

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

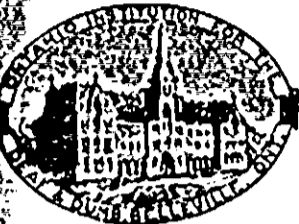
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BELLEVILLE, APRIL 1, 1892.

NO. 4.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



Master of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:

MR. T. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

ATHISON, Superintendent
THOMSON, Manager
KAYNE, M. D., Physician
BRADY, Walker, Matron

Teachers:

COLEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher
MRS. J. G. TARRILL, Miss M. TEMPLETON, Miss M. M. OSTRON, Miss MARY HILL, Miss L. KNOX, Miss MARY L. HALL, Miss ANNE COLMAN, Miss MARGERY C. BERRY, Teacher in Art and Music

MARY HILL, Teacher of Fancy Work
SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher of Drawing

SMITH, J. H., JOHN T. HURNE, and Stockkeeper, Instructor in Printing

W. M. HARRIS, FRANK FLYNN, and Store, Master Carpenter

W. M. SYDAR, Master Shoemaker

M. THOMAS, D. C. KENNEDY, and House, Master Baker

A. HALLGREN, M. H. O'NEILL, and Sewing, Farmer

MIDDLEMAN, THOMAS WILLS, and Tailor

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or complete, by providing instruction in the common

branches of learning between the ages of seven and fifteen, and to those who are afflicted with deafness and who are unable to attend the common schools of the Province of Ontario, and to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or complete, by providing instruction in the common

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R. MATHISON, Superintendent

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION
Westward: 10:00 am, 1:00 pm, 4:00 pm
Eastward: 11:00 am, 2:00 pm, 5:00 pm



TO A. E. E.

Some years ago while a party of tourists were en route through Georgia, they were entertained upon the cars by a little deaf and mute girl, the daughter of a well known citizen of the State. Finally at the solicitation of her father, the little girl recited by gesture the "Lord's Prayer." This she did kneeling, and in a manner which made every man expressive and deeply touched the lookers-on. Mr. Barton Hill, the well known writer, immediately wrote out the following and handed it to the child's father. It is one of the most beautiful poems ever brought to our notice.

Agnes, sweet laugh of innocence,
Ethel, ethereal dove,
Sent for the worship of mankind
From the bright realms above.

Home on an angel's wing to earth
And then to "Alma" given,
To show how pure and white a soul
Can crystallize in heaven.

Thou would not let thee hear the woe
That desolate our land,
Nor suffer thee to speak with man,
Lest thou shouldst understand.

How poor, weak we mortals are
How we abuse our powers
What miseries our crimes inflict
On this sad earth of ours.

Therefore be blessed thee with a soul,
Only to angels given
And left two senses as a pledge
Of thy return to heaven.

Lips that refuse to speak on earth
The language of the saints,
And ears that must not listen to
Mortality's complaints.

When thy pure mission is fulfilled
And thou returnst above
To nestle at the Saviour's feet,
Thou minister of love.

Surely the whole immortal sphere,
With melody will ring,
For thou shalt speak with angels then,
And bear the Seraphs' sing.

Enough for us to see thine eyes,
That make the planets pale,
To hear the rippling, joyous laugh
That thy pure thoughts exhale.

To watch thy waving golden hair
Tinged with the setting sun,
And note how true a heart can speak
Taught by the Only One.

Doubt? When thy very soul, inspired
Beyond the power of speech,
Can utter the Lord's Prayer in tones
That language cannot reach.

Doubt? When thy little hands are clasped
In eloquence of prayer,
And every glance ascends to heaven,
Intreating for us there.

Doubt? When those dim eyes express
"Forgive," "Thy kingdom come"
Thou hast thy faculties in full,
And we are deaf and dumb.

BARTON HILL
Ash Wednesday, March 2, 1891



A Deaf-Mute Artist's Romance.

Isabella de Cistue, the subject of this sketch, was born in Saragossa some thirty years ago, of purely Castilian parents. Her father was Colonel Cistue, one of the sons of Baron de Menglena who belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of Spain, and her grandmother held the high position of a lady of honor to the beautiful and powerful Queen Maria Louisa, so fondly remembered by the Spaniards. She was also a cousin by marriage to the ex-Queen Isabella, two of her cousins having married the two brothers of that royal personage. Senorita De Cistue was sent at an early age to the College of Loretto in Madrid, where she received a finished and brilliant education, graduating before she was 10 years of age, becoming proficient in three languages, and a thorough mistress of the piano, harp and guitar. When Isabella was but a girl five years old, she met a child of her own age who was deaf, but who was well learned in the deaf mute language. The two children formed a strong attachment for each other, and Isabella begged that she might be taught

to converse with her little friend. About this time her eldest brother came home from college on a long vacation, bringing with him a friend of his, a handsome young Spaniard of about seventeen years of age with the title of Marquis. This young nobleman was also a deaf-mute, and from him the little Isabella learned to converse with her fingers, and subsequently became the constant friend and protector, in her childish way, of her deaf little playmate. Time passed on; the heroism of this sketch grew to be a lovely young lady of the true Moorish type of beauty. Her coal-black hair, beautifully flashing black eyes and clear rich olive complexion became a theme for the poet and the painter in Granada where she resided, after having left school in Madrid. A favorite walk of hers was through the gardens of the Alhambra, where many an hour was passed chaperoned by some of her family, but generally by her grandmother, then no longer the handsome maid of honor. One day, as the two ladies were walking in a secluded but most beautifully romantic spot of the garden, they suddenly came upon a gentleman of about 24 years of age, of medium height, rather florid complexion, large, soft and

light auburn hair and delicately-shaped moustache. He was sketching what afterwards became a fine work of art, known as "View of Granada." Upon the approach of the ladies the artist arose and handed to the dazzling young Spanish beauty her handkerchief, which had fallen from her hand. Their eyes met. She passed on and the artist resumed his work. Upon several subsequent days they accidentally met. The artist was less attentive to his work, and a Spanish nobleman who had been a suitor for the hand of the young senorita received less encouragement. About a month after the first meeting in the garden while the artist was pacing up and down in his studio, a gentleman friend named De Castillo called upon him. To him the artist unbosomed himself. He declared he could do no more work till he had painted a picture of the lady whose appearance had so strongly affected him. Then taking De Castillo's arm they went out and wandered to the Alhambra Gardens. There he again saw the object of his infatuation. She was conversing in the Spanish language with the Spanish Marquis who had taught her the hand manual years back when she was a child. De Castillo knowing the Marquis, introduced him to the artist, and the Marquis then presented his companions, who were Isabella and her grandmother. Much to Isabella's surprise she learned that the handsome young artist was a

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and then she found greater happiness in the use of the deaf mute language than she had ever before experienced. To his earnest solicitations she sat for a portrait, which she now has in her possession, and though titled suitors sought her hand, and she was even invited to become Maid of Honor to the then reigning Queen, Isabella, she cheerfully renounced all this pomp and brilliancy and bestowed her heart and hand on the deaf-mute American artist, H. Humphrey Moore of California. Mrs. Moore is devoted to her husband and proud of his talents. She is his constant companion in his studio, and day after day, in winter and summer whatever else may claim her attention from 1 to 6 o'clock she devotes to a study of his canvases and the work of her husband's brush during the day.
The editor of one of our exchanges, tells of the sad mischance of a Nebraska farmer. His eight year old child died, then the four year old child scalded itself to death, then the baby fell off a chair and broke its neck then the ears ran over the man's team and killed his only span of horses.

Qualities of a Good Teacher.

The qualities of a good teacher are so many and so varied that it is difficult to enumerate them all. The first requisite is that he should be a full man, able at all times to bring forth out of his treasury, things new and old. Knowledge is power, and nowhere is its potency seen and felt in a greater degree than in the school-room. The teacher must know thoroughly what he attempts to teach, and must also have an aptitude for imparting knowledge. The larger his store of information, and the greater his aptness to teach, the wider will be his influence, and the deeper the confidence which he will inspire. And in order that he should measure up to this standard, he should have a liberal education, and be a diligent student. A man who never reads, or studies, must necessarily retrograde, and the teacher should always be on the ascending, never on the descending scale. The schoolroom is no place for the reckless educational experiments of novices and intellectual startlings. And especially is this true of those who aspire to be teachers of the deaf. These children, more largely than all others, are dependent upon their instructors for their knowledge, hence the necessity that their teachers should be competent men, men of rich mental resources and skilled in the art of moulding plastic minds.
The teacher should also be a man prominent in patience. He should never take for granted that because a thing is clear to his mind, it must be equally comprehensible to the child. He should be always tender toward the mental weakness of his pupils, and never up-braid, until he is sure that they fully understand and that the delinquency is due not to a lack of knowledge, but a lack of will. He must furthermore be a man in whose teaching there is method. Haphazard instruction never amounts to much. A teacher must have system in his work, if he desires to achieve the best results. The sportsman who shoots at random, generally leaves his game in the woods, and random teaching usually leaves the unfortunate pupil in the woods, intellectually. The true teacher should also be to his pupils, a pattern of all that is noblest and best in character. In morals and in manners, and in all the pleasant courtesies of life, he should set them an example, worthy of imitation. If all our schools were filled with such model teachers, what improvement would be seen in our educational work.

Be Polite at Table.

Boys and girls should learn to be polite at table. If they dislike any kind of food, they should not say they dislike it. It is impolite to speak against food at table. Children often do not know what kind of food is good for them. Older people know what is best for them. They make changes of food, as it is not good to have one kind all the time. The seasons have their appropriate kinds of food. In winter weather certain kinds are best, and in summer other kinds are best, and so with the rest of the seasons of the year. Doctors, parents and other wise people read and study books and know about our bodies and what food is best. Children should obey them and willingly eat what food they get for them, because children are not wise like them. Plain food, such as bread, milk, potatoes, carrots and other vegetables are better than rich food. Nice rich food makes children grow up weak and sickly. Plain food makes children grow up healthy, strong and happy. Do not complain about your food. *Hateley.*
Two deaf mutes, employed as firemen on board the steamship "City of New York," became involved in a quarrel one day, when the ship was at Liverpool. One of them struck the other a heavy blow on the head, which proved fatal.