

Indians had given up the search in this direction, Abigail was taken into the house, and kindly cared for till she had recovered from the fatigues and terrors of her flight and subsequent concealment. The Frenchman, meanwhile, took measures to ascertain whether any Indians were skulking about in the vicinity. Thinking the coasts at last clear, he conveyed her on horseback to Detroit, at much risk to himself and her, where he placed her in a French hotel. We regret our inability to give the names of this generous and noble-hearted couple, who were indeed worthy to be held in remembrance.

In this place Abigail changed her Indian costume for the habiliments of civilized life, and commenced to work as a kitchen-maid; but was still impelled by her fears to conceal herself as quickly as possible when an Indian appeared, lest he might be able to recognize her.

This state of anxiety, however, was not destined long to continue. Daniel Dolson, an active young man from Canada (of whom mention was made in our opening chapter, as having been brought into Canada, by his U. E. Loyalist parents, on a pack-horse), being across the lines on business, heard of our young heroine, and resolved to see her. Being pleased with her appearance, and what he had learned of her character, he, after a short acquaintance, proposed to make her his wife, and take her to Canada, where she would be safe from the Indians who had held her in captivity. The favorable impression having been reciprocal, Mr. Dolson's proposal was accepted. They were soon after married, came immediately into Canada, and settled on the banks of the Thames, near where Chatham now stands.

No longer a wanderer—through cold, and hunger, and nakedness—in the wilderness, subjected to the caprices of a savage mistress, but the cherished wife of a respectable and prosperous man, the same energy which distinguished the maiden captive also characterized the wife of the backwoods settler, and afforded her husband

very material assistance in turning the wilderness into fruitful fields.

The facilities for travel at that time being much more limited than in these days of railroads, Mrs. Dolson's father died before she had an opportunity of seeing him; and, therefore, she never returned to her native home. She spent a long and useful life in Canada, and saw her children and her children's children rising up about her and calling her blessed.

She attended the first ministrations of the Rev. Nathan Bangs, one of the early missionaries of Western Canada, and, through the preaching of the word by him, became an earnest and devoted practical Christian. Her husband was like-minded with her, and their house became a home for the ministers of the Gospel, where they were always sure to receive a hearty and fraternal welcome, as they passed along through the wilderness, bearing the message of salvation to the scattered settlers. She died at a good old age, long a member of a Christian church, leaving a large circle of friends and a numerous progeny. Many of her descendants are still residing in the vicinity of Chatham, among whom her name is venerated.

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*Original.*

## THE DEAF AND DUMB—OF THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF-MUTE.)

*(Continued.)*

But what shall we say of the deaf-mutes of the New Dominion of Canada? In the city of Montreal at the present time, there are two deaf and dumb institutions, both of which I have visited. In the city of Montreal, too, exist no less than thirty adult deaf-mutes, living uncared for, and in a very low intelligent condition, giving a striking contrast to the deaf-mutes in towns of the same size in England. Day by day they pursue their ordinary calling, and wander now here and then there about the Canadian metropolis, like sheep without a

shepherd, in search of a pasture in a wilderness! They have no bright star in the firmament of their mind whereby to guide them to the rest hereafter reserved for them that "fear God, and keep His commandments." They have no sure pilot to steer their frail craft from the inevitable doom to which the current of life is rapidly carrying them. Left to themselves, they are following their animal inclinations, though kept partly under control by priestly influence. They are extremely superstitious, and have no religion at all—except that they will tell any one that the Pope is holy, that Mary is the mother of God, that the devil is a bad man, and that they are sure of heaven or a home behind the moon! The other Sabbath, I learned that the deaf-mutes met in a certain school-room, in Margaret Street, Montreal, for priestly instruction, and a powerful impulse induced me to be present to see what went on there. The priestly instructor and about a score of adult deaf-mutes were assembled. The reader need not expect the London services to be again described to tell him what I saw in Margaret Street. The religious service here—if I may call it such—was one long catalogue of accounts of robberies, murders, fiendism, and outrage, mixed with recent miracles of the Virgin Mary, communicated by a deaf and dumb teacher. I retired gladly, but not till I had been discovered to be a heretic, and as such denounced!

The Deaf and Dumb Institution for *females* in Montreal is of recent origin. It is built of stone, and is situated in a good position, far away from the smoky atmosphere of the city. I could learn nothing with regard to its origin and originators, for in the visit I paid it recently, I could gather no reliable information about it, as neither of the Montreal institutions issue printed reports, which is very singular, when both are public charities, and are supported by the liberality of the public and government grants.

When I called I was received by the matron, attired as a nun, and kindness and

respect marked her actions throughout. I was shown about the building, both upstairs and downstairs. My conductress was one of the pupils, and had the advantage of me by being master of two languages—English and French. What struck me most on entering was the little vessels attached to the sides of all the doors, which, from ignorance of their use, I enquired of my guide what purpose they were for. My query took her by surprise, and she made use of the contents of the vessels as she passed them, and crossed her forehead with her finger, and informed me that they contained "holy water." I felt a wish to argue the point with her with regard to the water being really holy, asked,

"Are you sure the water is holy?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Who made it holy?" I asked.

"His holiness the Pope," she answered, firmly.

"Has the water come from Rome?" I inquired, much surprised.

"No; it is from the St. Lawrence," she replied.

"Well, then, has Pope Pius ever visited the St. Lawrence, and made the water holy?" was my next query.

She made no reply, but turned round as if to see whether any one was near to relieve her embarrassment, and, on finding we were alone, timidly asked,

"Are you a true Roman Catholic?"

"I am a Protestant," I replied, which appeared to frighten her, and she cast a look of pity and horror at me.

She said no more, and we moved to the next apartment, where she stopped at the holy-water vessel at the entrance, and fortified herself against all heretic communication by making liberal use of the contents of the tiny vessel.

This apartment was the chapel, and my guide stepped in lightly, as if conscious that she was entering the holy of holies of the establishment. This room had a complete equipment for priestly ceremonies. I was told that the service was conducted in the ordinary way, and no deaf-mute signs or

language was used. How they expected to benefit the poor children by chanting Latin and preaching unintelligent doctrines was a mystery to me. On entering, I could see no sign of life, but on glancing round, my eye caught the figure of a female deaf-mute at her devotions. She was crouched down on the floor behind the door, facing the shrine, with a book in her hand. Our entrance did not disturb her, and she continued as immovable as a statue, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix and images in the distance. A pious look played over her countenance, but ignorance, so common in deaf-mute Papists, was traceable on her features. I could guess that habit or custom had led her there, and to assume that position, for I well know that she could not understand the mysterious characters in the volume she held in her hand, to which she did not once look, or turn over a page while I went round the chapel.

We next entered the school-room, which is divided into two sections—English and French. The girls were all assembled and pursuing their Sunday lessons. On entering the whole company arose, and made a graceful courtesy, and remained standing till I had responded by an awkward English bow, when they resumed their seats, and continued their studies. The English division attracted my notice, and I took up the slate of the nearest girl, on which she was writing an affectionate letter to her "Dear brother." I was much pleased with her hand-writing and the composition of the epistle. The letter contained the ordinary school-girl expressions peculiar to the deaf and dumb, in which they tell their friends and relatives most of what they themselves know, such as what the weather was, now is, and what they think it will be; the pleasure of letter-writing to them, and the state of health they enjoy, and concluded with the familiar *finale*—"your affectionate sister." On the blackboards were religious lessons, well written; and the tutor was expounding the same by the one-hand alphabet, with a rapidity too great for my unaccustomed eye to catch, but I could

see that the story of Balaam and his ass was the subject of study. Not knowing the French dialect, I could not tell what the other division was learning.

As I turned to leave, they again arose, and courtesied simultaneously as I bowed myself out. We then entered the work-room, where about a dozen sewing-machines were standing. I was told that they were in want of sewing for these machines, which had performed all the work in the house. The girls devote their leisure in learning the operations of these excellent implements, and no one will dispute their usefulness, and the instruction and pleasure they give young girls. They will save the precious eye sight of the unfortunate children, which is always more or less defective, and far from possessing that penetrating power which ignorance and superstition has assigned them to possess in compensation for the loss of hearing and speech; and moreover, the occupation is profitable to them when they turn out into the world, if they are spared the monotony of a convent incarceration for the rest of their lives.

Upstairs, we enter the bedrooms of the inmates. The neat, tidy, and well-arranged room where the little girls pass the nights is large, light, scrupulously clean, well ventilated, and heated by steam in winter,—the sight of pipes around the rooms gave me thoughts of the terrible arctic winter we have just passed through. The snow-white sheets and counterpanes over the little beds reflect credit on the domestic management of the matron. The arrangements for every convenience and comfort are here almost perfect, and much superior to many European institutions. Apparently, no pains or expense has been spared to secure the health and comfort of the pupils.

I next paid a visit to the boys' school at Mile-End, near the city, where I was very kindly received by M. Belanger, the principal, who supplied me with every information I required respecting the place and its workings. This institution, like its contemporary, is well built and pleasantly situated

in a healthy locality. It has been in existence since 1848, being established by the religious order of St. Viator, and it is protected by the Provincial Government, receiving a grant of \$1,500 a year for its support. The course of study includes grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, book-keeping, drawing, etc., and they teach the boys something of shoemaking, tailoring, printing, bookbinding, and cabinet-making, as they informed me. I wonder very much how they can advance far in all these important branches of education and trades, in the short space of six years, the term for the completion (?) of the education of the deaf-mutes, when they require seven years to give them a little common sense in England. The followers of St. Viator seem to have discovered a secret of their own to accomplish this feat, from what I know of deaf-mute education.

I have searched throughout Montreal in vain for a Protestant institution for this class of people. Everything seems to be in the hands of priests, nuns, and the followers of ancient and modern saints, who all go on dragging the remnant of humanity—whether defective or otherwise—into the folds of Rome. Who St. Viator was, I cannot divine; but if there existed no other sect in Montreal who were charitably disposed to take the hand of the deaf-mute and lead him from degradation and ignorance, it would be preferable to have things as they now are. Then this question may be asked—Where are the Protestant deaf-mutes educated—if educated at all? I suppose they go to the United States. This need no longer be, for a Protestant deaf-mute institution has sprung up at Hamilton to rescue the hundreds still uneducated in Canada—a bright star in the West!

The Deaf and Dumb School of Ontario may be found at Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, under the management of J. B. McGann, Esq., and his brilliant staff of assistants. Perhaps there is not another man in Canada whose heart is so much devoted to the work of ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity as Mr. McGann. He has labored

most disinterestedly for years under great difficulties. His works on the subject of the deaf-mute education have been circulated throughout the length and breadth of Ontario, and have elicited the highest commendation from all the leading journals of the province. The profits of the sales of these books have gone to the relief of deaf-mute emigrants from Europe, who found themselves destitute among strangers, when they failed to find employment at their various callings.

The situation of the Hamilton institution surpasses anything of the kind I have yet seen for scenery and healthiness of locality. The fascinating view seen from it calls to memory dreamy ideas of imaginary happiness. The blue waters of Lake Ontario ripple at the foot of the castle's grounds like a stupendous mirror stretching miles away; and when the glorious sun shines from the blue firmament upon the scene, the place is well nigh a paradise. The outside scenery bears harmoniously with the management of the interior. Indeed, it is altogether an immense family of happy tenants. Splendidly laid-out ground, in park-like fashion, surround the whole building, and form a very desirable place for recreation for the inmates.

The educational department of this establishment is such as needs but little improvement. The best teachers are consulted, and best of systems are adopted, and with an old and experienced teacher at its head, Ontario has only to pour in a little more money to make the Hamilton Institution for the Deaf and Dumb rank among the first on this side of the Atlantic.

If the reader would like to know more about this institution, he cannot do better than secure the reports, pamphlets, and books issued by Mr. McGann, who has only recently issued a second edition of a book on "The Education of the Deaf and Dumb."

With this, I must close the "present" of this subject, though it might be extended much further would space permit, and turn to the

## FUTURE.

The great work now going on in Europe and America every year increases in importance and magnificence. The future of the deaf-mute in England will, no doubt, be a bright time for them. They have an army of powerful and influential helpers in the work of elevation—temporally and spiritually. The first in the rank is our beloved Queen, who has forwarded liberal donations to the Adult Deaf and Dumb Association, London, and who is deeply interested in the labors of their cause. A long list of aristocratic names might be quoted, as well as that of Charles Dickens, and others, who use their wealth and influence for their benefit.

It has been found that the building of the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, London, is insufficient for the purposes needed for deaf-mutes, and a movement has been set on foot to raise means for erecting a church, lecture-room, library, and offices necessary for the completion of all that may be wanted in future for the increasing number of deaf and dumb in the English metropolis. Her Majesty the Queen has headed a subscription list with £50 for this purpose, and noblemen and other gentlemen have followed her example, and the sum of £3,000, for the building alone, is now in the hands of a committee formed for the purpose of pushing this movement to a conclusion.

It was only the other day, as I was perusing a late English paper, the following little paragraph caught my eye :—

"It has been determined to erect a church in London for the deaf and dumb. The site is intended, if possible, to be in the western central district."

This announcement brings a whole train of interesting events back to my memory. When I was in London, I was deeply interested in the movement for this church, and I know how hard the indefatigable minister (the Rev. S. Smith) and his committee labored to get a site suitable for the building. When people heard of the scheme, their astonishment was great—"A church

for deaf-mutes?—how novel!" Some were incredible about such a scheme existing, except in the imagination of some inmate of a lunatic asylum. But such a movement was really begun, and will be speedily accomplished, and the building will be numbered with the hundreds of sacred edifices whose spires grace that city of cities. The foundation-stone would long ago have been laid if a site could have been obtained; but the Londoners were loth to *sell* the land for such a purpose as a church. The paragraph above quoted, uses the uncertain words, "if possible," which shows the great difficulties they labor under to secure a site in the western central district—a locality literally paved with gold, so to speak, on account of its enormous rents and its high value.

When this noble edifice is erected, it will be one of the wonders of London, and a beacon of light and civilization, standing as an example to the nations of the world to "go and do likewise."

In France, little or nothing seems to be doing for the adult deaf-mutes, but the work going on in London astonishes the French, and is rousing their energies to increased efforts in the right direction. Prussia is ahead of France now, and a recent conference of British teachers of the deaf-mute was attended by those of Germany, who returned to their land full of English ideas and schemes. Russia, Italy, Turkey, and proud and benighted Spain have their deaf and dumb schools. Even Athens and Rome in their decaying grandeur are doing what they left undone in past ages of glory. In idolatrous India the good work is begun. Madras and Calcutta have their deaf-mute schools, under missionaries and others, who are extending the work, even into China! Australia has given her attention to the deaf-mute, and in Melbourne and Sydney the English system is adopted. The education of the children in this distant land was originated by a deaf-mute who originally emigrated from England in quest of gold, and when the "gold fever" abated he took to a more laudable occupation.

New Zealand is also following the example set by her neighbor.

Canada, with her 2,000 deaf and dumb, and almost as many blind—for the latter nothing, I believe, is done, except what Mr. McGann has been able to do, by taking a few into his school at great inconvenience and expense—is very far behind the United States and Europe. But the day will soon come when everything will be in the right condition for the instruction of both these classes, for the Government of the New Dominion has been convinced that what they have hitherto done is utterly insufficient for them, and further efforts are being made for educating the hundreds of deaf and dumb still uncared for in our midst.

The time will come also when Canada will see the necessity of adopting the English arrangements for the adult deaf-mutes. The hearing children have everything prepared for them on leaving school—churches, lecture-halls, mechanic's institutes, colleges, and the effusions of the press. The deaf-mute cannot always enter these edifices with any advantage, unless the teachings are arranged for his benefit, and given in his peculiar language. The deaf and dumb will continue to pour into the large cities of Canada as they leave school, and the saloons and low grogeries will find them accommodation for assembling together, if nothing is done for averting that degrading course.

God's doings need not here be questioned. We, frail creatures, cannot comprehend the mystery of His dispensations, which are enshrouded in inscrutable wisdom; but let the unborn generations of this land be enabled to whisper that their ancestors in the days of Victoria did their duty!

#### THE LAMENT OF THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY STAGNELIUS, A SWEDISH POET.

Behold, the birds fly  
From Gauthhead's strand,  
And seek with a sigh  
Some far, foreign land.  
The sounds of their woe  
With the hollow winds blend;  
"Where now must we go?  
Our flight whither tend?"  
'Tis thus unto heaven that their wallings ascend.

"The Scandian shore  
We leave in despair,  
Our days glided o'er  
So blissfully there.  
We there built our nest  
Among bright-blooming trees,  
There rocked us to rest  
The balm-bearing breeze,—  
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

With rose-crown all bright  
On tresses of gold,  
The midsummer night  
It was sweet to behold;  
The calm was so deep,  
So lovely the ray,  
We could not then sleep,  
But were tranced on the spray,  
Till wakened by beams from the bright car of day.

The trees gently bent  
O'er the plains in repose,  
With dew-drops besprent  
Was the tremulous rose!  
The oaks now are bare,  
The rose is no more,  
The zephyrs' light air  
Is exchang'd for the roar  
Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar.

Then why do we stay  
In the north where the sun  
More dimly each day  
Its brief course will run?  
And why need we sigh?  
We leave but a grave  
To cleave through the sky  
On the wings that God gave!  
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave.

When earth's joys are o'er,  
And the clouds darkly roll,  
When autumn winds roar,  
Weep not, O my soul!  
Fair lands o'er the sea  
For the birds brightly bloom;  
A land smiles for thee  
Beyond the dark tomb,  
Where beams never-fading its beauties illumine.

#### ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

As everybody knows, St. George is patron saint of England, and one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. We are all familiar with his martial figure, clad in glittering armor, bestriding a fiery steed, and killing the dragon in the most gallant manner possible. Perhaps the knowledge conveyed by this accurate representation of the saint, and the legends therewith connected, are sufficient for all practical purposes. Patron saints are not now so indispensable as they once were, and people are not curious about their lineage or history. Once upon a time, knights were ready to fight to the death in honor of their patron saints, and in vindication of every word of the amazing tales of which they were the glorious heroes. But times have changed. Knights do not, now-a-days, keep the Queen's highway, lance in hand, to give battle to all who refuse to acknowledge that the most Lovely, Beautiful, and Virtuous Lady Dorothea is the most lovely, beautiful,