

RHODA GRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

"Art Thou not by to soothe at eve,
To lay us gently in the grave,
To close the weary eye and hush the parting breath?"

Over the great joy at coming home there hung a cloud, which was deepening every day, and which no sunshine could drive away. It was the approaching death of Rhoda. The Sunday after thanks had been given for Tom, the prayers of that church were asked for Rhoda Grant.

Tom had heard nothing of the return of her illness, and had expected to find her up and about: not strong, indeed, but as well as she was when he left home. It was a grief to him to find her lying in bed again, looking thinner and more wasted than he had ever seen her before, and too weak at times even to speak to him. After she had got over the shock of seeing him the joy seemed to revive her for a day or two, but it was only a brief improvement. It was beautiful to see her patient submission to God's will, and the bright smile of hope which lighted her face as she spoke of heavenly things. The more she saw of Tom, the more thankful she was to God for having sent him to be a real comfort to her poor mother when she was gone. It had been one of her cares that after her death there would be no one to say a good word, or remain her family of keeping God's day holy. But she felt now that by God's grace Tom would be able to do this, and perhaps be more to them than she had been.

Tom did not seek any work at first, by the doctor's advice, but lived on his savings for two or three weeks, till he was stronger. He was a great comfort to his dear sister in her last days. He read God's word to her, and sat up with her at night, dividing the nursing with his mother. Rhoda often dropped asleep holding his hand, and when she woke it seemed to soothe her to see him sitting beside her. Before she died she received the Holy Communion, and Tom, though not yet a partaker, was present at the sacred and touching service. When it was over, and Mr. Morsell gone, she called to Tom to take a seat near her, and putting her thin wasted hand into his she said, "Tom dear! It has been such comfort and strength to me. I am sure you will find it, so, too—such a help in trying to lead a Christian life. I hope, dear brother, that you will be confirmed next time, and that afterwards you will go regularly to the Holy Communion; you will find it such a help and comfort. It is so true, that it is the strengthening and refreshing of our souls with the Body and Blood of Christ. And, Tom dear! when I'm gone, promise me to be very good to dear father and mother and all of them, and try to lead them in the right way, and speak a good word when you can. For my sake promise this, and she looked into his face. His eyes were full of tears, and he could not speak; but he pressed her hand, and she knew that the promise was made, and that he intended to keep it. A day or two after this she passed quietly away in the early dawn, when her mother and Tom were watching beside her. A sweet smile on her face just before her spirit took its flight, and they knew that she was safe beyond all the pain and suffering of this sorrowing world.

Tom kept the promise he had made to his dying sister, and became a real comfort and help. His strength soon returned in the fresh country air, and he was able to take farm-work and earn good wages; thus supporting himself and helping his family. But he helped them still more by his good example. Rhoda's life and illness and death had had their effect, and Tom kept up her memory, and showed it in his own conduct that, by God's grace, the example of her Christian life had not been thrown away on him. The children now went regularly to the Sunday-school with Tom, who in time persuaded Richard to accompany him there too; and by degrees the whole family except Grant became church-goers. Grant was one of those men, so confirmed by the bad practice of a life-time in the neglect of God's day and God's house, that the difficulty of entering a place of worship seemed too great to be overcome. He, however, gave up his Sunday expeditions with idle companions and dogs, and would even sit still and attend to a chapter, out of the Bible read aloud; and Tom, who constantly prayed for his father, was not without hope that he might become an altered man.

Next year, not only Tom was confirmed, but his mother and Richard, and they all went together at the Lord's table, and became constant communicants afterwards. And as they joined in the thanksgiving to God for all His servants departing His faith and fear, their hearts returned grateful joy to their dear Rhoda, now one of God's saints, whose suffering life on earth had been such a blessing to them all.

THE END.

Proctor says the earth is growing larger. We are glad to hear it, says the Danbury News, for real estate has advanced fearfully in the past three years.

"SHOEMAKER AND NATURALIST."

In an article with the above title in Harper's Magazine for April, Mr. S. B. Goswami thus describes the adventures of Thomas Edward, the subject of Mr. Saltus' recent biography:

When twenty years old, Edward went to Banff to work at his trade. Three years later he fell in love with a comely, bright, and cheerful lass, and after a short courtship, married her, and began housekeeping on about two dollars and a half a week. Poor as they were, they were content and happy. Edward at once began to make collections of the objects gathered in his walks. He had acquired the art of preserving birds as well as insects. Unfortunately he knew almost nothing of the books, and was unable to write. He did not possess a single work on natural history, and did not know the name of the birds and animals he caught, and whose habits he was familiar with. All his knowledge had been gathered by himself and was his own.

To assist him in procuring specimens of birds and animals, Edward bought an old gun. It was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out his charges in the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown paper bag. A few insect bottles, some boxes for moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for plants, constituted the rest of his equipment. As he did not cease work until nine o'clock at night, nearly all his researches were made after that hour. He had to be back to his work in the morning at six. His wages were so small that he could not venture to abridge his working hours. He never spent a moment idly nor a penny uselessly.

As soon as his work was done, he would set out, with his supper stowed away in his pocket to last no time, and so long as it was light he scoured the country, looking for moths, beetles, birds, or any other living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or bush, or tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up and again began his observations, which he continued till it was time to go to work. Sunday was his only day of rest. By twelve o'clock Sunday night, however, he was up and away. His neighbors used to say of him, "It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house." In fact, he never staid at home except Sundays. Weather never daunted him. When it rained, he would look out for a hole in the bank and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He kept his head and his gun out, watching and waiting for any casualties that might happen. He knew of two such holes, both in sand banks and both in woods, which he occasionally frequented. They were foxes' or badger's dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. If they were out, they did the same, except on one occasion, when a badger endeavored to dislodge him, showing its teeth. He was obliged to shoot it. He could often have shot deers and hares, which came close up to where he was; but they were forbidden animals and he resisted the temptation. He shot owls and polecats from his ambuscades. Number of moths came dancing about him and many of these he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform.

Sometimes he would take up his quarters in a barn, a ruined castle, or a church-yard. His objection to these places was the greater numbers of unpleasant visitors than elsewhere—polecats, weasels, bats, rats and mice, not to speak of hosts of night-wandering insects, mollusks, beetles, slaters, centipedes, and snails. Thinking of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-inking at your face while asleep, or two or three big rats tug-tug at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! Boydile church-yard, a most uncanny place after dark, was frequently his lodging place, greatly to the amazement of his superstitious neighbors. He sometimes had severe encounters with nocturnal roamers. One night, while sleeping in the ruined castle of the Boyne, about five miles west of Banff, he was attacked by a large and ferocious polecat. Edward could have shot the creature, but he never wasted powder and shot upon any thing he could take with his hands. The animal leaped upon him as he lay on the floor, and was seized by the throat by the watchful naturalist. "I thought," says Edward, "that he would have torn my hands to pieces with his claws. I endeavored to get him turned round, so as to get my hand to the back of his neck. How he screamed and yelled!... And then what an awful stench he emitted during his struggles!" After struggling with the brute nearly two hours, Edward bethought him of his chloroform bottle, and, with a dose from that, ended the fight. He was quite exhausted with the long contest, but as he had secured a large and valuable specimen for his collection, he felt repaid for all it had cost him.

In this manner Edward passed several years, working at his trade by day and making his rounds as a naturalist by night. In four years he had made a collection of nearly a thousand insects, secured in twenty boxes, which were piled one upon another, face downward, to keep out the dust. On looking at them one day he found that rats or mice had destroyed the

whole collection. This was a heavy misfortune for a man in Edward's position. His wife, seeing the empty cases, asked him what he would do. "Well," said he, "it's an awful disappointment, but I think the best thing to do will be to set to work and fill them again." He did so; and in another four years he had as large a collection as the first. By the year 1845 he had preserved nearly two thousand specimens of living creatures found in the neighborhood of Banff. About half the number consisted of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, crustacea, star-fish, zoophytes, corals, sponges, and other objects. He had also collected an immense number of plants. Some of the specimens were in bottles, but the greater number were in cases with glass fronts. He could not afford to have the cases made by a joiner; so he made the whole of them himself, with the aid of his shoemaker's knife, a saw, and a hammer. There were about three hundred cases in all. An exhibition of this collection at a fair held at Banff yielded him a small sum of money, and encouraged him to try the same experiment at Aberdeen, in the hope that he might be able to give up his trade and devote all his time to natural history. But he was doomed to a sad disappointment. Few people went to see the collection, and he was obliged to part with it to defray the debt incurred in moving it to Aberdeen. The sale brought only £20 10s. The collection went into the hands of a private gentleman, who suffered it to go to ruin. Edward went back to Banff disappointed, but neither soured nor disheartened, and resumed his trade and his researches.

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival, the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Barnes then addressed the woman desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfillment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: "I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!"

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniac tenets of her heathen creed.

Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and coorics on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each, with a calm, soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with her lighted torch, bearing which,

yet relent, and rush from a fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last.

Not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a light smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame, a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophize as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.—Mrs. Postan.

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE SOUTHERN HEROES.

John Esten Cooke furnishes the following for the columns of the Philadelphia Weekly Times:

The death of the famous cavalry man produced a deep and painful sensation, in some degree akin to that produced by the death of Jackson. The Southern people had indeed become accustomed to couple together the three great names, Lee, Jackson and Stuart, valuing each for his peculiar qualities. No comparison is intended to be made between these three distinguished soldiers, but it is interesting to notice how sharply contrasted they were in character, and how peculiarly each was fitted for the sphere in which he moved and his special functions. Lee, the head and front of the struggle, was the born commander-in-chief, fitted for the conception of great campaigns, ever wide awake, a man of august dignity by nature, calm, suave, grave, taking good and evil fortune with the same imposing serenity; in person, one of the most noble and graceful men of his epoch, and the finest rider in the Southern army; in character, simple, pure, patient, binding to himself both the love and respect of men. Jackson was the infantry leader, the "right arm" to execute what Lee conceived; in person not graceful, in manner silent, reserved and often abrupt; cautious council, but rapid and terrible in execution, going to the battle with muttering prayers on his lips, leaving all to Providence, but striking with all the power of his arm to do his part, and in many ways resembling the Ironsides of Cromwell. Stuart, on the contrary, was the cavalier, essentially belonging to the class of men who followed the fortunes of Charles I., ardent, impetuous, brimming over with the wine of life and youth, with the headlong courage of a high-spirited boy, fond of bright colors, of rippling flags, of martial music and the clash of sabres—in all the warp and woof of his character an embodiment of all the best traits of the English cavaliers—not of their bad traits. Although his utter carelessness as to the impression he produced subjected him to many calumnies, it is here placed on record, by one who knew his private life thoroughly and was with him day and night for years, that he was in morals among the purest of men—a faithful husband, absolutely without vices of any description, and if not demonstrative in his religious views, an earnest and exemplary Christian. His love for his wife was deep and devoted, and on the death of his little daughter, Flora, he said to me with tears in his eyes, "I shall never get over it."

SUPREME COURT.

This tribunal yesterday concluded the examination of candidate for licenses to practice law. Two were rejected, and the following is an alphabetical list of those to whom licenses were granted:

- Julius Cassius Black, Randolph county.
- Washington Bryan, Craven
- Bennahan Cameron, Orange
- William Goodell Carson, Henderston
- Louis Henry Clement, Davie
- Robert Paine Felton, Chowan
- Robt. Brodman Glenn, Rockingham
- Marshall Albert Gray, Lenoir
- Alfred Williams Haywood, Wake
- Thomas Butler Justice, Rutherford
- Henry Gilliam Latham, Washington
- William Latimer, New Hanover
- Frederick Becton Loftin, Lenoir
- Thos. Williams Mason, Northampton
- William Edwin Murchison, Harnett
- Frank Nash, Edgecombe
- John Yewell Phillips, Stokes
- Nathan Stedman Poe, Cumberland
- Thomas Settle Reid, Rockingham
- William Hagan Reid, Iredell
- Hugh Reid Scott, Rockingham
- Wilfred Dent Turner, Iredell
- James Landrum Webb, Cleveland

This was the only business transacted during the day. Court will meet this morning at 9 o'clock, when the first district will be called peremptorily.—Raleigh News, June 6th.

(From the Charlotte Observer.)

JUDGE BLACK'S OPINION AS TO THE JURISDICTION OF THE FEDERAL COURT.—It is much to be regretted that the opinion in regard to the jurisdiction of the United States Courts in certain cases, the following will probably throw some light on the subject:

In the case of the United States vs. Blyews reported in 13 Wallace U. S. Reports p. 585, Judge Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, who is pre-eminently the greatest lawyer of this country, in discussing the question of a removal of an indictment for murder (Ray's case exactly) from the State Court of Kentucky to the Circuit Courts of the United States, uses this pungent and forcible language. We quote from the report of the case:

"Judge Black after remarking that this 'murder was committed on the soil of Kentucky and within her limits; that it was an insult to her dignity and an outrage on the peace of a community which the organic law of the land, was placed under her sole protection; that her laws were offended by it, and that none but she had a right to enter into judgment with the perpetrators of it; that no other State sovereignty, prince or potentate on earth had made or could make any law which would punish that offence at that place; that the United States had never pretended that a murder within the limits of a State was an offence against them and that it was no more an offence against the United States than it was against the Republic of France or the Empire of Germany; contended that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction, because; whether the act of Congress did or did not embrace this case, it was a sheer 'flat breach of the Constitution.'"

OFFICIAL TYRANNY.

The Outrages of Revenue Officers by Cruelty to Men and Women, and a wanton Destruction of Property.—Stills, Hogs, &c.

The people and the press do not see this form of official outrage and tyranny whenever they properly understand it. But denunciation seems to have little effect. The outrages go on the same as ever. The true remedy for the gross evils complained of is four-fold in its nature:

1. Protest from the people and the press; protests long, and loud, and deep.
2. Protests on the floor of Congress by our Representatives, and stern demands there for remedial legislation.
3. A stern demand upon the President of the United States for the removal of bad Revenue officers, and the supplying of their places with men who are neither brutes nor bullies.
4. The persistent, unwavering determination on the part of our State courts to catch and punish every Revenue officer who goes beyond the line of his official duties to trespass upon the rights of North Carolina citizens, or to violate North Carolina law.

Let the remedy be applied in this four-fold way, and the tyrannical and bloody proceedings of Marshal Douglass' gang of roughts will be stopped.—Rat. News.

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL ON PRESIDENT HAYES.

Nobody who knows the President has ever doubted his partisan integrity. He is an out-and-out Republican. The politicians of this generation have before them two eye-openers—John Tyler and Andrew Johnson. Mr. Hayes need not be either a very sagacious or a very sincere politician to avoid the pits which his two unfortunate predecessors dug for themselves. He has never dreamed of going back on the party that, failing to elect him, contrived to play on the stupidity of the party that defeated him as to make it his inductor into office. It was natural, therefore, that, taking a low estimate of Democratic intelligence, he should think he could burst the whole concern by a few favors judiciously scattered here and there, joined to a liberal and just policy. Circumstances favored this intention. The honorable and patriotic conduct of the Southern men, who, seeing no fight in their Northern allies, accepted the Electoral Commission snare, and who, having accepted it, stood by the bond with the fidelity which has always marked the better class of Southern political leaders, was very naturally mistaken by trading Republicans, and for the matter of that, by trading Democrats for a flag of truce.

Meanwhile there were South Carolina and Louisiana to be liberated; the repose of an excited people to be secured; the pacification of the country to be obtained, and, seeing Mr. Hayes take a better view of these than General Grant had taken of Southern men of every shade of opinion united in saying—what they say to-day—that, asking nothing for themselves and seeking no change in their political relations, they stand ready to discount all questions touching the President's advent to power as well as affecting his personal rectitude, and give him a full and fair trial. Thus it was and thus it is. They do not propose to change their party for him. They do not propose to get up a new party for him. They do not propose to join the Republican party in any event.

They propose as Democrats, but also as patriots, to sustain him in every measure, which truly involves the dissemination and enlargement of natural ideas; the solidification of the national creed; the purification of the public service, the

emancipation of political society, white and black, from sectional thralldom. That is their little game, and nothing else. It ought to be clearly understood, and in the beginning, so that if in the end Mr. Hayes and the people about him find themselves disappointed in making Republicans out Democrats, and dividing the South by a transaction which upright people cannot approve, they will have only themselves to thank for their mistake.

With this explicit understanding, they can turn as radical as they please, and flout the bloody shirt to their heart's desire. On that issue we shall beat them worse than ever. The good men of America, North and South, want peace. This generation is not responsible for the last. It is responsible for itself, and with its responsibilities upon it, its purpose is to make a nation which shall be national, not a huddle of discordant sections and States, the rule being pitch or toss which shall cheat and persecute the other.

THE RAILROAD.

We interviewed our worthy fellow citizen, Maj. J. W. Wilson, the Railroad President, and learned from him that he had iron on the way to lay some more track Buncombeward. The road bed is being fixed up ready for it, so as to go up as far as the Round Knob with the railway three miles. Here a heavy piece of work will delay them some time when they can again go forward several miles in the tortuous ascent of the mountains. Major Wilson thinks the work is progressing satisfactorily, and he knows. He seems to be confident that next year he can make more noise in Buncombe, with his engines, than has ever been made there about a railroad.—Blade.

ADDRESS OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

(From the Raleigh News.)

At the meeting of the State Board of Education held in this city Thursday afternoon, the following address to the teachers of the State was adopted:

To the Teachers of the State and those wishing to become Teachers:

The General Assembly having authorized the Board of Education to establish a normal school for white males in connection with the University, in execution of this power and to accomplish "the greatest good to the greatest number," this Board of Education, with the concurrence of the trustees and faculty of the University, conclude to adopt the following scheme:

1. The school will be open not only to those desiring to become teachers, but to all those now engaged in teaching. Females are invited to attend also.
2. The session will be during the summer vacation of the University. It will begin on Tuesday, the 3d of July next, and will continue for at least six weeks. The school will be held in one or more of the University recitation rooms or laboratories.
3. Normal teaching being not only a science, but an art, it has been determined to place the conduct of the school in the hands of trained experts—men who have for years made normal methods a study, and have had large experience in their practical working. Accordingly Professor John I. Ladd, superintendent of the public schools of Stanton, Va., and Professor L. H. Owens, of Tusculum, Ala., have been chosen as two of the Professors of the University Normal School. At least one other Professor will be chosen who will probably be a resident of the State. Professors Ladd and Owens are distinguished as peculiarly skillful and accomplished normal instructors, as men powerful in inspiring vigor and interest in normal school exercises.
4. Regular exercises will be had daily in the following branches: Arithmetic, written and mental, grammar, analysis, geography, reading, orthography, phonetics, penmanship. Instruction will be given practically on school discipline, methods, organization, qualifications, legal relation of teacher, parent and child.

A daily drill in vocal music will be had. In addition to the regular daily exercises eminent men of this and other States will deliver lectures occasionally at night for the instruction of the students.

TEACHERS.

Although the law requires that the moneys paid by the State shall be devoted to the use of males, yet females are cordially invited to attend all the exercises of the school free of charge.

All those wishing to become regular attendants on the school will send their names to Hon. Kemp P. Battle, at Chapel Hill, on or before the 20th of June next.

Attendants on the school will please bring the text-books they may have relating to the studies above named. Deficiencies will be supplied by the Board.

Prompt attendance is greatly desired, but pupils will be received at any time. It has been the aim of the board to expend this gift of the Legislature in the manner best calculated to benefit that large but humble class of teachers whose noble calling it is to instruct the bulk of our people, to give them, as far as possible, all advantages to be derived from the University, banking it the common property of rich and poor, and to inspire a more general interest in the great cause of education.

We earnestly appeal to every teacher and every man and woman in the State who desires to teach to come forward and attend this school.

Should it prove successful, the Legislature will no doubt increase the appropriation, and with experience and enlarged means we may well hope to do a great work for North Carolina.

Z. B. VANCE,
Governor and Chairman Board of Education.
KEMP P. BATTLE,
President of the University.
J. C. SCARBOROUGH,
Superintendent of Public Instruction and Secretary of Board of Education.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN ABROAD.

Dr. Eugene Grissom Makes a Hit at St. Louis.

(St. Louis Times, May 31.)

The second day's proceedings of the Association of Superintendents of Insane Asylums were begun at 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

Dr. E. Grissom of North Carolina, read a lengthy and able paper, entitled "Mechanical Protection for the Violent Insane." The paper seems to have been called out by reason of an attack upon American Institutions, made by John Charles Bucknill, M. D., F. R. S., and a commissioner of lunacy in England. Dr. Bucknill visited America about years ago, and while here cursorily examined a number of insane institutions, and upon the information thus hastily gained commenced an indiscriminate slaughter in the London Lancet. His attack was particularly violent upon the restraint sometimes exercised in America to prevent patients injuring themselves and others; as for instance the padded room, into which the most violent are sometimes placed during paroxysms to prevent homicide and suicide. Dr. Grissom's paper set forth, from official reports from the various institutions of America and England, that there are fully as many superintendents in England favorable to necessary restraint as there are in America, though under present British laws they seem to be denied in this respect what seems necessary to successful treatment. In proof of the improved system of American institutions, the Doctor's paper set forth the mortality in our home institutions to be only seven per cent., while in England it is 11.36 per cent. annually. With Scotland and Ireland added the mortality must necessarily be greater, as in some of the Irish institutions, under English protection, there is complaint that patients have neither beds nor bedding. The Doctor's paper showed that the mortality of the North Carolina hospital has of late been only four per cent., and that while the institutions of Great Britain have annual reports of suicides and homicides, there has not been a single one in the North Carolina institution in the treatment of 1,200 insane since its foundation.

Dr. Grissom's paper was received with hearty applause and other expressions of delight and approbation. It seems that Dr. Bucknill was very severe in his criticism, and even went beyond the bounds of truth. His paper was arrogant in tone, and very offensive to the association. Dr. Grissom's reply was couched in the most courteous language, and its dignified tone added much to its power. He was surrounded by the members of the association, and compliments showered upon him. Some of the oldest members remarked that they had never heard a paper read that was so unanimously endorsed and so generally complimented.

DEVELOPING OUR RESOURCES.—Mr. R. E. Waddell, Superintendent of Chadwick & Co's barytes mines near Black's station, on the Air Line Railroad, is in this city, and states that the company, who are large manufacturers and dealers in white lead, paints, &c., in Philadelphia, are making experiments with the view of locating extensive machinery at these mines for the purpose of preparing the barytes for use there. Formerly the mineral has been used solely for the adulteration of white lead, but the mineral now obtained is of such superior quality that it can take the place of white lead in the manufacture of cheap paints. Chadwick & Co. state that the mineral is found near Black's in large quantities, and of a better quality than anywhere else in this country or Europe. Mr. Waddell now employs a large number of workmen.—Charlotte Observer.