

We recently read and approved Dr. Grissom's "Insania Transitoria," because it contains so much that will prove useful to physicians, when called to testify in court. It is very important that no villain escape punishment on the plea of insanity, and it would be cruel to hang a lunatic. Medical experts should therefore be thoroughly posted in regard to lunacy, and we thank Dr. Grissom for valuable information and for his sensible suggestions. At the same time our faith staggers at some of the Doctor's views. For example, we do not believe that Mr. Pierce was crazy. He idolized his sister Hattie. Bullock blasted her happiness and when requested to make the only possible partial reparation, he advised Pierce to "go to hell." Pierce thereupon drew a pistol and compelled him to follow his own advice. The jury should have acquitted Pierce, not because he was crazy, but because he had performed an unpleasant duty and committed no crime. We purpose now to write a review of Dr. Grissom's very able essay on "The Border-Land of Insanity." We intend to tell the truth with unfeigned affection and without partiality. For one year we boarded at the same hotel with Dr. Grissom, and often occupied the same room and the same bed. We know him well, and honestly believe him worthy of the high esteem in which he is held, and equal to the great responsibility which his present office devolves upon him. Holding him in the highest personal esteem, we feel at liberty to express our opinions freely, without fearing any suspicions of an unworthy motive.

Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea" opens with a grand paragraph, but it is followed by theories which science has exploded. So Dr. Grissom's opening paragraph is eloquent and beautiful. Read it:

"Between the kingdom of Genius and the habitation of Madness, there lies a strip of unknown breadth, which we may term the Border-land of insanity. In this Border-land have dwelt great numbers of the marked men of their race. The history of those of our fellows who have had glimpses into the greatest glories and the most frightful sorrows that may befall humanity, has for us a fascination beyond the wanderings of a Livingstone in equatorial wilds, or a Kane, amid the frozen secrets of the arctic North."

Here is another extract containing a very important proposition:

"The mind that dwells within us is a spark of the Divine essence, destined to a life beyond the grave. Did I say that the nerves were the telegraph wires of the system, and the brain the central battery? True; but the operator is the mind, separate and independent from the machinery at its command; and the battery, while sending forth currents of influence to the farthest wires, when the connection is unbroken, gives the jangle of unintelligent motion until the directing power of the operator impresses thought upon its quiverings, or direction upon its force, and registers his will in intelligible language. But if the wires are suddenly broken, or slowly rusted away; or if, in the lapse of time, the currents of the battery grow feeble, and die

away finally for want of the feeding acids and metals, the play of whose mutual action is transmuted to electric force; or if the lightning of Heaven seize and for a while range these wires with uncontrollable force—in any and all these cases the operator stands powerless to express his will. But he is nevertheless still existent, and if the damage be not irreparable, he is ready to resume control, so far as the delicate apparatus is readjusted and reconnected, and supplied again with the pure and efficient pabulum of its operations.

The proposition I assert is, that there is no such thing as a diseased mind, where the body is in perfect health, implying the brain natural in size, unaffected in its structure or functions by disease, and supplied with pure blood, unvaried by excess or diminution. The *mens sana* always resides in *corpore sano*."

The following extracts lay the foundation for the argument:

"A conception of an absent object is the revived impression which has been preserved in whole or part by memory. So, a hallucination is an illusion that reason does not dispel, but which hangs about the mind seeking admittance into the domains of admitted truth. If we do not dismiss the momentary sight of the ghostly milestone as the glare of disturbed sense, but fly before it, and every moment turn to see it pursue, we are the victims of hallucination. That which more distinctly illustrates hallucination as disordered conception, is the striking fact that men whose eyes are out may have hallucinations of dread visions before them, and so of the other senses."

Now comes the text attributed to Aristotle: *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demencie*. But Aristotle wrote in Greek, and we should have preferred his exact language; but perhaps the famous teacher used this text in breathing into his most illustrious pupil (Alexander the Great) his mad thirst for glory and power, though Dr. Grissom does not call him insane. Yet he must have been insane, or the text untrue. We admit that many kings have been crazy, but we do not believe that "Philip of Macedon was once insane." He was often drunk and sometimes liquor made him foolish and wicked. His "drunkenness was short madness," as the Greeks often said; but for clear, cool and sagacious administrative power, Philip (when sober) was remarkable. He organized and equipped the army that conquered the world. Shall we say that Philip was insane because he sometimes held court when too drunk to decide controversies? Let us beware lest the same charge recoil upon our own countrymen.

But how about King Saul, whom Dr. Grissom calls "clearly" insane? He was at first an ordinary man, except in size. Then "the spirit of God came upon Saul." This was not insanity. But again it is said that "the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." Was this insanity? The Devil entered into Judas Iscariot. Was he insane? Are we not in danger of mistaking meanness for madness? Saul consulted a fortune-teller. Was this insanity? Alas for thousands of our young men and maidens who inquire from Foster down to the most hideous hags of Africa.

(To be continued.)

## THE GRAND LODGE.

This body closed its Annual Communication last Friday. There was very little variation from the usual routine of business. Mr. Blount was numbered with the Past Grand Masters, and his seat was occupied by Mr. Munson of Wilmington. Mr. Hardie of Fayetteville was made Senior Grand Warden and Mr. Gudger of Waynesville, Junior Grand Warden, Messrs Anderson and Bain were reelected Treasurer and Secretary. The Grand Masters' appointments were excellent.

The Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum reported 103 orphans at Oxford and a small sum in the Treasury. The details of the troubles at Mars Hill and Asheville were also given. The Grand Lodge refused to take any action in regard to the Pease property, and left it in charge of the Grand Master. But there was a decided inclination to retain the property and reopen the Asylum in the West whenever circumstances shall render it practicable to do so. The appropriation to the orphan work was the same as that of last year.

The report of the Committee on Foreign correspondence was committed to Hon. E. G. Reade for revision.

## MORAL UMBRELLAS.

Long before man sought out the ingenious invention known as an umbrella for the protection of his corporeal existence was this of the moral type in vogue, to Father Adam must the credit of its invention be given and though his successors have wonderfully improved the patent the same outlines are still discernible. Our venerable parent made use of his best and indeed only friend to subserve this purpose in the memorable words "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me," he has made an umbrella of Eve to shield himself from the showers of a righteous God's wrath. And his descendants have gone and done likewise. In imagination, let us go to church; we see before us an amiable looking congregation, the minister announces his text, and lo in an instant the little conviction-proof inventions shoot up over the hearts of his hearers, he waxes warm in his expostulation, and they beam upon him most placidly, and so he may ring the changes from persuasive eloquence to destroying vengeance, and the same imperturbable look greets him, for the improved patent of moral umbrellas were out that day, and they are "warranted to be proof against conviction of duty," conscience lies snugly asleep under the protection afforded it, and the tempest of Divine wrath has the lulling effect of pattering rain on the roof, but a spasm of pity seizes us when we think how that sinner next to us ought to be drowning, and he comes nigh unto it, perched, poor fellow, over our consciences. And though they frequent churches, men do not leave them there. Oh no! all the flecks of scarlet would be bleached out of self if subjected to many such torrents, and the victim of these storms would be on the highway to spotless purity all too soon for his temporal interest, for there is a charm about the rosy hues in which sin vests itself, and approaches us and a shrinking, shuddering at the gleam of the glimmering white. Though the sunshine of human sympathy only penetrates in stray beams this solid fabric and the plant of love growing beneath is a wee

thing, this is no desert waste. If you have ever observed how poisonous plants seek the shadow you will not marvel at the wild luxuriance here. Here flourishes the deadly night shade of hatred or the Upas of revenge steeping the soul in its deadly dews.

There is not the same danger of losing them that attends the material kind. One was never known to be lost or even made way with, without great pain and anxiety. They are fast friends and guarantee a jolly good time to those who have sought refuge under them. But the day draws on apace when they will cease to give shelter, they will not avail before the tribunal of the great I Am, and a cry for the wanted refuge will prove as fruitless as for the rocks and mountains to fall on us.

## HOW BLIND TOM EATS.

This strange being, so long known to the world as a rare musical wonder, may almost be described as a wild animal born piano-crazy. He even seems to devour his meals to the sound of imaginary music. A reporter at Virginia City expressed a desire to see Tom at his meals, and was accordingly taken to his room.

"Sit down here," said the agent, "and keep perfectly still. Tom detects the slightest sound, and often puts people out of the room under the impression that they mean to injure him."

The reporter seated himself in one corner of the room, and in a few moments a waiter brought in Tom's meal and placed it upon a stand. Shortly afterwards Tom was led in from an adjoining room and seated alongside the stand. The agent then withdrew leaving Tom and the reporter alone!

When the blind musician took his seat, his features could be studied and at leisure. His head seemed to be a literal copy from the pictures of idiots one sees in the phrenological works. There was scarcely any forehead, his nose was long and flat, the mouth and jaws simply brutal. His yellow, sightless eyes rolled continually in their sockets, and the whole aspect of his face was ferocious and animal.

Immediately on seating himself, he began to drum with his hands upon the table, as if fingering the keys of a piano, at the same time humming an air in a low tone. Next, he ran the tips of his fingers over the stand, and touched in succession a beefsteak, a dish of asparagus, a cup of tea and some bread and potatoes.

Satisfying himself that a grace was warrantable, he calmly spread his hands over it, and repeated a short grace in a reverential tone and very slowly. The instant the grace was said he clutched the beefsteak in both hands, and, lifting it to his mouth, tore it in fragments between his teeth, seeming to swallow the pieces without mastication.

As soon as the steak was disposed of, he began sweetening his tea with little cubes of sugar. He evidently likes his tea sweet, for he put sixteen ordinary cubes of sugar in his cup, and then, stirring the mixture, drank it down with a smack of satisfaction.

When this was done he uttered a cry of delight, and, turning from the table, rubbed his hands together in a sort of childish glee, and danced about the room. Going up to the mantelpiece, taking no notice whatever of the articles which he knocked off. Suddenly he rushed back to the table

and made a raid on the dish of asparagus, eating the stems entire, the white stringy part, as well as the tender extremity.

He next clutched a large potato in his hand and placed it between his teeth, but suddenly changed his mind, and casting it down, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and again placed his hands in a position to play.

He held his head motionless for some minutes, as if endeavoring to catch some stray musical fancy which was drifting through his mind.

## CARLYLE ON DARWIN.

The patriarch of an influential school of English literature, Thomas Carlyle, lives in a small unpretentious house on an old dingy street in Chelsea, England. He recently received an American gentleman—though he is not partial to our nation, having encountered many intolerable bores among our representatives—in a drawing-room on the second floor front. The old man—he is in his eighty fourth year—sat in a capacious arm-chair before a glowing coal fire. He was feeble, but his memory is still wonderful, and the flow of his talk is unabated. The gentleman thus reports in the Hartford *Courant* what "that old man eloquent" said of Darwin and his theories:

"About thirty years ago, a book was published here, called the 'Vestiges of Creation.' It ran quietly through five editions. Men read it with bated breath in silence and marveled at its audacity. It was like a pinch of snuff, and now whole wagon-loads of it are thrown down in the public highways, and theistic sneezing has become the fashion.

"So called literary and scientific classes in England now proudly give themselves to protoplasm, organ of species, and the like, to prove that God did not build the universe.

"I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father and son—atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man, who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraved with this legend, '*Omnia ex conchis*;' everything from a clam-shell!

"I saw the naturalist not many months ago, told him that I had read his 'Origin of the Species,' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far towards persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

"A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this Universe.

"I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frogspawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day.

"The older I grow,—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—"What is the great end of man? 'To Glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.'