



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four six or eight pages

PUBLISHED BISH MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn typesetting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year (payable in advance)

ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

ROY V. SOMERVILLE, 105 Times Building, New York, is our agent for United States advertising.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1892.

IN DREAMLAND.

The poetical lines that recently appeared in THE CANADIAN MUTE, a contribution to the Boston Globe, have again called attention to the subject of dreams by the deaf. Mr. Bala has some original verses in another column which, aside from the sentiment so well presented, possess literary merit of no mean order. He expresses his own experience as a deaf man, whose sense of hearing was lost ere he reached maturity. His dreams of things reasonable and unreasonable, and of dreamland conversations with friends living and dead, but no sound of voices or event reaches his ears, when in that mystic state of existence. In short, how deaf in his dreams as well as in his waking hours. Is this the experience of the deaf generally?

The writer is now, and has been for fifteen years, totally deaf; but in his dreams he always hears the voices of those with whom he converses. He became deaf when over thirty years of age, and it may be that the impressions of childhood and early manhood were so firmly made, by the usually joyous and active events of that part of life, as to control the dormant senses when dreaming. Be this as it may, he rejoices that, in "the mystic land of dreams," he can hear "the sound of a voice that is still," be enraptured with the strains of sweet music, and listen with inexpressible pleasure to the singing birds, the sighing wind, and the rippling water. Sometimes, when,—

Through the listening night,
With mysterious flight,
Pass those winged intimations—

and the dream has opened the sealed book of long ago, presenting delightful pictures of "the land that used to be," to awake and find that it was only a vision in dreamland, creates a feeling of sadness, a sense of deprivation that shuts out the light.

"O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shiny fields, and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots,
Embosomed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that crown the glen,
Lift their faces up to me,
Out of the past—I live in thee,
The land that used to be."

A TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

There is now and has been for some time, a lively discussion by the Institution papers of the United States concerning the establishment of a technical school for the deaf, on a national basis. The impression seems to be gaining ground that the provisions already made for teaching the trades, at schools for the deaf, are inadequate to the completion of such an education as the times demand. With this sentiment there is quite an unanimity of opinion, but when the location of the proposed school is discussed sectional jealousies influence public utterances. The western and southern papers, representing the opinions of the deaf in these sections, are opposed to the school being located in Washington, as a part of the National College. They argue that the national capital is not centrally located, and, inasmuch as the majority of pupils must be expected from western states, their convenience and pleasure should be considered in the selection of a site. We are not allowed to meddle with affairs of this kind, being what our friend McGregor would call "foreigners," but will presume to express a humble opinion and take the consequences. A technical institute, such as is proposed, would be national in character, supported by federal finances, and subject to federal control. The college at Washington is identical in design and nature of work done. It is a "national college" for the higher education of the deaf, and its location at the capital of the country is favorable to its success. The city is cosmopolitan in character, grand in its architectural adornments, and famous for its historical reminiscences. There the greatest minds of the nation are found, and social influence is predominant. Students must come in contact with, and have their characters moulded to a greater or less degree by, the men and women who congregate at the national capital. Aside from this, the location of the technical school elsewhere would undoubtedly injuriously affect the future of the college. That is a question the federal authorities would be careful to guard against. There is now a tendency towards the federation of colleges and university work, having a central body about which the others locate, and from which all derive particular advantages. The National College for the higher education of the deaf is entitled to all the aid it can receive from the development of the work. A technical school and oral school, if established, would properly only be departments of the college as the national school. It would be unjust and unreasonable to have such departments located anywhere else than at Washington, in conjunction with the National College. All should be under the same management, as all would be subject to the same conditions of support. United, they would be a source of much benefit to the deaf, and exert a wholesome influence on public opinion generally. Divided, they would have a doubtful existence and limited influence.

The California School now boasts of having six of its pupils attending the University of that state, and successfully competing with hearing persons in the pursuit of a higher education. Well done!

The new buildings for the Colorado School have been completed, and those who saw and inspected them during the convention at Colorado Springs last August, know how complete and convenient they are. We congratulate Superintendent Ray and all others concerned.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett the famous English authoress, recently wrote a letter to a London boys' club, in which she gave the following wholesome advice. Deaf boys should heed it too. I used to say to my own boys—You are like a block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon you whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble, or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought, is a false stroke of the chisel, and mars the statue. Noble words nobly spoken. Boys, read them, and heed them.

Speaking at the opening exercises of the new buildings at Mount Airy Philadelphia on the 8th ult. Dr. Seiss, one of the vice-presidents of the Institution, said—Deafness without the advantages of education is a penitentiary terrible affliction, and, before the education of the deaf was thought possible they were classed with idiots and brutes. To lift these unfortunates out of this mental darkness into the light of knowledge and into the sphere of proper manhood and womanhood is a grand and noble work, and a work which the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is most successfully accomplishing.

The valiant editor of the Companion, after several months cogitation, comes to the conclusion that something in THE CANADIAN MUTE last June, about "a certain little editor up in Minnesota," was a reflection on his mental capacity. Not at all. We believe the said editor is not a giant in stature but mentally we consider him a Triton among the minnows.

The Nebraska Mute Journal says we neglected to give it credit for "editorial squibs taken from its pages" to brighten up our paper. Perhaps we have not used that way, but it was unintentional. Contrition follows exposure. There is generally something worth stealing in the Journal, but we will, hereafter, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

We like this. It is from the Nebraska Mute Journal—"We are glad to note so great an improvement in language, and we are glad to notice that our pupils do so much spelling and so little signing. Teachers and all are using the alphabet more and signs less, and our children are greatly improved thereby. Let us use the English language even though it takes time."

They eat breakfast at 8 o'clock a. m. in the Virginia School, and the bell rings for chapel services at 8.30, so says the Hudson Gazette. The classes are expected to be in their places at 8.45, and work well under way by 9. The school room work ends at 1.10 p. m. for the day. Then follow dinner and industrial pursuits.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Silent Educator. The November number of this excellent publication is on our table, and contains the usual amount of instructive reading. Mr. Denys, of this school, writes in characteristic style about the duties and responsibilities of the profession. His sentences are remarkably crisp and comprehensive. An article from the Kansas Star, by our old friend and co-laborer, Dr. J. H. Brown, which we had seen before, is excellent reading. It is the production of a practical worker, who knows how to work well.

What has happened to our Brantford and Montreal correspondents? We have not heard from them for a long time.

DO I HEAR WHEN I DREAM?

BY JAMES C. DALIS.

Do I hear, as I fathom sweet dreamland,
Do I hear, as I hear, when wingless I soar
Or when soaring the world, watted free,
Do I hear?—No, but silence my spirit detains.

As I float mid the stars, or career the planets,
The homous, table depths of the ether, as
As from planet to planet I leap with a bound,
Ever, ever, a silence encompassing me!

An oblivion so deep that I pause in my flight,
All aware when a world, 'pon another is sped,
And I list for the crash with a longing delight,
Nought is heard, not a sound, all is still as the dead!

When to earth I return, from a flight
And once more among mortals I move
Mid the phantoms and phantasies, pleasures
Still that silence impends as a pall over the grave.

They are speaking and acting, move joyous and free,
As 'tis ever in dreamland, they go and they come
But of joying or grieving, sweet cadence of
Though I see and I know, to mine ear they are dumb.

When I turn once again with the longing unmet,
And I think, as I dream, that ere long I'll awake,
Oblivion of silence in sound is dispelled,
Then rapturous music, thro' the barriers, shall break!

When the waning of light, beneath the rose
Of morn,
Lifts thee to their caverns the visions of land,
When I wake to the world, as the day-dawn
Lorn,
That oblivion maintains, its silence more than
Lorn.

Part of the above was published in the Times, January 1890.

THE SICK CHILDREN

I am glad to say the two little girls who were reported in the last issue of our paper as having Scarlet Fever are now nearly well again and will leave the hospital to-day or to-morrow. They have made good recoveries, owing to the watchful care of the Matron and the anxious solicitude of the nurses in charge. We have one or two other children complaining, as is to be expected when there are so many together, but their ailments at present do not lead us to think that they will be very ill. We are always prepared to care for any of our pupils who may get sick, and they have just as good if not better attention here than they could possibly have at home. Daily letters are sent to parents whose children are ailing. Any anxious father or mother may have a prompt reply to every letter sent to me.

R. MATHEWS, Supr.
Nov 30th, 1892.

III Again.

"We would like to make a suggestion to some of the larger boys who are now and then placed in authority over the rest of the pupils. Do not be so rough. It is not the intention of those who place you that you should push and kick, and otherwise roughly handle your fellow pupils. There is not the slightest dignity in so doing, and you not only lose their respect, but that of the teachers and officers too."

"We clip this sound advice from the CANADIAN MUTE. As we turn the clipping over, we find on the other side an item quite familiar to us. It is our style of writing. In short it has been clipped from the Journal and is presented "but not accounted for." But we don't mind it. We are willing to let so good a paper use our things. Only the little clipping looks funny, with a squib on either side of it—from two papers and two institutions and two countries. But the side we reprint is from the CANADIAN MUTE.

This is what the Nebraska Journal has to say about us. We must be guilty.

Cleveland's Majorities.

It may interest some of our readers to know that Grover Cleveland's popular majority, in the late United States presidential election, was over 600,000. In the electoral college his majority was 112. These are the largest majorities ever received by a presidential candidate in that republic.