

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
DR. J. E. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, Superintendent
A. MATHISON, Surgeon
J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

MISS MARGERY CLEGG, Teacher of Articulation
MISS MARY BELL, Teacher of Needle Work
MISS SYLVIA L. DALZ, Teacher of Drawing
MISS M. M. HODGINS, JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Printing
MISS M. M. HODGINS, FRANK FLENN, Master Carpenter
MISS M. M. HODGINS, WM. NUNAK, Master Shoemaker
MISS M. M. HODGINS, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker
MISS M. M. HODGINS, THOMAS WILSON, Gardener
MISS M. M. HODGINS, MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are in need of instruction, either partial or complete, to receive instruction in the common occupations of life.

At least twelve months between the ages of seven and twenty, who are 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.

Parent guardians or friends who are able to pay will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for each pupil, including books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf-mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for maintenance and instruction, clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

The trades of printing, bookbinding and shoemaking are taught to the deaf-mute pupils. They are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine and all instrumental and fancy work as may be desired.

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

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the first Wednesday in June of each year. All information as to the terms of admission to pupils will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DESTROYED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE OFFICE TO WHICH THEY ARE ADDRESSED. All mail to be sent to the post office at noon and \$4.50 p. m. of each day. Subscriptions will be given upon application to the Superintendent.



A SOLILOQUY.

BY ANNE FULLER FISCHER.

No sound, no sound! no loudly chiming bell,
No cannon's boom, nor wind's intensest roar,
Nor thunder peal, nor ocean's loudest swell,
Nor music such as high-toned organs pour,
Or least-strung harp yield from their sweet store.

No sound, no sound! I dwell alone, alone,
In silence such as reclus in deepest grave,
Not even my own voice in sigh or moan
Starting a single ripple or sound-wave,
To flow until the shores of sense they lave.

No sound except the echoes of the past,
Seeming at times in tones now loud, now low,
The voices of a congregation vast,
Praising the God from whom all blessings flow
Until my heart with rapture is aglow.

No pleasant sound, yet I am well content
To wait until the Master deigns to say
In tones of sympathy made eloquent,
"It is enough; let thy deliverance day
Be dawnning; weary prisoner, come away."

Sweet world! if they shall be the first to break
The silence of these swiftly fleeting years,
What a grand recompense! Henceforth I wake
Thine the assuagers of my sighs and tears,
The kind rebuffers of my doubts and fears.



THE CIPHER.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

The Story of a Silent Love. From the National Observer.

Talton was staying his horse by a spring at Guidon Hill when he first saw her. She was gathering May-apples; her apron was full of them. He noticed that she did not stir until he rode almost upon her. Then she started, first without looking round, as does an animal, dropping her head slightly to one side, though not quite appearing to listen. Suddenly, she wheeled swiftly on him, and her big eyes captured him. The look bewildered him. She was a creature of singular fascination. Her face flooded with expression. Her eyes kept throwing light. She looked happy, yet grave withal; it was the gravity of an uncommon earnestness. She gazed through everything, and beyond. She was young—eighteen or so.

Talton raised his hat, and courteously called a good morning at her. She did not reply by any word, but nodded quaintly and blinked seriously, and yet blithely on him. He was preparing to dismount. As he did so he paused; astonished that she did not speak at all. Her face did not have a familiar language; its vocabulary was its own. He slid from his horse, and, throwing his arm over his neck as it stooped to the spring, looked at her more intently, but respectfully too. She did not yet stir, but there came into her face a slight indication of confusion or perplexity. Again he raised his hat to her, and smiling, wished her a good morning. Even as he did so a thought sprang in him. Understanding gave place to wonder; he interpreted the unusual look in her face.

Instantly he made a sign to her. To that her face responded with a wonderful speech—of relief and recognition. The corners of her apron dropped from her fingers, and the yellow May-apples fell about her feet. She did not notice this. She answered his sign with another, rapid, graceful and meaning. He left his horse and advanced to her, holding out his hand simply, for he was a simple and honest man. Her response to this was spontaneous. The warmth of her fingers invaded him. Her eyes were full of questionings. He gave a hearty sign of admiration. She flushed with pleasure, but made no verbal protest, only gesturing. She was deaf and dumb.

Talton had once a sister who was a mute. He knew that amazing primal gesture-language of this silent race whom God had blown like one-winged birds into the world. He had watched on his sister just such looks of absolute nature as flashed from this girl. They were comrades on the instant: he, reverential, gentle, protective; she, sanguine, candid, beautifully aboriginal in the freshness of her cipher thoughts. She saw the world naked, with a naked eye. She was utterly natural. She was the maker of exquisite, vital gesture-speech.

She glided out from among the May-apples and the long silken grass, to charm his horse with her hand. As she started to do so, he hastened to prevent her, but, utterly surprised, he saw the horse whinny to her cheek, and arch his neck under her white palm—it was very white. Then the animal's chin sought her shoulder and stayed placid. It had never done so to any one before save Talton. Once, indeed, it had kicked a stableman to death. It lifted its head and caught with playful, shaking lips at her ear. Talton smiled; and so, as we said, their comradeship began.

He was a now officer of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Guidon. She was the daughter of a ranchman. She had been educated by Father Corraine, the Jesuit missionary, Protestant though she was. He had learned the sign language while assistant priest in a Parisian chapel for mutes. He taught her this gesture-tongue, which she, taking, rendered divine; and with this she learned to read and write.

Her name was Ida.
Ida was faultless. Talton was not; but no man is. To her, however, he was the best that man can be. He was unselfish and altogether honest; and that is much for a man not a saint.

When Pierre came to know of their friendship he shook his head doubtfully. One day he was sitting on the hot side of a pine near his mountain hut, soaking the run. He saw them passing below him, along the edge of the hill across the ravine. He said to someone behind him in the shade, who was looking also: "What will be the end of that, eh?"

And the same one replied: "Faith, what the Serpent in the Wilderness could not cure."

"You think he'll play with her?"
"I think he'll do it without wishin' or willin', maybe. It'll be a case of kiss and ride away."

There was silence. Soon Pierre pointed down again. She stood upon a green mound with a cool ledge of rock behind her, her feet on a margin of solid sunlight, her forehead bare. Her hair sprinkled round her as she gently threw back her head. Her face was full on Talton. She was telling him something. Her gestures were rhythmical, and adorably balanced. Because they were continuous or only regularly broken, it was clear she was telling him a story. Talton gravely, delightedly, nodded response now and then, or raised his eyebrows in fascinated surprise. Pierre, watching, was only aware of vague impressions—not any distinct outline of the tale. At last he guessed it as a perfect pastoral—birds, hunting, deer, winds, sun-dials, cattle, shepherds, reaping. To Talton it was a new revelation. She was telling him things she had thought; she was recalling her life.

Towards the last she said, or gestured: "You can forget the winter but not the spring. You like to remember the spring. It is the beginning. When the daisy first peeps, when the tall young deer first stands upon its feet, when the first egg is seen in the oriole's nest, when the sap first sweats from the tree, when you first look into the eye of your friend; these you want to remember. . . ."

She paused upon this gesture—a light touch upon the forehead, then the hands stretched out, palms upward, with coaxing fingers. She seemed lost in it. Her eyes rippled, her lips pressed slightly, a delicate smile crept through her cheek, and tenderness wimpled all. She glided

slowly from that almost statue-like repose into another gesture. Her eyes drew up from his, and looked away to plumbless distance, all glowing and childlike, and the now ciphers slowly said:

"But the spring dies away. We can only see a thing born once. And it may be ours, yet not ours. I have sighted the perfection Sharon-flower far upon Guidon, yet it was not mine; it was too distant; I could not reach it. I have seen the silver bullfinch floating along the canon. I called to it and it came singing, and it was mine; yet I could not hear its song; and I let it go; it could not be happy so with me. . . . I stand at the gate of a great city, and see all and feel the great shuffles of sound—the roar and clack of wheels, the horse's hoofs striking the ground, the hammer of bells; all; and yet it is not mine—it is far away from me. It is one world, mine is another; and sometimes it is lonely, and the best things are not for me. But I have seen them, and it is pleasant to remember, and nothing can take from us the hour when things were born, when we saw the spring—nothing—never!"

Her manner of speech, as this went on, became exquisite in fineness, slower, and more dreamlike, until with downward protesting motions of the hands she said that "nothing—never!" Then a great sigh surged up her throat; her lips parted slightly, showing the warm, moist whiteness of her teeth; her hands, falling lightly, drew together and folded in front of her. She stood still.

Pierre had watched this scene intently; his chin in his hand, his elbow on his knees. Presently he drew himself up, ran a finger meditatively along his lip, and said to himself: "It is perfect. She is carved from the core of Nature. But this thing has danger for her. . . . well . . . ah!"

A charge in the scene before him caused this last expression of surprise.

Talton, rising from the enchanting pantomime, took a step towards her; but she waved her hand pleadingly, restrainingly, and he paused. With his eyes hooked her mutely, why? She did not answer; but, all at once transformed into a thing of abundant sprightliness, ran down the hill-side, tossing up her arms gaily. Yet her face was not all brilliance. Tears hung at her eyes. But Talton did not see these. He did not run, but walked quickly, following her; and his face had a determined look. Immediately a man rose up from behind a rock on the same side of the ravine, and shook clenched fists after the departing figures. Then he stood gesticulating angrily to himself, until, chancing to look up, he sighted Pierre, and straightway alvied into the underbrush. Pierre rose to his feet, and said slowly: "Talton, there may be trouble for you, also. It is a tangled world."

Towards evening, Pierre sauntered to the house of Ida's father. Light of footsteps, he came upon the girl suddenly. They had always been friends since the days when, at uncommon risk, he rescued her dog from a freshet on the Wild Moose River. She was sitting utterly still, her hands folded in her lap. He struck his foot smartly on the ground. She felt the vibration, and looked up. He doffed his hat and she held out her hand. He smiled, and took it, and as it lay in his, looked at it for a moment, musingly. She drew it back slowly. He was thinking that it was the most intelligent hand he had ever seen. . . . He determined to play a bold and surprising game. He had learned from her the alphabet of the fingers—that is, how to spell words. He knew little gesture language. He therefore spelled slowly: "Howley is angry, because you love Talton."

The statement was so matter-of-fact, so sudden, that the girl had no chance. She flushed, and then paled. She shook her head firmly, however, and her fin-

(Continued on last page.)