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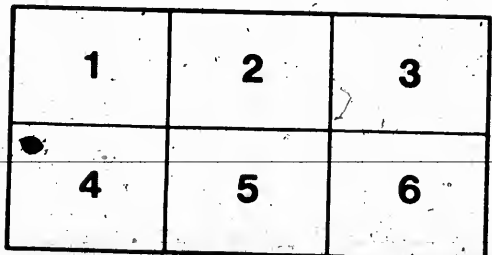
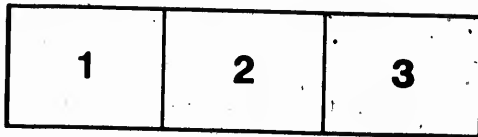
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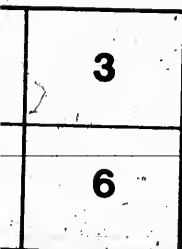
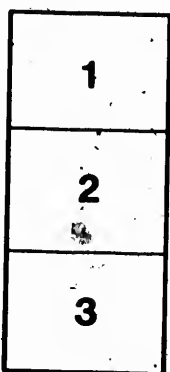
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## PREFACE.

I go around alone, simply by feeling my way with my cane, and I know God directs me. When children follow me I cannot well find my way, so please do not let your children follow me. I do not go around rainy days, for I might get sick and it might cost more to heal me than I could make. I do not work in the winter, because the snow stops the sound of my cane. When I try to find the gates, the snow on the fences wets my mittens through, and the cold frosty winds chill my hands and make them numb so I cannot feel my books. When I go into a strange place the first time, I put up at a hotel for any price, though I do not like to stay where liquor is sold, or boarding costs too much. Then I distribute some advertisements, and when I go around to collect, I tell the people my stopping place, and the price I pay, and some kind family takes me and boards me for less. I nearly always pay full board, but if anybody happens to board me for nothing I am thankful. I do not give much trouble; I can feed myself, and can go up and down stairs as well as you can, and learn my way about the house by being showed a few times. Please take me to board if I have not found a suitable place at a reasonable price, and do not leave it for some body else to do, for if every one should say, "I cannot accommodate him," I might die in the street for want of a respectable and suitable shelter.

### THE OBJECT OF THIS BOOK.

- 1st. To tell the truth, regardless of consequences.
- 2nd. To remind some seeing people of their true Christian duty to the blind.

3rd. To be a means of support for my wife and myself. I intentionally avoid the rules of grammar and rhetoric to make this book so simple in language that all its readers can understand it. I sell this book—First, because it is the result of my education which the good people of New York State gave me free of charge. Second, because it is my own composition and worth 15 cents. Third, because it is one of my best means of support, and may be the same to my wife in case of my death. Fourth, because some seeing people, who can live otherwise, sell books of their own composition, or some other persons, and I have the same right. I am trying to make an honest living and keep out of the poor house or any asylum, governed by rules which diminish the number of kinds of privileges God has left to the blind.

THE OBJECT OF THIS BOOK.  
To tell the truth, regardless of consequences.  
And to reveal some seeing people of their true condition to the blind.

# HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR

## SECTION III.—LOSS OF SIGHT.

My name is Thomas J. McCulloch. I was born February 2nd, 1842. I lost my sight when two months old by inflammation of the eyes of the kind, one my parents gave me, I caught cold in my eyes, inflammation set in, doctors went to work and I became totally and hopelessly blind the rest of my life. Some folks think they would rather be deaf and dumb, lame or dead than blind, instead of thinking that it is better to submit to God's will and spend your time thanking Him for the faculties you have. We are liable to lose our sight or any other sense in perhaps as many different ways as there are people in the human race, and I believe it was God's will that the beautiful blue eyes I had when I was born, were for some wise purpose rendered useless forever. I couldn't grumble nor find fault with my affliction, because I might make myself and my few friends miserable. God's will must be done. We must submit to it: anyhow, and I willingly submit with patience and resignation.

I lost my sight at so early an age that I do not remember seeing anything, but I can't see light till I was about four years old, but could not see the sun, water or any of my objects, so I do not know how to make things out by my feeling. If I had had my sight when I was old enough to understand, I would have been very glad to have the power that I have now, but I don't know how to use it. I do not know how to see, but I have no doubt that I can see if I only had my sight. I have no doubt that I can see if I only had my sight. I have no doubt that I can see if I only had my sight.



















Blind people use this word in conversation to avoid a vulgar meaning being taken out of the words feel, hear, taste, smell, etc.

Some seeing people think that a blind person is entirely helpless, and cannot do anything without the assistance of sight. One day a lady who visited the New York Institution, questioned one of our boys as follows: "How do you feed yourself? Do you have to trace the way to your mouth by means of a string, or does some one have to feed you?" He said, "If you will please get me a pie I will show you." She said, "I will get you one; what kind of a pie would you like?" He said, "Custard." She got the pie, gave it to him, and when he got through eating it, he asked the lady if she understood how he fed himself. She said, "Yes." He said, "If you don't, please get me another one." The visiting day in that institution was Wednesday. One Wednesday evening a large party of visitors went into one of the music rooms. A boy, whose initial is C., was sitting at the piano. His teacher, who had perfect sight, had just given him a lesson, and left the music of his piece on the music rack. One of the visitors who was a musician, knew the piece and asked him how he read and played without his sight? He said, "I read it by smelling it." The people then turned off the gas, and he kept on playing. When he finished the piece they turned on the gas and went away, and I guess they published it all over, for I have heard several times since, in different places while I was canvassing with my poetry, that the blind read music by smelling it. Now I hope you will please understand that the blind do not read music by smelling it; they have to learn it note for note from their teachers, remember it and play it off by memory, and they soon forget it all for want of practice.

## SECTION SIX.—THE BLIND TELLING COLORS.

I learned in philosophy that light is produced by the undulations or waves of a subtle, impalpable medium known as ether, which space is filled. These waves strike the retina of the eye producing the sensation of light. Every color is produced in the following manner. The rays of light which are reflected from the object strike the retina of the eye, producing a color; so every color is produced by a different number of waves of light reflected from

an object to the eye; therefore no totally blind person can tell colors by touch, taste or smell. The sight is the only sense by which colors can be told. So anybody who has no sight at all has no way to tell colors. Blind people make bead work by having beads of different colors in different boxes, and knowing which box each kind is in. A good writer says in his book, that the blind can tell colors by feeling, and that their touch is so acute that some of them have been known to tell colors by feeling, even when a piece of glass was placed between their fingers and the object. But he did not say that they could feel the colors through a thin piece of tin. If they could feel them through one, they could through the other. The fact is that the writer was deceived, just as the people were who thought the blind boy read music by smelling it. A dry goods merchant once tried to teach me to tell colors by feeling the textures of different kinds of cloth and by their peculiar smell. He said if a piece of cloth has a certain texture and a certain smell, it is red, etc. I got so I could tell some new goods in this way, but not all; but I could not tell the color of old goods, nor of paper, nor anything else. This was not telling colors by feeling, it was by learning that a certain kind of cloth that had a certain texture or smell, had a color of a certain name, and by associating the name of the color with the kind of cloth. My touch is probably as acute as that of most blind persons; for I can read raised letters by feeling through from four to eight thicknesses of a pocket handkerchief, but I cannot tell colors by feeling, and, as I said before, no totally blind person can, because touch was never made to tell colors with.

#### SECTION 7TH.—A FALSE ACCUSATION.

One day when I was in the young men's dressing room, one of the young men asked me if I had any money? I said, "Yes, lots of it." In a few minutes, Mr. Babcock sent for me, and told me one of the boys had mysteriously lost twenty-three dollars, but I told him how my parents brought me up in honesty, and proved myself innocent by answering all his questions satisfactorily; and my mother wrote to him about it when she brought me home to school after vacation. I was sorry then to be accused of stealing, but now I am glad, because the narrative helps to fill this blank, worth fifteen cents.





SECTION 9TH.—MY LAST YEARS IN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The pupils are boarded and provided with clothes, and their parents or guardians are not able to clothe them. They are clothed by their respective families.

During the year I spent under the superintendance of Mr. W., I tried to be a good boy and live up to the Institution rules, but was not successful. One day my teacher told us in the school room, that the former discovery of a volcano in the north in the shore of the Dead Sea. I said that I had learned that there were places in the Mediterranean Sea, where soundings to the depth of twenty seven thousand feet, and failed to reach bottom, and that the bottom of the Dead Sea, was below the shore of the water would be above it, and the bottom on which the water rested must be land.

Another time our teacher told us in civil government class that there was once a King in Mexico, named Montezuma, I said, "Does Montezuma mean Montezuma?" For those things, I was reported to Mr. W., and accused of trying to be smarter than my teacher.

Some weeks after, while out in the yard, somebody hit me on the head. I told in the Institution carpenter, because the doctor of the person who hit me called the name of somebody who works in a carpenter's shop. The carpenter denied the charge and Mr. W. believed him.

Next I collected a bundle of keys from the boys, just because I wanted them. When my hearing was full, Mr. W. took it away from me, so that if any thing was stolen, and any of my keys fitted the locks which guard the stolen property, I would not be held responsible. He was right, and I think was doing us and would like to receive his same name in the Institution. During the last few years of my stay here, several petitions were sent to the New York State Legislature about sending a State Institution, probably because the New York Institution was too small to receive all the pupils who were sent to it. The last of the petitions was signed by the pupils and I signed it by proxy.

There were several other petitions sent to the Legislature, but they were all rejected.

against the Institution. I told him I did not sign such a document as that, but signed a petition to give the County Judges the power of appointing pupils to the new Institution. He then got up a memorial to make the matter all right. I, being young and inexperienced, signed it without understanding it, because I was afraid of being expelled. If I knew as much then as now, I would study every word of the petition and memorial before signing them.

On the 29th of April, 1833, my father came to New York on business, and called to see me. When he went away Mr. Babcock came into the music room where I was practicing and said Mr. W. wished him to inform me that my term of seven years had expired, and I could leave the Institution. There was a provision in the By-Laws of the school, that any pupil who stayed two years in the senior class, and whose scholarship and deportment was seventy-five or more, was entitled to a diploma as a graduate; and also a type-case, a point, print-shits and one or more books in raised letters. I stayed nearly three years in the senior class, and my scholarship and deportment exceeded seventy-five, in my certificate showed. When I was about to leave, I asked Mr. W. for my diploma, books and shits. He admitted that I was entitled to them, but did not give them to me. He made some unreasonable excuses about them, which I do not remember, and he has my diploma yet though I worked hard for it and deserved it. He can keep it if it is of more use to him than to me.

The reasons why I relate these facts are, because Mr. W. knows something of what it is to be blind, and because when I say I am a graduate of the New York City Institution for the Blind I cannot show my diploma to prove it. Mr. W. has it. Did he want it to be lost? When I got through talking to Mr. W., Mr. Babcock sent for me, and what he learned that I did not get my diploma, books and shits, which he said I was entitled to, he was very much displeas'd with the proceedings of Mr. W., and gave me five shits, like the New Testament in raised letters at his own expense. Mr. Babcock is a gentleman. He was very patient and good to me while he was my teacher, and always treated me with kindness and respect. He was one of the best men I ever knew. He was a good pianist and one of the best tenor singers.

ers in New York State, and in addition to his accomplishments, he had an excellent vocal character. I hope my readers will sometimes have a chance to hear him play and sing, and if they do, I warrant them a good treat. I left the Institution on May 2nd, 1868, and was very sorry to part with my schoolmates particularly with my friends John Fleming and John McHenry.

**SECTION 10TH.—HOME AGAIN.**

I arrived home May 3rd, 1868. My father and mother gave me a cordial welcome, and soon bought me an instrument so I could practice my music. I staid home about fifteen months waiting for something to turn up by which I could do something towards supporting myself. I spent a good deal of my time practicing on the piano, and teaching a Catholic Choir. I was very much interested in that choir, and I must tell the truth, it was the best Latin choir I ever heard in Sag Harbor. It was a credit to the church and the village. It contained thirty-seven members, and there are few choirs, even in New York City, that could sing better. I taught the choir free of charge to find out how I could teach, and also because the congregation were building a new church, I spent the rest of my time either in the rocking-chair thinking what to do to make my

During these fifteen months my schoolmates sent me letters giving important information regarding the new institution. I also learned from the letters that Mr. W. retained several pupils, not living in Kings or New York counties, including some whose school terms had expired, and transferred them to the new institution after the vacation of 1868. Instead of retaining and transferring me, he sent me home two months before that vacation, as already stated. I suppose he disliked me and treated me so on account of the petition, the law, the despatch, the Dead Sea and that unfortunate Mexican King Maximilian.

**SECTION 11TH.—GOING TO THE BATAVIA INSTITUTION.**

In May, 1868, I heard that Mr. Fisher was Superintendent, and wrote to him, but got no answer. In June of the same year, I visited the New York Institution, to attend the annual examination. Daniel Cohen, one of my former schoolmates,

told me how to proceed to become a pupil of the new Institution, and others of my former schoolmates who were transferred and were then visiting the New York Institution, confirmed Dr. Craven's testimony. When I got home I wrote to Dr. A. D. Lord, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Institution for the Blind at Batavia, Genesee County, and I became a pupil there in September, 1869. Dr. Lord was one of the most highly educated gentlemen in the United States, and also an excellent Christian. He treated his scholars so kindly that they would not do anything to displeas him, but tried to please him in every respect. Instead of being strict fixed rules to govern them, he controlled them by kindness and the rules of their own common sense. If one of the pupils should say, "Dr., please give me permission to go down town," and if he did not want him to go, the Dr. would say, "You may do as you choose, but I would rather you would not go." In such cases Dr. Lord's judgment was preferred; and the same was true regarding other matters. Instead of letting us go to church on stormy days, he would preach to us himself, and when the weather was bad, he used to let the pupils ride in his own carriage and walk to church himself, leading some of us by the arm. He was rich and well educated, but did not despise a blind person, for he was a true Christian who was thankful for his sight and preferred to teach the blind, though he could have got a much larger salary for teaching "seeing" folks in Colleges. Oh, what don't you wish you were like Dr. Lord? Try to live and die like him; he is dead, and may his soul and that of all true Christians depart through the mercy of God in Jesus.

Lord gave me the best advantages the school afforded me to practice on the piano, and put me in the

in June, 1871, because a law was made that blind persons living in Genesee or Suffolk Counties, must go to the New York City Institution. The school at Batavia is called New York State Institution for the Blind, and is in Genesee County. I lived in Suffolk County, but Mr. W. would not take me back in the city Institution, I went home and spent another year practicing the piano and singing in the choir.



ing-chair, thinking what to do. I concluded to try teaching music.

### SECTION 18th.—LEAVING HOME.

There was at that time an excellent young lady in our village, who, for convenience, I will call Mrs. Springland. She had a good intellect and was very much interested in music, but had no money to pay for lessons. I thought if I could succeed in teaching her, I could teach anybody and get plenty of scholars. I concluded to teach her free of charge, as if it failed it would not make any difference; but if it failed with one who was paying for lessons, my reputation as a teacher would be injured so I could not get another paying scholar. I began to teach Mrs. Springland, and just when she got somewhat familiar with the keys of the piano, I stopped teaching her because my parents thought as I had studied music that year, I ought to know my abilities for teaching without trying such an experiment. I was very much disappointed and discouraged. I lay awake night after night thinking what to do for support if my parents were dead. And the only result seemed to be that I might think forever, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. I made up my mind to solve the problem while my parents were alive, and that I would neither depend on them, nor beg, nor go to the poor-house, but rather lie down on some lonely road in a snowdrift and die. I determined to go to far away from home that I would not have money enough to get back. In order to learn what and how to do in a strange place among strangers, I composed a piece of poetry, and resolved to sell it from house to house, for five cents a copy. I thought every body would buy it according to its merits, and that nobody would be so hard-hearted as to refuse to buy it from a poor person: so I figured like this: New York City has one million population. About five persons in each family, and two hundred thousand families, five cents from each family would bring me ten thousand dollars, but I answered myself that I was building castles in the air, and that I could not get five cents from ten families. The following is the poem:

# THOUGHTS ON TIME

BY THOMAS J. McCULLIN.

Time, viewed by man with unaided eye,  
Through mystery's countless bars,  
Is but duration measured by  
The motions of the stars.

There is a star which is a part of our own life,  
Which reads the source of light;  
The spiral motion of our sphere  
Provides day and night.

The stars are round the sun,  
And on their orbits  
The dead stars are worlds begun  
To move, and pass to birth.

As every eye has looked away  
From time's heart in flight,  
The present and the future lay  
Dark with the past night.

Awake, my soul, and realize  
Upon that one world, Time;  
Let all my mental powers debate  
For thou art in, not in, Time.

There was a time when darkness filled  
The boundless void of space,  
When God the vast creation willed  
And gave the worlds their place.

Then He enacted nature's laws  
Greater to present;  
That was the time when the first cause  
Produced the first effect.

There was a time when man was bred  
From the dust of earth,  
The image and likeness of our God  
In His own image made.

Next comes a time when death will be  
A power that shall not fail,  
A power that shall a nation be,  
A power of death and wail.

There was a time when Time began to roll  
 Through space and time: I had a plan  
 There is a time for every thing  
 In nature, when Time shall end  
 Timeless change; as change will be  
 When Time is done  
 For all that is  
 In change will be  
 Perhaps, when from this earthly home  
 Our spirits shall be free  
 The vast creation of the world  
 This will be history  
 And if we live forever we ought  
 While we are earth remains  
 All systems now surrounded by thought  
 Will other death be great

A good opportunity was soon afforded me to leave home, and I embraced it. Some of the boys of the Brevin Institution got up a Concert Troupe and sent for me to be their pianist. Dr. Lord also invited me to come and practice with them. My parents thought the troupe would succeed; I thought it would not, but kept my mind to myself. I accepted the invitation and visited the Brevin Institution during the latter part of May and fore part of June, 1872. Here I wish to mention that in the last week of May, 1872, I was confirmed by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, at Brevin, N. Y., and took the name of Joseph; and since then, I have signed my name Thomas J. McCulla.

**SECTION 13TH. — ALONE IN THE WORLD.**

Our troupe broke up after giving six concerts; all the boys went to their homes but me. I got five hundred copies of "Thoughts on Time" printed and went to Buffalo, N. Y. Here I wish to say I did not arrive out of New York State till April 30, 1872. I arrived in Buffalo during the first week of July, one morning at six o'clock, without money enough to buy my breakfast. By enquiring I made my way to the house of a friend, two miles from the depot. My friend was a pupil of the Brevin Institution, his name is H. I got to his house about ten o'clock and was kindly received. After dinner, I requested him to leave me on some business, and I shall

canvase. He wanted me to stay with him and rest till the next day, but I was determined to go ahead. So he left me on the corner of Main and Virginia streets. He walked up Virginia street, and when the sound of his footsteps died away, I realized that I was then alone in the world, a stranger among strangers, six hundred miles away from home without my sight, and without one cent to pay for my way to any place to sleep. Oh, how I wished for some place where I could sit down and cry, without being seen; for although I was twenty-three years old and had a good education, I was quite a stranger in the ways of the world and without my sight. Imagine yourself in my situation, standing on the corner without your sight, what would you do? I suppose you don't know, neither did I know.

### SECTION 14th - WHAT I DID.

I soon found out. A policeman asked me if I was lost, and where I wanted to go. I said, "To the first stage." He took me to the door, and I went in. I showed my ticket to the proprietor and he gave me a seat for a while. But the horse stopped in the middle of the road, then my horse changed, and now had no money to spare. Time didn't wait any longer, and some said a blind man was around two weeks ago. I gave them all copies for nothing, and told them the people took one in every state from Virginia to West. I stopped work at about half past five in the evening, at the corner of Main and Eagle streets, and engaged board at a hotel for a dollar a day. When I got upstairs to my room I counted my money, which amounted to over two dollars. (Perhaps you want to know how blind people count money. I tell American coins by measuring them together and feeling their edges. One, two and nickel five cent pieces have smooth edges and different sizes, so have small three and four cents. Silver five, ten, twenty-five, fifty and dollar have rough edges and different sizes. Silver ten and twenty cent pieces are generally smooth or edges. Silver half and one dollar are the same size, but the five have rough edges. These, although I cannot see, I have learned to count by feel. I place the edge of each one on the edge of another, and I feel the difference between their edges and I know what they are. As when I pay out my money and count it, I usually run across people that I



my bills, by sight, feeling so small; but I do not. Neither can any totally blind person. I think other blind persons sell coins and bills just as I do.

The next day I began work about nine in the morning, where I left off the day before. That day I took home about three dollars. During the six weeks I staid in Buffalo, I got several little boys to lead me. I had to pay them fifty cents a day or five dollars a month, besides board and other expenses. Then most of them were unskillful. They stopped at a large number of houses, selected the best part of the walk for themselves and the worst for me, and caused me to stumble, fall, and sometimes hurt myself. I did not sell as many verses with a leader as without one, because some seeing people, who wanted to impose on the people, made out they were blind, and begged or sold songs from door to door. The people are annoyed half to death by beggars, who make out they can't speak any English, and come around with papers soliciting money, and other impostors, who try to be believed. I think nobody should be allowed to beg, except an uneducated blind person, or a person so infirm as to be unable to work. And I think if a blind person can live respectable without begging, there is no need of public charity for the old and infirm. Some blind men have leaders, but they cannot do without them. I determined to go alone to diminish my expenses, and I also determined not to wear glasses, so everybody could see my eyes.

During these six weeks I learned that if I was a resident of Buffalo, I could be a pupil in the Batavia Institution. I made up my mind I would just as leave reside in Buffalo as anywhere else, so I became a resident of that city, intending to start a broom shop and stay there the rest of my life.

SECTION 15TH. — AGAIN IN AND OUT OF THE BATAVIA INSTITUTION.

My friend H., and another friend, whose initial is B., did a great deal for me, and, with their assistance, I returned as a pupil to the Batavia Institution in September, 1874, and remained there nearly two years. Dr. Lord restored me to my old position, and also persuaded me to work in the broom shop.

which I did to perfect myself in the trade. I did not pay so much attention to music as before, because I thought it would do me no good.

We had in the Institution a debating society, called the "Excelsior Lyceum." Its members got up a monthly paper, called the "Excelsior Star," to one number of which I contributed the following poem:

### THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

BY THOMAS J. MCCULLIN.

O God, we come into Thy presence now,  
Self-made, unworthy of Thy throne to bow,  
For, in accordance with thy plan divine,  
We may approach Thee, Lord, our souls are thine.

Thou art our Father; we thy children all;  
Thou didst not will that we by sin should fall;  
Thou didst create us moral agents, free;  
To our own choiceth, to die, or follow Thee.

Thou knowest our weakness and our nothingness,  
Still Thou dost give us blessings numberless;  
We thank Thee for them all, proofs of Thy love  
Descending on us ever from above.

O, teach us how to pray, be with us now,  
Prepare us Lord, before Thy throne to bow;  
If when we pray our thoughts distracted be,  
Accept our prayer from all distractions free.

Let us not ask amins nor pray in vain,  
Forgive our sins, that we may Heaven obtain;  
Keep us from evil, make us know Thee more,  
Love Thee and serve Thee better than before.

May we in all things do thy holy will;  
As in the past, our lives with blessings fill;  
Make us to live as we would like to die;  
Provide for us and all our wants supply.

Remember all for whom we ought to pray,  
Bless them, O God, and guide them in Thy way;  
Give them the Graces which Thou bestest they need,  
The homeless shelter and the hungry feed.

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Believe all those who may be in distress;  
 Remove the sick, console the comfortless;  
 Preserve all those who are on land or sea  
 Exposed to danger, from all danger free.

Remove from earth the cause of every crime;  
 Convert the world to Thee, in Thy good time;  
 Make all the human race to know Thy word,  
 Acknowledge Thee supreme and sovereign Lord.

Bless Thou our friends, wherever they may be,  
 Lord, sanctify their lives and ours to Thee;  
 And when we die, be Heaven our portion then,  
 Grant these requests in Jesus' name. Amen.

On the 5th of May, 1874, I left the Batavia Institution with my set of broom machines, which the State of New York gave me; for it gives a set of broom machines to the male pupils who leave the Batavia Institution, if they have learned the broom trade. I went to Seneca Falls, but did not have money enough to start a broom shop there, so I sent my machines to Sag Harbor, and went to Buffalo and canvassed with my poetry.

I could occupy a large work with stories of my experience in canvassing, but I will relate only a few. One afternoon, in a certain village, while opening a gate I heard a lady say, "Tell him we are Dutch." A little boy happened to be outside and he came in with me at my request. I asked him how many ladies were there? He said, "Fifteen." I told him to give each a copy of my poetry, which he did. Then I said to them, "Kennen-ze-es-lazien?" They wanted to know what that meant. I told them that as I was coming in the gate, one of them said, "Tell him we are Dutch," and the meaning of what I said is German was, "Can you read that?" I got seventy-five cents from that party. Perhaps here is a good place to mention some people's dodges. My hearing is so acute that sometimes while standing outside the door, I hear what is going on inside. Sometimes I hear the lady say to a child, "Tell him I ain't home." The child then opens the door and says, "My mudder ain't home." I say, "Who told you to say that?" The child answers, "My mudder did." Sometimes when the people of the house see me coming they go out in the yard, and when I get to the door say, "The folks are all out." So they are out in that case—out in the yard. What curious dodges some people have to save a few cents, as they go

dodging through the world. It is easy to dodge a blind man and the gates of Heaven; but no one can dodge God. The blind, who cannot well find their way through the world, and who have not on earth the pleasures and treasures which some seeing people have, may find their way into Heaven, and enjoy its pleasures and treasures forever.

## SECTION 16th.—GETTING MARRIED—VIEWS ON MARRIAGE.

While I was in Buffalo, I took a notion to get married, because I had a number of good chances. Several well-educated young ladies, who had good education and perfect sight, would willingly become my wife, because my education was quite good, and I could pay well on the score; but I could not form an attachment for any of them, because their eyes and abilities seemed to differ from mine. I wanted a wife who was disposed like my own, regardless of education or wealth. The only girl I could find in all my travels, who had all the traits of character and the disposition I required, was then a pupil in the Bazaar Institution, but she was not known to me. On the 24th of June I left Buffalo with fifty dollars in my pocket, and went to Erie, Pa., where she lived, and was not long in making the necessary arrangements, and we got married at Amsterdam, N. Y., June 26th, 1824, and I am glad to say Miss Minnie became my wife. God has blessed me, and I have taken in more money on an average every day I worked, since I got married than before, without telling anyone whether I had a wife or not. Minnie cannot see perfectly, but she can see enough to take proper care of herself and me. Perhaps you want to know why she was a pupil of the Institution. Any person of suitable age and character, who cannot see enough to study in common schools, will receive education here, as pupils in the School for the Blind. I think it proper here to give my views about blind persons getting married. I think, that, if of sight degrees the loss of a great number of privileges which cannot be enjoyed without that sight, and which may be diminished the number, for kinds of privileges. God has led me, and I wish every word of the matter to be as fully and as literally understood. There was a time when I had been put to death, because it was thought that I was in the





follow me. We wandered round the village in search of a  
 boarding house from early morning till late in the night. At last  
 it rained quite hard and late. I had five dollars to my credit  
 five dollars each per week. During our stay in London I told  
 the proprietors of the hotels that I had studied music eleven  
 years and could play on the piano, and asked permission to en-  
 tertain their guests. Most of them said they didn't care whether  
 or I had studied music or not; they believed I couldn't play;  
 would not let me try and did not want music and dancing on  
 their places anyhow. Others said their guests did not want to  
 hear me play, and a few said they had made arrangements for the  
 season, and their guests would play well enough to entertain  
 themselves. In the Grand Street Rooms we were well received  
 and gave a private entertainment, which highly pleased the  
 guests. The proprietors of the Twenty Grove Rooms, received  
 us kindly, but when we got to the parlor, and before I touched  
 the piano, the guests being we were told, walked out and left  
 one old gentleman and a few more children to be our audi-  
 ence. Right here I wish to tell you that I am sometimes in-  
 vited to play and sing, and the people, instead of coming into  
 the room where I am, get up and come over to me, as far away  
 as possible, and leave a few minutes to listen to my music.  
 Sometimes when I play and sing, the folks sit down, but in-  
 stead of looking on a few minutes till I was through, they talk,  
 whisper and laugh. There are acts of gross impudence which  
 no well-bred lady or gentleman should commit, and in such  
 cases when I finish a piece, they say "That is capital, give us  
 another." Now, friends, do not be offended. I mention these things  
 because I know you want to do as others as you could others to  
 do to you. I notice all such mistakes. If you have a piano,  
 organ or melodeon and you invite me in, all come as near as you  
 can to the place, as you can help it being, because my voice is  
 not strong, and please leave everybody till I am through. I  
 am not an good employer as I used to be because I have receiv-  
 ed much of my money for what is given, and my money has  
 been spent by following the custom to keep the people  
 conversing in different manners and manners I think I have  
 this heart my voice. Please take this matter into consideration  
 and please do not offend me by impudence and mistakes.

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I have mentioned all these things about some people's impo-  
liteness, because most of my readers have good, kind hearts and  
feel sorry as I do for what I have alluded to.

One day after my adventure in his Temple Grove Home, I  
went into a barber shop on Manhattan. The shop was full so  
the barber gave me a chair and set me to the barber shop  
across the way in a room called "Columbus Hall." When I got  
in that shop, the head-barber, without knowing or caring what  
my business was, called a policeman and said, "Get that blind  
man out of here!" The policeman looked on me, and I asked  
him what law I had broken, or what offence I had committed.  
Then I told him my business. He said I had done nothing,  
but he had to obey orders and he had me to save trouble by  
finding another barber shop, which I did.

The treatment which I received at Saratoga caused me to  
compose the following poems:

### ACTS OF A VERY FEW PEOPLE

BY THOMAS J. McCULLIN.

I know of folk who in a single night,  
While they were sleeping, were deprived of sight;  
How thankful therefore have their sight should be  
To God for giving them their eyes to see.

Some are not thankful; but are so unkind  
As to despise a person who is blind;  
They do not think how, in a single night,  
The Lord, who gave, can take away their sight.

The Bible says, "Ye shall love the Lord your God,  
With all your heart, with all your soul,  
With all your strength, and with all your mind;  
This is the first and greatest commandment."

Let us give thanks to God for what he has done,  
Because I will not have my eyes from him,  
As long as I should have them, and as long as I live,  
My conscience will condemn me if I do not.

They make promises, and give nothing any day,  
"Well, I guess we don't want any to-day,"  
Some say, "I will give you a dollar any day,  
By calling out the name of the Lord."

God has a plan for every man,  
Somebody has to be a witness for him,  
The witness is the one who has seen him,  
A man who has seen him, and who has seen him.

Trust in the Lord, and he will give you  
The witness who has seen him, and who has seen him.

Trust in the Lord, and he will give you  
The witness who has seen him, and who has seen him.

Trust in the Lord, and he will give you  
The witness who has seen him, and who has seen him.







SAG HARBOR, N. Y., 1875.

Brother Templar, Dear Sir :

I thank Providence for this opportunity of introducing myself to you, as an earnest advocate of Temperance. My name is THOMAS J. McCULLIN. I am a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 267, I. O. of G. T., in Batavia, N. Y., and Agawan Division, No. 117, S. of T., in Sag Harbor, N. Y.

The seeming neglect of some of our members in their Temperance duties, led me to think seriously, and I am resolved that if being deprived of earthly vision, could do anything for the Temperance cause, those who have their sight could do vastly more, for they have more facilities than I. So I concluded that the best way I could reach, would be to compose a poem, containing some good views, and circulate it among the friends of Temperance. I have composed it and send some copies that you may judge of its merits. I would like each member to obtain one; not to remunerate me in a pecuniary way, but that all may profit by reading and studying these words. "The world's conversion is delayed by Rum."

To obtain this end, I would have every member to accept one free of charge, but not yet being able to do so, I must ask a small price for each copy, to defray my necessary expenses, incurred by printing, postage, etc.

If you think them worthy, please recommend to your Lodge, and see that they are distributed among the members, by you or some other responsible person, so that all may have an opportunity to read them. Perhaps the most appropriate time would be the next meeting of your Lodge, during recess, or good of the order; however you will know best. If I have not sent copies enough for all, and you should be unable, please let me know how many and I will forward them. I enclose a stamped envelope with my address printed on it, to secure the return safely and promptly.

Hoping that the circulation of my piece will accomplish my purpose, and consequently give pleasure to you and your Lodge,

I remain yours in Faith, Hope and Charity,

THOMAS J. McCULLIN  
Sag Harbor, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

1875.

my name Lodge, gawam

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Lodge, you or supports a world d of the copies a know ped saped safely had had my d your on ten banded No hor

# THOUGHTS ON TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE

BY THOMAS A. CROSBY

The Author of these verses was born February 22nd, 1849. Lost his sight by inflammation when two months old. He was educated in New York City and New York State Institution for the Blind, the latter by Braille. He believes that part of his mission in life is to write for the "deaf and dumb" eyes, and that the best way to do so is to write his poems among the people. Friends, please excite the usefulness of his construction; study well the views it contains, especially in the last line, and obtain a copy for any acquaintance who might profit by reading it.

These are the pleasures of the world,  
From which all good men should be freed;  
Of metal things, of silver and of gold,  
Of wine and of the pleasures of the world,  
But in the end best understood by all,  
Is that of a life of peace and joy,  
In which the heart is free from care,  
We dedicate them to the cause of God,  
That all the world may see the way,  
To the path of peace and joy.

OTHER

SECTION

Of all the ways to heaven, the best is known,  
This is the way to be free from care,  
If any man would be free from care,  
The name of Jesus should be destroyed,  
But the name of Jesus should be praised,  
So he can neither hear, nor see, nor taste,  
With all our power, of the church, state and press,  
Must be obedient to do this with success.

Form for a Section of the Bible Society

THE UNIVERSE COULD NOT EXIST IN SPACE

The universe could not exist in space  
 If one star thought its office not in place,  
 It is our duty unto God and man  
 To do for Temperance, every thing we can,  
 This is our mission, if we fill our place,  
 Intemperance will ruin for the human race,  
 Great is the harvest, but our laborers few—  
 Though one can do much, many more can do.

Remember that intemperance is the cause of  
 its various plagues, poisoned by disease;  
 Intemperance is more than disease or war,  
 Who are intemperate are the cause of war,  
 To do for Temperance, every thing we can,  
 This is our mission, if we fill our place,  
 Intemperance will ruin for the human race,  
 Great is the harvest, but our laborers few—  
 Though one can do much, many more can do.

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 Great is the harvest, but our laborers few—  
 Though one can do much, many more can do.

SECTION 1874. — SAG HARBOR AND OTHER PLACES

During the winter of 1874, Prof. J. A. Van Hosten, an excellent violinist, of Sag Harbor, engaged me several times to play accompaniment for his recitals, sometimes two, or from three to five dollars a night. He was very kind and would take me off sometimes for fifty miles in the winter, because he said he thought no other accompaniment player he could find. I do not relate this to brag, but to show you my object to tell the truth. I know I can play a good accompaniment to any song, with any good violinist.





name was Mrs. B. Selts. I accepted the invitation and gave the family a parlor entertainment, with which Mr. and Mrs. Selts were well pleased, and they invited me to stay with them two weeks, free of charge. I accepted this kind offer and left the house of Mrs. Jones. During my visit, I proposed the idea of teaching a few songs to their daughter Emma. The proposition was accepted, and I began to give her piano lessons. When the two weeks were expired, Mr. and Mrs. Selts wanted me to board with them at twelve shillings a week till I finished canvassing the city. Miss Emma Selts proved to be quite a good scholar, and her parents thought if I lived in Oswego, I might continue to teach her, and perhaps get more pupils. I knew very well that there was nothing in Baldwinville for me to do, so I moved to Oswego. Mr. and Mrs. Selts took such an interest in me that some of the people in Oswego believed them to be my relatives. I will say here they are not relatives. I never heard the name of Selts, till I heard it from Mrs. Selts herself, that cold day when I canvassed West 8th St., and came to her house by chance. Mr. Selts is a man of only moderate means, and though many people of more means in Oswego and other places had, and have better opportunities to assist me, he was the first who embraced the chance. Since I became acquainted with him, he has saved me many a dollar in business transactions and otherwise. I hope to find other persons in my life, whose names and Christian deeds, like those of Mr. and Mrs. B. Selts, I can record in this work, and which God can record in the book of life.

#### [SECTION 20TH.—HARD TIMES AND RELIEF.]

I moved to Oswego in April, 1876, and started keeping a trunk store, but the large stores were running in opposition, and sold goods as cheap as I could buy them wholesale, so we soon ate up our little stock, in which the money I made canvassing was invested, and we became so reduced in circumstances, that one cold day in January, 1877, my wife and I were without a bite in the house to eat, a stick of wood to burn, or a cent of money. The neighbors did not know it. We did not, nor could not tell them, because we thought if we happened to

ask relief of any one who was unwilling to trade at our little store, it might be given unwillingly, or might not be given at all. I was, and would be willing to die, but I wanted some bread to give my Minnie, and some wood to keep her warm. I began to chop up our chairs and tables to burn, but God, who knows and sees all things, saw our condition and sent us aid. While I was chopping up one of the chairs, a young man named W. H. Newton, called and knocked at the door; he wanted me to play the piano that evening at his home, nearly two miles away, and I went, but did not tell him our circumstances. When I got through playing, Mr. Newton's family, and another good family named Meeker, gave me two dollars and a nice basket of provisions. While we were using up these provisions, I applied to have the poor master pay my rent, but got no satisfaction. Then I called on a friend, who has been very much interested in me since he made my acquaintance. His name is Dennis Hayes; He is a gentleman of excellent qualities and traits of character, and he is highly respected and esteemed by all who know him. I told Mr. Hayes that I was short of money, and asked him to aid me in getting up an entertainment. He kindly consented, and he and his family, together with other kind friends, including the Father Matthew Temperance Society, gave an entertainment for my benefit, in the basement of St. Mary's Church, Oswego, January 16th, 1877, and I realized thirty-five dollars, which supported me and my wife till the weather got warm enough for me to go out canvassing. We are thankful to Mr. Hayes and the other kind friends who assisted him on our behalf, and language fails to express our feelings of gratitude to them. I must mention here that when I was so hard up, in January, 1877, Mrs. Selts, without my knowledge, collected nearly five dollars among my neighbors and bought me a pair of boots, for which I thank her and all who contributed with a willing heart.

#### SECTION 218.—TRYING TO GET MY SIGHT.

As I have stated before, my left eye is covered with a film; I think if that film could be taken off, I would be able to see. I have consulted doctors,—some of them think the film can be removed, and others think not; but regardless of their ideas, I



will have hopes as long as I live. I am totally blind now, and can't be any worse. If I could see a little, I would not let any doctor meddle with my eyes, because we hear of wonderful cures being performed, but seldom see the persons cured, and it seems that people cannot be cured in their own village or city. They have to go abroad; they go from New York to a great doctor in Boston, and the people of Boston go from three to a great doctor in New York, etc. I do not propose to travel from one place to another to find a doctor, but if I happen to meet one, I am willing to ask him for his free advice, and if he will operate on my eye and give me my sight, I will pay him when the cure is effected and not before; if he don't cure me, I won't pay him at all. I am sure no sensible person would blame me for trying in any and every way, to get my sight. I have put several things into my eye to grind off the film, but it is there yet. I have used whites of eggs, burned alum, hen's oil, sweet oil, pounded stone, pulverised white sugar, resin, ointment, salve, etc. On the 25th of February, 1877, I became acquainted with a Spiritual Medium, who said my eye could be cured with the assistance of spirit power. He doctored my eye free of charge. When the days were too stormy to go to his house, he used to come to mine, and this fact made me think he was sincere in his belief. His manner of operating was to lay the fingers of his left hand on my eye and keep them there about five minutes, and when he took his hand off, my eye felt weak and tired out. He used to give me reports from the spirits regarding the progress of my eye, which were always favorable. This medium lives in Oswego, and the people soon found out that he was doctoring my eye, and whether there are such things as spirits or not, the fact is that any two persons who did not know each other, and who looked at my eye the same day, noticed exactly the same changes in my eye, such, indeed, to the difference of color or the number of spots, and I certainly cannot account for that. I took one hundred and forty-four treatments; sometimes one a day, and sometimes two a day, but could not see light. The spirits reported that the film would soon break, but I had neither money to support myself nor time to wait, for the weather grew wild and I had to go out canvassing, so I left off receiving the treatments, but I am thankful to the medium for his kindness, and for the reports he gave me. I have since had some reports from the spirits regarding my eye, but I have not time to give you a full account of them.

## SECTION 22.—NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

Some people seem to pass through the world without much trouble, but I am not one of them, and if I was only to write the pleasant events of my life, I would not have quarter enough of reading matter to fill this little book, and of course I might have to sell veins the rest of my days; but in order to stop selling poetry, I had to write this book, and record on its pages a few of the unpleasant events of my history. I am not ashamed to tell the truth, but I am sorry to have such truths to tell.

On the 5th of June, 1877, I went to Mexico, Oswego County, N. Y., to canvass it. I arrived there in the evening, about eight o'clock, and tried to get board in a hotel, kept by a man named Barret. I give his name in full, because I think it is right to do so. Mr. Barret refused to board me; he handed me ten cents and said that would do me, as far as sympathy was concerned, but he was not willing to accommodate me. I asked him what would I do, and where could I lodge, if all the hotel keepers treated me so? He swore an oath at me and said, "He didn't care where I went or what I did; he wished I would fall into the creek and sleep there." I told him there was a law which would compel hotel keepers to receive and entertain travellers. He said no law would make him accommodate a man if he didn't want to. I did not proceed with him according to law, but went away.

Now friends you cannot blame me for requesting you as I do in the beginning of this book, to enquire and see that I have a suitable place to board, while I am canvassing your town.

I wandered around the village of Mexico till after eleven o'clock that night, when it began to rain, and I found a hotel called the Empire House, where I was kindly received. While canvassing the village, nearly all the people treated me kindly, and I found a great many friends, but one more case occurred there which I must record. I called at the house of a minister, whose initial is H.; he refused to look at my poem, but let me leave it at his house. In a few days I called again at his house, and asked his wife for permission to speak to Mr. H. She said, in an angry tone, "That he was in his study, and could not be seen." she also refused to look at my verses or to let

leave them, because her husband refused to. I told her that I didn't know how such proceedings could be in accordance with the true christianity taught in the Bible, and that I would publish her and Mr. H. in print. She said she didn't care if I gave them forty volumes. I gave a concert soon after and published them from the stage. Some of his friends who claimed to know his reasons for treating a blind man so, got mad because I published him, but the large majority of the people were well pleased and said I did not give him half enough. I heard he afterwards told that he had seen me in Oswego where he used to preach; that he did not know anything against me but heard I was in the habit of drinking and that he expected an increase in family, and did not want me to call, because his wife might see me. I think this could not be the case, for I understand conditions were not favorable. His story was circulated after I had spoken to his wife and you know that God who made us all, is good and will not deform or mark one of his children for any kindness done to another.

With regard to the story about my intemperance, I will say that I have never tasted liquor or tobacco in my life, and no one has ever seen me do so, but I have played the piano in the sitting-room of a hotel to help to earn my bread. I do not know anything against my own character, and certainly no one else does, unless they make something up, and with regard to Mr. and Mrs. H., the church is not responsible for their proceedings, they are responsible themselves. One of Christ's Apostles fell, and anyone is liable to err and fall no matter what his position in life may be.

After leaving Mexico, I went to Puleaki, then to Haanibal, where a kind gentleman named Albert Williams made my acquaintance and boarded me free of charge. Next I went to Wolcott and put up at the Wolcott House for five dollars a week. While canvassing Wolcott I had the people as usual what board I was paying, and a woman whose initial is B. said she would board me for three dollars a week. On the evening of that day, I started for her house, but a crowd of people immediately gathered and blocked the street so I could not get through. They wanted to know was I going to board with Mrs. B. I said, "I had to board with her for I could not

find a cheaper place." They said "they were sorry for me," and told me if I had any money I had better sleep with my boots on, and a lady named Mrs. H. E. Sults, told me I was welcome to board with her for three dollars a week. I went to the house of Mrs. B. that night, because I promised to go, and I always try to keep my promise, but I did not sleep though the family treated me well, and none of them tried to molest me. Next day I went to the house of Mrs. Stults, where I was kindly treated, and where I stayed while I remained in Wolcott. Then I canvassed Red Creek, Adams and Watertown. The people of Watertown treated me kindly, and only one person in the whole city shut the door in my face, her initial is V. The people of the city used to give me money out of the children's money banks, when they had no pennies in the house, and they used to give money to their children and make them put it into my hand, as they said, to teach them charity. May God bestow his blessings on the people of Watertown for trying so hard to live up to and teach their children true christian virtue.

### SECTION 23.—LAST REMARKS.

Many suppose that blind persons must beg. I think most of them will not beg if encouraged in any lawful business. Some people buy books, groceries or other articles from a seeing peddler or store keeper, according to their merits; knowing and feeling that they have received full value for their money, but when they buy anything from a blind person, though, perhaps double the worth of their money, instead of buying according to merits and value, they say they buy it to help a blind person. It is good and right to help the blind, but I think people should encourage them in doing right and buy from them just the same as from seeing folks, knowing and feeling that they are getting the worth of their money. I find that people who have a blind son or daughter, brother or sister, generally have more feeling and sympathy for the blind than people who have not, because they know what affliction is. When I am canvassing, sick people often send for me and request me to be brought to their bedside so they can see me, and they tell me it is better for me to be blind and have my health, than to have my sight and be like them.



I tell you the afflicted know what it is to be afflicted, and one of the best ways for people to show their thankfulness to God for their health and the faculties they have is to be kind and do all they can for a blind person, or for any one who is afflicted. The blind are generally thankful for any kindness or present given with a free and willing heart ; I know I am for one. They so seldom get large presents in money that when they do it ought to be mentioned in print.

Ex-Governor Morgan, of New York State, one day gave a blind man twenty dollars : I think it was for playing the piano. I understand that Ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden of York State, one day gave a blind man fifteen dollars in an envelope, on the back of which was written, " Do not spend this money for liquor." That is not " Tilden and rum," which was the inscription on some of the banners exhibited in the processions, during the Presidential campaign of 1876.

The largest money present I ever got from one person at once, was one dollar.

You will find in reading this book, that I have told a few of the sharp truths which I learned while selling my verses. The experience of many other blind people in that business, seems to be the same or worse than mine. One blind man told me that the authorities of Worcester, Mass. would not allow him to sell his verses in that city. His poem was the blind man's appeal.

I hope you will consider this book worth 15 cents, and give it a place among your other books.

I am very thankful to all my readers, to all who have bought this book, and to all who have assisted me or may assist me in any way during my life. I cannot go around in the winter, so if you know of any body who has not a copy of this book, please let them to see for one. Any body wanting one of these books can get it from me at my boarding house in the town which I am now in. They can send me a letter with 15 cents in it, and I will send you one of these books. If you want more than one, please let me know. I will send you one for each person who writes to me for one. I will send you one for each person who writes to me for one. I will send you one for each person who writes to me for one.

J. McCOLLIN  
106 West Eighth Street, O'Connell, N. Y.

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