to do. After that if anybody had offered me five shillings a week to send that child away to take another, I could not have done it.

'I'll be sure to pay you some day,' said the boy anxiously; when you've taught me to write and ask father to come home quickly. He went away in the ship a long while ago; but he's sure to come home if I write him a letter. So I want to make haste and learn. May I begin this morning?'

'You shall begin very soon,' I answered, ready to laugh and cry together at his eager way, and his belief that his father would come back if he could only write him a letter; 'tell me what your name is.'

'My father's Captain John Champion,' he said, lifting his little head proudly, 'and my name's Philip; but father calls me Pippin, and you may if you like. Mrs. Brown calls me all sorts of names.'

'Creep in here, Pippin,' I said, making a place for him close beside me in the chimneynook. There was barely room for me to stir; but the little lad kept so still and quiet, with his shinning eyes lifted up to me, and his face all eager with hearkening to what I was teaching the other scholars, that I did not care about being crowded.

There was a small, low chair of Willie's, my only boy who was dead, that was kept strung up to the hook in the strong beam by a bit of rope. It was a pretty chair, painted green, with roses along the back, and many a time my scholars had admired it. But no child had ever sat in it since Willie died. When morning school was over I climbed up on one of the benches, in spite of my stiff limbs, and unfastened it. The tears stood again in my eyes, for I fancied I could see my boy sitting in it by the side of the fire-place, and watching me while I was busy about my work. But I dusted it well, and set it down just in Willie's own place in the chimney nook, where Pippin was still quietly squatting on the floor; for he had not run away the moment school was over, like the other children.

'There!' I said, 'that's your seat now, my little lad. It belongs to my Willie, who's been in heaven these twenty years, waiting for me and father. Nobody but a good boy ought to sit on a chair that belongs to him, now he's an angel.'

'I'm going to be a good boy now, and an angel some day,' said the child, smiling up in my face.

'The Lord help him and me!' I said to myself, as I put the room to rights after the lads and lasses, 'it's not that easy to be good.'

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF A. OAKEY HALL.

His Friends Believe That He Has Been Murdered.

[Special Dispatch to the Phila. Times.

New York, March 22.—The most thorough search for some trace of ex-Mayor Oakey Hall fails to establish the least clue. There have been all kinds of rumors afloat concerning him, the one finding most believers being that he was fishing near Islip, L. I., but word has been received from there that he is not there. Ex-Congressman Meade shows a letter from Mr. Hall, written on Friday afternoon, in which Hall promises to meet Meade on the next day. Meade thinks that his letter amply shows that Hall had no intention of absenting himself from the city, and he thinks Hall is dead. Persons who have taken charge of Mr. Hall's office say they have discovered proof that he worked late into the night on Friday, and among other things wrote a list of questions that were to be propounded to those he, Mr. Meade and ex-Judge Solomon were to examine for admission to the bar on Saturday. On the other hand, one Munia, a printer, says positively that he saw Hall in an up-town street on Monday, and Mr. Sexton, a well-known architect, says that he rode down town with Mr. Hall in a horse car on Tuesday. All this simply makes the mystery more mysterious. Mr. Hall's most intimate friends say they believe he has been murdered.

THE FISHING INTEREST IN THE CATAWBA AND YADKIN RIVERS.

His Excellency, Governor Vance, yesterday addressed a letter to Governor Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, calling his attention to the act recently passed by the General Assembly of this State in regard to the artificial propagation of fish, and asking him to use his endeavors to have the obstructions to the passage of fish removed from the Catawba and Yadkin rivers after they enter his State. He reminds Governor Hampton that the Legislature of his State some years ago passed an act looking to the removal of such obstructions, and he now asks him to have this law enforced and to give him such other co-operation as will enable him to promote the propagation of fish in the two streams named. The Governor states in his letter that it is hoped to have at least a million young fishes, shad and salmon, placed in these streams between this time and the close of the season.—*Rale h News*

OAKEY HALL'S DISAPPEARANCE.

Tweed's Old Friend and Puppet Runs Away or Commits Suicide.

[Special Dispatch to The Phila. Times.]

New York, March 21.—Excitement is at fever heat in political, theatrical and legal circles this evening over the sudden and unexplained disapperance of Oakey Hall, ex-Mayor, ex-actor and ex-member of the Tammany ring. Mr. Hall was last seen in this city by the janitor of the *Tribune* building, in which he had an office. His confidential clerk had left him half an hour before, and Mr. Hall was then in the best of humor. He talked with the clerk about his law business and made extensive arrangements for a hard day's work on Saturday, when a case in the Court of Appeals was to be prepared. The clerk says that Mr. Hall's manner indicated that he was to be on hand early on Saturday, and no one was more astonished at his absence than he, and this was increased as hours wore away and no communication was received from the absent lawyer. His personal friends and the detectives were immediately informed of this and they have searched ever since, but not a clue have they obtained. Recorder Hackett, Mr. Vanderpoel, Hall's former law partner, and Douglass Taylor, who are probably as intimate friends as Mr. Hall had, say that they believe he has been foully dealt with. It's known that Mr. Hall had seven hundred dollars in cash in his pocket the evening he disappeared, that he had taken from bank that day. They think that he was put out of the way for this money. Others believe that he has committed suicide. They say that he has of late been depressed in spirits. Everything he put his hand to after the downfall of the big ring has failed. He said to Recorder Hackett, less than a week ago, that it seemed impossible for him to win a law case; all the judges were against him and he had lost them all.

Fears of Exposure.

The return of Ingersoll, Tweed, Sweeney and other ex-ring magnets, and the belief that prevails that there are to be new developments in the ring frauds, have unquestionably worried Mr. Hall, who, as Mayor, is believed to have winked at the rascalities, although nothing has been proved against him. Then, too, there has been a theatrical scandal freely circulated, in which his name is coupled with that of a fair young actress, and this is said to have greatly annoyed him. These facts are mentioned by those who believe that Mr. Hall has committed suicide. The actors who were well acquainted with him, Fiske, Daly, Brougham and others think that in a sudden whim he started for Europe. Charles S. Spencer thinks he has gone crazy, and has flung himself into the river. Two or three men have been found who say Hall said to them that he was going out of town for a week, but his confidential clerk will hear to nothing of the kind, believing that Mr. Hall has been foully dealt with. Superintendent Walling is Hall's personal friend. He has put the entire detective force to work. None of those who had enjoyed Mr. Hall's fullest confidence can understand what the sudden disappearance means. Mr. Hall was on trial three times for neglect of duty as Mayor, but was not convictied, the jury twice disagreeing and the trial once being ended by a juryman's death.

RAISING A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

"We regret to see," says the *Ansonian*, "that numbers of the papers of the State persist in unconscious misrepresentations of the bill as passed by the Legislature, for from the positions taken it is evident that they do not know the law. As one of the effects of these false impressions created by misstatements by the papers of our State, we note the action of the dealers and manufacturers in Baltimore, in which they propose to advance the price of fertilizers $1 per ton, to purchasers in our State, to meet the tax. The men in that meeting were misled as to the true purport and meaning of the act, and it was done by our own people, for at the time of their meeting they could not have known what the law is. And we venture to assert that there was not a standard fertilizer represented in that meeting, if the representative knew what was required by the law.

"It is calculated that the farmers of North Carolina paid last year, three million dollars for commercial manures, and upon reliable data, it is estimated that ONE MILLION DOLLARS WAS PAID FOR SAND. We learn that a Baltimore firm (and we suspect it was represented in that meeting) sold to one of our farmers last year, a large lot of fertilizer, which, upon actual and careful analysis, showed that it contained 57 per cent. of PURE SAND, and although the farmer has instituted proceedings for damages, he will be unable to recover, owing to the defects in our laws on that subject.

"No manufacturer can, or will object to the law, provided he deals in a standard article—he will see that it drives out competitors in spurious and worthless goods, and gives him the amplest protection in the sale of meritorious fertilizers. The Grange not only requested the Legistature to impose this tax, but it framed and presented to that body all the essential features of that bill, and by it they are willing to stand or fall."

A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great revolution, and known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinth, St. Honore. The Club, which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years, had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no farther; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interest might lead him to sway the opinion of the Club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could so long maintain his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed. A small room—a hiding-place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and hence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding-place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing-paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florain, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quited it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of the feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles of which the flooring is composed.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

This is not the only Christian country in which the ashes of the dead are not always cherished with reverential interest. In the foulest corner of the dirty solitude of St. Paul's Convent Garden, London, lies Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," without stone or mark to distinguish his grave. In the same place, lying under a cake of the accumulated filth of half a century, covered with old shoes, broken bottles and offal flung from neighboring windows, are the graves of Sir Peter Lely, Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar), Car Earl of Somerset, Sir Robert Strange, the greatest engraver England has ever seen; the dramatists Wycherly and Southern, and the actors Haines, Estcourt and Macklin. In St. Giles-in-the-Fields, all trace of his grave lost, lies Andrew Marvell, and crumbling to pieces in the same desolation is the monument of Chapman, the translator of Homer. In St. Anne's Soho William Hazlitt reposes among rubbish and bottles, and his headstone removed to another spot. In old St. Pancras, tombs gape open in a filthy solitude of nettles and elder trees, containing illustrious lawyers, soldiers, statesmen and noble French exiles; and near by is the stone which marks the graves of William Godwin and Mary Wollstoncroft, whose bodies, however, have been removed. In St. Martins-in-the-Fields have passed away all traces of the graves of Nell Gwynne, John Hunter, the great surgeon, and Mrs. Centlivre. All this were scarcely worse than the fact that over the graves of John Milton, Pope, Thomson, Akenside and Bolingbroke pews have been built according to various needs, and that the sites cannot now be recognized. If such desecration is allowed the graves of men of national reputation what can be expected for the rest of mankind?

SUNS IN FLAMES.

[From the New York World.]

The catastrophe in the steller system—the conflagration of a star—which caused so much commotion—in astronomical circles a few months ago, is made the subject of an article in *Belgravia* (March) by Richard A. Proctor. He says that this catastrophe happened probably a hundred years ago; the messenger which brought the news to us, though travelling at a rate sufficient to circle the earth eight times in the course of a second, had traversed millions upon millions of miles before reaching us last November. If a similar accident happened to our sun the creatures on that side of the earth turned towards him would be destroyed in an instant, and the rest very quickly afterwards. The heavens would be dissolved, and the elements would melt with fervent heat. The question is asked whether the earth is in this danger, and whether warning would be given of the coming destruction. The answer may be gathered from the facts mentioned in the article. There have been other conflagrations before that which was made known last fall. The first on record—observed by Hipparchus—occurred 2,000 years ago. It was seen blazing in full daylight, showing that it was many times brighter than Sirius, the blazing dog-star. It was call a new star because it had ever been invisble until its conflagration made its light temporarily visible.

The next new star (or stellar conflagration) appeared in the region of the heavens between Cepheus and Cassiopera three times, A. D. 945, 1264, 1572, and is expected to be seen on fire again before long. This star remained burning at its last appearance for sixteen months. It appeared larger than Jupiter and brighter than Sirius. It did not attain this lustre gradually, but shone forth at once in its full size and brightness as if it had been of instant creation. In 1596 Fabricius observed a new star in the neck of the "Whale" constellation, in September, 1604, a new one was discovered in Ophiuchus. In 1670 a new star appeared in the constellation Cygnus, remaining visible for nearly two years. In 1848 another was seen, which has continued in existence since its apparent creation. By the aid of the telespectroscope—an instrument combining the telescope and the spectroscope—it was found that the increase in the star's light rendering the star visible was due to the abnormal heat of the hydrogen surrounding that remote sun. But it could not be so easily decided whether this hydrogen was aglow with the heat of the star or whether absolute combustion was in process. In other words, was it as a red-hot piece of iron, or like a red-hot coal? These star conflagrations, it is believed, are caused by contact with other heavenly bodies—meteoric flights travelling on eccentric paths, or those in attendance of the comets. The meteors attendant on a comet continue to follow in its path years after the comet has disappeared. The tail of the comet of 1843 must actually have grazed our sun. Newton's comet nearly approached it. At any time we might be visited by a comet mightier than either, travelling on an orbit intersecting the sun's surface, followed by flights of meteoric masses enormous in size and many in number, which, falling upon the sun, would excite its whole frame to a degree of heat far exceeding what he now emits. We have evidence of the tremendous heat to which the sun's surface would be excited in such a case. In 1859 two meteoric masses came into contact with the sun. The downfall of these two bodies only affected the whole frame of the earth at the very time when the sun had been thus disturbed. Vivid auroras were seen where they had never been seen before, accompanied by electo-magnetic disturbances all over the world. In many places the telegraph struck work, the signal-men received severe shocks, and at Boston a flame of fire followed the pen of Bain's electric telegraph, which writes the message upon a chemically-prepared paper. This was the effect of two meteors.

The effect of a comet, bearing in its flight many millins of meteoric masses falling upon the sun—should that take place—can be understood. Our sun seen from some remote star whence ordinarily he is invisible would shine out as a new sun for a few days, while all things living on our earth and whatever other members of the solar system are the abode of life would inevitably be destroyed. If a comet came out of that part of the constellation Taurus, arriving in such a time as to fall upon the sun in May or June, the light of the sun would act as a viel, and we should be instantly destroyed without knowing anything about it. If it fell in November or December, we should see it for weeks, and astronomers would be able to tell us when it would fall upon the sun. The disturbance upon the sun would be temporary, but there would be no students of science left to record the effects. The chances are largely against such an accident. Our sun is one among millions, any one of which would become visible to the eye under such an accident, yet during the last 2,000 years, less than twenty such catastrophes have been recorded. Mr. Proctor moreover, reassures us in another way. He says in effect that all but one of these conflagrations have appeared in the zone of the Milky Way, and that one in a region connected with the Milky Way by a well-marked stream of stars; that the process of development is still going on in that region, but that if there be among the comets travelling in regular attendance upon the sun one whose orbit intersects the sun's globe it must have struck before the era of man, and that in our solar system we may fairly believe that all comets of the destructive sort have been eliminated, and that for many ages still to come the sun will continue to discharge his duties as fire, light and life of the solar system.

A sad sight is witnessed every day at the executive mansion in the crowds of poor women who flock the ante-chamber, hoping by personal appeal to President Hayes to obtain employment in the public service. Many of them have in the last few days pushed their way into the rooms where Mrs. Hayes receives and piteously appealed for her personal intercession in their behalf. It has become so embarassing that orders have been issued providing for admission to Mrs. Hayes only by card.—*Washington Letter.*

A farmer in Rowan county requests us to ask some Agricultural writter for a remedy to kill Buttonwood (?) in meadows. He says he has lived 65 years and always been a farmer, and has never been able to kill it, although he has tried salt, lime and ashes.—*Char. Democrat.*