

All are not taken! There are left behind  
Living belov'd, tender looks to bring,  
And make the daylight still a blessed thing,  
And tender voices to sing. [www.1870snewspaper.com](http://www.1870snewspaper.com)  
But if it were not so; if I could find  
No love in all the world to answer me,  
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,  
Where "dust to dust," the love from life dis-joined;

And if by parched lips, as in a dearth  
Of water-springs, the very deserts claim,  
I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving  
The bitter cry, "Where are ye, O my living?"

I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM!"

Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

## AN OLD SOLDIER.

On a December evening, in the year 1870, a train, entering the depot with much noise and bustle, ejected Gottlieb Braun into the city streets.

There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance. He was small and insignificant in appearance, with an expression of patient suffering, and one arm gone. Such was Gottlieb Braun, one of those quiet natures capable of bravery, also capable of fighting in the last trench, as he had done in the war which had maimed, crippled and left him a pensioner. Had you asked him where the arm was lost, he would have replied, with military brevity, "Gettysburg."

Or did you inquire as to the cause of an ugly sabre cut across the brow and a wound in the thigh, rendering quick movement painful, he would have added, "Seven Oaks" and "Shenandoah." Despair had rendered him a hero for a brief moment; he had sought death in the ranks and had not found it, but hope had died within him long before, when his little daughter Gretchen was swept away by the fever; a lonely, quiet man, of whom war had made cruel sport, and left him alone. Humble as he was, Gottlieb still cherished ambition; in summer he was a peddler back among the hills; in winter he mended shoes. The ruin of large business houses cast a shadow abroad; the ruin of Gottlieb Braun, soldier-peddler, occasioned no comment in the mercantile world, and brought grief only to his own heart. The autumn mists of mountain lakes had claimed him as a victim ofague, and while he was ill, strong men robbed him of his little stock. Surely, among the crimes of earth that cry out to heaven, this robbery must be heard! Did Gottlieb weep and draw his pension of one hundred dollars, and in the spring would start life again?

Here he was in the city streets, gazing about him blankly, without a friend, and, still worse dilemma, with no money in his pocket. It would make no difference to any one how he went or came, he thought, and yet at that very moment Christine Carlen, with terror in her blue eyes, was saying to the shopman, "I never did it."

The chance of being left supperless and without shelter had a still worse aspect when it is remembered that it was Saturday night with Sunday coming, and Gottlieb would not receive his pension until the following Wednesday.

Up among the mountains the Sabbath meant nature-worship to Gottlieb; skies were then brighter, and sunshine rippled the silvery waters of cascades; the breezes played among the leaves, and in all the voices of the woods and the air he heard only the laugh of his child Gretchen. Often at such times he took a pen and endeavored to write his thoughts of her on the day of days, when heaven kissed earth; but his great need would not flow in words on paper; he remained dumb, the purple mountains raising a prayer all about him.

In the town all was different. He paused on the curb-stone irresolutely, pierced by the miserable conviction that he was weary, hungry and cold. A carriage drove up, and a gentleman, whose bearing betrayed fussy importance, alighted.

"Bless my soul! I am late; actually late for a dinner party at my own house," he exclaimed testily, his glance falling on Gottlieb Braun.

The gentleman, whose middle age was smooth, rosy and rotund, even as that of Gottlieb was sharp and meagre, ascended the broad steps of a house, and was met on the threshold by a trim servant.

"Have not arrived, eh?" he said, rubbing his hands. "Very good. Still, the fish may be spoiled, Maria." Again his preoccupied gaze fell upon Gottlieb, who, victim of circumstance, advanced and begged for assistance.

Mr. Gildwell listened with a certain exasperated composure. He was a person of weight in the world, wealthy and noted for being connected with many branches of charity, still he never gave at the door. A safe member of society, this, not liable to be carried away by impulse; whose very heart must be divided into sections for distinct emotions, whose principles, measured by rule and compass, did not permit Gottlieb Braun to gather the crumbs which fell from the table spread for a foreign attaché and Mr. Thorn, the millionaire.

The trim servant still held the door open, permitting a glimpse of marble vestibule, a rim of crimson rug, the sweep of a velvet curtain, and a group of lovely children playing with a poodle.

"It is against my rule to give money. I dare say your story is true. Served in the war, eh? And did not run away?"

"No," said Gottlieb, sharply.

Mr. Gildwell pursed up his lips sourly, and did not spare himself. At the risk of having his guests discover him without a dress coat, he searched in a corporulent pocket-book for a small red ticket.

"Take that to the poor bureau. A policeman will direct you. Now be off."

Gottlieb turned away. Curious freak of destiny! As Gottlieb, a poor German, was thus dismissed, the attaché, also a German, was received with excessive unbalance in the house he condescended to honor. The trim servant, Maria, ran out on the step after admitting the visi-

The

Deaf-Hunter's

Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." —CICERO.

## VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1875.

## NUMBER 46.

tors, fumbled in her pocket for pennies Gottlieb had disappeared.

Half an hour later he found the bureau, having twice blundered and missed his way. The place was closed for the night. He wandered on without purpose to the corner. The bitter wind had lulled; the sombre clouds, gathering in denser masses overhead, promised the first snow of the year.

Mr. Gildwell, adjusting his napkin and presiding over a table glittering with silver and gorgeous with flowers and light, was observing: "If truffles are not indigenous in the country, Count, they may be cultivated."

Gottlieb observed a church, massive and, with a slender shaft towering far above the surrounding roofs. The church meant cool darkness, silence and purity, after the reeking streets, if one could only gain an entrance. He tried the door mechanically; it was locked. What would you have? We cannot keep our churches always open, even should a fainting soul perish by the way.

Next he was caught in an eddy of desolate humanity—the abject poor, the sodden, brutal poor, all seeking the station-house, eager to receive that last stamp of degeneration on the coinage of their own abasement, if sleep might only bring forgetfulness of misery. Gottlieb shuddered and drew back from the crowded entrance of a building which seemed to exhale a painful familiarity with crime from every stone. He could not throw himself into that stream of pollution.

Afterward he wandered on, without purpose, past rows of fine dwellings, past hurrying people all intent on reaching home. Sometimes he held out his hand for alms, but it was done in an awkward and hesitatingly that few noticed the movement. The way grew narrow, Christene, before the police catch you. Quick."

Christene had snatched the little red hood, and fled in blind, panic and fear until she fell at Gottlieb's feet.

The old soldier now listened attentively to the story.

"She came to me like Gretchen," he said, with a smile Mother Bates could not understand.

In the night snow fell. The geranium in the window, pride of all the children, shrank from the frosty pane; the meagre fire died to a single coal. The old woman had insisted upon giving Gottlieb a spare pallet in the corner, the children were huddled together on her side of the room, Christene sat before the fire, regarding her bruised wrist pitifully. At midnight Gottlieb rose, and silently motioned the girl to take his place. She obeyed wonderingly, and sank into dreamless sleep. In the cold dawn Mother Bates discovered that the man had fainted on the earth.

Life may become infused with unexpected interest, which stimulates to fresh exertion rather than hope. All through the night Gottlieb Braun, thinking of the lost Christene, gazed at the sleeping child, and when darkness screened the soft cheek, rose-flushed, swept by silken lashes, he listened to her quiet breathing, forming a new resolution, until exhaustion overpowered him in the patient vigil. The advent of Christene Carlen in his life was not such a great event, only Gottlieb's portion was such a very little one. God sent this humble man for you, Christene, slumbering among the shadows, within reach of the talons of that great bird of prey—want.

"Don't let her go," implored Gottlieb. The girl looked from one to the other suspiciously.

"He wants me to be taken," she cried with a sob.

"You are like my Gretchen, and I wish to help you," he returned quietly.

Mother Bates planted her cane before her enigmatically.

"Where are you going?" to Gottlieb. "I don't know," weakly.

"Where are you going?" to the girl. "A-way from the police," with a shudder and a fearful glance around.

"Come along, then."

They followed the old woman, these two waifs, scarcely knowing why, and the young girl whispered to Gottlieb: "I am Christene Carlen; I don't know Gretchen. And what makes you so pale?"

Mother Bates lived at the top of a tenement house, and she conducted her guests into a small room with cheerful hospitality. Already were five children gathered here, sharp-featured, shrill-voiced, and bearing that aspect of precocity peculiar to boys and girls of the city street. They might have been trained in a worse school, certainly, and the little room made a sort of democracy, of which Mother Bates was ruler with limited authority. The addition of two strangers to their circle was taken as a matter of course by these small citizens of the world; only the baby stared at Christene, attracted by the beauty of gold hair, blue eyes and red lips. With tact Mr. Gildwell could have imitated this ignorant old woman, taught by the goodness of her own heart—the only true instructor, indeed, in politeness—asked no questions while serving a frugal supper. Few manifestations of affections were exchanged in the household, although shrewd Mother Bates cherished a dry pride in the success of some of her charges.

"I used to live here alone, but I picked 'em up one by one a starving. I taught 'em their trades, too. Billy sells newspapers; Molly sweeps crossings, and Mike gets cinders from the barrels for our fire. They save my old bones lots of work."

Christene Carlen had grown quiet; she was ready to tell her story. Two years before she had come from Sweden with her mother. They were to join their

family in the west. Instead, the foreigners stranded in the city; the mother had sickened, been taken away to a hospital, and, alive or dead, Christene could never find her again. They told her the mother had gone to one of the islands, and there she had been put in a pauper's grave. That was all. Afterward a woman took the child, and placed her as cash-girl in the house of Dibbler & Co. What heaps of glittering finery, festoons of ribbons and lace, crowds of beautiful ladies, did Christene daily behold! What longing filled her heart to be free like those fortunate ones. Sometimes she touched furtively delicate fabrics, wondering how it would seem to own such splendor.

When Gottlieb emerged from the depot the usual throng surged through the premises of Dibbler & Co., and the shop-man had pulled a bundle of lace from Christene's pocket. Yes, there was conviction of robbery, although Christene had not stolen the lace. She affirmed hotly, "I never did it!"

The shopman merely said, "Come to the desk."

As she prepared to obey, trembling, confused and astonished, the pretty girl in the corner, who wore pink bows in her hair, and who had grown deadly pale, grasped her arm.

"Get your things and run away, Christene, before the police catch you. Quick."

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"Who said anything about hoods?" he inquired. "Haven't you always got a kaliker dress out'n nine yards?"

"Yes, but the fashion has changed. Gottlieb's portion was such a very little one. God sent this humble man for you, Christene, slumbering among the shadows, within reach of the talons of that great bird of prey—want."

"Who said anything about hoods?" he inquired. "Haven't you always got a kaliker dress out'n nine yards?"

"Then you won't?"

"Not if I die for it!"

"You are an old miser!" she hotly exclaimed.

"Don't fool with the aligator, Mirandy!" he warned.

"Oh, I guess you'd better buy her the dress," put in the clerk, hoping to make peace.

"Dam'd do!" growled the man.

The woman walked down the store, looked into the back yard, and turned and called out.

"Come here a minute, William."

"What yer want?" he inquired.

"Come here, darling, I want to whisper to you," she continued.

He followed her out among the boxes. Her face wore a smile, and he suspected nothing. When he was clear of the door she turned and seizing him by the windpipe, rushed him backwards and flopped him over a pile of boxes.

"Mirandy, I'll pound blazes out'n you for this!" hoarsely whispered the man.

"William, it don't lay in your backbone!" she replied.

"Take that!" he gasped, trying to kick her.

He made a heavy struggle, but she clung to his throat and flopped him as often as he partially rose. After realizing that he was foul, he faintly inquired, "Mirandy, what's yer object?"

"A kaliker dress!" she promptly responded.

"Nine yards?" he asked.

"Plump fourteen," she responded.

"Say twelve, Mirandy."

"Straight fourteen, and no gouging," she responded.

He made a grand effort to throw her off, but she banged him down and landed a blow on his nose in addition.

"Mirandy," he gasped.

"Well, William."

"Tell that young man to cut off that kaliker."

"That's right, William; that's purty," she said, loosening her grasp and extending her hand.

"You won't say anything, Mirandy?"

"Not a whoop."

He scrambled over the back fence, and she went in and had the full number of yards cut off. When ready to go the old man was at the door with the mules, a shade of sadness upon his brow, but still willing to admit to the clerk.

"Mirandy took me by surprise, but it's all right; charge that kaliker to my account."

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## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor  
[www.ribtock.com](http://www.ribtock.com) Foreign Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS:

One copy, one year, \$1.50  
Club of ten, 1.25  
If not paid within six months, \$2.00  
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order or by cashier's letter.  
\*\* Terms cash in advance.

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer either to H. C. Rider, 100 Broadway, New York, or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER-SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### Important Correction.

Bishop Huntington will hold confirmation services at Grace church, in this village, Sunday, the 19th of December next, and will not be here on the 29th, as advertised in our deaf-mute Festival notice. He cannot possibly be present at that time. All deaf-mutes desirous of receiving the rite of confirmation will therefore notice the change and be present at the Sunday evening service, on the 19th of December next.

### The Centennial at Philadelphia.

The question has been asked and a reply requested through the columns of this paper as to whether we shall have a deaf-mute gathering at the Philadelphia Centennial during the coming summer. In reply we can only say that we have not yet received any information in regard to the subject that will warrant us in giving a definite answer to the question. But we hope to learn more in relation to the matter before long, and as soon as we do, we will make it known through our editorial columns. If we are to have a national convention of deaf-mutes in that city, it is now high time to set about the work of preparing for it—the sooner the better—and for organizing a committee in the city to get everything in readiness before the time arrives for the gathering.

### Personal.

Our Associate Editor, Mr. Seliney, made a brief visit to Mexico last week. He reports everything lovely at Rome, the attendance at the institution being fifty-four. The maximum number of pupils receivable for the present term is sixty, at which figure admissions must necessarily cease. Kittie, the horse, is distinguishing herself in all sorts of ways; and, admonished by the sudden fall of a foot of snow, Principal Johnson has purchased an elegant cutter, and the Roman streets will soon be lively with the merry peal of his sleigh bells. The latest arrival is a girl of thirteen, a semi-losing her hearing two years ago. She is from Onondaga county, and is an agreeable addition.

### Base Slander.

Two or three weeks ago the *Deaf-Mute Advance* published an account of an assault upon an old man in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., by a deaf-mute named James E. Doran. We saw the article at the time in that paper, but took no notice of it from the fact that we suspected it to be a malicious attack upon the character of a well-doing and quiet young man. Such suspicions are now fully confirmed. Some malicious person with the intention of defaming his character, invented the falsehood and sent it to the editor of the *Advance* for publication. Who the author was we are not aware, but whoever he may be we sincerely hope that he may be discovered and punished to the full extent of the law in such case provided. Statements, published in another column, that come from reliable and trustworthy sources, fully exculpate Mr. Doran from the flagrant outrage charged against him by the *Advance*. But that does not exonerate its editor from publishing such defamatory articles until he knows more of the responsibility of their authors. We are very glad that Mr. Doran is able to prove by unquestioned evidence the utter falsity of the charges and the diabolical meanness of the person who sought through the columns of a deaf-mute paper to destroy his reputation. It now remains for the editor of the *Advance* to use his columns to undo the mischief in this case which it has already accomplished.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark *deus se sent*: *The Itemizer*.

Miss NELLIE FRANKLIN is now in Philadelphia visiting her only sister, but she will return to New York in a week or two to spend the winter.

Miss ABBIE J. DANIELS, a graduate of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., has been making a long visit in Flatbush, L. I.

Mrs. HARRINGTON nee HART, of Boston, with her little five-year-old daughter, her only child, recently made a short stay in Brooklyn, N. Y.

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It is reported that HARRY MOORE, with his Spanish bride, has lately arrived in New York. He has been abroad some ten years, devoting himself to his special art—that of painting. His old friends are impatiently waiting to give him a welcome. We hear that he is at present somewhere in New Jersey, visiting a brother.

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Miss AMANDA WEAVER, a colored deaf and dumb girl, took the first premium at the recent state fair for the best practical penmanship. Amanda is a pupil in the colored department of the institution for the deaf and dumb and blind.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Sentinel*.

The *Mute's Chronicle* which has had its title heretofore symbolized by the words represented in the manual characters, has come to us with the headlines of its second, third and fourth pages beautifully embellished in the manual alphabet. All these were elegantly executed by Mr. JOHN BARRICK, the well known artist of Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have also received from Mr. Barrick a complimentary card of the manual alphabet, which bears an exquisite specimen of his handwriting. In the centre of the card is a figure of the hand, around which is a ring representing the shooting rays of the sun, and also the following words in print: "The gift of Nature in the light of the mind, is a power to express thought by means of signs and to develop this instrumentality into a useful institution." The name of each manual letter is accompanied by its corresponding English letter.

Mr. THOMAS BROWN, of West Heniker, N. H., is, as announced in our last week's number, stopping for a month

or so at Chilmark on the island of Martha's Vineyard, visiting his deceased wife's relatives and enjoying the sea air for the benefit of his health. Our friend, "Uncle Thomas," describes the island as being a very romantic and delightful place and much resorted to in the summer months by persons in pursuit of health and pleasure. The island is twenty-one miles in length from east to west and eight in width from north to south, and the four towns of Edgartown, Tisbury, Chilmark, and Gayhead are situated upon it. There are about twenty deaf-mutes residing on the island, all of whom, with one exception, were educated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn. Many of them are engaged in the fishing and clamming business. We judge that Martha's Vineyard is a fine place for spending the hot summer months, and, although it is a rather barren country, the inhabitants enjoy themselves quite well; and many of them find ample remuneration for their labor in the fishery and clam business.

Editor JOURNAL—*Dear Sir*: By rumor and by letter I have heard that it is reported in the *Advance* as follows: "That James E. Doran, a deaf-mute, about twenty-two years of age, living in Syracuse, assaulted and knocked down an old man in a shocking manner. He was arrested and fined \$20.

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### SUBSCRIBER.

As the above is exactly my description, I think some deaf-mute has done it to injure me. The statement being untrue you will oblige me by refuting it.

### RESPECTFULLY yours,

JAMES E. DORAN.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Syracuse, do affirm that the above accusation is utterly *false*, and we consider James E. Doran a young man of excellent qualities.

H. A. RUMRILL,  
EDWARD E. MILES,  
A. F. LEWIS, Treasurer Syracuse  
Savings Bank.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 15th, 1875.

Editor JOURNAL—*Dear Sir*: Understanding that the *Advance* published an article purporting to be the account of an assault on an old man, in Syracuse, N. Y., by a copy of "The Husband's and Wife's Commandments," which is published elsewhere in this paper. If all will keep these commandments there will be less occasion for "family jars."

Elmira has a new club for the deaf-mutes which calls itself—"THE SOUTHERN TIER CLUB." The officers are not

aged yet.

A bald-headed man was in town Saturday, inquiring if he could get his wife into the Institution for Deaf-mutes, and how long it would probably take to teach her to be dumb. When matters had been explained to him, he bought three yards of clothes line and started for the woods.—*Oswego Paper*.

### From Michigan.

We are happy to announce that we have secured the services of a valued correspondent, who will hereafter keep us in news from different parts of Michigan. This week he sends us the following:

Jackson, Michigan, with a population of only 16,000, has a larger number of deaf-mutes residing within her limits than many other cities of the same size. Five families live within easy reach of each other, and the social gatherings, which are frequent, are made larger by those who come in from the country. The unmarried ones in the city ought not to be unmentionable. There are several of them, all of whom have good occupations. Several live within easy access to the city by rail, and come as often as there is a religious service or some social gathering.

The mutes of the city have arranged to have a good time on next Thanksgiving day, and invitations have been sent out to many living at a distance.

Of papers for the deaf and dumb, he gives us this intelligence:

"In my travels and visits, I have noticed the general absence among them of papers devoted to their interests. I have observed the results of this absence, and felt it to be their duty to subscribe for some well managed and well edited paper like the *JOURNAL*. I think that your paper ought to have a more general circulation. The demise of several preceding journals like the *Guide*, *Friend* and others surely ought to carry a lesson for the future. They died simply because they had not sufficient support; hardly because they were not well edited and managed, for the general opinion seems to be that talent was well represented in their respective editorial corps."

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### The Official Canvass.

Following is the vote in this county at the election on the 2d inst., as declared by the Board of County Canvassers:

### SECRETARY OF STATE.

Seward 7,095, Bigelow 5,930, Dusinberre 565; Seward's majority 1,165.

### COMPTROLLER.

Spinner 7,153, Robinson 5,881, Hopkins 559; Spinner's majority 1,272.

### STATE TREASURER.

Merritt 7,088, Ross 5,922, Ayers 566; Merritt's majority 1,166.

### ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Danforth 7,126, Fairchild 5,893, Marsh 566; Danforth's majority 1,233.

### STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

Cornell 7,113, Van Buren 5,904, Dudley 566; Cornell's majority 1,209.

### CANAL COMMISSIONER.

Tinsley 6,963, Walrath 6,059, Bell 562; Tinsley's majority 904.

### STATE PRISON INSPECTOR.

Ives 7,104, Crowley 5,907, Gibbs 551; Ives's majority 1,197.

### SHERIFF.

Hulett 6,153, Lowe 6,873, Lockwood 501; Lowe's majority 720.

### DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Lamoree 6,947, Parkhurst 5,978, Jones 532; Lamoree's majority 969.

### COUNTY TREASURER.

Conklin 7,056, Card 5,908, Stone 560; Conklin's majority 1,148.

### SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR.

Edick 6,803, Newell 6,217, Parsons 513; Edick's majority 586.

### SPECIAL COUNTY JUDGE.

Brainard 6,935, Shea 5,936, McCarthy 539; Brainard's majority 999.

### SPECIAL SURROGATE.

Smith 6,891, Piper 5,983, Sherwood 531; Smith's majority 903.

### JUDICER OF SESSIONS.

Cole 7,068, Edick 5,867, L. B. Parsons 565; Cole's majority 1,201.

### SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR.

Doolittle 6,882, Jenkins 6,050, Crawford 521; Doolittle's majority 832.

### SUPREME COURT JUDGE.

Noxon 6,451, Perry 6,456; Perry's majority 5.

### MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY.

First District—Sloan 2,519, Judson 2,179, Mattison 67; Sloan's majority 340.

Second

## California Notes.

BERKELEY, Nov. 1st, 1875.

The California Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind was re-opened on the twenty-fifth of April, under the charge of Prof. Waring Wilkinson, our accomplished principal. At present it contains about ninety-five pupils. Most of the pupils returned after the fire with a loss of not more than two weeks' time, and vigorously resumed their studies.

I regret that the older boys have not a large workshop. A small shoe-shop, where five of them are working under the charge of Mr. William Phillips, the deaf-mute foreman, is the only one which they have. In the afternoons, some of the larger boys work at moving stones from the ruins, grading the ground in the rear, and digging ditches for the purpose of letting the rain water run off in the wet season.

Our principal is a good agriculturist, and keeps our field well cultivated. For this reason, our table has been well supplied with fruits and vegetables grown upon the tract of land given by the State to this institution for its use.

The school has been divided into four classes, and the rooms nicely furnished with desks, blackboards and maps. They are of the best description and will be useful in the new building.

Principal Wilkinson will go to the Legislature as soon as the next session commences to look after the interests of the institution.

Mr. Sargent and his wife, escorted by sub-Treasurer, William Sherman, visited us and took lunch with the principal and teachers. He seemed much interested in the education of the deaf and dumb and the blind.

The members-elect of the Legislature and the Board of Trustees had a meeting to consider the feasibility of building a new institution at a cost of \$300,000. A fire drill was held to accustom the pupils and employees to their work in case of an emergency.

On the 29th of last September, the deaf and dumb pupils under the supervision of our principal and teachers, went by the horse-cars and the splendid steamer, "Oakland," to San Francisco, where we got into the Woodward horse-cars for Mechanics' Fair. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and returned in safety to the institution in the evening.

The wedding of Miss Eloise Kelly, a totally blind girl, was celebrated at this institution on the 21st of September last. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, who is one of our present trustees. It took place in the large recitation-room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, in the presence of all the pupils and a few invited guests. The bride is short in stature and appeared more like a daughter than the wife of the Benedict, Mr. John Jeffery. She has a fair complexion, and golden-brown hair which was worn short, and has a natural inclination to curl. She moves about with so much ease and confidence that at a short distance, one would scarcely think her blind. After the wedding ceremony and receiving the congratulations of her teachers and schoolmates, some excellent vocal and instrumental music was furnished by a number of the blind pupils, who are under the instruction of Prof. George B. Goodall. Then all were invited into the large dining-hall to lunch. The several tables were covered with sandwiches, cake, fruit, coffee, etc. In the center of the room was the bridal cake, which was large and handsome. For all the arrangements and the pleasant way in which the whole affair passed off, Principal Wilkinson and the teachers deserve much praise.

Quite a comical scene transpired just as the newly wedded pair were being driven away from the institution. A large bevy of the deaf and dumb girls appeared with their aprons filled with old shoes and threw them after the departing couple. This they did that the bride and groom might have good luck, and the rapid way in which they capered about and talked with their fingers and hands, indicated that they enjoyed it immensely, although they all seemed to regret the parting with their schoolmates and companion.—*The San Francisco Alta*.

Days, weeks fly by, and the months are passing so rapidly that the teachers and pupils find it hard to keep track of them, and are working with might and main in the school department, although for nearly six months they have been doing so. We expect to have a vacation during the December holidays. Our principal may let us have two or three weeks' recreation.

The following persons were elected as the officers of the Excelsior Literary Association: Charles T. Smith, President; Douglas Tilden, First Vice President; Mary E. Wright, Second Vice President; Annie Warren, Secretary; Theo. d'Estralla, Treasurer; Lura Bartels, Teller, and Theo. Grady, Sergeant-at-Arms. After the election, some comical stories were told, and a few short dramatic plays acted in such a manner as to greatly delight the audience. The last poem, "Hiawatha," was recited by Mr. Theophilus in his easy and sublime pantomime.

I think your readers would like to know something about their mute friends in San Francisco. And therefore I will send the following items:

About two months ago, on one Saturday afternoon, a Mr. Delevan, a deaf-mute, took a boat from Long Bridge, and by the aid of a kite, 5x6 feet, went to Alameda Wharf. The boat was rigged with a large drag, some 150 pounds in weight, attached to the stern so that it could be shifted from side to side at will. The kite line was fastened to the bow so that, with the guy lines, the straight line could be shifted to either quarter, this was done to enable him to steer the boat by both the kite and the drag. After many unsuccessful attempts, the kite was raised and the voyage began. There was some little difficulty in clearing the

vessels in the stream, but once past them, the very name of aquatic enjoyment was experienced, as the boat was drawn fast enough and lifted so as to ride the swells with the most cradle-like motion. He observed that there were three different currents of air within a perpendicular distance of about 125 feet; the surface current was due east all the time, and when he neared the Alameda shore the current at the kite was due south.

Henry B. Crandall, who lives at 73 Clementia St, San Francisco, is the lay-reader for the deaf-mute attendants of the Union Baptist Church. His trade is that of a boiler-maker. He has twice rendered a pantomime at the New England kitchen entertainments, held for the benefit of the Marine Hospital. His wife keeps a few mute boarders and they have splendid times evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams still live at 67 Clementia St. Some of your readers will remember Mrs. Williams as Miss A. Garrison of the New York Institution.

Alonzo C. Doe, who was in this institution for about three years, is now a clerk in the Post Office Department of San Francisco. His capacity for accurately understanding what persons say to the movements of their lips is wonderful.

James C. Harlan, who was a promising pupil of this institution, but who left last winter, is now pursuing his studies in book-keeping at Head's Pacific Business College, in San Francisco. We wish his success, and hope that when he finishes his course there he will obtain a good situation in the country.

William Neely a graduate from the Pennsylvania Institution is canvassing through this State.

Martin Rodesino, who is a graduate of the Paris Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and who is now a resident of San Andreas, Calaveras Co., was married to Miss Mary Finnegan at the Catholic church, on the 16th of September last. She was at the Missouri Institution for four years. He is a miner.

RIP VAN WINKLE.  
Berkeley, Nov. 1, 1875.

## Troy Notes.

The Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club is gradually progressing in improvements, It has a library of about twenty volumes, to which the committee will make additions from time to time by the purchase of new books. They have already subscribed for quite a number of weekly periodicals, among which are *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, *The Hearth and Home*, *The Christian at Work*, and several others.

Saturday evening, Oct. 30th, Dr. Gallaudet lectured before the club upon the subject, "The importance of cultivating integrity of character." The doctor received a warm greeting from the club and delivered a very able and interesting lecture, which was duly appreciated, and we hope will always be remembered by his hearers, and his wise counsel put in practice. Owing to its being a rainy evening, the attendance was not large, but all who were present felt abundantly paid for attending. He also addressed a few cheerful and encouraging words to the members of the club, and expressed his intention of meeting them again during the last week of January next, at which time he also expected to conduct a deaf-mute service in Albany.

A few days ago the club was highly gratified to have a call from Miss E. D. Clapp, who received a hearty welcome. She has been spending a few days visiting her friends in Troy.

Mr. F. L. Seliney was also in town for a couple of days at the same time. He was also heartily welcomed by all his friends, especially his old chums.

The Troy *Times* gives an account of what it calls Dr. Von Moschzisker's most remarkable case of surgical treatment—that of James Witbeck, a deaf-mute, who has so far improved as to be able to hear the tunes of a piano at a considerable distance, and the Dr. expects to be able, in a few months, to restore to him his hearing faculties.

Mr. H. Brown, the recording secretary of the club, is still in New York, but is expected to return to this city every week.

Mr. Harrison A. Burt, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., who was married the twenty-third of last September, to Miss Maxwell, has been dangerously ill. His friends will be pleased to learn that he has now recovered from his sickness.

From the Troy *Times* the following is taken: "On the evening of the 27th ult., the estimable wife of Mr. Thomas Collins met with quite a serious accident, at her residence, corner of Highland and Bleeker avenues, by walking into an open trap door and falling into the cellar, a distance of about nine feet. She was picked up in an insensible condition and Dr. Ward was sent for. The shock to her nervous system was very great and she sustained some severe bruises, but fortunately no bones were broken."

OLD TUB.  
Troy, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1875.

[Mrs. Collins, the lady spoken of above, is the mother of Mr. W. T. Collins, a deaf-mute of Troy. We are sorry to hear that this kind and estimable lady has had such an accident befall her, but are thankful that it was no worse. We hope that she will soon recover from her bruises, and be able to mingle with her friends again.—ED.]

## New York Institution Notes.

After having had quite a spell of cold, windy weather, we are once more enjoying pleasant sunshiny days and bright moonlight evenings. Saturday we had a touch of frost, though it was not the first visit Jack Frost had paid us this season, as he had already marked the fallen leaves with beautiful white lace work, which is very handsome in the early morning before the sun is up.

The lady whom Mr. Westervelt married was Miss Mary Nodine, not Hodine

as printed in the *Journal* of Oct. 28th. She was formerly teacher of articulation in the Maryland Institution, but more recently governess in the family of Mr. Perkins at Rochester.

On Monday, Oct. 14th, the pupils of this institution, under the charge of the principal and teachers, attended the American Institute Fair, where they spent several hours very pleasantly. There is always something new to be seen at the fair. Among the most beautiful pieces of handiwork was a Chinese villa, carved in ivory. Although the figures of the little men were not more than two inches in height, yet the faces were most life-like, and the little slippers were perfect, though so small that a common house fly could have hid them. They were all apparently busy. Some were walking up the tiny steps, while others were riding in state, their chairs being carried by other little men. Even the trees werecarved so that their shapes were most natural. Seeing how perfect the various parts of this most wonderful and beautiful piece of work are, the wonder is how it was possible to do it all by hand in the short space of three years. Such an example of pains-taking industry deserves to be rewarded.

Among the visitors at this institution in October, were Mr. Walter Nelson, brother of E. B. Nelson, one of the teachers of this institution; and Mr. and Mrs. Siegman, graduates of this institution. Mr. Siegman's charming young wife had just returned from visiting some of her friends and relations in Tennessee. While attending school she was considered one of the handsomest young ladies in the class. Their old friends were all glad to see them once more at this institution. The next week, Misses Ellie Clapp and Satie Howard also visited their *Alma Mater*. Miss Merwin, a former teacher of this institution, made us a short call, and Miss Bessie Fitzhugh also paid us a flying visit.

On Saturday, Oct. 6th, the distinguished deaf-mute traveler, Wm. Snow Smith, attended the meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, and upon the request of the members, gave a short sketch of his life in the South. He gave some quite humorous incidents.

The new road in front of the institution is being completed as fast as possible. There are three other new roads the contractors talk about making, one back of the institution, dividing the grounds of the mansion house and hospital from those of the institution proper, and another back of the shop, and a third on the left side of the institution. When all are completed they will almost form a square around the institution building and will greatly alter the general appearance of the grounds of Fanwood, so that the old graduates will scarcely recognize the place. But the one in front is the only one that has fairly started; the others may not be touched for a dozen years yet, so that the noble old trees will be allowed to remain with us a little longer before they fall to make room for the march of progress, which stops at nothing but removes all obstacles that come in the way.

D.  
Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR:—The mellowness of the autumn, the harmonious notes of warblers and the variegated hues of the forest trees, have all passed. The trees are once more bare, the doors of our houses are closed, and warm fires have been started within our cheerful stoves.

Colds are quite frequent now. One of our new pupils is quite sick with one. Only a week since we lost one pupil—a bright boy—by death. He had been quite sick with a cold, but was thought to be out of danger. One day he asked the attending physician if he might get up and dress. The doctor would not give his consent, but the boy, however, got up and dressed, and we all thought he would soon be well. He sat up, or rather stood feebly. The matron noticed the paleness of his face, felt of his hands, and, behold, they were cold. She bade him go to bed, and meantime sent for medical aid, but he died in a few minutes. Heart disease was the cause of his sudden demise.

S. C. HUNTINGTON, Chairman.  
S. N. DADA,  
E. S. PARDEE,  
Secretaries.

## Temperance Meetings.

A well attended temperance meeting was held at Empire Hall, in this village, on last Saturday evening.

Rev. Mr. Hutchins was chosen chairman. The opening exercises consisted of singing, reading a portion of the scriptures by Rev. W. L. Parker; singing again by the audience, led by Mr. L. Miller, Mrs. A. M. Parker presiding at the organ; Rev. Mr. Hutchins followed with prayer.

Rev. W. L. Parker then introduced Mrs. A. C. Swanson, of Brooklyn, a representative of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Brooklyn, and of the New York State Union, who gave a sketch of the origin and progress of the women's temperance work in this country, especially in Brooklyn. She thought from what had already been accomplished, that the prospect was very cheering. Her address was principally for the ladies, who were very much pleased with it. It was a plain, earnest appeal, both to men and women, to be up and doing, and not to retire from the contest as long as there is one place in their midst where alcoholic drinks are sold as a beverage.

The meeting was largely attended in spite of the inclemency of the weather, and will, we think, do much good.

On Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, by the request of Mrs. Swanson, a very interesting ladies' prayer and conference meeting was held in the Baptist church.

We understand that the law for the protection of game is being frequently violated in this and surrounding towns, especially in the snaring of partridges. This unlawful-slaughter should be immediately stopped. Where is our game constable, and what is he doing to prevent this flagrant violation of law?

Fifty-six convicts will be discharged from Auburn prison in the month of January, and fifty in February.

On Sunday last we were visited with snow to the depth of several inches, and Monday we had snow and rain.

At a recent mass meeting, the citizens of Sand Bank took measures to secure the incorporation of that village.

Christmas and New Years occur Saturday this year.

lovely month of October was about to expire. We may expect, according to the wisdom of weather-prophets, thirty-one snow storms during the winter season commencing this month.

Those who own or rent houses dread the frequent falls of snow, as the Chief of Police has ordered that all occupants of buildings in this city, must clear the snow from the pavement opposite their premises, under a fine. Accompanying a heavy fall of snow, come lame backs.

Yours truly, OLD HICKORY.

American Asylum, Hartford, Nov. 10.

## Retirement of Judge Morgan.

At the adjournment of the Special Term of the Supreme Court held at the Court House in the City of Oswego, Nov. 1875, a meeting of the members of the bar of Oswego County was held in the Special Term room to give such expression as the occasion might suggest on the retirement of His Honor, Judge Morgan, from his duties on the bench by the expiration of his official term.

On motion, Hon. Sylvanus C. Huntington, of Palaski, was elected chairman, and S. N. Dada and E. S. Pardee, Esqrs., of Fulton, were elected as Secretaries.

On motion the chairman was authorized to appoint a committee to draft and present to the meeting resolutions for its consideration.

The chair appointed the following as such committee: J. B. Higgins, John C. Churchill, W. A. Poucher, Chas. W. Avery, C. T. Richardson, C. Whitney.

The committee on resolutions, reported the following, which were adopted as the sense of the meeting:

Whereas, The Good Templars Lodge was organized here a few weeks since, with Mr. Oscar Beebe as W. C. T. There are now thirty members, and these are determined to increase the number and do some work in a good cause, in spite of the temperance people who stand afar off and say "It won't amount to anything. The Lodge will soon die down."

Well, we are alive yet, and while we live we mean to show

Contrary to rumor and published statement, there is no small pox here and there has been none within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant; neither do we intend to have it if we can help it.

Resolved, That during the numerous

terms of court at which he has been called upon to preside, in this county, we bear testimony to his patient, laborious efforts to attain just results in all cases before him for trial and adjudication, bearing the labors of his office with patient dignity,—always accompanied by a courteous demeanor—working out justice by mingling the conclusions of a clear head with the suggestions of a kind heart.

And we say: Judge Morgan, you have in this work of many years done well, and by all these things have won a reputation and fame which you may highly prize, and to which you are fairly and honestly entitled, and which gives you a name and your children a heritage, which few can be so fortunate as to possess, and the most favored among men may envy

—the exalted reputation of a just judge.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the papers of Oswego county and a copy of them transmitted to Judge Morgan.

W. F. BROWN.

How to conduct a Teachers' meeting. S. P. COON.

Qualifications for teaching. F. A. O'FARRELL.

How to win and hold attention. YATES WILCOX.

11:30 Question Drawer. Answers by S. P. GRAY.

1:30 p. m. How can pastors best interest the children in public worship? W. F. BROWN.

Which shall have the preference, the Sunday School or the Class Meeting? C. MANSON.

Obstacles to conversion, and how to overcome them. C. H. HARRIS.

3:00 Children's meeting. Short addresses by any one present. All pastors and Sunday School workers are invited to take part in the discussions.

7:00 Discourse by Rev. S. P. GRAY.

B. F. BARKER,

W. F. BROWN,

C. H. HARRIS,

Committee.

## For CLERK OF THE ASSEMBLY.

