



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

### OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, 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.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

### A COMPETENT WITNESS.

What Principal Wilkinson has recorded in his "European Notes" cannot be very flattering to the claims of the oralists in America. It must be admitted, at the outset, that he is a competent witness to give testimony in the case. It must also be conceded that his opinions were formed after careful and impartial tests had been made in Germany, Italy, Austria, and France. Mr. Wilkinson's object was to ascertain just what degree of proficiency the most intelligent students of pure oralism could attain, under the most favorable conditions of instruction. He has given us the results of his investigations, and we repeat that, what he says, cannot flatter the conceit of those who would abolish all other systems for instructing the deaf. Some of the deaf persons examined by Mr. Wilkinson were tolerably well educated, in a European sense, but they could not depend upon their ability to read lips for general conversation, and instruction or amusement. This being the case, the utility of the system cannot be successfully defended, nor can it be used to the exclusion of other systems now in favor in America, and rapidly gaining favor in Europe. Pure oralism will not soon relegate the manual and sign methods to the limbo of forgetfulness on this continent; and, we believe, it will not much longer retain its supremacy in Europe.

Henri Gaillard is editor of the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, a French publication in the interest of the deaf, and is himself deaf, we presume. Recently, when discussing the claims of the rival systems of deaf-mute instruction, he remarked "It is too early to banish the mass of requiem over the sign language. She will bury all her detractors." Coming from such a source this may be considered somewhat significant. Oralism does not seem to flow with the tide in France, and it certainly does not in England and Germany.

### HOW TO "FETCH HIM."

If Bro. McClure of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute ever gets mad at us, we'll invite him to go fishing. That'll fetch him, so he affirms. Did you ever sport with the ganiv black bass Mac? *Companion*.

"Bro. McClure" was just a little mad at us a few weeks ago, and called us "a journalistic fledgling." He isn't mad now but offers a friendly hand across the border.

We have the most and best "ganiv black bass" to be found in America. The Bay of Quinte is full of 'em. Come over next summer, Mac and go fishing with us. Bring your corkscrow along. If it will be convenient for Mr. Smith of the *Companion* to join us, so much the better. Come over.

Our genial friend Bray now a resident of Chicago, has designed a calendar for 1893 which is said to possess unusual merit. The badge worn by school children of the United States on Columbus Day, was also designed by Mr. Bray. He is an artist in that line of first class ability, and his deafness does not discourage him in the keen competition for public favor. We are pleased to hear of his success in so important a line of business, and hope that he may secure a still more substantial recognition of his artistic ability.

The State of Kentucky seems to be an exception to the general rule, as regards deaf children of deaf parents, according to the following from the *Deaf Mute*.—"During the seventy years of the Institution's existence there has hardly been a time when there has not been deaf children of deaf parents among our pupils. At present we have nine children, representing five families, one or both of whose parents are deaf. Experienced here has proved that it is dangerous for two persons congenitally deaf to wed.

Gen. Ben. Butler, whose death was recently reported, once said a deaf man was only "a half-man." The people of the Southern States, it is well known, had no love for Gen. Butler, on account of alleged cruelties to citizens of New Orleans during the civil war. A deaf-mute, not long ago, called at Butler's residence in Washington, leaving his card, on the back of which he wrote "Half-man comes to see Beast."

Prof. Porter, of the National College, was eighty-one years old on the 12th ult. He is hale and hearty, and spends much of his time in his library among his books. We are told that he has written a work entitled—"The best way to teach the English language to the deaf" which is still in manuscript form. His knowledge and experience would guarantee a valuable book, which should be printed for general use.

"Col." Taylor of the *Ranger*, publishes a language lesson, presumably of his own construction, in which, when illustrating the idiom "to go back on," he says, "My girl went back on me." Sorry to hear it, "Col." You bear up under such a trial remarkably well. Keep a stiff upperlip. "There are as good fish in the sea as have been taken from it." That girl will live to repent her folly, too.

### "The Cipher."

The interesting story published in this issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE, under the above caption, is one of the shorter contributions to the leading English magazines by Gilbert Parker. The writer's experience as a teacher in this school enables him to introduce deaf people and their language as subjects of interest in his fictitious sketch. Mr. Parker has already taken high rank as an author, and zeal and ability will carry him still further forward in the paths of literature. The story to which we refer will be found very interesting to the deaf.

### Written for THE CANADIAN MUTE ALFRED TENNYSON.

The greatest waster of my English tongue  
Since the pen fell from Milton's mighty hand,  
Is suchlike Shakespeare's all might understand  
Through every cadence has his music rung  
Victorian;—rigid on his ancient-bung  
Now softest harmonies, now stern and grand  
His glowing language to new splendor faunt  
The flame of England's honor burning low  
Flare to the clash and clang of charger's heels!  
It is the Light Brigade or with the glow  
Fading on Alpine summits, hear the peals  
Of bell born music as the wild winds blow  
The noblest warrior of our laurel crown  
Has passed, but long will live his memory and  
rebound.

HENRY H. BRAY

### The Flat Gone Forth.

The Springfield Ill., correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, writing Jan 19th says "Governor Altgeld has asked for the resignation of all the trustees of charitable institutions and will begin to fill their places next week. Then will come the removal of such men as Dr. Gillett, who has had charge of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Jacksonville for many years, and has made it known all over this country by his efficient management." This is what we have feared for some time, and can only deplore the circumstances that render such a prejudicial policy possible on the part of any political party.

### THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The *Deaf Mute's Journal* of New York, has entered its twenty-second year with a resolve to achieve still better results in the future. Under the able management of Mr. A. E. Hodgson it is doing good work for the deaf of America.

The *Deaf-Mute Advance* is twenty-four years old, and claims that "no other paper of its kind can point to so long and distinguished a career. Representing, as it does, unofficially, the largest school for the deaf in the world, the *Advance* occupies an honorable position among its confreres, which it ably fills. It is a good paper.

The two first numbers of the *Deaf Mute's Advocate*, published at the Northern New York Institution, have been received. It is a highly creditable production—typographically, editorially, and otherwise. It makes us better acquainted with Supt. Rider and his school, and we hope it will live long, and accomplish much good for the school where it is published and for the deaf generally. Here is our hand in X.

### CHICAGO CHIPS.

From our own Correspondent

The World's Fair buildings constitute a separate municipality with all distinctive features, just like a great city, called "The White City," and the Fair is expected to surpass in size and variety of exhibits all previous exhibitions.

I have been to the Eskimo village on a visit lately. A party of Eskimos were invited to come to Chicago where there was to be a coming together of all nations. They were promised a village of their own to live in, and, if they wished, their families might come, too. They are on the Exhibition grounds now. They have little sledges and toys, and besides play their games together in their tiny huts and yards. They like ice and snow best. All next summer they will be here, and it will probably be very hard for them to bear the heat without plenty of ice. They will leave for their ice home in Greenland next Fall. What wonderful tales they will have to tell for years to come of the Great World's Fair and our country.

I saw Mrs. Jefferson the other day, and she has very warm feelings towards Canada.

On New Year's Day the services were held in the Auditorium of the Methodist Church, which was attended by a large crowd of mutes and hearing people. Several preachers conducted the services which were interpreted by Dr. Gillett for the deaf, and the Holy Communion was administered.

On the 8th inst. Rev. Mr. Koehler, of Philadelphia, held the services in All Angels Church here and admired the edifice, which was copied from St. Clement's Church in Russia. He knows Mr. Feast, formerly of Toronto.

Prof. Hasenstab, of Jacksonville held the M. E. Church services last Sunday afternoon, taking the text for his discourse from Phil 3:11. The day was awfully cold—5 degrees below zero.

Chicago, Jan 14th, 1893  
R M T

### THE DEAF AND DUMB

Their Lot is Hard, but Much to be Done to lighten it

GRAND WORK AT THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE

To the Editor of the *Intelligencer*

I wonder if your readers have given any thought to the Deaf and Dumb? What it means to hear the sweet voices of father and mother, to be able to sleep by the soft lullaby of mother's voice—never to hear the whirring of love, the carols of the birds, or the songs of the father-land, the grand diapason of the music of the many-throated band, the melody of the summer wind through the leaves, to have the soul so flooded with golden light that it seemed as if the melody of heaven had been caught, and wafted by gentle breezes to earth—to sit in large assembly and to listen either to hear or speak—to be present when made the inspiration of the orator, soul in every soul, and the masses vibrate with emotion, not to hear a sound, or know why the people have come together—to be filled with intense longing to enter the arena in the great conflict of life, and win renown by statesmanship and wisdom of mind, yet to be forever debarred from the great prizes in the commercial and political world, cannot be won by him who can neither hear nor speak—to have his soul filled with yearning to plead the cause of the oppressed, to see and wear the crown of a Judge, and yet to be handicapped as to be out of the race, with his inefficient vigorous frame yet ruled by an awful destiny. Oh, the intercessor and deprecator would be ours, were we to suffer such a fate! How would we utter rain cries and prayers and supplicate heaven to shield us from such a destiny, and yet two hundred and sixty thousand ones are to be found to-day in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, under the superintendence of Mr. Mathison.

Deaf and dumb! It seems so hard, so hard  
No sound—no sound, silence on every side,  
Silence as perfect, utter and profound as space  
When chaos yawned, deep, dark and wide.

Deaf and dumb! It seems so hard  
Dumb though the mind be all alive  
Thought,  
Dumb, though the spirit's tenderness death and  
thoughts  
Are into ecstasy or frenzy wrought.

At the very kind invitation of Mr. Mathison spent a day of unalloyed pleasure at the Institute. The building was beautifully decorated with pictures, busts and evergreens. Chorus were welcomed in hall and public rooms. Everywhere was to be found perfect cleanliness and order. The cultured taste of Mr. Mathison reigned in the interior of the building to be painted in light and pleasant tints—there is not a sombre or dull color in the building. The class rooms are light and well ventilated. There should, however, be a large building devoted exclusively to school purposes. Class rooms should not be in the same building with the dormitories, kitchen, etc. The chapel will well repay a visit. The painting in this room is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. The color scheme is charming. On the blackboard was delineated a well executed representation of Santa Claus. Two objects are gained by rare attention to ornamentation. The pupils learn through the eye and are thus aided in order and neatness. They are also taught the selection of beautiful and appropriate colors to blend and combine harmoniously. The most noticeable feature of this institution is that everything is practical—the lessons taught, the language employed—the information conveyed is all of the nature and kind required for use in daily life. Those who are graduated from the Institution with a vast store of practical knowledge and useful information. In the winter time at my disposal it was not possible to give anything like a fair conception of the work performed by the teachers. It would require days of hard, but agreeable toil, in visiting the classes to gain a thorough and comprehensive idea of what is taught and the methods pursued in teaching. In the primitive classes, the students are filled with object lessons of animals, and other objects, in endless variety. The pupils are carefully graded. From class to class you trace the evolutionary process. Some of the pupils are from houses, where no attempt has been made towards education, where much has to be learned. The pupils under such circumstances know at little—the outcasts. Through the eye they begin to learn, and then the teacher awakens the light that is never seen in the land—the light of the intellect, begins to dawn. The little faces beam, and you catch the most intense expression, as they strive to grasp what is being taught. The progress made is astonishing. In the higher classes, the questions and difficulties were so difficult, the solutions so simple and correctly given, that the impression produced was amazing. The classes in drawing and designing, are doing excellent work.

To teach the dumb to speak, was all that the ages considered a miracle; yet that is done here in the articulation classes. The pupils converse with their teacher, readily repeating the questions from her lips, and giving verbal replies. None of the pupils are naturally mute. It must require a great deal of enthusiasm and endeavor to rouse these dwarfed minds. The grand charity does not content itself with imparting mental education; the girls are taught plain and fancy sewing, laundry work, cooking, baking, etc. The printing room is a work of cleanliness, and the work done cannot be done by steam. The cooking and housework of the gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. Bandman contains everything required for the Institution. The bookkeeping is so thorough, that a careful check is established. Every thing is obtained by written requisition—agencies at the bank with large how many eggs, how much butter, etc. etc. are on hand in every department. Kindness and cheerfulness prevail. Kindness in the dining room, and sees the troops of young, bright, intelligent children, and you are not that man who will not feel moisture in his eye, and a lump in his throat, as he looks at these little afflicted ones, and thinks of the great Institution that is brightening their lives, and making them intellects, and teaching them to hold their own in the world, and to be able to support a fallen and discontented face. The Institute has won their confidence and affection. It must require wonderful tact to provide for such an Institution, and to do it so successfully. The huge machine runs without jar or trouble until now it seems impossible to improve. The Government is that of love, kindness, and very seldom is punishment of any kind inflicted. If our citizens would, at suitable times, visit the Institution they would be most richly rewarded and then they would be enabled to learn something about the working of the charity which materially affects our city.

J. J. B. F.