

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 20.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. O'BRYEN

Government Inspector:
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
MATHISON, J.	Director.
E. LAKINS, M. D.	Physician.
MRS. ISABEL WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

M. A. MATHISON	Head Teacher.	Mrs. J. O. FERRELL	Miss S. TEMPLETON.
J. MATHISON	Miss M. M. OSTEROM.	Miss MARY BULL.	Miss LORENCE MARY.
E. LAKINS, M. D.	Physician.	Miss SYLVIA L. BARRIS.	Miss ADA JAMES.
Mrs. ISABEL WALKER	Matron.	Miss MARGERY C. CHEATE.	Teacher of Articulation.

Mrs. MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

Miss S. MATHISON, JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Printing

F. G. SMITH, FRANK FLANN, Master Carpenter

W. H. GLASS, WM. NURSE, Master Shoemaker

Miss A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker

J. MIDDLEBURY, THOMAS WILSON, Gardener

Michael O'Meara, Farmer

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 unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance and will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted as pupils. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils. They are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine and in ornamental and fancy work, as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission and regulations, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go by post office at noon and 2:30 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for pupils.



FOREST SONG.

A song for the beautiful trees
A song for the forest grand,
The garden of their own hand,
The pride of His centuries
Hurray for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the forest queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green!

For the beautiful trees a song,
The peers of a glorious realm,
The linden, the ash and the elm,
So brave and majestic and strong
Hurray for the beech tree trim,
For the hickory, staunch and core,
For the locust, thorny and grim,
For the silvery sycamore!

A song for the palm, the pine
And for every tree that grows
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line
Hurray for the warblers' pride,
Of the mountain side and vale,
That challenge the lightning cloud,
And buffet the stormy gale!

A song for the forest altar,
With its Gothic roof and shrine,
The solemn temple of Time,
Where man becometh a child
As he lists to the anthem roll
Of the wind in the soft breeze,
The hymn that telleth his soul
That God is the Lord of the world!

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forests sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below
Hurray for the beautiful trees!
Hurray for the forest grand!
The pride of His centuries,
The splendor of His own hand!

W. H. VENABLE



An Ingenious Mute.

I called at the International hotel this morning to see Hampson, the mining man, to learn more about the magnetic field that he had fallen upon in the Cuatra Cionegas desert, but met Major Tom Watson, who told me that Hampson had taken the morning train to Durango.

"Never mind, major," I said, "there is something I can talk to you about - as well." Some time ago you offered to tell me about some deaf people you knew in Mexico. What of them?"

"Deaf people?" said the major, "I don't remember having met any deaf people out there; if I said anything to you about it I must have had in mind a deaf woman I know in Chihuahua who, though uneducated, has evolved a method of exchanging thoughts with her friends, that I know worthy of mention. But her performance only appears remarkable when we look a little into the history of deaf-mutes. You may not know that until modern times deaf-mutes were classed practically with idiots. No means of imparting knowledge to them being known they were permitted to pass through life ignorant and apparently idealless. I think it was about four hundred years ago that Jerome Cardan, a Frenchman, announced his theory that the meaning of words could be conveyed to the mind through the eye as well as the ear. Through a rude system proposed by him the instruction and education of the deaf, though compassed with difficulty, was then first made possible.

"Through slow gradations and by the painstaking labors of generations of wise men, has that system reached its present comparatively high state of efficiency, and now, after four centuries of its evolution, when we see the deaf reading books and chatting with their fingers, we properly enough regard it with wonder. That an untutored Mexican woman in her own short life should work out a method of thought exchange equally if not more effectual, is surely cause for yet greater wonder.

"The woman I am talking about,

known by everybody in Zapopan as 'La muda' (the mute), knows no language, the meaning of not a single word, yet she exchanges with others ideas, impressions, and experiences with readiness and ease, and I am sure with greater rapidity than those who, gifted with hearing, avail themselves of speech. Since childhood she has been a servant in the well known Vallarte family, whose members by long association have become thoroughly conversant with her language, if it may be so called. I tried to learn it myself and did get to recognize a great many signs, if given alone, but when, in rapid conversation, these signs were run together making concrete expressions, I was hardly ever able to distinguish them. Any one who after months of study of a foreign language has learned a great many words, he thinks perfectly, must have noted, when a native first fires a string of these same words at him, that all seem lost in a confusion of sounds. So this woman's gestures each of which were full of intelligence, if isolated, when rapidly following one another impressed one as wild and senseless gesticulations.

"Her method was simply to use a gesture that would, in itself, convey the idea to be expressed. This is the natural method adopted by all deaf mutes who have not had the advantages of the Cardon system of education, but the extraordinary feature of the Zapopan woman's sign language is the perfection to which she has carried it. She carries on animated conversations with the ladies of the Vallarte family - discussing everything. She knows everybody, keeps up with the current events of the town, is a great gossip with, I was told, a decided penchant for scandal. She had signs to express things, actions, feelings, facts, and fancies."

"Can't you show me some of the signs she uses, major?"

"I can tell you better than I can show you, for I am handier with words than gestures. I never could successfully make even those that I understood, and to describe them is not much less difficult, for each gesture, I might say, had its individuality, but I can tell you of some of the more simple, so as to give you an idea of her method. You will see that each gesture was related to the thing or idea expressed; thus, 'a man' she designated by a motion of the forefinger across her upper lip, referring doubtless to the mustache as his distinctive feature; 'a woman' by a tap over each breast; brother or sister, by placing the two forefingers together, distinguishing between the two by following with the sign of a man or woman as the case might be; husband or wife by clasping her hands together, again distinguishing between the two as above; a doctor, by placing her fingers to the wrist as if feeling the pulse; meat generally was designated by passing her hand across her throat indicating something butchered, an additional sign indicative of an ox, sheep, or hog, would mean beef, mutton or pork; for anger she used a boring motion of the thumb over the temple, for beauty, a remarkably expressive downward motion of the partly closed hand in front of the face, clearly indicating oval and regular lines, the essentials of beauty. A contrary upward motion meaning ugliness as clearly indicated disproportioned and angular features. Love, she expressed by the conventional sign of placing the hand over the heart. This puzzles me as modern science has demonstrated that the heart is a mere mechanical pump that has nothing more to do with the emotions than the big toe. I think she must have adopted it from the theatre of which she is very fond, her keen appreciation of thought as conveyed through actions enabling her to follow a play very well. Another sign puzzled me, that of a lawyer. This profession she expressed by a motion toward her of both hands, as though pulling in what was in front of her. I afterwards learned that her first impression of a lawyer

came from one who, having been in charge of a rich widow's business during her life, on her death soon managed to become the owner of her whole estate. To her then the lawyer was 'the man who grabs it all.'

"It can easily be seen how by combining her gestures she may form sentences. In expressing herself she usually follows the German construction placing the action at the end of the sentence. Thus to say 'I saw the doctor's sister this morning,' she would make the sign of 'sister' then of 'doctor' then of 'morning' (the sign of the sun while pointing east) then 'I saw' (the sign of self followed by that of seeing, this accompanied by a motion of the head backwards indicating time past). It is slow telling but she was quick expressing it. Indeed, as I said, she expressed herself much more rapidly than can be done by speech. I can give you an instance of the comparative rapidity of the two methods. Taking breakfast one day with the Vallarte family I requested that my eggs be soft boiled. The muda had not been accustomed to so prepare eggs and had to be told how long they should be boiled. She was directed to follow the customary formula used in Mexico for soft-boiled eggs; that is to bring the water to a boil then drop in the eggs, to be taken out after one Credo and two Pater Nosters have been said. The muda went out, and shortly returning, placed the eggs on my plate. Those eggs, I assure you, would have been good to eat, not even the shells had been heated, yet the woman stoutly averred that she had strictly followed the directions - except that the time seeming short she had thrown in a couple of Credos. And I will say that I believe that there was something far more important than time gained by her method. As I watched those whom she addressed I would note now a warmth of cheek, now a softening, now a sad dening of the eyes that seemed to indicate that the emotions were more directly, more strongly touched than can be done by words.

"Her gestures were the thoughts themselves, undisturbed, uncramped, fresh from the soul. Words in their infancy must have had aught of the thing or thought they stand for but time and use has staled and stiffened them; they are arbitrary, ambiguous, inadequate. Call them as we will, the words in which we need clothe our thought must veil its beauty, blunt its force. If ever there be a means by which we may freely and fully commune, imparting to one another our inmost yearnings, our highest aspirations, our most exquisite emotions it certainly will not be through awkward cramped, paltry words, but rather through some method like that of the Zapopan woman in which actions speak." - From the *Teats Eagle Pass Guide*.

Acting By Deaf Mutes.

Philadelphia always was a quiet town, but a recent theatrical performance there rather broke the record for lack of noise. It was a presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," enacted entirely by deaf-mutes, before an audience, or more properly speaking, spectators, composed almost entirely of deaf mutes, even to the ushers. Although there was a total absence of applause, the appreciation of the spectators was not lacking, as was evidenced by their smiling countenances and nimble fingers at the conclusion of each scene. So far as acting was concerned, the players showed considerable ability, and far excelled the average amateur performer. In some of the scenes the facial expression was a study in itself, and when Portia came to the lines, "the quality of mercy is not strained," the scene was intensely dramatic. Although not a sound was uttered, the flying fingers of the players and their eloquent gestures were sufficient to interpret the lines even to the few spectators who were not in the secret of the mystic language.