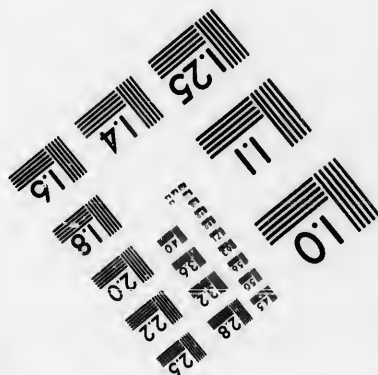
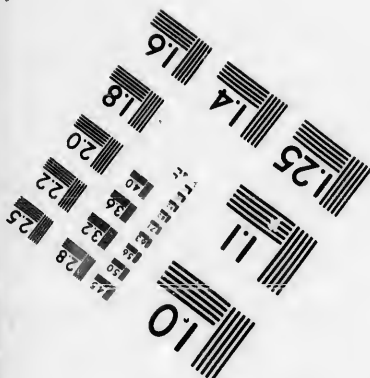
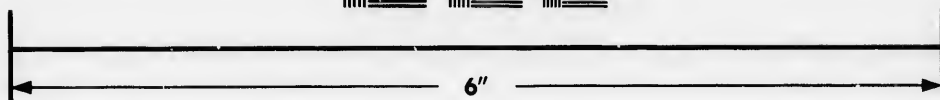
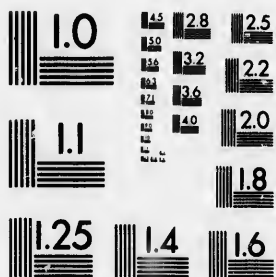


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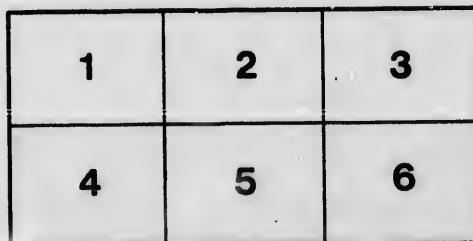
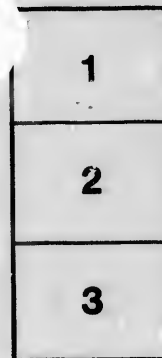
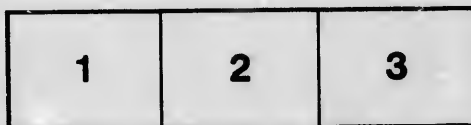
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THE

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

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GEORGE SAMUEL GULL,

(DEAF AND DUMB CRIPPLE,)

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

EXHIBITING

THE STATE OF DEAF MUTE EDUCATION, &c., &c.,

IN

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

BY

JOHN BARRETT MCGANN, Esq.,

HEAD MASTER

OF

THE TORONTO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.



Toronto

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1862.

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*To the Rev. Secy  
of the A. S. Sch. for the Deaf  
at the N. York Hospital  
for the Deaf & Dumb  
at New York*

THE  
TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
GEORGE SAMUEL CULL,  
(DEAF AND DUMB CRIPPLE,)  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,  
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PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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It is, indeed, a sad undervaluing of our Heavenly Father's choicest of earthly blessings—the faculties of hearing and of speech—when, whilst in the full possession of the ordinary faculties of our nature, with every avenue, as it were, open to hold free converse with the soul, and elevate it in its noblest aspirations to be like unto Him—to lay hold of, and confide in, those precious promises set forth in that blessed word “which maketh wise unto salvation”, and believe in *them*, “~~to~~ pass by on the other side,” and like the Levite of old, behold with indifference the unfortunate condition of our afflicted mutes who lurk “on the way side,” groping their way in mental darkness, barely a remove from the beast which perish, “without hope and without God in the world.”

We can, and we often do feel sympathy for those who labour under like infirmities and privations as ourselves, but in the case of one with whose state we are unacquainted, we cannot accord that sympathy, to the full extent required at our hands. Those who, on their arrival in Canada, have been blessed with ample means to purchase a well-cleared farm and other etc. calculated to supply all the creature comforts to make a home happy, cannot realize, even in thought, the irksome condition of the emigrant, who, fifty years ago, hewed out of the wild woods a home for himself and family. Neither is it possible for us who enjoy the rich stores of the accumulated knowledge of ages of civilization in the literary productions of the master minds of the present and former centuries, to see any other than a vague and indistinct image of the mental gloom pervading the mind of one born deaf. Their condition is only known to him who has made the subject of their education a special study.

The earliest history furnishes us with only one solitary instance in which an attempt was made to ameliorate the condition of the mute; this was an effort to teach Quintus Paulus the Art of Drawing, as it was held an utter impossibility to reach his intellect. To the divine influence of religion may be attributed the blessed effects which we now see exhibited in the numerous Institutions established for the benefit of this unfortunate class in Europe, America and every part of the civilized world.

Pedro de Ponce and Bonet (Spanish Monks) were the first who succeeded in developing the untutored intellect of the mute—the latter of whom invented the one handed Alphabet.

In 1760, a bright era dawned on the poor deaf and dumb. A Catholic Priest of Paris, Abbey de l'Épée, conceived the philanthropic idea of opening a School for their benefit—this benevolent man was led to this undertaking by an incidental circumstance which occurred in his daily visits to relieve the poor and needy. One day he entered a house in the outskirts of the city of Paris, where he found two interesting girls engaged at needlework, and whom he addressed but received no reply to his kind enquiries. The mother, however, soon arrived and explained the cause of their silence—they were deaf and dumb—moved with pity in beholding their isolated and sad condition, he felt disposed to lessen their affliction, and soon afterwards opened the first public school of the kind in the world. People laughed at the absurd idea, as they thought the task quite impracticable.

His theory was, “that the deaf and dumb cannot attach ideas directly to the written form of words, any more than we who hear and speak can do so, and that, as for us, spoken words must serve as intermediaries between the written word and the idea, so for the deaf and dumb a sign representing each word must fulfil the same office.” Had he studied the operating laws of nature, and taken Alphabetic language, instead of signs, to fulfil this office, his system, notwithstanding the great mistake of using methodical signs as an instrument of instruction, would have been more successful.

To his honor be it said, that out of a stipend of £400 a year, he expended over £300 in the support and clothing of indigent mutes, and invited all to come to him to learn his art, free of charge. He died in a good old age, regretted by the crowned heads of Europe, and his memory to this day is revered by the deaf and dumb of every religious denomination throughout the world. The government took his school under their auspices, and on his much lamented death in 1789, appointed the Abbey Sicard to fill his place. All that is record of him was his ingenious turn of mind in the development of the sign language, which was an improvement on that devised by his predecessor, but he failed like him to bring his pupils to annex clearly defined ideas to language, and the result was that he did not succeed in developing their reflective faculties.—It is true he gained a wide-world fame, by the clever answers of Massieu whom to this day Dr. Kitto regards as the only deaf mute whose

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attainments were of a high order. We shall soon see if Massieu was the real author of the answers which led Dr. Kittle to form this opinion.

In 1790, Dr. Watson of London, and Mr. Braidwood of Edinburgh, espoused the good cause of deaf mute education, but did not follow de l'Épée or Sicard's system, adopting that of Pierre of Paris, who taught articulation mechanically. Dr. Orpen, of Dublin, was the founder of the Claremont School in 1816.

The benevolent labours of Watson, Braidwood, and Orpen, succeeded in exciting public sympathy on behalf of this unfortunate class, and the result of their benevolent exertions may be realized, when we reflect that there are at present in vigorous and efficient operation, no less than 23 Institutions in Great Britain and Ireland, for the maintenance and education of 1700 indigent deaf and dumb children who are brought within range of the Gospel, and taught to rely on the promises of faith to be happy in time and throughout eternity.

In 1817, Dr. Cogswell, who had a deaf and dumb daughter, founded an Institution at Hartford, Connecticut, and who, with other philanthropic gentlemen, sent over to England the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, to become acquainted with the system of imparting instructions to the deaf and dumb. It appears that "the selfish policy of the English teachers compelled the Rev. gentleman to proceed to France, where he was hospitably received by Sicard, by whom he was taught the system. He returned to America on the 16th April, 1816, accompanied by his son, Charles M. Clerc, a learned deaf mute, graduate of the Paris School, and a native of the State of Vermont."

It may be well for the honor of England and Scotland to throw some light on the grounds which produced this "selfish policy" on the part of the Teachers of the Edinburgh and London Schools, where the late Rev. Mr. Gallaudet received such bad treatment, in the shape of "an exorbitant demand," for a knowledge of their system. Mr. Braidwood was for some time Head Master of the London School, and was succeeded by Mr. Kinniburgh at Edinburgh—the former communicated the system of teaching articulation by labial and guttural sounds to the latter, who was bound in honor to keep the system private. Mr. Braidwood not only spent his time but his fortune on behalf of suffering humanity, in every phase and form in which it came under his observation, and none so kind and so ready to ameliorate the condition of the deaf and dumb. The following paragraph, taken from a work published at Albany, shows that he felt so much for the deaf and dumb that he sent his grandson to America to lessen their affliction.

"A grandson of Thomas Braidwood, coming to America in 1811, in the course of an unhappy, erratic, and dissolute career, spent some time at New York, where he collected a few deaf-mute pupils, and made an encouraging beginning in teaching them. This enterprize, though like those of the same young man in Virginia, was soon broken up by his misconduct, attracted the attention of Dr. Samuel Akerley and other citizens of New York, and helped to prepare the way for the establishment of our Institution."

So it was the grandson of Braidwood who first introduced deaf-mute education in the new world, through the benevolence of that very man who is represented as having exercised "*a selfish policy*" in the refusal to communicate the system to Rev. Mr. Gallaudet.

Probably the treatment which the grandson of Braidwood received at New York, may have operated in an injurious manner against the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's receiving instructions at London or Edinburgh?

On the return of Rev. Mr. Gallaudet to America, accompanied by Mr. Clerc, they pushed forward the good work and their efforts were crowned with success.

In the first Report of the Hartford Institution, issued, on June 1st, 1817, it was recorded—and it is true—that in the first six months after the opening of the Institution, Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc received, in the shape of contributions, no less than \$12,000 for its support, besides a grant of \$5,000 from the Legislature, in aid of its funds!!! and the government gave in the following year a grant of land in Alabama of 26,000 acres to the Society.

There are now twenty-three Institutions in operation in U. S., educating 4,960 pupils. The Receipts of the New York Institution for the past year being \$69,000.

Such philanthropic efforts are worthy of imitation—let us say in the language of the christian poet:

"Millions attest the Gospel power to calm,  
The storm of maddening passions and to warm  
The heart with fire enkindled from above,  
The fire of sacred joy and holy love ;  
To all these voices *can their souls be deaf,*  
Lord, we believe! help *thou* their unbelief."

We boast of the provision made for the education of those of our children who possess the faculties of speech—we rejoice in the fact that our country contains a real mine of unexplored wealth in its exuberant fertility, that our climate is healthful and genial—that our stalworth and energetic population are capable of developing the gigantic resources of the soil on

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which we live, as free as the Indian <sup>who</sup> roams our trackless forests, under the protection of that flag on the escutcheon of which the word "slavery?" is not emblazoned, while at the same time 750 white slaves, proscribed from the privileges of freemen, stand at our doors bound by the fetters of ignorance and human degradation, "without hope and without God in the world," even those of our own country, religion and blood, but alas, not of our language, for they are deaf and dumb. And what have Canadians done to lighten the shadow resting upon their benighted souls? Comparatively nothing! We have not yet accomplished substantial good for more than twenty of the mutes who have been admitted to the school since its opening in June, 1853.

The Government has been censured for not having, ere this, made suitable provision for the mutes of the Province. In 1854, a sum of £10,000 was appropriated for the erection of suitable buildings for an Institution, to meet the requirements of the Upper Province, and a like amount for the Lower Province. In 1858, when a school on a limited scale was opened, the government promised that it would receive countenance and support if we succeeded in affording public satisfaction. In 1859, we received \$600, in 1860, \$1,000, and in 1861, \$2,000 in aid of our funds, and had public contributions been more liberal, and the doors of the Institution been opened to one-half the applicants for admission, I have no doubt that we should have received a more generous support. If we measure our success by the amount contributed, our enterprise has been a failure.

Let us submit the contributions of the city and citizens of New York.

Amount contributed by the City and Corporation of New York for building purposes only, purchase of site for same.

	Paid by Government.	Paid by City and Corporation.
Fiftieth Street Institution.....	\$25000.....	\$85000
Fanwood, New Buildings.....	56750.....	256579
	51750	\$341569
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Total amount contributed for Buildings and Sites, &c....\$393229

The census of 1851, gives 17,300 deaf mutes in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for whom there are twenty-three Institutions opened, besides some private schools, educating 1,700 pupils. The London Asylum has a surplus fund in Bank of £11,000.

In 1858, there were twenty-two deaf and dumb Institutions supported by the Government of the States of America; the pupils then under instruc-

tion numbered 4,840 or thereabouts, over 7,500 pupils have left those Institutions, the majority of whom it is stated, have been placed in a position to earn a decent livelihood, by the handicraft trade learned while at the Institution—of the correctness of this statement in relation to the learning of trades I entertain grave doubts.

There are sixty-two schools established in France, Papal States 12, Switzerland 10, Austria 10, Prussia 25, Bavaria 10, Wurtemberg and Baden 6, German States 22, Denmark, Sweden and Norway 6, Poland 3, East India 1, Turkey 1, Canada West 1, Canada East 1, Nova Scotia 1.

To the credit of the people of Nova Scotia, be it recorded, that previously to the foundation of the Society at Halifax, in 1855, the government paid for the education of some of their indigent mutes, at a school in the States. The honourable distinction of being the first of the British Provinces to recognize the claims of the poor mutes to the same advantages which speaking children possess, in the educational advantages afforded them, belong to the good people of Nova Scotia.

To the government of United Canada, however, belongs the credit of having been the first of these British Provinces to make an appropriation for the erection of buildings for Asylums. It is worthy of remark, that when our Government, in 1854, made the appropriation of £20,000 for the purposes mentioned, that the first schools were opened at Halifax and Lower Canada very shortly after. The Sisters of Charity at once proceeded to the Institution at New York, and remained there for some time, learning the system, and opened their school in 1855 at Montrea!. Toronto was not behind in looking after the "wind-fall" of our government, as an application was made in that year from an energetic young gentleman of this city, to the Rev. W. W. Turner, Principal of the Hartford Institution, for instructions in the art of teaching mutes, who offered him every facility to attend gratuitously all the exercises of the Institution, as long as he wished.

The appropriation was allowed to lie over for a time. It is to be hoped that in 1862, the Institution will be taken under the auspices of the government; and as we are so fortunate to become citizens of a country, presenting to our astonished eyes the living drama, of the most perfect civil and religious liberty enjoyed by any other nation under the canopy of Heaven—liberty, the very reflex of the British Constitution in its pristine vigour, from which it was modelled by the stern hand of impartial justice, equiposed fairly and honourably; we may expect that our Protestant deaf-mutes of the Lower Province will be protected in the exercise of the religious principles of their parents, by an assistant teacher of the Protestant faith,

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and the poor deaf-mutes of this Province enjoy the same rights and privileges. Suffering humanity *levels religious distinction*.

The number of deaf and dumb in a given country, generally leaves a certain proportion to its inhabitants. In cold and humid countries, with lofty mountains, the number increases, for example, Scotland, Denmark and Canada East have one deaf-mute in every 1,450 of its inhabitants. Two Cantons of Switzerland have one in every 250 of its inhabitants; but these do not come under the denomination of deaf-mutes, but cretins, who can hear in a great many cases, but from paralysis of the nerves cannot speak, and are partly idiotic. The sun in some parts of this lofty region never shines on the people, and as a consequence, the nervous system of mothers is debilitated. In England, the proportion is one in 1,750; Ireland, one in 1,750; Scotland, one in 1,675; North of Scotland, one in 1,450. On the principles of approximation, we have in Canada West 750 *mutes*, of whom there are 80 Cretins, who are not proper subjects for our school, besides this, there are no less than 120 above and 260 below school age, (*i. e.*) from twelve to twenty years as the best time, according to the experience of every teacher of the dumb, for mutes to grapple with the difficulties of language, when taught on grammatical principles. In addition to these, there are about fifty deaf-mutes who have been educated in the old country, thus leaving about 220 to be educated, a large number of whom will not be sent to school through the indifference and neglect of their parents or friends. The largest number of our deaf and dumb are the children of farmers, who are very unwilling to afford them the advantages of an education, their assistance on the farm being so much required, besides this they are unable to pay for it, and are impressed with the belief that two or three years at school will be sufficient for the general purposes of life, while substantial benefit can only be secured in five or seven years.

The gratitude of deaf-mutes to their teachers after leaving school is exemplified in the substantial evidence given in various ways, such as presentations of plate, &c. On the demise of the Rev. J. H. Gallaudet, the deaf-mutes of the United States contributed the sum of \$2,500, for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. The inauguration of this testimonial took place in August, 1854, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, at which "there were present, on that occasion, 390 deaf-mutes from 16 different States; 150 of these were married. 45 husbands were present with their wives; 31 others whose deaf-mute partners were absent or dead, and 29 whose partners could hear and speak. Of the 105 families represented, 71 had children, amounting in all to 154, all of whom, except 8,

could hear and speak, and these belonged to five different families. 135 of these husbands were mechanics? 36 farmers, 8 teachers, 7 artists, 4 clerks, 2 labourers and 1 merchant. Reliance may be placed on the accuracy of the statement. I would, however, question the capability of mutes who have been engaged only three hours each day in the workshop, "to learn a trade." The idea of teaching carpentry, shoemaking and tailoring in the time specified is quite absurd. A commission issued in England, condemned the teaching of trades in Institutions, where even ten hours a day were spent by the apprentice, just because the slop-work produced could not compete with that of other tradesmen.

At the celebration of the completion of this monument, Mr. Carlin, a deaf-mute delivered an "Oration," of which the following is an extract :

It is hardly needful to enumerate here so many examples, both ancient and modern, discriminating the real object of the monuments from that of the cenotaphs and the like ; but, in order to justify the selection of the grounds of this Asylum, which the officers of the association have made for the site of the Gallaudet Monument, I shall give you some fair specimens of this kind—I mean the monuments. The great national monument at Washington city, which is rising slowly yet majestically to the dizzy height of six hundred feet, is a *monument*, commemorating the mighty deeds of the god-like soul of our beloved PATER PATRIÆ, while his sacred remains, embedded in an unostentatious sarcophagus, rest at Mount Vernon. The gigantic equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington over the western gate of St. James' Park, London, though inappropriately, in my humble opinion, cast in bronze and elevated thereupon during his lifetime, is a *monument*, perpetuating the great victory at Waterloo, which History with stern impartiality attributes to the opportune re-enforcement of the Prussians, and *not to the military skill of the nigh-vanquished* "Iron Duke." Anti-British that?

My mute friends. What deeds of the soul were perpetuated by Dr. Gallaudet so as to deserve this grateful tribute? Was he an eminent statesman, who on our national senatorial floor, coped with the GREAT TRIO,—Clay, Calhoun and Webster,—flinging upon their heads his vivid thunderbolts of forensic elquence! No! he was too gentle in disposition, too modest, to venture into that great political arena. Was he then a military genius, leading our little band of brave men victoriously from Palo Alto to Buena Vista or from the impregnable castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, overlooking sullenly Vera Cruz, to the ancient halls of Montezuma? Oh no! he was too much of an evangelical messenger of God, blessed with a most fraternal heart, to relish the sight of human blood shed on the gory battle ground, where rise,—as Thayer the poet writes,—

Slowly on the burdened air,—  
Mingled groans of wounded, dying,  
Screams of madness and despair;  
Cries of widows and of orphans,—  
Fathers, mothers, sisters wail  
O'er the mangled, bloody corpses,  
Crushed beneath that iron hail.

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Nay, his achievements were of the pure benevolence, which, in a philosophical sense, were equal to those of Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott in promoting the glory of our Republic.

Dr. Kitto says, in reference to the composition of pupils, printed in Annual Reports,—

“But they (the deaf and dumb) want the power of expression; and hence are necessitated to confine themselves to a few simple matters which they know they can express, like a foreigner, in speaking a language which he has but imperfectly acquired. This painful narrowness of range is much overlooked by cursory observers, in their surprise and admiration at finding the deaf and dumb in possession of *any means of communication with others*. There are no doubt exceptions, as in the cases of Massieu, Clerc and a few more who attained great command of written language. But these were the exceptions of men of genius, of whom it would be in vain to expect to see more than two or three in a hundred years. But their cases are exceptional, and as unfrequent as cases of first-rate genius in the world at large; and to be convinced of this, we need only to note the woful difference between their compositions, and the letters of the most proficient pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, as published in the Reports. These incoherent compositions which seem to be chiefly made up of *recollections* of scripture and reading books, give a most deplorable idea of the condition of which *this* is almost the ultimate attainment, and yet the lower idea we form of that condition, the greater will be our satisfaction at even the exceeding limited resources which this sort of education opens to them. *Much more than has been done for them might be effected, if this education had been suited more to their real condition, than directed to the production of effects calculated to strike public attention.*”

It may be well to observe that Dr. Kitto, who is the author of “The Lost Senses,” and of that very excellent work “The Daily Bible Illustrations,” lost his hearing at the age of twelve years, from the effects of a fall from a house, while attending his father—a mason; and who, by that force of genius, under difficulties that seemed insurmountable, and with that ardour in literary pursuits which never assigns an imaginary boundary at which the human intellect will ever come to a stand point, succeeded in mastering the classics. He was a semi-mute, and consequently no difficulty presented itself in the pursuit of knowledge, as the English language was his vernacular. He held a very erroneous view of Massieu’s ability, of whom he says:

“In Massieu the instruction of the deaf and dumb doubtless reached the highest point of which it was capable; and the teachers of this unfortunate class may count themselves happy if once in a hundred years they meet with such another pupil—with one so quick of apprehension, and so able by the mighty efforts of his strong will, to throw himself out of and above the hard bondage of his condition.

His abilities, when fully instructed, were chiefly evinced in the written answers to questions put to him by strangers. Most of them were good, and some wonderfully fine. The following are specimens of their quality:—

“What is hope?”

“Hope is the blossom of happiness.”

“What is the difference between hope and desire?”

"Desire is a tree in life, hope is a tree in blossom, enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends,—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end."

"What is God?"

"The necessary Being, the sun of eternity, the mechanist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the universe."

The acute and dangerous question, "Does God reason?" is said to have been put to him by Sir James Mackintosh. The answer was—

"Man reasons, because he doubts; he deliberates, he decides: God is omniscient; he never doubts; he therefore never reasons."

The learned Doctor's opinion of Clerc is equally erroneous:—

CONNECTICUT ASYLUM, HARTFORD,  
September 30, 1818.

"We have received the report you forwarded us. I ought not simply to thank you for this compliance, but the opportunity you have thus afforded us of augmenting the number of our acquaintance with men of benevolence. The report is excellent, and the time we have employed in reading it has certainly been profitable to us. It has excited our wish to pursue the object of increasing our library. Send us then an account of all you may hereafter do; it will be a new obligation which we shall owe you.

"The eulogy which you have given to my master's mode of instruction has sensibly affected me; and the answers of my friend Massieu, which you have mentioned in your address, are exactly the same as I saw him write; and I think them so correct and so precise, that they themselves prove the excellency of Monsieur Sicard's system. *I therefore wish very much that you would follow the same, and lay aside the useless task of teaching the Deaf and Dumb to articulate sounds, or I cannot expect to see your pupils forward enough to understand abstract ideas.* If I have not mistaken the contents of your Report, it appears that — and — of — and — have not been very kind to you; you ought, nevertheless, not to be sorry for it, for whoever declines to communicate his secrets gives a proof of their sterility.

"Adieu! The task which you have embraced is a very good one. May the Lord bless you, and keep you, make his love to shine upon you, lift up his countenance upon you, and give you courage and light, and reward you above, for the good you are doing to my poor companions in misfortune.

"Your humble servant,

"LAURENT CLERC."

Mr. Clerc had not known a phrase in the English tongue on his arrival in the United States, on the 9th August, 1816. His "bump of language" must have been enormously large to have had the ability to write such a composition in a *foreign language* in so short a time.

Dr. Peet writes in reference to the system on which Clerc and Massieu were taught:

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"The greatest defect of methodical signs, as used in the school of Sicard, was the tendency to use the same sign for all the different meanings of a word. Hence, the more significant and appropriate the sign for one meaning, the greater the confusion of ideas when applied to a different meaning. This was especially true of signs, for instance, by which operations that produce certain effects, were figured to denote those effects however otherwise produced, or by which signs, characteristic of certain individuals, were applied to whole classes having no common resemblance in the points on which the signs were founded. Bebian relates that one day, seeing one of Sicard's assistants dictate to his class the phrase *roasted chestnuts*, (forming part of a vocabulary,) he caused roasted chestnuts to be brought into the class, and demanded their name. All the pupils replied that they did not know; and were much surprised when told that they had just written the name. The difficulty was that the teacher had signed for the word *roasted*, as he would to express *roasted veal*. He had put the chestnuts on the spit. On another occasion, Bebian saw one of Sicard's disciples dictate to a pupil at a public exhibition, the sentence, "The cat is a *domestic* animal." For the word *domestic*, he figured a *lackey*, or waiter. Such signs can only be compared to the *rebuses* formed of fantastic hieroglyphical figures."

The American teachers, not content with parading brilliant specimens of prose composition, also exhibit their pupils' abilities in poetry, a specimen of which I give from the pen of a deaf-mute young lady, with whose literary acquirements I am acquainted.

#### THE CASTLE OF SILENCE.

"Low bending at thy shrine I come,  
O radiant muse of song;  
And though no sound my *voice* may wake,  
No low deep tone the echoes break,  
That tremble round thy throne.

Perchance my hand may touch the lyre,  
And bid some chord to thrill;  
And though the minstrel's home-land be  
The realm of silence, still may she  
Bring soul gifts at thy will.

I stood upon a rocky cliff,  
That overlooks the Hudson's tide;  
Mists were around me, but anon  
The winds would lift the veil aside.  
And grazing far across the vale,  
That break upon the other shore,  
My vision caught one fairy spot,  
Nor eye nor heart would seek for more.

Turn we our eyes across the sea,  
And lo! the blackening smoke of war  
Dims thy blue skies Oh, Italy!  
And thunders echo from afar,  
But land of beauty and of song,  
Thy sufferings shall not be for long."

Dr. Kitto writes on the comparative advantages between the intellectual condition of the deaf and dumb, and the blind. "There is a prominence of

poetical tendencies in the blind, and an utter absence of it in the deaf and dumb. The cause of this remarkable condition is not very recondite. The blind have a perfect mastery of words, and their sole reliance upon the ear, as the vehicle of pleasurable sensations, renders them exquisitely alive to harmonious sounds and numbers. Add to this, that in the absence of the resources in reading, &c., which hearing allows, it must be a most interesting occupation and solace to the blind, to be able to occupy themselves in poetical compositions, in marshalling their ideas and in constructing and polishing their verse. During those hours in which they must necessarily be left to their own resources, the time thus employed must move more pleasantly away than in any other intellectual exercise which could be devised.

But the deaf-mute, having external resources from visual impressions, will not take the same degree of interest in this as a mental exercise, even supposing him equal to it. But he cannot be equal to it; for he not only *wants* all the peculiar resources of the blind man for this kind of occupation, but his disqualifications for it are in direct antagonism to the qualifications of the other. In the first place he wants words, and then he has, in a painfully literal sense, *no ear* for numbers.

For want of oral guidance, in hearing others speak it, is next to impossible that he should have that knowledge of quantity and rhyme which is so essential to harmonious verse. He would also be unsafe in rhymes: for rhyme lies in assonances, which can often only be determined by the ear, and verse will require words which, one who became deaf even in early life, have never heard."

Dr. Kitto writes in reference to his inability to make verse:—

"From a strange fancy which I have always had to master difficulties, and from an unwillingness to regard any apparent disqualifications of my condition as insuperable, I have been tempted to try my hand at verse, in which the bad rhymes and halting, hopping feet, will at once be discovered."

The learned and pious Doctor repudiates the idea that he makes any pretensions to compose verse, and only introduces a few to shew his failure. The piece written on "Mary"—a few verses of which I give—is appropriate, because it alludes to his deafness. It was written in his youthful days.

#### MARY.

"One sparkle from my Mary's eye,  
Would I exchange for gems of Hind;  
Or spices of rich Araby,  
No:—a clear glowing light hath shined  
Into the cavern of my mind.

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To kindle thoughts which there lay cold ;  
 And quicken hopes which died of old.  
 My soul to other visions blind,  
 And casting all my griefs behind ;  
 Does count the diamonds and the gold  
 Which Eastern kings have left untold ;  
 But as a beggar's price to buy  
 One sparkle of my Mary's eye.

In silence I have walked full long,  
 Adown life's narrow thorny vale ;  
 Deaf to the melody of song,  
 And all music to one mute—  
 From the organ's rolling peal,  
 To the gay burst or mournful wail  
 Of harp and psaltery and lute ;  
 Yes I have learned thee—Nature thee  
 In all thy thousand voices speak,  
 Which *now* are silent all to me :—  
 Ah ! when shall this long silence break,  
 And all thy tides of gladness roar,  
 In their full torrent on my soul."

Dr. Kitto, in contrasting the comparative condition of the deaf and dumb and the blind, gives a goodly array of celebrated blind travellers, engineers, musicians, philosophers and poets, but fails to find only *Massieu and Clerc* among the deaf and dumb who were celebrated for literary attainments!!! Let it be borne in mind that they were taught on Sicard's system.

The question has been often asked, "Whence does it arise that those born blind have such superiority over those born deaf?"

In proposing this, the late Dr. Watson, the esteemed Principal of the London Asylum for the deaf and dumb, brings it to the test of actual comparison, he says:—"Take, it may be said, a boy of nine or ten years of age, who has never seen the light, and you will find him conversable and ready to give long narratives of past occurrences, &c. Place by his side a boy of the same age, who has the misfortune to be born deaf, and observe the contrast. The latter is insensible to all you say! he smiles perhaps, and his countenance is brightened by the beams of "holy light;" he enjoys the face of nature, nay, reads with attention your features, and by sympathy reflects your smile or frown. But he remains mute: he gives no account of past experience or future hope. You attempt to draw something of this from him; he tries to understand and make himself understood, but he cannot. He becomes embarrassed—you feel for him and turn away from a scene too trying, under the impression that of these two children of misfortune, the comparison is greatly in favor of the blind, who appears by his language to enter into all your feelings and conceptions, while the unfor-

fortunate deaf-mute can hardly be regarded as a rational being. Yet he possesses all the advantages of visual information, as direct sensation. All this is true, but the cause of this superiority of intelligence in the blind is seldom properly understood. It is not that the blind possess a greater or anything like an equal stock of materials for mental operations. No, but they possess an invaluable engine, forwarding these operations—artificial language. Language we have defined to be the expression of thought, and so it is, but it is, moreover, when refined and methodized, the medium of thinking. Its value to a man is nearly equivalent to that of his reasoning faculties; without it he would hardly be rational. It is the *want of language*, and not the want of *hearing*, (unless as being the cause of the want of language,) that occasions that deficiency of intelligence, or unexpansion of the reasoning faculties, so observable among the deaf and dumb.

I subjoin a few verses of Rushton's Ode to Blindness, as a suitable specimen of his poetry, because it pourtrays in such an affecting manner his own condition—it is quite a gem in itself.

“ Ah! think if June's delicious rays,  
The eye of sorrow can illumine;  
Or wild December's beamless days,  
Can fling on all a transient gloom.  
Ah! think if skies, obscure or bright,  
Can thus depress or cheer the mind;  
Ah! think? midst clouds of utter night,  
What mournful moments wait the blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,  
To love the wife he ne'er must see;  
To be a sire, yet not to know  
The silent babe that climbs his knee.  
To have his feelings daily torn,  
With pain the passing meal to find;  
To live distressed and die forlorn,  
Are ills that oft await the blind.

When to the breezy upland led,  
At noon, at blushing eve or morn;  
He hears the red breast o'er his head,  
While round him breathe the scented thorn.  
But Oh! instead of nature's face,  
Hills, dales and woods and streams combined;  
Instead of tints, and forms and grace,  
Ah! think what woes await the blind.”

Dr. Guillec, the director and physician of the Institution for the blind at Paris, who might be supposed to cherish a bias feeling towards the objects of his care, writes thus:

“ Which are the most unhappy, the deaf-mutes or the blind? People ask us this every day. We shall revolve it to the advantage of the blind, because

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we think them in fact less unhappy. Strangers to all that passes around them, the deaf-mutes, who see everything, enjoy nothing. Like Tantalus, whom the fable represents to us as devoured by unextinguishable thirst in the midst of water, they are continually subjected to cruel privations. An insurmountable barrier separates them from the rest of men; they are alone in the midst of us, unless we know that artificial language which the talent and charity of their ingenious teacher creates for them. The custom they have of reading the physiognomy is very often a subject of additional anxiety to them; they do not always divine aright; doubt and uncertainty increase their anxiety and suspicions; a serious cast which resembles sadness then invades their countenance, and proves that with us they are in a state of real privation. Obligated to concentrate themselves within themselves, the activity of their imagination is thus greatly augmented, and as attention and judgment follow necessarily the perception of ideas, they exhaust themselves immensely. Therefore, one seldom sees deaf-mutes in the list of longevity, because the frictions are too lively. To use an expression, common but exact, "the sword wears away the scabbard."

"More favoured than these melancholy children of silence, the blind enjoy all the means of conversation with other men; no obstacle hinders them from hearing or being heard, since the ear, which has been so philosophically defined, as the "vestibule of the soul" is open for them. The exchange is rapidly made, because they speak the vulgar language.

Passing from the American to the British Schools, we find that the latter will not suffer in comparison with the former, in bringing out *forced* talent, before which Massieu and Clerc must veil their heads with conscious inferiority.

In the "Britanica Encyclopedia," under the head of "Deaf and Dumb," the pupils of the Edinburgh School give beautiful definitions of abstract terms. The conception of an abstract idea, wholly separated from its verbal exponent, is to those who think and reason in the mother tongue, a very difficult mental operation—a definition of the abstract idea "music," to one who never heard a musical or other sound is quite as absurd as to expect one born blind to be able to \*distinguish colours by the sense of touch, or in the event of being suddenly restored to sight, to name them.

But to the questions put to a pupil of the Edinburgh school:—

"What is music?"

"Music is the language of sentiment, and the breath of the passions, a harmonious and sweet sound, such as the sound of the piano or violin."

"What is language?"

"Language is the medium of conversation between one man and another—it is either artificial or natural—natural, not acquired, not taught, not learned—artificial, cultivated by art, not natural.

\*The writer asked Mr. Parkes, the teacher of the blind in Dr. Howe's Institution, Boston, and who was born blind, if he knew a blind person capable of distinguishing colour by the sense of touch? He answered, "I heard of *one* and travelled over 400 miles to see him, but failed to realize my hypothetical expectation."

These are a few out of the many definitions of abstract terms by Mr. Braidwood's pupils. Let us adduce the testimony of the "Great Scottish Philosopher," Dugald Stewart, who writes from personal observation on the success attained by the benevolent father and pioneer of deaf-mute education in Great Britain, that the laborious efforts to teach the deaf and dumb to speak, "*rank only a little higher than the art of training parrots and starlings.*"

The London School, with a surplus fund in Bank of £11,000 sterling, is not an exception to the bubble-blowing propensities of many deaf and dumb teachers to exhibit literary frauds on the minds of credulous visitors of the Institution. An editorial remark, from the columns of the "Christian Observer" some few years ago, says :

"It is a notorious fact," writes the editor, "and it argues no want of care in the teachers, that the great body of deaf-mutes never do, or can learn to speak so as to make use of their faculty for the ordinary purposes of human intercourse. Even the few *picked* scholars who, after great labour, are taught to recite a passage for public exhibition, do not generally converse by means of oral sounds. From these observations we do not except even the best instructed of those deaf-mutes who are annually exhibited at the city of London Tavern, and who we conclude are the greatest proficient in articulation. The uncouth and often unintelligible sounds to which they give utterance, convey pain rather than gratification to others."

The production of sensation exhibitions, in the ability of deaf-mutes to master language, is no doubt calculated to direct public attention to the necessity of giving that afflicted class, those advantages in common with their more favoured brethren, but "we should not do evil that good may come."

I had, before my departure from Ireland, taken some pains to ascertain the extent of Scripture knowledge possessed by the deaf-mutes of the Claremont Institution, and attended exhibitions of the pupils, with a view to satisfy my curiosity. The most proficient pupil examined, did shew much intelligence, and a fair knowledge of Scripture, but I discovered that he lost his hearing at the age of twelve years! Why not state at the meeting that he was a semi-mute, possessed of a large stock of ideas before he entered the Institution. The following questions were given by the Teacher :

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Q.—“ Who saved you ?”

A.—“ Jesus Christ.”

Q.—“ Why did Jesus Christ come into the world ?”

A.—“ It is a true saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.”

Q.—“ Why are you deaf and dumb ?”

A.—“ Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.” \*

Leaving the British and American Schools, we shall now take a cursory review of some Institutions in Europe, where articulation is taught mechanically.

Dr. Peet writes,—“ Few readers can conceive that the testimony of an eye-witness, of undoubted general intelligence and veracity, can become a tissue of the wildest exaggerations, by a little unintentional colouring, and a failure to enquire into one or two simple facts.”

“ When such cases are enquired into by competent observers, the result is that the pupils whose skill in articulation astonished the credulous visitor, were, in most cases of that class—of whom we have some in our Institution,—who, having learned to speak before they became deaf, still retain a fair ability to articulate, which the care of the teacher may have improved, and even these are seldom intelligible to strangers, beyond the utterance of a few simple sentences, but that the deaf-mute can acquire such expertness in this art, as to share in a general conversation to any extent with strangers, is simply a myth.”

In a “ Report of a deputation from the National Association, for the education of the deaf and dumb poor of Ireland,” who, in December, 1855, visited several Institutions for the deaf and dumb in Great Britain, we may see as follows :—“ In our progress we met with occasional selected classes, wherein considerable success in teaching articulation has resulted from the experiment, but in the majority, if not in all those instances the deafness was not congenital, but had risen from some physical cause at an early age, and the subject of it had learned to speak before becoming deaf. So far as we could learn, all the teachers of the deaf and dumb, with but few exceptions, consider it applicable to only a few, but disapprove of it as a system to be applied to all.”

I shall, in conclusion, give a brief extract from the Report of Rev. Dr. Day, presented to the Board of Directors of the New York Institution :

#### PARIS SCHOOL.

“ In an account of an examination of eighteen male pupils, received in 1856, into the Imperial Institution, it is stated that but three were assigned

\* These answers were prepared by the Teacher. I once stumbled on the same craggy rock, but trust I shall not again.

to M. Dubois, to be taught by means of articulation and reading on the lips. These are described as follows:—J. W. E., born July, 1847, who became completely deaf in his tenth year, and speaks like a child of six years of age, but almost in a whisper. A. V., born August, 1844, who became deaf at the age of five years, up to which time he had spoken and still speaks well. J. P., born in 1845, who spoke till he lost his hearing, at the age of four-and-a-half years—although he still hears sharp cries he no longer speaks. The remaining fifteen it was decided should be taught by the language of signs."

#### VISIT TO THE INSTITUTION AT GRONINGEN.

This institution has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best in Europe. My visit was unfortunately made at a time when most of the pupils were absent in the annual vacation. Of the 139 at present under instruction, but forty remained on the ground. Having learned from a friend that the usual weekly exhibition for the public was not suspended during the vacation, I willingly accepted his proposal to accompany me to the institution and attend one of these exhibitions, to be held that day, (July 20.) The buildings stand on two sides of a small public square, in the centre of which is a statue of the founder of the institution, Henry Daniel Guyot, who died in the year 1828. They are more extensive and convenient than their appearance, as seen from the square, would indicate.

On entering the hall, we found that the exercises, under the direction of Dr. A. W. Ahngs, the associate principal, had already commenced. Dr. R. T. Guyot, a son of the founder, who has long been connected with the institution as one of the principals, was also present. The children who were on the platform as we entered, had been one year under instruction. They simply articulated and wrote single words. The next class, which had been two years in the institution, was exercised in words in combination, but not united into full sentences. This was the exercise for those who had been three years under instruction. The most advanced class wrote brief compositions upon some simple subject. The following is a translation of one of these compositions written by a pupil six years under instruction, on the word *Water*:—  
 "Water is divided into salt and fresh water. Fresh water is very useful for us, also for the animals. When we are thirsty we drink water in order to quench thirst, and in order to refresh ourselves." The chief prominence in the whole exercise was given to writing, but at the close of the performance, a young man who had been eight years under instruction, and who is now employed in some capacity in the service of the institution, was brought forward to speak and to read upon the lips. His proficiency in both was very good, and manifestly greater than is usually exhibited. The spectators went away, undoubtedly, with the belief that he was deaf from birth. None of them inquired, and it did not probably occur to the teacher to mention that the young man became deaf at six years of age, and had therefore once acquired oral language in the ordinary way. That there was no designed concealment was evident from the frankness with which my inquiry on this point was answered. Still the occurrence illustrates the constant liability to error to which visitors not acquainted with deaf-mute instruction are exposed. Without being aware of it, they carry away, in many cases, the most exaggerated impressions.

In conclusion, I may state that I was unacquainted with the intentions of George Samuel Cull, to publish an account of his "Travels and Adventures," until applied to by his mother, to put his manuscript in a readable form for the press, correct the proofs, and write an introduction, which I consented to do with much pleasure, mingled with regret—pleasure in contributing in this way towards the only means of support within the reach of the poor "deaf and dumb cripple"—regret, that the pressing duties of my engagements precluded the possibility of my giving the subject that time and attention which its importance demands. The emendations which I made were confined to the collocation of words which forms the peculiar phraseology of the deaf and dumb, when their education is incomplete.

It is to be hoped that his triple infirmity may be a pass-port to the benevolent feelings of those to whom he may apply to purchase his book. The kind people of Bradford and Newmarket subscribed for 300 copies, to enable him to publish the work, and thereby place him in a position to support through life, what we may truly call, a *miserable existence*.

May we give evidence of the sincerity of our gratitude to God for the blessings we enjoy in the possession of the ordinary faculties of our nature, "by visiting the fatherless children and widows in their affliction, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world," dethroning national and religious prejudice from our hearts, and doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us. We will in the exercise of these fruits of faith, live down calumny and give the best reply to evil reports.

JOHN B. MCGANN.

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## TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

## GEORGE SAMUEL CULL.

I was born in Woolwich, England, on the 9th of March, 1840, and am now, just twenty-one years of age. Woolwich is a large and beautiful town, built on the right bank of the river Thames, in the County of Kent, eight miles eastward of London Bridge; its population is about 25,000, exclusive of 3,000 Military. When I was eight months' old, I was attacked with convulsive fits (when teething,) which caused me to lose my hearing, so I became deaf and dumb.

My father belonged to the Artillery, and was Steward to Colonel Anderson, who commanded the Fifth Brigade. I was living in Woolwich till I was four years old, when we got the route for Chester; this old city is in the County of Chester, and is a very interesting place, surrounded by a great wall nearly two miles in length; it is very useful as a healthy and favorite walk for the inhabitants, and is a curious specimen of military skill.

Mrs. Anderson was very good and kind to me; I suppose it was on account of my being a deaf and dumb little boy; she gave me many pleasant rides in a fine carriage drawn by two horses with silver-glittering harness—how they would toss up and shake their heads, and prance with their feet, when she was going to visit the Colonel, and his kind lady welcomed me to the house at all times; I loved them very much, they were so kind to me.

I used to take pleasure for myself, and one day crossed the Suspension Bridge, between a beautiful grove of poplars, chestnuts and oaks, and I was astonished at the handsome Grosvenor Bridge; it spans the river Dee, which winds around the rising dry rock, where the town is situated on two sides in an irregular semi-circle. I saw also, a large number of fishing boats, with nets and lines lying on the shore of the smooth river, which was very delightful and bright to my eyes; everything was strange to me.

One fine summer's day as I passed along the streets so gay, by chance I met an ass that was with a little young one which went after me, and stood still in my presence; after a few moments I determined to follow their steps, which led to the stable where they used to live; when I came into it, I found no hay at all; I tied them with a rope and fastened them to the manger, so I came out of it and took a walk for many yards to a field which was covered with rich green grass; there were many crows which flew slowly into the air over my head; they appeared to be happy;

I rested on the fresh, rich, soft green carpet, and picked the grass with my hands, which I carried very merrily to the stable; I fed them enough without any person to see or tell me what to do; I loosened the ropes from the asses' necks, and thought to have some amusement, and accordingly I mounted on the little one's back; it walked side by side with its mother over the road between the pretty green hedges; I loved them and I did not like to hurt them; I did not allow them to run too fast for fear of falling to the ground, because I was a little boy; when I became tired, I alighted, and though they followed me constantly, I made them leave me by a sign with my arm; they knew what I meant, and departed from me, and returned to me no more; I then went home and said nothing to my parents, because I was ignorant.

I remember the ass is mentioned in the Bible; that "Jesus Christ rode upon an ass on his way to Jerusalem, and a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, and the multitude followed Him, and cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest."

Not many days after, I went alone into a neighbor's yard, there was nobody to be seen; as I played among the beasts and poultry I felt a desire to run and hunt after a white goose, which I did with great difficulty; (I had the use of two legs at that time,) it was afraid, and ran in every direction, and hissed loud, as I could hear a little in my left ear; at length I managed to catch hold of it, and brought it with a fluttering wing, in my arms to the sty, where the pig generally slept when at home; I sat on the trough and threw it down into the sty, the pig heard, and immediately came out of its bed and commenced to chase it violently around; several times the goose attempted to fly up to take refuge from the dangerous pig; I sat down and looked at it with pleasure for a long time, and without the fear of blows which I deserved for throwing it into the sty; when I became tired, I left the unfortunate goose, without lifting it up to be saved, because I was ignorant; I do not know whether its life was saved or not.

After remaining in Chester for three years, we removed to Manchester, the greatest cotton-manufacturing Metropolis in the world; it is situated on a navigable canal, at the influx of the Irk and Irwell. We lived in Dum street Hulme.

At length the spring opened, and the buds began to come from the then naked and leafless trees. It was morning, when a little male neighbor called upon me to join him in a walk, at the time, I decided to go, and we went into a stranger's garden and began to pluck several kinds of fruits, such as gooseberries and currants; they were all green, and we were greedy to eat them, but they

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did not produce any bad effects or illness; when we were done, we tried to escape, but unhappily met the owner, who walked at the side of a cart with a long whip in his hand—he was on his way to the garden; I was suddenly apprehended by the owner—the man with the whip—who soon learned that I was deaf and dumb, and he was bound to let me go free, so I ran merrily home and never after robbed a garden; but I was ignorant and did not know good from evil. The next day was a glorious one, and afforded me much pleasure; the blue sky was serene and calm, not a breeze shook the leaves on the trees, the rays of the sun shone bright and clear, and all was happiness and joy; I joined my little sister in a walk through the fields, which were clothed with many grassy flowers, such as daisies, dandelions, butter cups, and others whose names I did not know, all were beautiful in color, and then there was the green foliage of the trees which gave us shelter from the heat of the sun in their cool shade; at that moment we shewed our merry faces and gathered out the white daisies and yellow butter-cups from the grass with our hands, and soon afterward we rested; we loved to see the white butterflies which continually fluttered from flower to flower; we sat down on the green carpet, and directly a dark-brown horse came and smelt us; we began to be frightened and noiselessly and quietly seated ourselves in order not to let the horse know that we were afraid, as it would express its passion and feelings towards us; it went away and did not hurt us. Soon after we got home, accompanied by a little white dog and the flowers which we had brought in our hands, to my dear sister, Thomas Frances, sewed and fastened them to a thread for a neck-lace and encircled them around my sister's neck; I am sorry to say that my dear little sister died of measles on the 18th of June, 1846; it was Sunday morning, her face was pale and cold laid in a coffin, I showed my love, and kissed her several times, but immediately my sight was drawn to the jug, which stood on the window, it contained clusters of flowers of many colors, they were very beautiful to look at and had a delightful fragrance; after a short interval, I ran to it and took all of the flowers out of the jug, and intended to cover her whole body and head; I never fell out with her, and loved her very much in all my young days. In about a day her coffin was sewed firmly and shut up and carried it into the rude cab; I took a seat on the roundy box with the company of my father, Thomas F. and Mr. Wilson, a missionary, on our way to Rusholme Cemetery very speedily, which is supposed to be three miles from there; my brother burst into tears as he felt himself in the cab; on arriving at the Cemetery, we went into the church and attended to what the clergyman said, who preached perhaps about the funeral and the judgment of Christ; in fact we left the church,

and stood mournfully round the grave, and wondered to see a lot of coffins in it. When the clergyman finished, he pronounced the blessing. The gravesmen buried down the coffin and shut the wooden vault by means of a padlock and key, and at last we got home. Before I went to school I never learned how to talk at all in my life, as my mother tried to get me to school, but not for deaf and dumb; I was altogether ignorant, I did not know how wonderful the works which God created were, I saw the heaven and earth, I thought that trees and plants were growing from the land of themselves; when I was alone, the sun nearly sunk in the hills, and appeared at a little distance from the ground; I ran after it with great difficulty and tried to seize it, but in vain, and it became wearisome, as I could never catch it; I thought the sun and moon were living and could see me as I passed along; I thought the sun always moved round the earth, and that the heart never moved; I wondered to see the sky, and thought that *the smoke which rose upwards from the chimneys made the clouds*; I thought that the water in the sea fell from the sky; I continued in this state till I was sent to the deaf and dumb Institution at old Trafford, which is about two miles below Manchester; before this I never had any satisfaction in conversing with my friends, though they could understand me and I could comprehend them in many things, but, Oh how ignorant and destitute of wisdom; it was impossible for me to gain knowledge in any position; at this time, when I was between six and seven years of age, good Miss Greaves came to my parents and spoke about the Institution, and how the deaf and dumb could be taught by signs to read and write. My parents were glad to take her advice, and promised to send me to school, and not many days after I was furnished with new clothes and sent to the Institution. It is a very handsome edifice of cut stones, the materials are brown and red color; it is surrounded by green grass, flowers, trees and shrubs growing and intersected with curved gravel walks in front and round by the side of the iron railings, which have a very beautiful appearance and delightful to the view. There are two buildings attached to the Institution, one for the blind who can hear and speak and the other for deaf mutes. The blind are chiefly employed in knitting and making baskets and mats. There is a swing in the yard for them, also the gymnasium for the mute boys which is pleasantly placed on the back ground which is very soft to keep from hurting them when they fall by accident. I sometimes fell from it very high and was much hurt. The place for learning these exercises and play is in the yard at the backside of the Institution. When I was admitted into the Institution I was amazed to see so many deaf and dumb boys, who conversed with each other, of course by signs. I was put in the first class and linger-

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ed there one year, and improved my time well, so as to be the best pupil Mr. Hogg had. Amongst the pupils admitted at the same time, was a little boy, the son of a soldier belonging to the 11th Hussars; his name is William Jones; I learned after this that his mother was a native of India, who had been brought to England by his father, but at this time she was about to return to her native country. Mr. Patterson is the Head Master and Miss Knight the matron of the deaf and dumb. The mute boys are very orderly in marching, and at drill they appear as well as soldiers. There are ninety-six pupils, and they have increased in number. There were two deaf and dumb teachers, their names are Mr. Hogg and Mr. Goodwin; there are five teachers, one for each class, three of whom are not deaf and dumb. They teach the pupils how to read by signs, and spell from their lessons on a large slate, which is against the wall nearly covering the whole side of the room. The pupils improve and do many things right, they generally sign with their arms for every word, and also spell on their fingers. The pupils are ordered out of bed at six o'clock in the morning and wash and have breakfast at nine o'clock. After breakfast they again wash and go to school at ten o'clock, and then remain till one o'clock. After this they play and amuse themselves and have dinner at two o'clock; after dinner they wash and return to school at three o'clock and remain until five, then they all get free; they have supper at six o'clock and go to bed at eight o'clock at night. When they go into the dining room the teacher generally hammers the table with his hands, the deaf mutes can feel that; they say grace by means of their fingers and by signs; when they go to bed at night and rise in the morning, they always kneel and pray to God. The Lords prayer is used by them, "Our Father who art in Heaven, &c." They have half holidays every Thursday and Saturday afternoon. They only go to school at seven and stay until eight o'clock during the winter, but they are all free to play from seven till eight every morning during summer.

The girls of the school are obliged to sew and make many articles; they have to repair or darn the old stockings belonging to the pupils every morning and afternoon, except Sundays. The boys are also obliged to dress the beds, clean the bed-room, pare the potatoes, clean the knives and wash-room, brush the shoes, the playroom, the waiter and the school-room, also dig. Nearly every Sunday, Mr. Patterson lectures from the Bible to all the pupils, of course by signs and spelling on the fingers; they are very attentive to him, signing about the Heavenly Father and Messiah. The Bible is the best of all books in the world; it teaches us to direct our souls to God, and how we shall be saved by having faith in Christ who died on the cross for sinners; it

cautions us against the temptations and wiles of satan, and the wickedness of this world, and above all, *drunkenness* and *lying*.

The pupils go into the garden every Sunday during the summer; they like to see the beautiful flowers, plants, marigolds, pinks, violets, roses, cowslips, wall-flowers, fox-gloves and other pretty ones cultivated in it, their beauty of colour and fragrance of perfume was charming to the eye and nose, they seemed to have a smile for me as I approached them. There are several hundred fruit trees and vegetables growing in it, and there is a large circular pond with gold fishes, which look very pretty when they are sporting in the clear water surrounded by the pretty flowery walks opposite the green shade shed. The pupils used to go and attend God's service in the chapel of the Institution, where the Rev. Mr. Buckley preached. The deaf and dumb read the prayer-book and Holy Bible. There was no deaf and dumb Clergyman for us, only for the assemblies of the people. There was a blind gentleman playing on the organ, which is louder than the piano-forte, but it was no music to me as I could not hear, although *I can feel it*.

Mr. Bateman was the means of getting the Institution built for the deaf and dumb, he was a benefactor and good old man; I am sorry to say that I forget when he died. The pupils were all dressed with black crapes on their arms and formed a procession at his funeral, all walked mournful and softly in the front of the institution. The coffin was carried by bearers, and it was covered with black cloth; it was a solemn sight, and whenever we see these things remember the sad cause of them all, sin—"sin entered into the world and death by sin," Roman v., 12. As Mr. Bateman had left something for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, an entertainment was given to all the pupils, and the assembly of gay dressed gentlemen and ladies. My parents did not go there. The dining-room was ornamented with evergreens, wreaths of flowers and flags, we had a great many kind of fruits, as apples, oranges, grapes, nuts, plums, cakes, and plenty of lemonades and tea to drink; we ate about four times during that day. When my mother was very anxious and again visited me; she was very affectionate and gave me two packages of fruits, and a ball twisted with clouded stripes round it, it was a very large and smooth substance, and very bright like marble, but I would not be pleased with this, and therefore I burst into tears, as I wished to live with her. After a long visit I lost sight of her, she left me and went away, I became very vehement and fierce, but my temper was bad and I did not know how to restrain it; I threw the ball downward on the floor with great force and with a hard knock, which caused it to roll among the pupils while they studied their lessons; they were frightened into

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nearly confusion by my conduct. Mr. M——, who was the oldest teacher, had charge of the fifth class, he was not a deaf mute and said that he would take some of the fruit from me for W. Jones if I again did so. The Head Master came to school and smiled at me. I did not deserve all I got for such bad manners. During the summer there is an annual assembly of genteel visitors, who support the Institution, for the examination of the pupils that is held every year. The chair was occupied by the Mayor of Manchester; all the deaf and dumb pupils are obliged to go to the examination. The subjects generally taught in school are Writing, Geography, Arithmetic, Life of Christ, "Scripture History," and the Art of Drawing. We wrote answers to the following questions very neatly with our chalks on the blackboard, and also pointed to the map of the world, and afterwards we exercised our arms at every word as our master expressed to us before the visitors who witnessed us. The pupils only have three weeks holidays during winter and six weeks during summer, for the reason of spending their time with their parents who welcome them home. In the month of December, 1846, my dear parents, with the whole family again removed to Woolwich with Col. Anderson's Company of Artillery, after our abode in Manchester for one year and a quarter. I was left alone in the Institution where I spent Christmas day. I never went home and spent three weeks with my parents during the winter, because it was very expensive for me to have a long journey in the railway. But I was glad that I have a friend, Mrs. Irvin, in Hulme, she shewed great kindness and affection, and obtained leave from the Superintendent and took me from the Institution to spend the time with her, for some weeks during the absence of the pupils in winter. Also, I have a cousin, Mrs. Rhone, who lives in Salford, who was kind to me too. During the summer I only had a tour in the cars, a distance of 188 miles from Manchester to London by the North Western Railway, and was charmed with the beautiful scenery in the counties of York, Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, Warwick, Bedford and Middlesex. My father used to wait in the London Station till my arrival, and then took me a ride in an omnibus, which conveyed us to the Hungerford Suspension Bridge—we sailed to Woolwich—this was every summer. I used to travel for seven years once every year, at a very rapid rate. My mother was very kind to afford me so much pleasure to go to London and visit the great Exhibition, Thames Tunnel, Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, and my friends at any time.

On a delightful sunny day an accident happened, when I was about eight years old; I was alone and took a favourite walk through the pretty streets. My eyes were drawn to a very delight-

ful and beautiful object, an English flag, which is placed on the top of a hotel and waved proudly in the air, opposite the Sapper Barracks, and also the Royal Artillery Guard-house, attached to the Military Hospital, where the sentinel used to walk. At the corner of two roads a gentleman in a gig passed with great speed, and as I could not hear, and not having seen it coming, the horse struck me to the ground with its feet, and the wheel passed over my heel, but my boot was very thick and strong, and prevented it from cutting deeply. The horse stamped with its feet on my breast, and I lay groaning on the road, and I began to bawl very loud as it was great pain, he tried to go backward from my heel with great difficulty for ten minutes. After that I saw the gig run away from me for a considerable distance, when the gentleman looked behind his back at me; I think he began to be frightened and ran away full speed. A number of people were soon collected, and seeing I was deaf and dumb they became very much excited; amongst them was a female benefactor, who lifted me up from the ground and carried me on her arms to the druggists shop, where the surgeon wrapped my heel with ointment and cloth; this done, she brought me to the Military Barracks, where my parents lived. I was put in a bed until my heel was recovered. I have been informed that it was Lady Fraser's son who ran over me; he did not give me anything for it.

My parents left the Barracks where I spent so many happy days in viewing the soldiers uniforms, and seeing the firing of cannon, which I felt but could not hear. My parents had removed to Red Lion Street. On one day I entreated my mother for permission to go to London, who did not understand what I meant, I thought she granted me leave and afterwards I started with a beaming countenance, joy filled my breast; I took my little brother Henry in such glee, and we walked together and came in sight of the River Thames, nearly a long distance from our homes. Before we reached the pier I paid two pence for a ticket which would pay the fare to London, but I did not know that I would have to pay to get back. The passengers only pay four pence. After that event we went through the large wooden bridge, which led us to the steam packet from the ticket office. As we sat in it, and a few minutes after, when the bell began to ring, the steam packet commenced to plough into the open water which foamed, and its paddles turned. The captain generally conducts the passengers to every landing place, as Chartlon, Blackwall, Deptford, Greenwich; we sailed across the bosom of the expansive river about fourteen miles on our way to the Suspension Bridge, very pleasantly, and had a view of the gun ships, tugs, merchant ships, hospital ships; the steam packets bend their funnels so as to pass beneath the bridges; passengers

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are landed at these bridges, as London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Hungerford, Westminster, Vauxhall and Battersea. We did not get out of the steam packet, but stayed in it till one or two hours rolled away, and then we arrived at Woolwich. We were left alone when the passengers were all gone. I did not know what town it was, but in a few moments I understood all, and then we made haste and got out of the steam Packet. There was no ticket taker on the pier when we passed along, because he thought all the passengers were gone. We went home and I was surprised when I was informed that my parents were searching for me, and could not find me; that very day they sent me to the Institution at Manchester, and in a letter which they forwarded to the Head Master of the school by post, informed him of my bad conduct. I was called into his presence in the parlor and he signed to me from the letter; I understood all, and my temper was immediately on fire, and I became very much afraid. After a long time, I left him and went into the washroom; the teacher and the boys wanted to know what I was doing, but I would not say anything to them; in about one week after, the Head Master mentioned to the teachers and pupils in the school, the circumstances of my case, and that I deserved punishment to be inflicted on my two hands—four hard blows on each with the gutta percha strap, sharp as a knife.

When I returned from the Institution, the next summer holidays, I was informed that my parents had removed, and resided in Brewer street; there was a large garden at the back of the house, in it there were only four trees, an apple, a cherry, and two plum trees; there were plenty of gooseberry bushes as well as black, white, and red currants, there were different kinds of vegetables growing in it also. I was one bright day alone, and walked round and round the lovely garden, and in a few moments my temper began to have a desire for the puss, so I went to examine after it, which I had at home, when I found it, I brought it in my arms to a large basket, and put it in, and shut it perfectly for the purpose of giving puss a ride. At the time I took pleasure to draw the basket with a long string which glided several times between the bushes, and soon afterwards when I opened it and wondered much how the puss was gone; again I searched and found it in the house and put it back in the basket, but it was all the same, I wondered not to see it the third time; as it stole away from me. I soon became tired and left it. Not many days after, I sought for some other amusement; I took the kitten in my arms and climbed up the apple tree and put it on one of the highest branches and played with it among the verdure and small ripe apples on the trees, but I did not take any of them, I only took pleasure in seeing the kitten afraid, and I teased it; as it

could not get down, I left it on the branches, and then descended the trunk to the ground, so I sat down and fixed my attention on it for a long time to see if it could get down itself, however, it was alarmed and could not, then I felt compassion and decided to climb up and reach it down, but it ran away and fell down. About one year after, when I returned home from the school during the holidays, one afternoon I went to visit a Colonel Anderson's house in the Horse Artillery Square, for pleasure, and when there, I went into the stable in which there were three horses and a little pony; this time I stood in the stable to see with pleasure what the well acquainted groom, Mr. Keef, was doing to the horses, and I saw him washing the feet of one of the horses with water, which was in the pail; the horse he was grooming was not tied to the stall. He had a boy who helped him, and he was cleaning the pony. The passionate horse had his head over the ponies back, and in a short time it seized the pony with its teeth and made it neigh, but I did not hear it as my left ear in which I could hear a very little sound, was not towards it. The poor back of the pony was much hurt by the bite. When the groom heard this, I think he struck the horse a blow with his fist on the head which caused it to become very savage and in a fearful manner run round the stable and kicked with its hind feet, and plunged with its fore ones, and struck me a heavy blow with its iron shoe; I fell down on the straw under the pony and screamed very loud, as the pain was extremely great. The pails were thrown about in every direction. The groom was also kicked on his leg and a small piece of flesh torn off. The groom, although very hurt, was active, he caught the horse by the head and brought it to the manger and tied it up, and then he flogged it. When my pain was gone, he told me that he flogged it with a leathern bridle; but I was very angry with the horse, and compelled him to have an iron chain and flog it more and more than he had done, as he deserved it all, but I was ignorant then and was not merciful. Soon after I looked and saw my father speaking to the groom about what I had suffered; he received a command for the groom who made the pony ready and then put me carefully on its back; I took the bridle of it and was led by the groom on our way to my mother's house for a long way. When the groom knocked at the door, she opened it, and at first she looked very glad, but she afterwards changed her behaviour when he told her of my affliction. I was brought in and laid on the sofa. When the night drew on, the doctor and friends attended me and applied seven leeches which sucked out the bruised blood out of my leg as it was then swelling very much.

At one time my father bought a goat, he paid one sovereign to the man for the goat, it was very useful and supplied us with

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milk. My father built a small house for the goat to live in; I used to take pleasure sometimes in cleaning it out; the goat always butted with its head whenever I put my hand or foot to its head, this it always did; was not this very funny? One day my brother William and myself took pleasure in riding on the goat's back, which made it very furious and it ran awkwardly round a tree several times, so that we nearly fell off. My brother William was appointed to be a doctor to study medicines; he continued two years, but he did not like it, therefore, he left; afterward he enlisted into the Royal Artillery; he was very fond of me and gave me much pleasure to ride with him in the cars and steam packet to London and Greenwich every Sabbath during summer, before I left school we also went to Eltham which is two miles from Woolwich. I did not recollect how long it was, but after this a trumpeter of the Royal Artillery and myself amused ourselves very much, he tied the goat with a rope to a long heavy trunk which it could draw, that I wondered how of its strength, it ran through the gate from the garden to my father who was making a rabbit cage, when he saw the goat he boxed my ears for some minutes, he smiled, I said to him, dear Father, I did not intend to hurt it, but my brother tied it himself; he did not confess it. Some weeks after, my father determined to sell the goat again, so I was ordered and led the goat with a string by my hands and passed along with him from our home and went through the marshes a long distance and came in sight of a tavern on the Railroad side. Before I reached the tavern, my father took fun and tried to go backward and left me, however; the goat followed him constantly, as I could not draw it to the tavern. After that, as we came into the tavern where a certain man who bought and paid him for it, he opened its teeth to see if they were good in the presence of the men who were talking with each other. In fact, we came out of it and walked with the man's son, who led it to his father's house; when I lost sight of it instantly, the tears ran down my cheeks very much, and I sobbed deeply, and walked with my father on our way to visit Mrs. C——, but her husband was out about his business, as a servant in the Royal Military Academy; having made this visit, we returned home where I would not be comforted, as my family tried to comfort me, and I was in tears constantly, about the absence of the goat of which I was fond. Some time after I played so gaily in my lovely and pleasant garden, and constantly my eyes were drawn to a great cluster of apples, on the branches of a tree which were spreading out over the goat's house, when I perceived the apples were very big, and pertained to Captain M—— of the Royal Horse Artillery, and that it was pleasant to my eyes, I then climbed up without seeing no person to see me, and stood on the house, and it was



very easy for me to take one apple thereof. After that time a little daughter of the officer saw me; she ran out of my sight and told her mother, my temper was instantly struck with fear, and I tried to make my escape to my mother's house, which is joined to the officers house. By chance I met Mrs. M—, who did not tell me a word, but ran to my house and informed my mother about my conduct; however, Mrs. M— was very kind to give me many of the beautiful painted pictures representing the various scenes of the New and Old Testament; when I felt her kindness, I then returned to her an apple, though she would not take it. I will never steal any more; you may learn from this lesson that Adam and Eve disobeyed God by eating the forbidden apple which brought all the world into a state of sin and misery.

Having spent vacation at home with my parents, I returned to school at Manchester, where I continued seven years. As soon as summer holidays were given, I returned to Woolwich and found my parents removed to the Officers Library in the Military Barrack, R. A., where my father had been appointed to the charge of it. I was sometimes pleased to help him to do his work in the interior, which was richly ornamented, with the dining room, library, kitchen, &c. One evening I was alone playing and blowing a pigmy toy trumpet, which I had got a loan from one of my little neighbours; about this time I blew it so loud that Captain A—, who was sitting reading the newspaper in his house, became so furious as to pursue me with a gun in his hand, this he did to frighten me, so I ran off as fast as I could. He did not catch me. Some time after, when all was quiet, I tried to return to my home, but I had to be very cautious and make no noise, as I had to go along a passage where the Captain lived. I got safely home and happy was I; after this I took a large black dog from his house for pleasure, and led it far over the Woolwich common. When his attention was drawn to me at a little distance, he ordered one of his soldiers to take the dog from me and bring it to him. He immediately ran after me but I refused to deliver it up and kept my hands on it. He became much excited in his face, which soon produced red and fire, and then struck me with his open hand on my ear and I fell on the grass. The dog ran from me to its master, who was on his duty drilling the soldiers standing in a line. At first Captain A— did not know that I was deaf and dumb, but he was soon made acquainted with the fact, and he learned to spell on his fingers and so talked with me. He was good and kind to me, but some of the curious officers looked harsh and kicked me very cruelly, without learning that I was deaf and dumb; if I was playing up the stairs in the passage where they lived, and made noise and troubled them, they would kick me, some were sorry for the cruelties; as soon as they learned

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that I was deaf and dumb and gave me money. One night I walked with my companions through the common from our house, to see the little soldiers who used to play fifes and beat drums, and marched several times outside the barrack every evening. I began to shout very loud with pleasure, but suddenly the sentinel caught me and put me into the sentry box, I thought I would attempt to escape, but I was afraid that he might shoot me with his gun and kill me if I did; after a short interval I came out of it and begged him for mercy, and that I would not do it any more, how glad I was that he let me go free and I returned home safely.

In the year 1854, I left the blessed Institution where I was educated for seven years; I was not a good scholar, but ignorant when I left it; I spent many happy days at my school. My teacher, Mr. Patterson, was a good and kind teacher, and like a father to poor deaf and dumb boys. Our Institution was near a large Park, where we took delightful walks on Thursday, a half-holiday; we saw many fine fat deer bound over the green pasture, some were lying, some were walking about and others were eating green grass, many played and bounded over the green carpet that was beneath their feet. There were a great many black crows which flew over our heads in the evening; also many cows who grazed, and oxen and sheep reposing under the foliage of the green trees. Sometimes there are rabbits and hares and pheasants, kingfishers, foxes red all over, living in the country, but I did not see them in the Park. We often saw shrubs covered with blackberries, and how we ran to them merrily and gathered the berries. They were sweet and we liked to taste them.

Amusements often took place in the Botanical Garden, which is attached to the Institution. Many of the ladies and gentlemen may be seen on its surface, engaged in all kinds of sports, and you see their merry laugh and behold their frolicsome jumps all round, by the hands, &c. We played too, but we became confused. Our thoughts were in the maizes. We went through the lovely gravel walks and liked to see many of gold and silver fishes, which seemed very beautiful when they are seen sporting in the limpid and clear stream, surrounded by borders of flowers and grass very bright. We also went through the interior of the hot house or conservatories, where great exotic plants were cultivated to be admired and seen, and then returned to school. We have also seen the exhibition of paintings in the Exchange and in Belle Vue Gardens, and Chinese Menagerie and Peel Park, and the great model of Edinburgh, and Panoramas of a great battle at Waterloo, and also River Nile in Egypt, and the grand visit of the Queen to Manchester. A certain gentleman came from France to England and he visited the deaf mute pupils into the

Institution. I wondered to see such a high man, for his height was about seven feet-and-a-half, his arm was so high that a man could walk under it; he could not enter into the room without stooping; no door was high enough for him to pass; I have been informed that he recently died in France. I have been a good christian for some time, but soon I became tired of God's service, which again brought my heart to the old state of sin; I repented sometimes and asked God to forgive me my sins, I found a great difficulty to get the holy spirit from Him, which made me think He would not forgive me.

I was seven years at school and was fourteen years old when I was appointed to be a tailor for the Bugler's Military clothes under the master tailor, Sergeant M—, Royal Artillery in Woolwich, and I soon learned to sew some but did not improve, as I did not like it. Why so? Because my young comrades mocked and informed me that the tailor trade is nasty and *never makes a man*. I often left my work and went to Captain L—'s house. I was very fond of conversing with his wife, who was able to speak on her fingers. She knows my mother as an authoress who wrote much poetry in verses. She wrote verses to Mr. Patterson, the deaf and dumb master at Manchester; he showed them to the gentlemen and they admitted me to school before I was six years old. I sold her books for 3s. 6d. each. They are both good christians. Mrs. L— was kind and affectionate; she gave me money and good things to eat as often as I went to her house. I was lately informed that her husband is appointed to a generalship in England, and also Mr. Anderson as a general in the army in 1860. After some time my father found out that the tailors did not give me much work to do. He sent me to the same trade under Mr. Jelley on Brewer street. I spent there many troublesome days, at last he dismissed me. Why? Dear friends, because his men were very bad and teased me very much by pricking me with needles for their pleasure all the time, so I left and again went under Corporal Wilde of the Royal Artillery. Sometimes in the evening my mother would take her children and a few of our little friends to a beautiful place called Greenhill, for the purpose of teaching them, or of sewing in the cool evening for pleasure. While we played there, I met Mrs. Colonel Lake who gave me her camp stool to carry to the house. The chief building on these grounds is the Rotunda, it is twenty-four sided, 120 feet in diameter; it is raised on an elevated site, and was erected by George the Fourth. In it is a museum for models of a naval and military character, and other curiosities connected with the two services. It is free to the public who wish to visit it. After my work was over, when I came home to my supper, I used to take pleasure the rest of the evening, sometimes I played with

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my little brothers. One evening I took them into the yard and put them in a wheelbarrow and trundled round the barraek yard several times—their little faces were merry while they sat in it. When thus engaged I saw a gigantic balloon which floated in the air; a small car was suspended from it in which sat a gentleman; a number of broken ropes were hanging from it. I left the little boys and ran off as fast as I could; I felt wearied for it was a long way, and the balloon travelled very fast; at last the balloon fell down into a field behind the Royal Academy. A great many soldiers and other persons ran to it. We became much excited and broke the hedges down and ran in among the trees where the balloon was, and soon laid hold of the car. The gentleman who sat in it laughed at us. I wondered to see such a great thing. Some were very diligent and helped to get the balloon in order, and to carry it to a cart into which they put it. A number of us ran after it and shouted for joy. When the balloon was opened the gas escaped: it had a very strong smell.

I remember when I was in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in the month of November, 1846, we had a display of fireworks in the yard. The night was dark and cloudy, but a large bonfire gave us plenty of light; a gentleman made a large balloon and hung it on a pole; it soon got very big, after the lamp was put in the place made for it, it ascended but it caught on the branch of a tree; it turned over on its side and burned up, what remained of it fell over the wall into the Botanical Gardens, which are divided from the Institution by this wall, but the next balloon rose up into the air very safely. I thought it very strange and wonderful; they were seen to the best advantage by the pupils. At last all was over, and we went to the schoolroom and stood in a line waiting for a baker who brought a lot of cakes in a basket, out of which we were given one each; we ate them very well; they had a very fine flavor and were sweet, we all liked them very much; after that we all went up to bed. It was a very happy condition indeed.

One morning while I was at my business, I was informed by the tailors that the King of Portugal would visit Woolwich Common at eleven o'clock that day, when I heard this I left work and started with joy for the common, without permission of my master or the tailors. I ran to have a sight of the pretty uniform of the young King, Princes, and a number of his staff who were with them on horseback. His father the old King sat in a carriage; his bosom was full of silver stars and medals, all very grand. They were all curiously dressed in dark blue cloth, with gold lace and caps with a gold star. A large detachment of artillery, who moved very speedily fired the canons, some soldiers marched, and the bands played so as to please these grand visitors; the soldiers pretty

uniforms set off their outward appearance. The visitors then took a visit to the Royal Academy and Rotunda. After this they visited the officers' library and the barracks. They did not stop here any longer, but soon rode fast away to visit Her Majesty's Arsenal and doekyard.

Dear friends,—a great number of foreigners of high distinction visit Woolwich to inspect the place. I have seen distinguished persons, viz: Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and their family on horseback, the King of Sardinia, Prince Oscar of Sweden and his three Princesses, Prince F. William of Prussia, the Duke of Cambrdge, Sir Robert Peel and some of the other government officers, but I did not know their names; they looked very rich when in full uniform. On the launch of the great Albert ship, in the dock-yard, in the presence of the Queen, Prince Albert and the royal family, with thousands of spectators, I separated from my parents and walked alone in every direction for pleasure to myself. I paid a visit to the four ships which were building under the sheds. I also saw a great number of war ships. I went into the "Madia," a steamship, quite fearless, and got down stairs, as I was anxious to see the boilers and engines; one gentleman came to meet me and spoke to me, I signed to him that I was deaf and dumb. I asked him to come with me and he gave consent, and we walked together into the cabins. Soon after I attempted to open a door, and by chance let the key fall from the lock. When the gentleman heard the noise it struck him with fear, and he began to escape from the cabin. I ran too and laid hold of the gentleman's coat-tails, he pushed me from him with all his force and ran up stairs; when we got on the deck he was very much excited, and proclaimed to the Royal Engineers and naval sailors all that I had done, so the mate went to see the captain and spoke to him about my mischievous conduct, I asked the mate when he returned what the captain said, he answered me that the naval officer opened the door when he heard the key fall and saw me running up stairs; I told him I was thirsty and would like some water, he ordered some soldiers to take me down into the cabin and gave me a supper, they informed me that they would soon set sail for the Baltic sea, for the purpose of fighting the Russians, toward evening I left the ship and walked for some yards, when I saw many gay flags which fell from the tops of the houses, the policemen were gathering them. I felt a desire for some pleasure and resolved to help them, but was disappointed that the policemen would not allow me to do as I pleased, and sent me home by the sign of his forefinger in motion; then I went and recoguized the military drummer boy and walked with him to the gate where we separated and returned to our homes. Not many days after this, while I was at work in the tailor shop, I was informed that

a deer hunt would take place that day ; I felt happy when I heard this, and determined to leave my work ; so I rushed off with a merry face, I walked a long way, till I came in sight of a large wooden house, placed on a cart in which the deer was kept ; the huntsmen were all dressed in red coats, white trousers, wellington boots and blue velvet caps fitting close to the skull ; they were all on horseback, and stood in lines on both sides of this house. A man opened it and found the deer fast asleep, so he struck it with the handle of a whip so as to wake it, then it jumped out of the house, they then let a white dog loose who hunted after the deer, who began to be frightened and then ran off as fast as possible through the hedges in every direction, but the dog could not catch it ; the huntsmen, with a number of dogs then commenced to chase after it through the fields ; I was very thoughtless and much excited, and climbed up over the hedges. I met an accident by sinking in a bog hole, and was covered with much mud, so I lost sight of the huntsmen. I returned home with muddy legs quite fearless as I came into my house ; however my dear parents burst out laughing when they saw my condition. My father wrote a few lines of poetry about me but I am sorry to say I forget the words which he wrote. After dinner I went to work and was engaged at it but a few minutes when I was called into the presence of my master who was very angry with me for leaving my work. He said to me, " Where have you been away all the morning ? " I answered him that " I went to see the deer hunt." he said to me ; " I had done very wrong." He did not scold me.

One morning I thought I would like to have a ride so I went into the stable and begged a groom to give me a ride for entertainment, so he was kind and he gave me leave and made ready to put me on a horse which belonged to an officer. Then I rode on it and the groom behind me. We rode through the pleasant trees which surrounded the rotunda through the repository where pyramids of cannon balls are constantly deposited on the ground surrounded by the battlement, the barracks, Greenhill and the military hospital. It was very interesting to me.

I was living at Woolwich when the war with Russia began. There was a large force of Artillerymen collected there, and made ready to go to the Crimea, with cannons and waggons drawn by fine horses to the Royal Dockyard, to go on Shipboard. The people cheered them, and the soldiers took off their caps and waived them in return. I do not like to be a soldier. I am happy the deaf and dumb are not allowed to enlist. While in the dockyard I chanced to meet a deaf and dumb man, and I was very comfortable in conversing with him in signs, but I could not well understand him, as he was educated at the London Asylum, so the signs taught there are not like the signs taught at Manchester

Asylum ; however I understood enough. This deaf-mute's father was in four great battles, and had silver medals on his bosom. We followed the soldiers to the dock-yard gate, but the sentry would not let us in. I wrote on a slip of paper to him that we were very anxious to see them go into the ships, he went into an office near the gate and brought us out a pass and we got in. Why not? We were the two sons of two good soldiers. We saw the Steamship "Jason," and the Artillerymen and cannon going on board of the deck. I asked them, "would you be afraid to fight the Russians on the battlefield?" and they answered me, "Oh, nothing but entertainment to beat them!" They beat the Russians, and when the war was over, and peace with Russia proclaimed, they returned from the Crimea dressed in the dirty clothes they fought in, and with long thick beard, which made them look savage and not soldier-like. They brought home property of the Russians taken in battle. After some time I saw the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge at a Review. The Queen took a lot of silver medals from a table covered with an English flag, on Woolwich Common, and gave one to each soldier who fought in the Crimea; all stood in a line before her Majesty. Among them were two who had cocked hats and white plumes, and richly bound with gold lace, they had silver stars on the bosoms of their red coats. But I must return to the "Jason," and tell you that my deaf and dumb companion and I got on the bowsprit and played about it, and looked around us to witness what the Artillerymen were doing. We soon became thirsty and went seeking for water from the convicts who were once robbers and thieves, and who wore a number of yellow and red stripes on their clothes, and black patent hats on their heads, which looked very nasty. We went to the "keeper" of the convict ship and asked him in my usual way on a piece of paper to let us see the interior of the ship and other things there, but he would not. After the close of the evening, after a happy satisfaction with what we saw, we returned and gave up our passes to the policeman, then we separated and went home each his own way.

Not long after this, one morning after breakfast, I went to my work and was engaged a few hours, and when it was dinner time the master tailor asked me on his fingers, "Do you go for my dinner and be a good boy," so I went off to his wife, who did not believe me, as she thought he would come to it, so I was kept two hours, and then she despaired and gave me the dinner, and when I came to the Barracks, master was not there; the door was shut and I put the dinner, which was in a basin, in an iron fence close to the fire. After this when I was working, these military tailors tried to please me and made me smoke, I gave consent and

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took a pipe, put it in my mouth and smoked it long. I never smoked before, which caused my head to become very giddy and they laughed at me. When the master returned to his work, and looked sour at me, and when he ate his dinner he called me and put the basin in my hand, so off I ran and he ran quick after me with a stick, which he had in his hand; I then became very excited and ran down stairs quicker than he could, for I had two legs this time, and when I looked behind my back he ran still, which made me run faster, so that he could not catch me. A number of the soldiers soon collected at the Barrack windows, to fix their eyes on me, to know what I had done. I ran to his wife's house and left the basin, and was determined I would give up the tailoring business, and went in search of a situation as a carpenter, thinking it was the best trade to choose. At last I was permitted by the Military Cartwright Master to learn the trade in the shop for a little time. I left it because I was so often disappointed in finding the door locked on me so often; it was a poor trade. I only repaired the broken things, and the navies of the g. carriage. I soon took it into my head to begin tailoring again, so I got into the shop of Mr. George Butler, Royal Engineers, where a deaf and dumb tailor was sewing there; he was educated in the London Asylum. The shop faced the high wall of the Dock-yard on Church street. At this time my dear father was discharged from the Officers Library, and in some days after he was sent to Smyrna, in Turkey, where he was appointed to be a Master Warder Sergeant of the Royal Artillery, in the British Hospital, where the wounded and sick soldiers of the Crimean army were treated during the war, or what I was informed, he belonged to the "Ambulance" corps. My dear mother and family did not go with him. About seven months after his arrival we received the sad and sorrowful news of his death by yellow fever, on the 16th of September, 1855. He left a widow and five sons to mourn his great loss; he was buried in the Civil Cemetery, at the rear of the Hospital. He was a good man and a follower of Christ.

As my mother removed from our place of residence, a long way to Fox Place, in the hundred of Plumstead, I left the tailor and began carpentry under the mastership of Mr. Bennett, who lived the next door to us. Why did I leave the tailor? Because I would have to walk two miles every day to go to work. I spent two months with this carpenter and was discharged; I was a very wild boy. When I could not get a trade anywhere, my mother did not know what to do; she then advised me to write a letter to Prince Albert, so I assented and wrote a letter to him, for to get me work in the Arsenal. After some time he sent me an \*answer on paper, with gold edge and sealed with red sealing wax,

\*The answer was lost by my father at Smyrna.



stamped with the Queen's Coat of Arms. I felt very grateful and pleased to read it, as it told me I would get work in the Royal Dock-yard, and so I took it and went to the gate, and held the letter out to the Inspector who took and read it, after which he said that he could not assist me in anything, and told me that deaf and dumb men are not allowed to work there, that the foreman would not understand me, I said to him "that I could teach him in a few minutes to spell on his fingers to me, and talk to me that way," he would not consent to give me work. This caused me great sorrow. I left him and walked home, and told my mother about what had occurred.

After some days I went again to the Arsenal with Prince Albert's letter in my hand, and walked into the Laboratory Square. I went into the office and one of the clerks took it to Captain Boxer, the Superintendent, and I was with joy employed in the fuze-room at holes in shells. How happy I was then at work.

The following is a copy of my letter to Prince Albert:—

"I am a deaf and dumb boy. I want to work in Queen Victoria's Royal Arsenal, in Woolwich. Men will not let me work because I am deaf and dumb. Will you be good to ask the Queen Victoria to let me work for her. You were kind to buy my mother's poetry, and sent her money to get me many things. I want work to get money, I want to be a smith and make arms to slay the Russians with my two brothers who fight for Queen Victoria in the Royal Artillery Regiment. My father heals sick soldiers in Smyrna Hospital. I am fifteen years old, and am, great Prince,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. SAMUEL CULL.

During Ascension day, which was a holiday, a certain deaf mute boy wanted me to go with him to the marsh, which is attached to the Arsenal, for the purpose of swimming, so I agreed and conversed with him, of course by signs and spelling on the fingers as we walked. When we had walked a long way and went through the wooden gate to the marsh, we saw some shells which were left on the grass by the Artillerymen, for it is in this place that they exercise. We enjoyed ourselves in the cool stream, for it was very hot weather. I saw a boy who was a good swimmer, who dived down into the water and appeared again; I thought I would attempt it too, although I felt frightened, however in a few moments I took courage and plunged in from the bank, but I felt myself going to the bottom, the water came into my mouth, I became excited and shut my mouth with my hands. I was in despair. I began to creep along in every direction, and I could not find the open air. After some time the boy

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saw my hand above the water ; he caught my hand and rescued me. After we put our clothes on we parted, and I went home but told nothing to my parents about it. I was afraid it would displeasé them very much.

When the war was over with Russia and peace proclaimed, and preparation were making in Hyde Park, Primrose and Green's Park for fireworks, to celebrate this event, a fearful explosion of gunpowder took place in the Royal Laboratory Arsenal. I had been engaged with my work, suddenly I heard the dreadful report of the explosion, and smoke burst out of the interior magazine, close to the shop where I worked. It broke all the windows to pieces in the whole side of the square, and pyramids of balls flew up in the air ; I became very much excited, and ran with a pale face across the men who had fallen on the floor. I escaped unhurt, but a rocket nearly struck my legs as it exploded at my feet ; unfortunately, three men were killed, a foreman was blown up to the wall of the office ; his whole body and head was broken into pieces ; a carpenter was also killed by a missile entering the window of his shop while he was at work. But in God's merciful goodness the rain poured in torrents, or more injury might have been done. The wounded and killed were brought to the Military Hospital in waggons. I had a narrow escape from being hurt three times. I do not know what caused the explosion.

On the arrival of my brother John from Malta, in the Mediterranean sea, where he had been for six years, I shook hands with him and welcomed him as I stood by the ship side, which was against the bank of the River Thames, at the Royal Arsenal, but he was so changed I hardly knew him in his Corporal uniform of the Royal Artillery. Some days after he was permitted to live with my mother and not in the barracks. He was very good and kind to me. One day he took me to London Bridge on the railway, as he was very anxious to visit our brother Henry ; we took the steam-packet and sailed at Battersea Bridge. Often when I was alone I walked the distance of sixteen miles from Battersea Bridge to Woolwich. We were surprised to see the New Chelsea Bridge, which was not finished. When we came to the pier we got out of the steamer and walked a long way in order to have a sight of the Royal Military Asylum, which belonged to the Duke of York, opposite the Chelsea Pensioner Hospital in Chelsea, near London. The reason we went there was to visit our little brother, who was receiving his education. The boys are all dressed in red jackets with yellow lace and black scotch caps, they are drilled regularly ; having made this visit and taken supper, we walked a long way to Pinlico Pier, which is opposite Lambeth Palace, I said to my brother we had better walk to London Bridge, a distance of seven miles, but he would

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not—afraid he would feel tired, so we again took the steam packet and again sailed for London Bridge; when we arrived at the station, I told him that I did not like to go home yet, as it was early in the evening, so we separated. I took a pleasant walk through the bridge, where such a number of omnibusses and masses of human beings continually passed. I visited the old London Tower. After that I came to a tall monument, and paid the keeper threepence. I stepped up a long winding stairs to the top, and I had a great view of the many houses and the river, through a telescope. I think it is useless here to tell you of the public buildings, gardens and parks which I visited while in London.

My brother William, who had lived at Aldershot, now lived with my mother, who was very kind to keep us without charging for our board; he was discharged, having obtained the rank of Sergeant in the Royal Artillery, where he had served five years and five months. He was discharged on account of palpitation of the heart, being unwell six months in the Hospital. I am glad William or John never went to battle. My little brother Thomas, the seventh son, is receiving his education in a large infant Orphan Asylum in Hanstead, in the county of Essex; it is prettier than the Chelsea Military School. I have visited it often. At this time I was sixteen years of age. I had tried many trades but never learned any of them thoroughly; I became weary in consequence of the teasing and tormenting I received from my fellow workmen. I think I would have done some good in the Royal Arsenal, had I not been frightened by an explosion, so I determined to leave England for America, to go to my uncle, John Robinson, who lived in Upper Canada; my mother sent my brother William and I away before her to London, promising to see us again in the evening, to give my brother William money for our food and passage. She met us at the ship in London Docks, on the second of March, 1857. Having bid our friends adieu, we got on board a steam packet with our baggage, which consisted of three large boxes and a carpet bag; we landed at the Thames Tunnel pier, and from that place we went to the London Docks, and came in sight of a large ship with two decks in it, called the "American Eagle;" this was the ship we were to go in. When the evening was come, I was informed that my mother was very diligent in searching for us, but we missed each other. The next morning a steam-tug took the ship in tow and we proceeded in this way to Gravesend, where the tug left us. I saw Fort Tilbury, where my brother John was stationed; he left that place, got married, and is a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery, in Edinburgh. We sailed through the English Channel by the wind, and passed Land's End, where I saw large rocks on the

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coast, and a Lighthouse. We sailed into the Atlantic Ocean ; it was very deep and a new thing to me, and I felt very uncomfortable for six weeks, tossed up and down by the great waves which made me giddy, but I was not sick like the rest of them ; many a tumble did I get when walking on the deck. During the passage I saw black dolphins, and sea gulls followed us all the way. A poor sailor fell from the main-mast and was killed ; it was a sad sight to see him cast out on a board with weights on it, into the deep ocean.

Captain Moore, was a good man, and read the New Testament for the passengers ; when the sailor was thrown over, all the passengers came round him. We reached New York in six weeks, and when we came near it, a steam-tug came to us and pulled the ship, I was surprised to see it. We had a pretty view of Long Island, Sandyhook, and the clean white houses and tall trees on the sides of the banks. I must now tell what happened me in the new world. At sunrise we landed at Castle Gardens and took a walk through the city. It is not so handsome or fine as London city. I was very much disappointed at seeing it, as I saw in London the British Museum, St. Paul's Cathedral, Nelson's Monument, National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, Life Guards in Charing Cross, St. James' Park and Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, Parliament House, Wellington Barracks, Kensington Gardens, Westminster Abbey, Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, but only large shops in New York. In the evening we left and took a curious steamboat up the river Hudson 153 miles to Albany, along with two other steamboats, which were fastened to the middle steamboat on both sides. We then took the railroad, of which the track is poor, and came to Toronto, C. W., in three days. We did not take our luggage till after breakfast, and to my grief I found my box was stolen on the way or at the station. I burst into tears and became excited, and began a diligent search for it, but of course it was not there. I entreated my brother to wait, and not to go to Bradford till I searched more, but he had no compassion for me, indeed he nearly starved me on the train coming, as he kept the money. Dear friends, I hope you will make out my box, it was painted black and white, painted words on it as follows:—W. R. Cull, R. A. It had two volumes of the London Illustrated News from January to December, 1856, which I bought every Saturday in London for 5d. and some for 10d. They were richly bound, with gold edge, and full of many pictures. We took the Northern Railway Cars to Bradford, forty-two miles. I looked through the window and had a view of some of the fields, some of which were full of nasty rotten stumps. The cattle were feeding in the fields, some of them looked very well, but the crooked fences de-

stroyed their beauty somewhat; I never saw the like of them in England. When the cars stood at Bradford Station, I got out and went to a Tavern. We slept in it that night, and when the morning dawned, after eating an excellent breakfast, we took the mail stage, which ran six miles to Bondhead, and afterwards about three miles to Newtown Robinson, Tecumseth, Co. Simeoe. Before we reached my uncle John's house, I saw many bones lying on the grass, and thought the wild beasts devoured the flesh, I was very much afraid to see it, but I was informed they were frozen to death. As we came closely to my uncle's house, we were very much disappointed to find that it was built of log trees, and very low. I feared they were poor.

At that time my heart became unhappy as in England. I thought his house was large and that he was rich; as we came into his house, we recognized my welcome aunt, who was left alone, as her husband was at work in the field; after we had waited for some minutes, my uncle John and his brother returned from work with two horses, which he held, and then shook our hands and welcomed us with much delight. My aunt is my mother's sister. Their crops are wheat, oats, peas, turnips and potatoes. My uncle has only fifty acres of land, which was surrounded in a great many places by beech, maple, hemlock, cedars, and balsams. I was afterwards satisfied with his house, as I spent thirteen months there and worked at the farming business with him; it was so very hard work for me to do I did not like it, so I determined to leave work, thinking that shoemaking was a better trade, and that as soon as my mother arrived here from England, I would ask her to let me go to make shoes. William would not like to be a farmer; he was appointed to be a clerk in Mr. Chantless' store, at Newtown Robinson, as also in Mono Mills, and at last he was appointed to be a Sergeant Major to a volunteer field battery of horse artillery, under Captain Goodwin in Toronto.

My mother arrived here from England on the afternoon of the 14th September, 1858. I had been working in a field among peas for some hours, when I was called by my Cousin Eliza. I felt sure that my mother must be present, however, she did not tell me that my mother was in my uncle's house: I left my work and went home, when I was surprised to see my mother, who was talking with her sister and friends, and then welcomed me. After which I conversed with her by the fingers on my sorrowful subjects about the house and business.

When it was winter, I went to Daniel O——'s farm house, a distance of seven miles from my uncle's house. I told her that I wished to go to Toronto to search for a situation as a shoemaker. She would not consent, so I declined taking her advice. The

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Next morning I went from the house and took a long walk in different directions upon the snowy roads; I have sometimes walked through the long forests of thick-pine which were over my head, in which, I have been informed that there were wild beasts, such as wolves, bears, lynxes', panthers, wild cats, wild dogs, ground-hogs, beavers, snakes, &c.; I wondered why they never came out of the solitary forests to the road, (which was cleared up,) and spring on me during my journey. In some instances I have walked fifty-one miles as fast as I could, which made me feel warm, although the weather was severely cold. The weather is cold in winter and hot in summer. I wondered at the farmers who treated me so very kindly and would not charge me anything for my lodgings when I wanted to pay them. They were very kind and did not seem as proud as the people of England. When I had arrived in Toronto, after the long journey (without being fatigued,) I looked for a shoemaker with whom I might learn the business; I experienced great difficulty, but at last I was informed of one, but that he would charge me twenty pounds, and I would have to keep myself in clothes; I went and saw him and conversed on different topics. After this, I frequently took a walk for pleasure, one day I came in sight of Lake Ontario, I wondered to see such a great number of citizens skating on the ice, others in small boats with sails which slid very fast by the blast of a wind; sleighs and horses also; there was a house with one flag which stood on the ice on the lake. After the next evening, I had kindly received a free ticket by Mr. Skelsey, the Superintendent of the Northern Railroad, and took the cars at a rapid rate to Bradford; the place where I slept for the night in Mr. Algeo's tavern. When the morn was come, I walked afoot ten miles up the plank road, where the snow melted and became water and mud; and came to my uncle's house. My mother and uncle wondered and welcomed me how I could travel. I told her the full particulars which had happened to me with the shoemakers in Toronto, though she told me that I had better to go with her to the State of Virginia, where my uncle William Miller, who lives in the village of New Cumberland, County of Hancock. I gave consent and was glad to go. After some days I made up my mind to take a long walk to see more of the country as long and as far as I liked, so I entreated her and asked her if she had no other friends to see. During that event, I was gladly informed that my cousin, Elizabeth Hydes, lives in Esquesing, County of Halton, three miles below Acton, which is about eighty-six miles from here, and also my uncle John's friend, Mr. Kent, who lives three miles above Norval, as far as ten miles from my cousins house. My mother told me on her fingers that I must not go till the road is dry; it was very deep mud. After I be-

came tired and could not bear to stay at home longer, so I took two books which my mother wrote and also two letters, one for Mr. K—, and the other for my cousin. I put my cap on my head and went out of the house and put my feet upon the road, and I was completely swamped with much mud and water which gave me much trouble, though I did not care for it. When I walked twenty-five miles to Singville, one morning in May, I took a walk upon the hardy frost road and passed a great many fields which were clearing to make it ready for crops. The farmers were ploughing the furrows with the yoke of oxen and horses. I also liked to see the beautiful plumages of the warbling birds—Robins, canaries, blue-jays, woodpeckers, gray birds, eagles, wood-pigeons, owls, hawks, &c. They are very pretty and clothed in the richest colors of scarlet, blue, orange, green, yellow, brown and white and black, but I could not hear of the melody of their voices; also the different pretty colors of the curious butterflies; but I could feel the blood-sucking and stinging mosquitoes. One night I wondered to see the fire-flies which generally flew and appeared like stars in great numbers, as I never seen them in England. When the sun rose, as soon as it took the frost away from the road, which also gave me much trouble to my feet, as I walked four miles to Kleinberg from the tavern. I often turned across to the right hand and walked through the thick pine forests which gave me a view of an open space—the wind whispered among the trees. The black, red and striped squirrels are often to be seen leaping from bough to bough or along the fences. When I had walked a long way from Pine Grove, I met Mr. McCarry, an English minister, on horseback, which is about three miles from Whitehead, and I took a piece of paper which I wrote on, and said to him, “Which way do I go to Churchville? After that he pointed his finger out to the ground to where some papers fell out of my hand, so as to say that I must take them from it, so I did it. He wrote afterwards and said to me, that you will come to my house, and directed me where he lives in Berwick; but I said to him that I had no time and must go to see my cousin and promised that I would go and see him again after the visit to my cousin, and wished him farewell; this done, I went from him and then walked off as fast as I could, and came to a farm house where I made enquiry of a farmer for Brampton. I was disappointed when he told me that the bridge was broken down which crossed the river, which caused me very uneasiness, as I wanted to go over it to Brampton; I turned back and walked two miles to Clareville, and from that place I walked ten miles up the long muddy road and came in sight of the Railway crossing, with two posts planted on the Railroad side. At night I found a farm house where I was kindly received to rest and slept. At sunrise, after



breakfast, the farmer wanted me to call here again, and I promised him and wished him good morning; he said to me that the cars are not allowed to run on the Sabbath day at present. When I scrambled up the bank a few yards from his house, and stood on the Railroad track which caused me to feel afraid, thinking that the cars may run over me as I never walked on it before. After some minutes I took courage and walked on it eleven miles and then passed to Brampton and afterwards to Georgetown and then to Mount Pleasant and arrived in Norval Station. When the Station-master saw my shoes were awfully rotten and old, for I had travelled far on foot, he gave me a good pair of boots which suited my feet very well, and after that, I thanked him for his kindness and then walked up the muddy road, a distance of one and a half miles to Norval village and from that I was put upon the plank road three miles, and was directed and came in sight of a large white frame house where Mr. K—— lived. As I came into it where I sat on a chair expected for some minutes till Mr. K—— came home. I held one book and letter to him, who read it. After that he said to me that he did not see my uncle John for fifteen years, you could stay here for some days until I would come here back from Toronto, to which I will go tomorrow morning; he has seven sons and five daughters; also 200 acres of land and large farming. My uncle worked with him, and his house was burnt up when he was out away; he looked for a place where he found near Tecumseth. After spending one week when Mr. K—— returned here from Toronto, I bid him good bye and returned in a long walk about four and a half miles to the same station where I took courage and attempted to walk on the Railroad track nine miles to Acton. How careful I must have been to look out for the cars, but I watched for the smoke which flew up from the steam engine among the trees. There were some of the cars passed when I was on the track. I was directed to my cousin's house and walked upon the muddy road, three miles to it. When I had walked within two miles of the house, I noticed some of the farmers who were helping to build a log house for a stranger and felt sure that my cousin's husband must be present, so I tried to ask the farmer who read a piece of paper which I wrote to him, and he went to call Mr. Hydes, who came to me; I held my mother's letter to him and he took and opened and read it, and soon afterward he welcomed me and directed me by the sign of his forefinger to where my cousin lived. I soon saw my aunt who never saw me before. She has four daughters and three sons. After a few days one morning I walked along with her two daughters through the decayed and new trees where I helped them to make sugar from the sap of the maple trees. I used to split some wood for the fire so that

they fermented the sap to become sugar in a large pot which hung under it. How careful I have been to cut off the high standing birch tree with an axe so that it fell down to the ground as in my uncle's fields. After having spent two weeks there, my cousin wished me good bye, and I went away. At the place I walked on foot very quick five miles. When I became hungry I went into a large white farm house, where I kindly received some dinner. After that, I said to the farmer that I walked from my cousin's house ; but he answered that it is very wrong for you to travel on foot, because it was Easter Sunday ; I said to him *that had better stop here till to-morrow morning and not sin* ; so he was pleased ; on the following day I wished him farewell ; he also gave me a quarter of a dollar. About this time I returned after a long walk in the odious, dim and damp weather, to Mr. K——'s house, where I also spent one week ; when I became tired to stay there so long, and being anxious to go home and please my mother. So I wished Mr. K—— farewell, who was kind and gave me fifty cents, and his wife also the same, and a lot of big sweet apples. After supper I then returned to Norval Station where I also took supper with the master. During that time he said to me, "Can you be careful to look out for the cars?" Oh yes I can. After that he gave me some papers which I would give to the people for the directions, so that I would go home safely without going astray ; I then walked on the railroad track eleven and a half miles to the same farm house where I spent all night, as he wished me to call again. However, I did not forget to look out for the cars which passed me so often while I walked on the track. The next day when I came out of the house, I walked afoot very smartly for many miles to Berwick, where I was obliged to pay a visit to Rev. Mr. McC—— the door was opened by him ; he was pleased, and recognized me, and after that I conversed with his son, and he delighted me by many things, and I spent there two days ; I helped the son to dig in the garden ; I wished his son good bye, who came with me and stood outside the wooden gate, then he said to me, "Will you call to see me again?" No. Then he said to me that "you don't know." After that, some boys carried and showed us many dead bones. I wondered when he told me that they were Indians who were killed in the forests on the elevated hill, which was a few yards from here where they fought many years ago. Then I went from him, and as I returned home for a long way in two days, and the farmers wondered very much how quick I could walk. I made my mother and inmates to be surprised ; however, after a few days I was determined to see more of the country as it was interesting to me, therefore, I entreated my mother to tell me if she had more friends, after which I was glad when she in-

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formed me that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Miller, lived near Mono Mills, thirty miles from here. I took a book and letter and walked a distance of twenty-seven miles through the delightful country which was bright with the sun. I put my feet on a good road to Mono Mills, where I made enquiry in the Post Office for the home of my aunt. How disappointed was I that the master and the villagers did not know her. From thence I walked one mile to a large white house connected with tannery, where I met with a kindly reception from William Campbell, Esquire, to sleep for the night. One night I was talking with him in writing by a piece of paper on the desk, and said to him that I had walked twenty-eight miles journey from my uncle's house in a day; when I told him my name, I was surprised to learn that my brother William had been clerk with him, so that he showed me a large cash book which William used to write. After breakfast in the morning, the master didn't know where is the house of my aunt, but asked me whether I will try to go to Orangeville or Mono-centre, so that the latter I judged was the place to find her; I went from him and then put my feet upon the right road, but it was dew and foggy, so that I could see little, and at last I came to a school house, ten miles, where I made enquiry about the place where my aunt lived. I was glad that the master knew her, and said to me, that she is very poor and lives five miles from here. I was disappointed to find I was on the wrong road and had gone back five miles out of the way. When I had walked five miles, I entered into a farm house where I again made enquiry of a farmer for her, so he took and walked with me up the high rising ground through the thick forests in about one mile distance, before I reached my aunt's house, I was high spirited and walked off as fast as I could, however, he got hard work to walk with me and he soon became tired and wondered at me very much. Soon we came into the small log house which looked a poor place. I gave her a book and letter, but she could not read it, she therefore went to a neighbor who could read, and when she heard the contents, she cried for several hours; soon after, she understood all right and welcomed me. Her husband, who was my mother's brother, was killed by falling from the top while he was building the log house, and also my aunt's brother had been killed when he was falling the tree in the bush, where she showed me to the spot. My mother did not see her brother for twenty-three years before his death. My aunt has one son left with her, he appeared to be between twenty and thirty years of age. Dear friends—I was nearly killed by the falling of the trees when my uncle John and farmers were going to clear the trees and shrubs for the road near Newtown Robinson. I would not agree to stay with her for some days as she wished. Why

so? Because my aunt is an old widow and very poor. I walked with her through the bush, and I bade her good bye, though she burst into tears for me to go away. Then I walked very smart and went very fast to Mono Mills, where I met a chance to see the race horses run fast, which I took pleasure to witness for some time. When all is over, when I had walked one mile, I thought I would not like to put on the same road where I came from my uncle's house, so I turned to walk upon the strange road as I never passed before. I had to walk for two days as far as thirty-one miles up north to Cookstown. Before I reached Cookstown, I had walked through the *thick forests, a distance of about ten miles* through it; suddenly I saw one of the beasts which galloped from bush to bush, which instantly struck my feeling with alarm, and I thought it was a wolf. As soon as I took courage and came nearer to it, I found it was not a wolf, but a deer, and began to run away out of my sight. At the close of the evening as I came to Cookstown, where I asked the landlord in the bar-room to give me rest for the night, so I obtained leave.— However, I made up my mind to have more walk as far as I liked, so I did not like to stay, and then walked very fast nearly less than four miles as soon till the sky became dark. As I came home, I found my uncle and mother at the fire and talking with each other. She was glad when she had received news in regard of my aunt.

Some days afterward my mother as well as myself had travelled 500 miles by railcars, for the purpose of living with my uncle William in the northern state of Virginia. After bidding our kind relations and friends farewell in Newtown Robinson, we crossed in a steamer from one to the other bank of this beautiful river Ohio, where New Cumberland is situated, and crawling up the opposite bank, for there are no landing places, we made our way through mud and stones, and were directed through hills of a tremendous height, the roads running all the way close by the border of deep ravines from 700 to 800 feet in depth. At length we became quite bewildered on our way, and having wandered until my mother was exhausted, she sat down on a fallen tree and I made my way through the forests. I went with some difficulties through the shrub-clad hills, and found a house in a retired part where a woman could read a piece of paper which I wrote, and she knew my uncle and lifted her finger to point out where my uncle lived. I then returned to my mother, and we turned in the right path to his abode, where we found him digging in the garden, and he recognized us at once, and welcomed us. The house is larger and richer than my uncle's house in Canada, it stood between two lofty hills, distant a good way from any other habitation. There is a piece of orchard in which peach trees are growing, and also Indian corn; he has only one daughter and

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wife. I like Virginia better than Canada for its beauty in appearances.

After spending there some happy moments, one warm and bright evening before the setting of the sun, which beat hot upon my head, I took a favorite walk through the thick shade under the branches of the forest, which were very cool above my head, and shut out the sun as with a green curtain. There are also a great many white May-flowers which spread over the green hills, I could not count them. I descended down the deep ravines with much delight, and went to the clear streams which flowed between two high hills, where I stripped off my clothes and began to dip my whole body in the water, which cooled and made me feel very comfortable, I then sat under the brook which rushed from the rock upon me; on raising my eyes they were drawn towards a large beast, like a kind of rat, which stood on the top of a rock under the cave where it lived, a few yards from me, it wandered its eyes about the hills, and in a short time it discovered me, which so frightened it, that it ran away out of my presence to its hiding place; I felt glad that it was harmless to me. When I had bathed I came out of the water refreshed, and put my clothes on; I then ran and searched about where it had hid itself, but I found it not. When I became tired I climbed up a high hill and went home, not far below my uncle's house, and told my mother about what had happened, she smiled and told me it was a ground-hog.

My uncle had tried to get me a situation in a shoemaker's establishment, to learn the trade, but I am sorry to say that the Boss would not give me a job, in consequence of his being afraid of my eyes, which were constantly sore since I was about ten years old.

There is also my uncle's brother George, who lived on an elevated region some distance above my uncle's house, which are all painted white. George has a wife and three children at present. I walked five miles very fast through a vast forest of high trees to the village of Manchester, where a christian blacksmith lived, I asked him if he would learn me his trade, but he did not want a boy. When I showed him a book and told him that my mother wrote it, he took and read it, after that he said to me, "you had better take the books and try to sell them to the villagers here;" I quickly perceived the advantages to be derived from such a course and gladly accepted his advice. I then returned home and told my mother about the books. The next day I took a bundle of my mother's books and returned to the same village in a rapid walk, where I was surprised to raise about seven dollars for them. When I saw they were appreciated and freely purchased, I took courage and started out with more

books. My father paid fifty-two pounds for 1,000 copies, but had four hundred subscribers' names who paid him three shillings and six pence for a copy for each. Again I took more of them and went among the farmers. One day a dog ran very angry and awfully bit my leg with its mouth. It was great pain; however it did not make me mad nor insensible, but the owner poured whisky on my wound and did not purchase a book. Then I went up ten miles, kindly got a ride in a gig to the village of Wellesville, by the river Ohio, where I also sold a good many books, for which I received nine dollars. At the earliest dawn I went into a big brick house and there I slept for the night. A farmer said to me as it was morning, that after breakfast, that there is a deaf and dumb lady who lives in East Liverpool, three miles from here up the railroad track, so that I might go and see her, and do not walk on the track for fear of standing a chance of being killed by the cars to run over me. Some days ago a deaf mute man was killed by the cars on the spot, which is ten miles from here, while he walked on the track. At last I told him that I can take care of the cars very well. Then I went from him and walked on the track without any considerable fright to the same village where I was directed, and came in sight of a pretty house with a good deal of green carved work about it, into which I came, and was surprised when I learned that the lady heard that I sold books; I had a conversation and was charmed with her on some subjects, but I could not comprehend between the different signs taught in England and in New York; I only have two handed alphabets to talk with. Having made this visit I put my feet upon the track to Wellesville, where I went into the Railway Telegraph office, I asked the master "Will you change the heavy silver into gold?" Oh yes! So I drew all my money out of my pocket, which was so heavy that I could not carry it conveniently, and put a great number of silver on the counter before him and his clerk, who wondered and said to me, "Where did you get them?" The master, who seemed an honest man, said to me that you must take heed to watch them for fear of us to steal them, so I did it, he counted to the amount of more than eighteen dollars, and changed them into gold. I returned home when I saw all the books were sold, so I entreated my mother for more copies of the books which were left in Canada, as I could sell them better in the United States. She determined to tell my cousin's husband, a blacksmith, to write and have them sent to my uncle John. I helped him while I waited for the books. I engaged with my uncle to plant Indian corn in the fields and also to chop wood. This was very hard work. I thought four dollars too small for me to be paid per month; the possession of the money for sale of books, which I looked upon as my own, excited me, and my success

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encouraged me to make my way back to Canada ; my mother said to me, " You will starve with hunger if you go so far." However, I did not care and started on my journey in spite of all remonstrances. Then I went through the lonely forests, down the hills two miles to the sparkling river, where I took a row boat to the other shore ; from thence I walked on the railroad track a little rough and stony about a quarter of a mile to the Station, and by chance I met an acquaintance, the station master, who carried his basket hung on his arm, and welcomed me. I said to him as the cars passed us, that I would walk 500 miles to Canada all the way ; he wondered at me when I wrote it. I wished him farewell and became much excited to walk very fast, a distance of twenty-five miles up the track, on which many snakes either dead or alive are often to be seen. One morning I went into the station, where I asked the master to give me a ride to the city of Cleveland, which is about ninety miles from here ; but he said to me that the cars would not stop here, and you will go to the next station, for the cars would arrive there in one hour ; this frightened me to think for the late hour, which made me very excited to walk off as fast as I could than before in up the track five miles, nearly less than one hour. I wondered as I got in the station that the cars did not come there for about a quarter hour. After I waited some minutes I took the freight cars and went to Cleveland, but not as fast as the passenger cars, and had a beautiful view of the wheat and the Indian corn springing up. The fields were covered with rich verdure and bright with summer flowers. The conductor of the train was very kind to give me a passage and dinner free, as I arrived in Cleveland in the evening. One morning, it was Sunday, I attempted to walk up the track a distance of about 183 miles to Buffalo, but it rained, which gave me a trouble, so I went into a great round depot, in which the Steam Engines are kept, as they won't allow them to run on Sunday. I wondered the men were employed in forging the iron, they were breaking the Sabbath. Amongst them there was a kind lad who brought me to his house to live with him for two days. One night I went with him to bed and kneeled in prayer, and I saw him to sign his hand from the Catholic book so as to say cross about the breast, which made me to burst into a laugh as it was strange to me, though he also smiled at me, he went with me to the Catholic Church, which was very interesting to me, but I do not like Catholic religion. Two days afterwards, when I met a good chance and had kindly received a passage on the cars, I travelled very speedily to Buffalo, along Lake Erie. I walked with lively feelings and had a pretty view of many handsome houses through the fine streets, and by chance I met a man who held a tin supper pot in his hand coming from his work, and re-

cognized me, he had emigrated with me from England. After that we were separated without saying a word, and I was directed and went alone to the next depot, where I asked some of the beings that I wanted to know how far will I go to the Niagara Falls, "twenty-two miles" was the reply. The thought came into my mind that I would not like to ride in the cars, so off I started and then walked on the railroad track for some little distance, my eyes were drawn to a very delightful and pretty picturesque scene, sloops and ships were sailing through the extensive waters of Lake Erie, which was sparkling with the sun that shone on it, I could not hear and did not see the cars coming. Soon after, my attention was directed along the track, which was curved along behind the hill, and I saw the cow-catcher of the Steam Locomotive, which was a few yards from me, and I just jumped off the track and the cars ran and passed my side, I felt very much frightened in a warm feeling and almost fainted, for I was so nearly killed. There were a few men who told me I must not walk on it, as it was dangerous to me, so I obeyed, but soon the thought came into my mind, I did not care and again walked on the track eight miles farther, where I slept in a farm house for the night. At sunrise, after breakfast, I walked on the same track three miles to the station, where I asked to take a journey in the cars eleven miles, to Niagara Falls. As I arrived there, when I wrote on the outside of the cars and said to the passengers that I wanted to know what town is this, but suddenly the conductor angrily drew my hands from writing it, which made me understand that the people are forbidden by law to write on it. After a short interval I took a walk for pleasure through the streets, not far below the station. I wondered to see the great and mighty body of murmuring water pass over the Falls, which is 160 feet in height, and a mile above the Falls commence the rapids, which have a descent it is said of fifty-seven feet. After a long admiration I returned to the same streets to the station, and from that place I then walked down to the track two miles to the Suspension Bridge. After dinner I came close to the bridge and was disappointed, for the keeper charged me twenty-five cents to pass over it, so I paid it. Then I walked on the track a distance of seventeen miles to the Desjardine Canal, where the train broke through the tressle bridge, falling sixty feet into the gulf below. There is a new bridge put up which turns on wheels, here I perceived the labourers who are employed in digging on the track; amongst them was one with whom I talked, and wanted to know how far will I walk to Toronto? But he did not read it as I wrote it on a piece of paper, after which I told him, of course by signs, so as to say I jumped off the track and the cars nearly ran over me, which made him to burst into a loud laugh. I said to him,

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will you ask the conductor to give me a ride to Toronto? as we came together to his house for our supper, and he promised so; after supper we came to the station where I waited for some minutes, when the freight train came up. I got into the cars which began to start after the bell had rung. The conductor was about to gather tickets but I had got none, I said to him that I thought the labourer told you, and then begged for permission, but he refused; at last I said to him that I must go to the next station if you cannot give me a passage. During this time the train stood, I was surprised and glad that he did not want to let me get out there, and also informed me that I must be very careful and get out at Hamilton, for this train will go to Detroit up the next track, which does not lead to Toronto; when it landed at Hamilton I was not directed to get off it, at length the train began to start, when the conductor in his collection round, and had his attention drawn to me, he said to me "Why I had not been careful to go to Hamilton?" What was my surprise, but I made no answer to him. A passenger lost sixty dollars and his pocket-book while he was fast asleep. I saw him feel his pockets with his hands, first one and then the other, but of course it was not there. The conductor was very diligent to examine them in all directions with a flaming torch, for it was night, but he could not find the thief. After that he wanted me to know if I saw any one was near him, but I did not see. As soon as this train arrived at Paris, where he took me out of the cars and went to the next conductor, with whom he spoke of my being astray, so he gave me leave and I entered into the next train, which did bear me to Hamilton, where I slept for the night, without bed in the station. The next morning I walked up the track, but was disappointed on account of rain, so I turned back to the same station. I said to the station master as I stood at the ticket office, that I attempted to walk up the track to Mimico, which was the first place this side of Toronto, but it was impossible for me on account of the rain. In some time he permitted me and took the cars which ran speedily a distance of thirty-three miles to Toronto, where I entreated the Master to make ready for me to warm myself at the fire, for my whole body was cold with wet from the rain; this done, I then walked up a long track forty miles to Bradford. When I came into the station of Holland Landing, where I told the Master that I walked thirty-six miles from Mimico, and he wondered and said to me that I will speak with the conductor to take you to Bradford, which is four miles from here. Oh no, I did not want to have a ride, and must walk fourteen miles to Tecumseth, where my uncle lived. After that I went from him and he smiled, and I then walked all the distance. Before I reached it, Levi Law, who was at work in the field on

the road side opposite the blacksmith, swung his arms so as to attract my notice toward a large black bear. I did not know what he meant. In some minutes my eyes were directed along the yard of the house, I noticed a bear lying dead, not far below my uncle's house, it had a long chain in its mouth, and the blood ran from it. By and by I was informed that it was shot dead from the rifles of eight men, while it attacked the horse and worried it in the field. When I became tired I came into the house, where I found nobody in it. I went through the fields and searched for my relations in every direction and could not find them, so I climbed up and sat upon the fence to wait until my aunt came and seen me, and instantly to my surprise my uncle's brother's wife also came and walked along with me; we rambled across several fences and came in sight of my uncle and his brother, and my cousin, who were very busy in hoeing the potatoes. They were struck with great surprise and wondered at me, how I could travel 500 miles from Virginia to Canada. My cousin said to me on her fingers, "Will you live with us?" Oh no! but I only want to have my mother's books from you to sell. When they had done their work, they went with me to the supper in the house and I talked with her in regard of my journey.

One morning I put the books into the carpet bag, which I brought with me from Virginia, and having secured it, I put it on a stick and carried it across my shoulder. I found it very heavy, and it was with great difficulty that I could trudge along the road. I walked a distance of twenty-two miles for two days. When the morning of the second day dawned, I resolved to get on a little farther, accordingly, after breakfast, I started and being determined to reach a place seven miles I again entered on my journey with a light heart; on the road I got into a waggon which brought me in sight of a bright and extensive bay on which Barrie is beautifully situated. I sold a good many books there, for which I received fourteen dollars. After this I returned afoot on the same distance of the road to my uncle's house, in which he and his household were surprised to see my bag nearly emptied. After having remained with them for a whole week, I said to my cousin that I could not bear to stay with them longer, and must go back immediately to Virginia State, and wished them a good afternoon, but she said to me that "You must not go in a hurry, for fear of being killed with wearisome, if you walked all the way, 500 miles." Oh, never mind said I, I am strong enough and can walk very well. I went from her and then walked one mile, but was disappointed to see thick clouds mingled with black and yellow, rose from the north and rolled towards the south. As I went into a shoemaker's house, where I waited until a heavy hail storm fell like thunder, and broke many windows; the stones

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were very big and frightened us very much, as I never have seen them in England. When I had travelled for a great many miles, I observed that some men who were employed in making the wooden roofs for the log houses, and told them that I travelled about forty-five miles on foot, though they did not believe me, and at last I told them with emphasis. They were very anxious to take me to rest with them. About this time I took an iron gun with one barrel, which was so heavy, that I got a loan from one of the men, and discharged a bullet in the mark fastened to a tree a few hundred yards from me, and I was glad to have two games, though I never learned it before. A man told me that "I am a good soldier." Also, a man took a small roof and went to hang it on the bough of a tree which was near the cows that I may shoot it. I said to him that "I am afraid to kill the cows by accident," so he took it and put it on the next tree; then I again shot it, and it fell from the tree and surprised the men. The next day after dinner, my steps were very light like a deer, and I went very quick for many miles, but I did not know how far. I rode in a waggon four miles. When I fixed my attention on a man who rode on horseback, I determined and followed him constantly about five miles very quick, without becoming wearisome. He wondered at me very much. I arrived in Kleinburg, where I slept all night. After breakfast I walked two miles and came closely to the toll gate. I thought to myself that I would have a pleasant ride, so I determined on it and asked a kind farmer for the loan of his horse, which stood at the door of a tavern, the farmer offered me a drink. Dear friends, I would not drink any strong liquors for fear it will bring me into poverty. I am in habits a *teetotaller*. I got on horseback, which galloped two miles to Pine Grove. I was very happy and thought the road was fine, I however felt pain, not being used to it. How kind was a man to tell me that I will go to Brampton, but I could not. Being near the residence of the Rev. Mr. McCarry, in Burwick, I thought I would call on him, as his son desired me to do so. The inmates were very surprised, their faces looked smiling and welcomed me; his son was very fond of me, in talking on subjects. Two days afterwards, thereafter, I walked through the pleasant country and passed a great many villages, a distance of about seventy-two miles, without riding in a waggon, but I sometimes found I was in the wrong roads and had gone out of that way for many miles, which troubled me very much. During that evening I went into a large farm house, in which there was a visitor, with whom I talked in regard of my traveling; then he told me, why not I go to Toronto, which is the nearest way to Virginia State, but I answered that I was afraid to go to Niagara Village, because Wm. Head, a tailor who belonged to

the Suspension Bridge will put me into a work-house if he find me, so I determined to go along the Lake Erie to Detroit in the State of Michigan. After my account he shook my hands and gave me twenty-five cents, and then took a gig and went along the road on his way to Guelph. When I fixed my eyes on the distance, he had gone, I resolved to walk fast and follow after him as fast as I could; I continued this way for ten miles, having walked five miles in an hour, but he did not look behind his back at me. My whole body and head was covered with great drops of perspiration. I was high spirited, and only wanted to show him how smart I was, that he might wonder at me very much. Another gig came up in which were two gentlemen, who rode and passed me, and I ran after them and said to them on a piece of paper, "How long is the road which takes me to Guelph." They were very kind and gave me seventy-five cents, and then wrote to me "two miles." I am sure I never begged of the people to give me money in my travelling. When I had walked two miles, I came into the beautiful town of Guelph. The visitor that I had seen was struck with great wonder and said to me "it was ten miles where I saw you in the brick house, you must run so fast that it will kill you." However, I never felt hurt in all my traveling. He mentioned the circumstances to the people who soon gathered and wondered and fixed their eyes on me, for my clothes were all covered with wet. Amongst them was one who was landlord of the large North American house, he took me into his abode where I kindly received a shirt from his bar-keeper, and also lodging, breakfast and dinner from the landlord without paying for them, who also bought a book. When it was noon, I went into the saving bank, where I drew all my money out of my pocket, which was so heavy, and gave it to the clerk, which he counted to the amount of forty dollars, and changed the English shillings into American gold. And why did I not keep English shillings? Because they will change into twenty-two cents when I am in the State of Virginia. Soon after I returned to the house, where the bar-keeper put my money in a small red bag, which my mother sewed, and tied it very tight with a string, so I took it and hung it round my neck down to my breast, for fear of any one who may steal it if I put it in my pocket. After that time the driver took me in an omnibus and went to the station, where I took the cars and went a long way to Harrisburg, and the next train to London. It was very dark, I therefore had to seek a place where I might rest for the night; I accordingly went to a beautiful hotel. London is where Captain Hodgetts lives, who used to pay my mother a pension for my father's death in the army. I am sorry I did not see him, because I was not told by my mother that he lived there. At sunrise I

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went to the station, where I took breakfast in the refreshment room. Here I waited for some minutes, when the train came I was permitted to take the cars which reached Windsor, 120 miles farther, and had a view of the prairie which was all covered with water and only the trees are to be seen; it appeared like bush instead of roads. I thought it was an inundation. There were boats attached to the houses which stood over the water. Some of the cows were feeding around me. Then I took the steambot at Windsor, and sailed from the one to the other side, on which the beautiful city of Detroit is situated in the United States, and opposite to Windsor in Canada. Toward evening I asked the Captain for permission to travel in the Steamer "The Queen of the Forest" down Lake Erie, perhaps 150 miles, to the city of Cleveland, in the State of Ohio, so I did it. One morning I went from the wharf where it was landed, and then walked down the Pittsburgh Line to Bedford, in the burning heat of the sun, which struck my head and body with great drops of perspiration, I felt weakened to do so; but on the track of Newsburgh, I was made a fool of by a Station Master, who promised to tell the conductor to take me home in the cars. When I found he did not I showed a piece of paper to the conductor as the train arrived, but he refused to read it and went into the cars. Then I attempted to jump on it, but the brakeman kicked me several times, to prevent me from getting on it. It made me feel very mad when I saw the cars which ran away from me, and then found it very hard work to walk off as fast as I could for five miles, and the railway laborers wondered at me very much, though it was not dangerous to my life, not having any accident happened to me. When I came to the village of Bedford, in the county of Cuyahoga, Ohio State, eighty-eight miles from my uncle William's house, where my mother lived in Virginia. I stripped my coat and vest in the presence of the Station Master, for my shirt was all covered with wet, from the sun as I walked very fast, and showed it to him, who might pity and take me in the cars to go home; when I told him where I wanted to go and he said to me Oh yes I will! This was on Saturday, the 4th of June, 1858, at five o'clock in the evening. When the train came that way, I was disappointed that he did not speak to the conductor about my request. Then I asked the conductor on a paper that I wanted to take the cars to go to Yellow Creek, which is five miles from New Cumberland, by the river Ohio, but he smiled and would not. When the bell rang for starting, the Master drew his attention to me and made a sign by lifting up his arm to the cars, so I ran and jumped upon the platform where the conductor stood, I caught hold of the railing with my right hand, having my carpet-bag under my left arm, which prevented me to take a good hold of

it, I lost my balance as the cars began to move swiftly, and I fell down to the ground on the rails, and the wheels of eight cars ran over my leg, from the top of my thigh to the foot, so that the bones of my leg were ground into powder, my bag was broken into pieces, but there were two books which were very strong, so that the wheels could not cut them deeply; I also lost the end of my middle finger, on my left hand, but I was glad that my hands were saved, all was so sudden that I had no time to think, and the cars went so swiftly away that I might have been killed, but thanks be to God, my Heavenly Father, though I was mangled and hurt so much I was still alive, as I could see the cars at a distance, and the conductor leaning over the railings and looking behind. At first I did not feel much pain, but some minutes having elapsed, I felt it awfully severe. I lay groaning on the track and screamed aloud with great pain. Doctor Streater of Bedford and another gentleman were speedily sent for, and I was carried into the station. The people soon collected, as many of them were playing at cricket in the square field close to the station, surrounded by the houses, and they became very much excited when they learned that I was deaf and dumb. I attempted to move my leg but it was in vain, as I was lying on the floor. The doctor put a tourniquet on my leg to prevent it from bleeding, had he not done this I would have bled to death. I opened it very little to lessen the pain without letting them see me, as he screwed it very tight. A party of benefactors sprinkled my face with cold water, and also gave me some drink for I was very awfully thirsty. When I drank a glass of brandy, which the doctor gave, it appeared like water, because I had lost so much blood. The Doctor wrote on a slate and said to me, "Are you a Christian?" But I did not like to say "no," however I said to him "yes," with great difficulty I wrote "*Pension*," but he answered never mind it. I felt so much pain that I often begged him to cut my leg off immediately, by doing of which I thought the pain would be lessened. I however suffered from five in the evening until ten o'clock in the morning. The Doctor telegraphed to Cleveland fourteen miles for assistance. Doctor Ackley of Cleveland arrived. Doctor Streater said to me "Where does your mother live?" However, my hands became weak that I wrote my writing on the slate to answer him. I began to die, which made me very excited about my soul, for fear *I would go to hell without salvation*; I was in despair. It was a miracle from the Lord that my life was spared. During my traveling this thought strengthened me not to fear death. Doctor Streater cut my trowsers with a pen-knife into pieces, before the five doctors that had consulted with each other, who witnessed my affliction, and afterwards he stripped off my clothes and found forty dollars, which I had in

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a bag, which hung round my neck down to my breast, but he did not see nearly ten dollars that were left in my vest. When I was informed that my leg must be amputated, I felt afraid and he said to me that you must be patient. All this he wrote down on a slate, and I could read it; he gave me chloroform, which was put on a rag and held to my nose; I smelt it, but it did not make me altogether senseless. Then they lifted me upon a table and Dr. Aekley performed the operation, which he did with a sharp scalpel and a small saw, though by doing of which I remembered still and felt great pain, and there appeared as it were a great noise in my ears. After this I raised myself up and fixed my eyes to my leg which had been cut off and lying on the table, but the doctor pushed me down on my back. After my leg was off, he secured the arteries, tying them with legatures. After this he turned over the flesh and skin, and then sewed the two together with a needle and thread. When he was done for one hour I was carried into a large and white fine hotel, being no hospital. I paid fifty dollars for cutting off my leg, besides the expense of the attending doctors. My stump is about four inches long.

When the doctor found my life was coming again in the morning he wondered, and the accident was circulated through the United States by the newspaper.

One day Doctor Streator said to me, as I was lying on my bed in great agony, "Where is your destination?" So I told him; he sent a message by the telegraph for my mother to come to my assistance. I suffered terribly with thirst, as I could not drink water, tea, milk, or any other kind of liquors, which were all tried. I found that cold coffee refreshed me well, consequently I drank it all the time.

Though my leg had been taken off, I found an awful pain in my toes, just the same as if they were hammered with a hammer or pulled with pincers, besides there was the constant feeling of cramp which prevented me from sleeping, and I thought it would continue so till my death. After some days my mother came and showed her face sorry for me, and took care of and nursed me with tender love for eight weeks. Some of the engineers, conductors, brakemen and a number of people were anxious to visit me in my affliction, but there was one, a deaf and dumb lass, aged twenty years, who was educated in Columbus, in this same State, often saw me every day for eight weeks. She taught me to talk with one hand. I sometimes read the book to the visitors with my two hands, as fast as I could spell from the letters, and they wondered at me.

I have been informed by my mother, and also by the villagers, that the Railway Company would not help me or give me anything for the loss of my leg, they said I was careless and had

brought all my troubles on myself. Some little children were sometimes kind and gave me some black-berries and flowers, but the doctor would not let them give me the berries, for fear it might produce illness. I am sure that I never felt sick for about twenty years. There were two gencoel men appointed to keep a watch over me every whole night. I never took medicines, except a large bottle of red wine, which I used to drink every day. After eight weeks elapsed, I learned how to walk with the aid of my new crutches for some time, though my stump was not as yet completely healed up, for once I said to my mother that "I will try to walk myself without your care," I began the attempt and walked alone without assistance but in vain; I fell down on my side on the floor, but my stump did not touch it and was not hurt. My mother began to be frightened and lifted me up, but instantly the doctor came to see what was the matter; as soon as he heard her speech, he told me I must not walk without the care of her. The other day I walked into the open air under the guidance of Mr. W—— who nursed me for the space of thirty days; I paid him thirty dollars for it. I soon regained strength and then walked fast, and the people wondered at me when we were going to see the villagers' houses. After some days we bid the good and kind people of Bedford farewell, and took the cars for Cleveland, and I felt no pain. In the evening we embarked in the same pleasant steamer in which I was brought from Detroit to this city, and then sailed down the great Lake Erie. It landed at Buffalo, and afterward we took another steamboat from that place, and also sailed to Niagara Canal in the heat of the sun, from which we went by the cars fourteen miles, and had a beautiful view of great falls and trees on our way to the same village. After we came out of the cars on the village, we then took the Steamer Zimmerman and sailed down the Lake Ontario to Toronto, where my mother engaged a cab to take us to Mr. Dillon's Tavern, for which she agreed to pay the driver twenty-five cents, but when we were half the distance, and seeing our helpless condition, he tried to extort a dollar from her, but she having appealed to some of the gentlemen on the street at the Sword Hotel, they took her part against the cabman; a contest arose which was rather serious, as one of them took the driver by the throat and pushed him down to the pavement, and the gentlemen paid for another cab and put us in, and we saw no more of the wicked scoundrel. Three days after I was permitted by the Mayor and took the cab with my mother to the General Hospital, where I staid two months, till my stump was perfectly recovered. Here I recognized a deaf and dumb man; two deaf and dumb men often visited us, they were English, Scotch and Irish, one of them worked with me in the Arsenal, England. Some days after he

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was sick and sent there, and I was very glad to join with him, as I was lonesome, and I gave him full particulars in regard to losing my leg and my long travel, and also he reminded me about my conduct in England, as I was very fond of running away from the Arsenal, very often to go to London, and also so late to go to work at any time, and I often rambled with him in every direction, and took a long walk from the Hospital for several days to see my mother, which soon gained my strength that I could walk off fast with the crutches. The people thought it was very dangerous and they wondered at me very much. I could beat them. But one thing is worse, that my arms often feel pain when I walked fast so far. At first I found it very uncomfortable and sometimes fell to the ground on account of the rain, and some holes on the sidewalks, and I also broke the crutches sometimes.

Mr. McGann brought three deaf mute ladies and two little boys to see me, and brought many cakes to me; they were anxious to see me in my affliction. He is the head master of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, with whom I soon became acquainted. I used to go to his house; he wanted me to be a teacher in a family where there were seven deaf mute children, but I would not, as I thought it was hard poor work. Some days after, when I became tired in the Hospital, I was anxious, and then attempted to walk two miles to my mother who lived in Adelaide street, where my brother William boarded with her. Two months elapsed; it was winter. My mother took and walked with me a distance of two miles upon the snowy side-walks with much difficulty, in consequence of my crutches being without spikes in them, to prevent me from falling on the slippery sidewalks. We came in sight of a new little cottage, comprising four rooms, and a large piece of ground situated on the wide common in Brunswick Avenue. Now why had my mother left her first residence? Because the apartments were all up stairs, and it would be very inconvenient for me to ascend and descend. Though I had left the Hospital my stump was not altogether cured. I again went with my mother in a long walk to the Hospital, in which I waited for a long time, and was called before the doctors who stood all round to examine me. Among them were one who pierced my stump with a long silver needle, to see if all was right. When this was done, my mother separated and went away from me, and after dinner the Doctor Superintendent of the Hospital asked the driver to take me in a waggon to Spadina Avenue, two miles in length.

After having spent many happy days in riding on the Steam Locomotive Engines on the railroad track as I did in England. The thought came into my mind to have a cork leg from the United States as I wished to wear it like the natural leg. I re-

membered that my box was lost on my way from New York to this city ; I went to the Station and asked the Master if he heard anything about it, but to my great grief he did not. At the time I was directed from him to the Government Emigrant Office Agent, Mr. Hawke, who I found that he was very busy to write to the clerk about this business. I held out a letter which I wrote to him, he took and opened and read it, after which, he said that it was impossible to pay me for losing it in consequence of its being two years ago ; then I went to the Parliament House for the reason that I wished to talk with J. B——, Esquire, about the box, to whom I was directed from the Custom House. I showed a book to the other gentlemen who also took and read it and said to me that you ought to sell the books to the Honorable gentlemen. Shortly after I went to my house, out of which I took a bundle of my mother's books, which were folded with a handkerchief and hung round my neck, exactly like a bell of a cow in the bush. As I came into the Parliament House for a long way where the Members bought a good many books from me, nearly in all the rich Offices. After these things, I was tempted and went to the Governor General, Sir Edmund Head's house, with my books which I brought along, but was disappointed, because a military sentinel who walked with a bayonet beside the gate would not let me in, after having entreated him for permission. I let the books fall from my hand at the foot of him as I carried them with difficulty, on account of my crutches, which I held in both hands. Kind was he. He ordered a boy, who obeyed and picked them up from the side walk and handed them to me. Afterwards the sentinel pointed his finger round, so as to say, that I must go to the guard-house, so I did, and I told a Sergeant that I wished to see the Governor, however, he said to me, that you must write to him. After difficulties, one morning I came out of my house and again went to the Parliament House, where I also sold more books, for which I received about thirteen dollars. When I found a good Christian, Captain Scott, who was busy, and also bought my mother's supplement, after which I told him how the sentinel yesterday could not let me go to the Government House, so he promised, and made me stop for one hour. When the time was regularly struck for us to go to dinner, he went with me along, in a short walk to the Governor's house. The sentinel had a gun, but as soon as he learned that Mr. Scott was to take me and then he went on his duty. How happy I was when I went into house where Colonel Irvine, who was leaning his elbow on the shelf against the fire, and spied through the open door into the Sergeant's office at me, and showed his kindness to me and bowed with his hand to his forehead as I approached him. As I sat on a chair and wrote on the desk in his presence,

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He wore his uniform, and Capt. Scott and he talked with each other about my affliction. I wrote on a piece of paper and held it out to the Colonel, and I said that my mother wrote that book. After this, Colonel Irvine wrote and said to me that the Governor General was not at home, but that he would be back at three o'clock, evening. I said to him, "Will you give me some business to do?" But the Captain asked me what would I like to do? Printer, said I. Afterwards Captain Retallack, the Governor's Secretary, examined me, and said, "Do you know the business?" No. Then he bought a book for two dollars, and said, that I may keep a dollar for myself, and the Captain told me that he would come and see my mother to-morrow morning. In fact, I smiled constantly, and shook all their hands after having told the Colonel that I wished to wait for the arrival of the Gov. General. At last the Captain and myself came to the gate where I shook his hand and then parted from him; I returned home with gladness, and informed my mother of all that had taken place. I told her that I had met with a gentleman that loved and feared God, and that he would call and see her, and probably learn whether my statements were in accordance with truth. The next morning at sunrise he came, and was informed of many things by my mother, regarding herself and family, and also what had happened to me; he said to her that I wrote on a piece of slate very quick, to the gentlemen in the Parliament House, which made her burst into a laugh. Then he came out of my house and went away. A few days after I was diligent to search for the house where he lived and found it. When it was six o'clock, I was called into his parlor and welcomed. As I sat on a chair in his presence he sat and wrote on a large slate, and said to me that the Secretary would give me a wooden stick leg and an apprenticeship in the Queen's Printing Office. However, I answered that I did not like to wear it, but that I would have a better cork one with springs in it. But he returned answer that it is very expensive. At last I told him that I saw a black man who had a short stump not so long as mine and could walk very well with a cork one, so he gave consent and promised to tell the Secretary about it. After that he began to have a conversation about the Gospel of Christ, but I made him no answer. As soon as our conversation was ended, his gay-dressed wife came from the town and shook my hand and wondered and said, how I could find our house. After that, he told me that I will excuse him, for he must go on his business. They wished me good morning and I left, and then he opened a door for me to pass out and bowed with his hands to me. Then my step was lighter and I went very quick, like a deer, with crutches, and returned home, and after a few days, I also went to the house where the Captain told me that the Secretary could not

buy one for me, because it cost 100 dollars, so I was grieved. As I returned home, I told my mother what had been said, as I was anxious to have an artificial leg—this was in vain. So my mother went to the Government House about getting up a subscription; he was pleased, and ordered the military Sergeant to collect subscriptions, which was set on foot, and here it gives me much pleasure to state, that seventy-nine dollars was collected. The Sergeant took a deep interest in my welfare. One day I went into the Sergeant's house where I asked him if I will get a leg in Philadelphia in the United States. But he shook his head, so as to say, No, and said, I will get it in Canada. When I was given the subscription paper which my mother brought from the Governor's House, I found great difficulty to collect money in the public offices, and I returned home and handed it to my mother, who took it to the Governor's House again. When the subscription was on foot, the thought came into my mind that I will try to obtain some assistance from the Railway Company for the loss of my leg; so I determined and took the Railcars to a beautiful city of Erie, laying by the lake of the same name; after being landed at Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, for a great many miles. When I had visited a great many white painted houses, and also a canal which ran through it, I came to the Station, in which I recognized a gentleman who watched me all night on account of my affliction in the hotel in Bedford where my leg was cut off, and I told him that I was going to visit Dr. Ackley, who amputated my leg, but he told me that he died last week. I was informed that the inhabitants of this city are German.

When it was evening I also took the freight cars and went to Cleveland all night, where I went to Bedford in the morning on the cars; it was here where the sad accident happened to me about one year ago. The station master immediately was struck with amazement to see me as I came out of the cars, and made a sign to me by lifting his finger to where my uncle lived; he mentioned the circumstance to the Engineers and Conductors, and the passengers, who soon collected about the cars to see me on the platform. After that, I felt elated, and walked through the village to see my friends in every house, who were surprised and wondered at me very much, how I could travel alone with one leg and crutches such a great many miles from Toronto. On the streets my steps was lighter, and I went as fast as I could, and some of the well informed villagers wondered at me much; among them was one, who told me that I must not walk very fast for fear of being killed, however, I never take care of this advice. When it was Sunday afternoon, I walked with Mr. H——, a storekeeper, who led me to the burial ground where my amputated leg was buried in the small sand grave. As soon as I saw it, I instantly

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burst into tears with a gloomy face, and wept over it much. After that, I walked forward to Dr. Robinson's house, where I slept for the night; I welcomed the Doctor with much delight in shaking the hands, and asked him, "What was it that caused my leg to be cut off?" But he answered that my leg was broken in pieces and I would have bled to death. Then he left me and went away. After having spent with Mr. Fuller three days, where I had a conversation and was much charmed with his daughter. I also visited all the good villagers, who treated me very hospitably; they gave me some clothes. I went into the Station, where I met with a kindly reception from the same Conductor, and he was still kind to me, so I got into the cars, which reached Yellow Creek; how kind the Conductor was to me, and when we parted, he lifted his hand to his forehead several times, and then went away. I went to New Cumberland, five miles, though the Conductor did not say anything for not having a ticket from me. Thereafter, I recognized a shoemaker, who could not get me a job; before the loss of my leg, he showed by his face, he was sorry for my affliction, and could not talk to me and walked with me to the river, where I took a small boat and sailed to the other shore. From that, he directed me to the house where my uncle William lived for a short way, but I was surprised in my feeling to learn that he has removed from the lofty hills two miles from there. As I came into the house and found my uncle's wife and cousin were alone, and were surprised at my coming from the far country; cousin asked me if I brought a letter from my mother for them. She looked upon me with a gloomy face when I told her I had not, and perhaps to think that I might have ran from my mother, so she promised to write a letter to her to see if my statement was true; but she did not. Now why did I not get a letter for them? Because I was afraid that it would be spoiled with wet from the sun in walking so much if I put it in my pocket. The next morning after breakfast, I walked up long rising hills through the forests, but half distance I sat very pleasant on the grass and noticed a bright gold lizard; at first I felt afraid and thought 'it was venomous, and in a short time after I took courage and caught hold of it with my hands, and found it was harmless; it was a beautiful vertebrated animal. After that I came into George's house, in which my cousin and her female visitor were alone, but George was out at work. She welcomed me with much delight, and after a short conversation, when she showed me the portrait of my brother William in his uniform; I said to her that he was very proud and ungrateful to my mother and myself. She did not believe me. After these things, when I had walked for some yards from the house, I found George, who was very busy in ploughing with

his horses in the field. After his work he went with me to supper and there we sat round to eat, when I saw by their looks that they appeared a little sorrowful, as I judged well by their faces. The next day I wrote a letter and forwarded it to my mother by post, as I had not received one from her. After having seen all my friends in this village, and also Manchester, to where I could walk, ten miles and back, with the crutches. I used to take a walk for pleasure, and though I would attempt to hop with one leg and two crutches up the high hill, it was with great difficulty, as it was about 700 feet high; I was glad when I was on the summit. Afterwards I descended down the hill; I did not fall. The people wondered at me very much, among them were one who told me that I could beat him very well. After that I went into the large boat which was propelled with steam by a single wheel at the stern; it is quite common on the river. One of the men on board showed me every part of it, after which I told him that I wanted to go to Pittsburgh, which is sixty miles from here, but he answered that I better took the cars, which run much swifter than this boat. I thought so too. At sundown I returned home, where I spent with my uncle the whole week. I told my cousin that I must go away now, and I wished them a good morning, but she begged that I would not go but stay with her longer. However, I could not bear to do so, for fear that I may be late to go to the Printing Office in Quebec. Thereafter I walked a short way to the station, and I felt great heat from the sun which was very great. I also had on two shirts, which made things worse. In a short time after I took the green train, which began to start when the bell rung, and bore me along the beautiful Ohio river to Pittsburgh, in the State of Pennsylvania. A conductor gathered the tickets from the passengers, and found that I had got none; he was very angry and wrote on his pocket-book and said that "I must pay at Wellesville." I was disappointed and told him that I thought the Station Master told him to give me a ride, but he said "No." I said to him the Railway Company did not give me anything for running over my leg by the cars. However he had no pity for me, and left me and went away. I began to be afraid and wrote on a piece of paper that I was trying to get as much money as would purchase an artificial leg, and also hoping the Railway Company would give me some assistance. At last he answered that as I had no ticket when the accident happened, they would give me nothing. How happy was I when he missed me when I arrived in the city. Everything was strange to me, and I did not know any one. How helpless was I, but the Lord opened a way for me. I had great difficulty to find a place where to sleep; I went to a number of hotels, but found they had no place for me, and their charge was

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very high. At the time it was about two o'clock a. m., I went into a large mansion house where I was kindly received, to sleep and breakfast. One morning I went to the Station, in which I stood close to the window office, and wrote a paper to the Master and said that "I wished to go to Philadelphia," but he answered that it is ten dollars, and if I cannot pay, better go and see the Superintendent, who may give me a free ticket one mile from here. Soon after I walked on the track through the street, where the Engineer who performed the Steam Locomotive Engine, showed by his face pity for me, and threw his half dime to the ground, from which I took and thanked him for his kindness. After a long walk I was directed and went up stairs into the office where I found a genteel lad who was alone, engaged as an operator in the telegraph office, as I opened the door. I wrote on some telegraph papers on the desk and told him many things what I wished, and he talked with me for a long time about the remarks with pleasure. When his master came, he told me I must tell him about my wishes to him, and after that I was informed that I might pay at least five dollars for a ticket. However, I could not, and told the master that I would therefore walk a distance of 336 miles to Philadelphia, if you did not give me a ticket, and he returned to me, "Why did not I get some assistance for the loss of my leg, and must go and ask the Railway Company?" But I did not tell him that it was my own fault for not having a ticket when I attempted to jump on the cars whilst in motion. At last he told me that I had better go to see the overseer of the poor, who might give me five dollars to buy a ticket, but I could not. I begged him to speak to the Conductor to take me in the cars, but he told me he would not. When I saw there was no use in trying to get a ticket I left him and went out of the office down stairs, to take a walk very quick through the beautiful scattered streets one mile to the station; as I came into it, and told the master if he would buy a copy of my mother's book, which I brought from Bedford, as my mother had left them, and he said "Yes;" I sold him one and he gave me half-a-dollar for it. When he had paid me he then returned the book. Was not this very kind? Also his little clerk handed more than twelve cents to me out of his pocket. When it was just time for the cars to go to Philadelphia, I became much excited and began diligently to search for the Conductor, and in a little time after I found him leaned against a pillar, beside the cars. I wrote on a slate and told him that I wanted to go to Philadelphia, however, he told me that I must go to the Superintendent for a ticket, but I told him all that was done with him, but it was in vain. When I found a great difficulty to make him allow me, so I drew a book out of my pocket and held it to him, who also took and read it

when I told him that my mother wrote it. After this he pointed me to the cars, however he returned the book to me. How happy I was in the cars which did bear me down the Pennsylvania Railroad to the city all night, from three p. m. till about eight o'clock a.m. When a short distance from the city, the Steam Locomotive Engine was separated and cars were drawn by ten horses with long ears, which appeared like mules. By and by the cars made a stop under the house. I felt afraid as I came out of the cars and then walked through a great many beautiful streets, and wondered to see so many city passenger cars drawn by two horses, in each which generally run on the rails of the streets in every direction; everything was strange to me. How helpless was I that I had no friends, but God is very merciful to keep my health in all my troubles, so I had accomplished a journey of about 796 miles by the cars. When I felt afraid that I did not know any person, I went to the Pennsylvania Freight Depot, in which I said to the clerk, that I came here from Pittsburgh all night, and thinking that I must go back, for I have no friends here, but he said no, that I better go to see Benjamin Frank Palmer, Esquire, who invented the artificial limbs, which will cost me 150 dollars. Oh, what a surprise! as I could not afford to pay so much for it. I was informed by him where Mr. Palmer lived? After a brief event I went down stairs into the open air and began diligently to search for the inventor, and was directed to his house, where he lived in Chesnut Street, which is chiefly occupied by the manufactories. As I came close to his door-post, I saw marked, "Palmer, Inventor and Surgeon Artist." I knocked at it, which was opened by a genteel lad. Afterwards, he soon learned that I was dumb, and showed me artificial limbs, which I looked at very carefully, so as to see if it was well formed, as it is made of willow, very light, and the joints of knee, ankle and foot are so exactly made and put together. The inventor is not at home, but was in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts. Soon after, Andrew Osborne, Esquire, shewed his kindness and came in, and then sat on a chair before me and talked about it on a piece of paper. At first I told him that I traveled from Canada, and arrived here for the leg, as I was anxious to wear it, he answered "How did you know me?" My friends of Toronto told me that your legs are best formed in the world, he returned to me and said that I should pay at least 100 dollars, if I had not got 150 dollars to buy one; however I could not. "What do you think what is the price you can give for one said he? When I told him that I might pay seven dollars for it. At last I told him that the Canadian Governor's Secretary has seventy dollars and sixty cents. He was pleased and told me that it is all right, that I might pay seventy-five dollars for it. About this time,

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when he measured my stump, he began to be afraid and thought my statement was not true, so he wrote a letter to my mother by post, to see if I might have a leg. I wondered how he was so kind to give me black clothes and buttoned boots, which appeared new, and also brought me half-a-dollar for my mother's book. Then he told me that I must clean my hands like a gentleman and go to barber's shop for cutting my hair off, and not go in such a dirty condition. Having nothing to do, I used to take a delightful walk round the city, and had many beautiful views of the squares, in which there are many squirrels, peacocks, deer, trees and fountains. I wondered and liked to see the peacocks walking in the open air, with the pride of their beauteous plumage and expansive tails of all hues, they also spread out their tails to make a large ball on the back, which is marked with spots like eyes. They appear to be happy.

I went to the Taremont Park on which the white marble of the statues, fountains and great waters are situated and also an observatory on a high rock, all of which I wondered to see, and I met by chance a sailor who was chained with his companions in the arms. He showed by his face, pity for my affliction, and threw one gold dollar in my hand. It struck my feeling with gladness, and I thought I would have a pleasant sail to Manayunk, so I paid six cents for fare, and took an excursion steamer, which was to carry me down on the bright bosom of the Schuylkill river, six miles distance. I felt elated and happy, I liked to see the majestic willows and trees which shaded the old cottages, on each bank of the river which sparkled as the sun shone on it, and the trees were all covered with green verdure, beautiful to behold. There are many handsome bridges which spanned this delightful river. My step was lighter, and I went very fast in every direction, and the citizens wondered at me very much, as I was in a very happy condition for to visit several buildings, Laurel Hill and Oddfellow Cemeteries, Girard College, City prison, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, U. S. Mint, Navy Yard, Independence Hall, Pa. Hospital, and also a grand review of U. S. soldiers, and visited city of Camden in the State of New Jersey, laying by the Delaware river opposite this city. I had six boots which were awfully torn, how kind some of the strange shoemakers, who gave me six boots between them; I get them whenever I asked for them. After having satisfied my curiosity, I went into Mr. P——'s house, where I found that he didn't hear from my mother, though I sent her a letter thrice. I used to go to his house for some days, expecting to see if he has got a letter from her. Therefore, I wrote in a piece of paper and said to Mr. O——, that I must go home immediately, and could not bear to stay here longer. When he read it, he went to the Inventor, who



had returned from Boston lately, just then, Mr. O—— told me that I must stay here for the leg which would soon be ready for me, and then I could walk with it. At length, when my leg was made, the tradesman put the socket of the leg in order, to see if it was fitted to my stump. Exactly two or three days elapsed when I became accustomed with it. Mr. O—— said to me that you must pay the landlord for your lodgings, and I will give you four shillings to buy food for yourself on travelling; when I get a letter from the Secretary, I will fix your leg and send it to Toronto by Express. After having said so, I went into the boarding house with the paper which he wrote and showed it to the landlord, who also took and read it, though he made me no answer. At first I asked him that I wanted to know what charge will I pay for nearly three weeks. Six dollars was his reply; instantly I was surprised and told him that it is such a high price, and begged to give him two dollars, but he refused, and changed his manner, and said to me, that you must pay me eight dollars; I wondered how sly he was and wounded my feeling and grieved me much. At last I said to him, Why did you not tell me such a high price? But he answered to me that Mr. O—— told you about it, and if you would not pay that, I will tell him to pay me, so I put my hands in my pocket and drew out the full silvers, and put them on the counter in the presence of him who showed his face unkind, and counted to the amount of eight dollars, besides about six dollars which I had left in my pocket. In fact, I came out of it and went with a gloomy countenance to the Inventor's house, and told Mr. O—— about the money, then he made me understand by the motion of his head, that I ought not be uneasy about it, he then handed four shillings into my hand, and I bade him good evening. After that I came out of it and walked very quick for some little distance to the President's house, where I went up stairs and opened the door. I found that the clerks were busy writing in the office, and asked one of them that I wished to have a free passage to Toronto. I was conducted by one of them to the next room, where the President of the Company used to do his duty, but he was not there. Some minutes afterwards I was called into his presence, he was writing at a desk; the Station Master stood before him. The President said to me, "Why did you come here from Toronto without money and without friends?" I answered to him that I only came to look for a leg, and that the kindness of the inventor would give me it for seventy-five dollars. Again he said to me that you had better go to New York, which is the nearest way for me to go to Toronto. At last I would not agree, and said to him that "I must go to Cleveland to obtain some assistance from the Railway Co." who belonged to Pittsburgh Line, when the accident happened to me,

but he could not find pity for me, and I was shut out. I was excited to go in and told the President, that you would have had better go to the conductor, who went to look for the Conductor, who was versing with the burglar, he was cordingly, was I to find seen with the quest, and cars which a long distance soon as the beautiful the river and seven to see a number of boats crossing the aqueduct United States Conductor of the city, the and appeal kindness. I thought disappointment, senger cars courage at went close ground, and the crutch I had some liquors but boy, and did me. After get in the which were and here among the

but he could not give me a ticket. The Station Master showed pity for me by lifting his head as I opened the door. After it was shut up I went down stairs with fear, and became much excited to walk very quick to the inventor's house. As I came in and told Mr. O—— that I cannot receive a ticket from the President, he returned me an answer, why didn't you tell him that you would go to Pittsburgh, and if you cannot get free you had better get into the cars without even asking anything from the conductors, so I determined to do so. I left his house and went to look for the cars. As soon as I found them, I looked for the Conductor, and observed him on the platform, as he was conversing with a gentleman. I entreated him to take me to Pittsburgh, he told me I must go to the office of the Station; I accordingly did so, and as I went close to his window, how surprised was I to find that the Master was the same gentleman that I had seen with the President. He very kindly consented to my request, and told him to take me. How happy I was in the freight cars which were drawn by ten horses through the market street, a long distance to the country where the Steam Engine was; as soon as they were attached, they began to run along the side of the beautiful bank of Susquehanna River and Canal, and crossed the river over a magnificent bridge, three thousand six hundred and seventy feet in length. But what astonished me much was to see a number of small rocks in the river, and also the canal boats crossing the river on a bridge, this I was told was an aqueduct filled full of water. There are no pine trees in the United States like Canada. When I became hungry and told the Conductor that I am sorry I did not bring victuals with me from the city, the passengers gave me some which refreshed me much, and appeased my hunger, and gave me much pleasure for their kindness. Now why did not I get food from the city? Because I thought the cars would remain at Altoona all night, but was disappointed that they did not run quick as the same as the passenger cars. During the time the cars stood at Altoona, I took courage and hopped out of the cars without the crutches, and went close to the Conductor who was talking with men on the ground, and he smiled at me, so he ordered the other to get me the crutches, and then the Conductor took me to the hotel, where I had something to eat. When the landlord gave me some liquors but I would not drink it; he told me that I was a good boy, and do not drink any strong liquors, which are too bad for me. After that I was informed by him that I must in a hurry get in the cars, for it will soon start. So did I, and took the cars, which were drawn by two Steam Engines, and went full speed, and here climbed the Alleghany Mountains, and took its course among the mountains by keeping along the deep indentation

made by the waters of the little Juniata, until at Tyrone city, 120 miles from the Eastern terminus, it entered Tuckahoe village, between the chief range of the Alleghanias and Brush mountain; the ascent of the mountain is the greatest achievement of railroad engineering that the world has ever beheld. I passed into the great black tunnel, which is perforated through the rock side of the mountain, and forms an excavator three-fourths of a mile in length. I was surprised that the Conductors were engaged at one of the stations, but the new one did not say anything to me for not having a ticket. It is supposed that the first Conductor told him so. About the middle of the night, the two Steam Engines were separated, and the one engine pushed the last car, in which I took a seat and faced the big funnel; and a large lamp, which was brilliantly illuminated and looked at me, and we proceeded to Pittsburgh, soon light appeared. When the cars arrived at the station in the morning, I began to be frightened, for the people have seen me before I went to Philadelphia, and walked up the track to the Superintendent's house quite fearless, in which I found the same lad that I had seen when I was on my journey to Philadelphia. He was surprised by my coming, and I told him that the Conductor had kindly taken me from here to Philadelphia. He answered that I suppose you had paid him five dollars to go. I answered "Oh no?" and this with emphasis. Again he said "What was his appearance?" I told him so. At last he believed me and said all was true. Then he said, "What made you return to this place?" I intend going to Cleveland to see whether the Railway Company would give me some assistance. He nodded his head, so as to say all right. Also, I was informed that he do not belong to Pittsburgh Line. After an account, I left him and descended down stairs and walked off as fast as I could, and searched for all the Superintendents and Conductors, but all was in vain. As I sat on the platform with a heart full of sorrow, I found the same Conductor who had given me a ride from my uncle's village to this city, and took courage and cried loud a few yards from him; as soon as he heard the noise, he walked and came close to me, and read on a small slate what I wrote, and said to him, "Are you going to Bedford with the cars?" Oh yes! I said "Will you take me to it with you?" He left me and went on after having shaken his head, "No!" which made me feel maddened. I hardly begged him, but he wrote in a pocket-book "to do his duty." I told him that I would give him one dollar, but he answered that you better have a ticket to go to Bedford? Thereupon I was in tears, and told an elegantly dressed gentlemen to ask him about my request. So he did it, but in vain. When I lost sight of him, and after that time I got into the steam engine and said to the Engineer, "What

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made the Engineers to let the steam engines to run over the people who could not hear, and nearly killed me while they walked on the track? But he made me no answer. When it was time for the cars to start, he told me I better ask the Conductor whether he might give me a ride. So I did it, but he said the cars would not go to Bedford. He left me and got into the cars, and went away. After searching some time, I could neither find Conductors nor Superintendents, so I did not know where to go. I was altogether helpless. If I did not get assistance, I could not proceed to Bedford. When the time came for the next train to start, which used to run between Wheeling and here, I got on it to ask the brakeman to speak to the Conductor. When they did so, but he looked harshly and refused my request, and said in a furious voice, no—no—no several times. But I would not obey him, and determined to sit on the seat quite fearless. Shortly after, when this train began to start, and crossed the Ohio river through a great bridge, which was dimmed with smoke, which came from the Cotton Factories. At a short distance, the Conductor came to collect the tickets from the passengers. As soon he saw me, he fixed his eyes upon me for a moment and turned about and walked away without saying a word to me. I was so happy that he was not angry with me and missed me. The brakemen, in order to amuse me, showed how he managed the brakes and the wheels, and at the same time how dangerous. I also saw in the distance, of a train railroad cars which were painted red and looked beautiful; the roads ran into the country. When the conductor showed his new penknife to the brakemen, I jumped from the seat to see about it, and pointed to it with my finger, which made him laugh; however he was pleased and not cross. A brakeman told me that I must be very careful to get out at Wellesville, for the next train will take me to Bedford, which was fifty miles distance to the village. I got in the next train without asking anything from the Conductor, and took a seat. When it began to start, and ran 160 miles to Cleveland, at a full rapid rate, about forty or fifty miles an hour. The Conductor of the train had a harsh expression of countenance, and was very fat, big man, well dressed. In his rounds collecting the tickets, he found that I had got none. I made a funny expression with my face, and lifted my finger to my chin, as much as to say "beard," and pointed in the direction of Wellesville. He could not understand what I meant, and he smiled and turned his back on me to one of the passengers, who told him that the Conductor with the big beard had given me a ride from the city to the village. Then he left me and walked into the door, through the platform, on his duty. Again he collected the tickets, and afterwards drew near to me. But what was my surprise to know he was angry

with me. I judged by his face, and wrote on a slate and said to him that "I am going to Bedford," but he answered that I will not let the cars stop for you at Bedford. At last I told him about the Railway Company, and my affliction, and only had five dollars, which I had in my pocket. He left me in his anger, and after a while he brought a ticket and showed me the word "Alliance." So he sat and talked with the passengers concerning me. After that he left them and went about his business. When I lost sight of him, I touched the feelings of him who turned his back to me. I told him that I wanted to know what he told him; he returned for answer from him, that I had better get out at Hudson Station, for this train would not stop for me. I would not believe this. Becoming tired and not having nothing to do, I looked out of the window to see whether I could recognize the Bedford Station. I did so and lost sight of it, for the train ran at full speed. Oh, how unhappy was I, and the thought came into my mind that I would jump out of the cars through pretence, which only made the Conductor frightened. I began to rise from the seat, and walked close to the door, but it was with great difficulty, as my whole body was shaken. When the brakeman and one passenger saw me, they pushed me down on the seat, and said that I would be killed if I did so. The Conductor stood on the platform, looked sour and scolded through the window to me. I was informed that I can get a ride in the next train, at the coal yard. I then hastened down the stairs, without the sight of the Conductor, but instantly he found me, and caught the rope for the bell to ring; however, he would not let the cars to start, for fear that I might be killed, until I got to the ground safely. The train passed my side and I went away. I picked up all my crutches from the ground, to which I threw from the platform of the train, and then walked up the railroad, where the next train passed me at once. After a walk, two miles to the first turn, where the wooden tree marked Railway Crossing stood, the milk cart came, and I entreated a boy, who granted me leave and took me, which bore me on our way to the big brick farm house, and here I slept for the night. I was informed that they were Dutch. At sunrise, it was Sabbath, I walked upon the road as fast as I could three miles, and came in sight of Bedford; this was about nine miles from the coal-yard, and five miles by the track. I went into the place of my friends house, and told them my success about getting a cork leg in Philadelphia, and also about the unkind Conductors. The next day I used to take a favorite walk, and met a Conductor who was talking with the crowd of villagers about me; I was surprised. I thanked him by lifting my head, and he smiled and then walked away. He had brought a great many children from Cleveland

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in the cars, on a pleasant excursion. The same time I walked on the track, not far below the station for pleasure, as I could not hear, and not having seen the cars, but suddenly the Station Master drew me out of the track, by touching the feeling of my back. But what was my surprise, that I saw the last cars ran slowly and passed me. He told a gentleman how I was nearly killed. He was surprised about it, when I was in the station to see me. I stood on the platform. I recognized the next Conductor, who stood on the baggage car, and then pointed to the cars. So he lifted his head so as to allow me to get in the cars. He had given my mother and myself a free passage in the time of my affliction. So I did it, which bore me fourteen miles to the city. He wrote on a paper to me and said, "Where does your mother live?" In Toronto. He wondered and went on his business. During my arrival in the city. I then walked and was directed by the citizens to the Superintendent's office, where I waited for some minutes. When he came to his work, I wrote in a piece of paper and said, is your name Mr. Cull? Yes! I replied that I had lost my leg in trying to get on to the cars. But he pointed to the door and signed that I better go out now. Again I said, did you hear that the train ran over my leg on Pittsburgh Line at Bedford? Yes! Then I attempted to tell him about wanting assistance, and he was very angry and said, "If you trouble me so much about it, I will turn you out of my office if you again do so." However, he liked to talk with me, but not about the assistance. Shortly after the same Conductor that had given me a passage from here to Yellow Creek lately, and I talked with him. I welcomed him, and at first he was pleased to look kindly on me, but he afterwards changed his manner, because the Superintendent told him about me. I again repeated my request for a free ticket to Buffalo. Afterwards, he said that he did not belong to it, and gave me directions to the next office. I left with grief and went down stairs, and walked as I was directed to the office, where I found the next Superintendent, who was busy at his duty, and I entreated him. After that he said, "What made you return here from Toronto? I answered that Mr. Culloch refused to give me some assistance for the loss of my leg. He showed by his face pity for me, and signed my name on a free ticket; he thanked by his head to me as I opened the door. I went down stairs and walked off as fast as I could, and passed a beautiful fountain which spouted water, and came one mile in sight of a rich house and garden, where Dr. Ackley lived. I lifted my eyes and saw a widow who popped her head through the open window and enquired what is the matter. But she didn't know that I was dumb. Soon after she came outside the door. I said that your husband amputated my



leg at Bedford. She said that he died some weeks ago. There were many little children soon collected to see me as I was talking with her. She called me into her house, and gave me a seat on a chair; when she brought a shirt, but I would not take it, for all its buttons were off. At supper she brought me water and some slices of bread, but I refused to drink water, and said that I want to get some tea, so she did it. Just afterward, I said that your husband charged me fifty dollars for cutting my leg off. I was informed that he did not tell her anything about it. I went from her and walked for a few yards through the gate, where some of the little children, who stood at the iron railings, and gave me some black cherries. A gentleman alighted from his gig on the road, and gave me half-a-dollar. I said, how did you know me. He continued that I only pity you in your affliction. So I thanked him for his kindness, and then he again got into the gig and went away. I walked upon the same road very quick to the city, and took off my coat and vest, for my shirt was all covered with wet from the sun, and I sat on the pavement and cooled myself before the crowd of gentlemen. The following morning, I then walked very slowly, for my arms felt great pain. I am sorry to say that my arms never became hard. As I arrived in Toronto safely, after having travelled a great many miles, for two days. The Conductors and Captains were all very kind in their feelings; but thanks to the giver of all good, who opened their hearts to be kind to me. My mother was surprised by my coming, and welcomed me with much delight. And I said to her with a gloomy face, "Why did you not write a letter to the Inventor, as I staid in Philadelphia, so long expected for one from you?" She answered that the Secretary had gone away into the country, but my brother William would not. After some days, I went into Captain Scott's house, and told him my success about Palmer leg in Philadelphia, so he agreed and promised to tell the Secretary, when he should return home from the country. When the Secretary came home, after a few days, and also was informed of all particulars about my request by Captain Scott. So he was pleased and wrote a letter, and sent it by post. As soon as he received an answer, in which the Inventor said that the Secretary must send seventy-five dollars at first, for an artificial leg. I was informed by my mother, that she had been at the government house, that he wondered how I could find the Inventor's house. The money was sent and in due time the leg arrived, but it was detained for nearly a whole month in the Custom House, there being twenty dollars of duty on it. At last, through the kindness of the gentlemen and perseverance of the worthy Sergeant, it was got out free, and great was the excitement of me when I saw it. But

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this was not the only kindness shewn me in the government department, for they also decided to take me into the Queen's Printing in Quebec. One day I went into the house where Sergeant Smith lived, by whom I was told, "Why did I not give him a subscription list? You was impudent and not come to my house any more. Nearly a month passed. He brought the leg covered with a newspaper into my house, and smiled as he handed it out to me. When I was accustomed to walk with it for some time ;; I took a long walk with great difficulty, it was tiresome with one crutch and a little stick, for I lifted the leg as it wore my stump, on account of its shortness, and came to the station, where I took the cars and went to Bradford. From that place by mail stage, I was brought a distance of ten miles to a red big farm house, where my old acquaintance, William Law lived. I alighted from it, and went through the wooden gate which was opened by his daughter, who brought me for dinner. After that, one of his sons then walked with me through the fields, which was covered with fall wheat, and I scrambled over several fences. Dear friends, I can climb over the fences very well with one leg by myself. We came to my uncle's brother Thomas' house, and then to the next house where my uncle lived. After giving them an excellent surprise, I was welcomed and spent there some days. One bright morning I took pleasure in a walk through the fields, but my aunt said that I must be very careful not to go into another field, for fear of the great bull who would gore me, and that I might be killed if I approached it. So I promised not. When I had walked a few yards, the thought came into my head that I would attempt to walk seven miles, for the reason that I wished to visit my uncle's brother William, so I determined and walked two miles, but my hand felt pain and sore, leaning on the staff. But I was permitted to take a waggon, and drove off to Cloverhill. After supper, I had walked about a mile with great difficulty, on account of lifting an artificial leg to my stump, which caused me to feel tiresome. I entreated a gentleman who rode on horseback, who came up to me, and he asked me to mount on the horse, and so I did it. I wondered how I could ride it very well for a distance, and I was glad. We were separated, and I walked the same distance, when I scrambled over the fences and sat and found some of the little children who were working in the field. I shouted loud to them. As soon as they heard the noise, they ran to me, and recognized and followed me on our way to their house, in which their parents were surprised to welcome me, by shaking the hands and smiled to me. I spent two days. He has only four daughters and one son. One day I also took a waggon and went to the spot four miles farther, where I parted and I soon regained my strength, and walked up the

hollow and hills of the road, three miles to Mr. D— house. The reason I was very anxious to visit, his two tall sons and daughter are all both deaf and dumb. They are Irish. Here I spent three days, and was much charmed with them in conversation, of course by signs and fingers. When their mother became tired of me, she said that I must go and see the affliction of a farmer who had a wound on his leg, for whom I would show my artificial leg, not far below here. So I gave consent and determined to do so. I bade them good bye, and then walked for some little distance, but was disappointed on account of rain, which soon advanced, when I saw the thick black clouds rolled up. I climbed up over the fences, and walked with great difficulty through a great many decayed trees and faggotts, and also sometimes I dipped my foot in the bog and water marshes, which troubled me very much. I was glad to get safely on the road, and took shelter in one of the neighbour's house from the rain, and also slept for the night. Now, how did I know him? Because I talked with him in many things with pleasure, and wanted me to go to his house when he was going to Mr. D—s house. After breakfast, the owner said to me, "which would you prefer, to ride in the waggon or on horseback?" On horseback was my reply. And he said very well, and in a few minutes after, everything was ready, and he lifted me on a pony's back. Then I rode on it, but one of his sons who rode along with me, joined on each side of the horses. We traveled in this way through the pleasant country, and I said to him to let the horse go, which he began to do as fast as it could. He obeyed and did so, and the pony also galloped very fast, and followed the horse. However, I was a good rider and did not fall. In this manner I rode nine miles. Before I reached my uncle's house, I was high spirited and showed my aunt, who was left alone, how I could ride, and allowed the pony, which galloped as fast as it could, more than ever, and my aunt wondered at me. She also wondered that the drops of perspiration were on my head. However she felt cold. We went into her house and had supper. After that my cousin, who had returned from her work, said that I must pay him for my trouble. But I could not, and told her that I would give him my mother's book. So she gave consent and held it out to him, who was pleased to take it. When my uncle returned home, and made us take more supper. So we did it. And the rider wished them and myself good farewell, and he got on his horse and led the pony too, and went away. I also walked seven miles to see my friends. And after some days, when I became tired to stay with my uncle for three weeks. I then returned to Toronto, part of the way by a waggon to Bradford, and the rest by the rail cars. At the close of the evening, I

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walked farther through the streets in every direction, and I felt strengthened to lift my leg, which was attached to the stump, and which I did not find so heavy as at first. I came to my house, but was disappointed to find my mother was not in it, and the neighbour said that she has left it and removed to the house where Mr. Marshall lived, on Denison Avenue.

As soon as we had received a letter from my brother John, informing us that William was in England, Staff Sergeant of the Royal Artillery.

A promise having been made that I would be admitted into the Queen's Printing Office, (the proprietors of which are Messrs. Derbyshire and Desbarats,) and the Provincial government being removed from Toronto to Quebec, I gave her no rest till she would consent to go. Also, I was anxious to see the old city, the place where my dear father and mother had lived in their younger days. After bidding adieu to our friends, we left Toronto on the 10th of October. At five o'clock in the evening, we went on board the stately Steamer Kingston. It had been a beautiful day, and the sun's golden beams shed a glowing lustre over the expansive Lake Ontario. The spires and the houses of the city were reflected from its placid bosom. We soon lost sight of it, and we sailed down the lake into the mighty Saint Lawrence. And I enjoyed the pleasing scene. When the morn was come, I was up and looking around me. I saw a number of beautiful islands, and I was told they were called the Thousand Islands, but whether there are a thousand or not I cannot say, as I did not count them—this was an impossibility. There are many wild ducks flying up about them, and dive in the water. I saw seven lighthouses on them. These are to direct the navigators through the intricate places, and to tell them where there is danger. I also saw the great three rapids. How the steamer pitched when we descended them. I enjoyed it very much. We passed down the rapids, as the sun was rising in the morning of the 12th, followed by another steamer, which had accompanied us from Kingston. We passed beneath the great Victoria Bridge, which extends from Point St. Charles to Nun's Island, nearly two miles. But what took our attention, was the beautiful Island of St. Helens, where my mother first met with my esteemed father, thirty years ago. When we arrived at Montreal, my mother got all her things on board the next Steamer Columbia, and had to wait till five, p. m. We went into every part, and saw many of the pretty buildings and good wharfs, and I was told by my mother that the city is very unlike what it was thirty years ago, before I was born. The night was beautiful, not a cloud obscured the mild light of the full moon; the steamer left Montreal at six, p. m., and we sailed down the river to the ancient city of Quebec, and came in

sight of the great frowning precipice called Cape Diamond, on which the Citadel is built. The line of strong fortifications of the Citadel crown the top of the rock. The officers' barracks face the river. There are large guns pointing to the river, all very curious to me. We landed at the Napoleon wharf, at five p. m. It was very wet and Quebec looked very gloomy. My mother sent me to a boarding house to get breakfast, while she went to look for apartments in Upper Town. She then returned and brought me and the baggage. It was frightful to see the horses climbing up the rocky streets. We got apartments in Nouvelle Street, which is the principal street in St. Louis Suburbs. From our windows we had a beautiful view of the bay, the North Channel and the river St. Charles, the Falls of Montmorenei, in the distance, from which a large range of mountains extend round a vast space of country, in front of which, on the level land, are many beautiful villages, chiefly inhabited by French Canadians. There are two, named Upper and Lower Lorette, one of which is inhabited by Indians. They are very hospitable, and fond of the British government. They have a cannon which they fired in honor of the Prince of Wales, when he went to see them. I also saw the Prince, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons and his suit, thrice, and also the grand procession of well uniformed Indians, and also six large steamships, one of which I wondered to see, a great gun boat "Nile." I was pleased to see some Martes Towers, Citadel and the plain of Abraham, where General Wolfe fought and was killed. My friend, Mr. T—, who lives beside Wolfe's Monument, showed me the spot where the hero died. There was many cannon balls in his garden, which had been firing at the taking of Quebec. My mother has one at home now. I also beheld the great monument on the Bellvede road, which is raised over the bones of many who fell in the engagement. I also visited the Falls of Montmorenei, which is nine miles from here, during the Queen's birthday. I was informed that the Suspension Bridge was broken, while one man and wife and their child, drove the waggon off, through it; they fell down the Falls and were drowned, for they could not be picked up.

When we were some months in Quebec, I longed to go to work, but was much surprised when the printer told the Secretary that he could not take me into the office, in consequence of his being afraid, thinking that I cannot understand it. This made me very sorrowful, for my mother had given up a good school in Toronto, and laid out much money in bringing us to Quebec; because the Secretary told her if she brought us to Quebec, I would certainly be taken into the office. He was sorry and wanted me to choose some other trade, but I would not do so, and liked the printing best, and I prayed earnestly to God to give

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the printer a kind heart that he might take me, so that I could learn a trade. So he did it. The foreman, a French Canadian, was very kind to learn me type setting. I was quick to take it up. But when I had worked eleven months, my eyes failed and I became almost blind. When I was in the Hotel Dieu Hospital for the affliction of my eyes. It is the finest one for the patients. The French Canadian nuns and priests were very kind to me, he brought a great many priests to see the wonder of a cork leg which I wore, and how I could write. When the nun tried to reform me in her catholic religion, with great difficulty, but I persisted and would not. After that I said that how I found myself happy in my feeling, to know the truth, that it was God who forgave my sins, when I repented. However the priest smiled and tapped my head lightly with his bible. The nun would not believe what I said truth, and said that I am very cunning to talk about the soul. When the next nun showed his portrait to the priest. Afterwards I took and saw it. The priest said that he is a pope. I was very bold and told him that I did not like him. He was very angry and went away, and would not talk with me for some days. When I felt sorry what I was done with him, and entreated him to come and talk with me, and told him I will never talk with him about the religion, so he was pleased. When I had lived in Quebec one-and-a-half years, and only an apprentice, bound at the printing for Canada Gazette, for nearly a whole month, at five dollars per month. My mother did not like to live there, for the weather is very awfully cold, and great storm of snow during the winter, more than Canada West. There were 74 Thermometer. The ground was covered with the depth of snow, about five feet, which was nearly closed over the fences. It was very wonderful how I wore only one thin shirt and the clothes like summer's fashion, on account of lifting my artificial leg, as it wore my stump, which made me to feel warm in walking, by the support of the crutches and a staff during the dreadful cold weather. However, the people wore the thick fur clothes. When I attempted to walk sixteen miles up the depth of the snowy road, which was quite hard, as the sleigh horses often passed on it. For the reason I visited the dumb farmer who lives in Valcartier, near Louete, as I thought it was warm enough for me to walk without a leg. But a piece of road, I entreated a farmer, and I got in a waggon, and was surprised I found it was awfully cold, and nearly frozen to death. Instantly, I ran into the farm house and warmed at the fire. It was impossible for me to take a ride without wearing some thick clothes. I saw many farmers who wore the snow shoes to keep them from sinking in the snow through the fields. When I lived in Nonville Street, one night I walked with crutches, as I have a leg to my stump,

and opened the door where the accident happened to me. I fell down the ladders into the depth of the cellar like lightning, and my head struck to the ground in a most dreadful manner, and I was almost killed. How thankful to God to spare my life many times, was I.

Dear friends, the following account of the burning of the Steamer Saguenay, Capt. Stalker, which you will wonder to read. My mother consented, and having sold many things which she could not take with her. She then determined to take me to Upper Canada, where our friends resided, hoping the change might prove beneficial to my sight; accordingly, we went on board the steamer on the 8th of May, 1861, bound for Toronto, C. W. When about to sail, the inspector came on board, and found fault with the state of the vessel; this detained us in the harbour at Quebec, so that it was the twelfth before we set sail for Toronto. We left at three o'clock p. m., and proceeded with half steam up the bright river. My mother felt sorrowful as the old city receded from our view. We left many kind christians in it, who were kind to give me many clothes, and we also loved them dearly. I used to go to Captain S——'s house for prayer every Sunday. At four o'clock on Saturday morning, we were at Three-rivers, and at seven p. m. reached Montreal, and at eight o'clock was safe in the Canal Wharf, intending to go on our way next Monday. There were twenty passengers on board, and a great cargo of tobacco, rice, oil, &c., being valuable from 4,000 to 5,000 dollars. We had no fear of danger when in the wharf, but were all fast asleep when the fire holes of the boiler broke out. I believe from carelessness on the part of the fireman. It was first observed by a watchman on the wharf; had they apprised us at once, we might have saved much clothing. We had a quantity of clothing in our state rooms. But they tried to put out the fire quietly, while we slept soundly; but when it reached the oil, for there was a great quantity on board, they cried out "wake up the passengers." Mercifully, my mother first heard the noise. It was God's goodness that caused it to be so, for it was a long time ere she could get me to wake up, being fast asleep and my eyes sore, they were opened. But my mother succeeded in dragging me out of bed at one o'clock a. m., and a lamp been burning, after opening my eyes a little, she spelled to me on her fingers that the steamer was on fire. She then put my crutches in my hands, and that I did not wear my clothes and boot. I lost no time until I reached the steamer side, where the fire had least power. She ran after me, lest I should jump into the water, which I certainly should have done, had not a man caught me by order of the Captain, I, been half asleep, and greatly maddened. When she saw me safely on the wharf, she tried to

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regain our sleeping rooms, that she might obtain some clothing, but the fire and the smoke was then too great. The Captain cried out to her to leave the steamer immediately. They were then taking the women and children out of windows. My mother let herself down by a rope and got safe to the wharf. We were both barefooted and in our night shirts, and it was raining. It was about one o'clock, a mass of flames which rose up very rapidly like fiery serpents all the while, and could to be seen through the country for a great many miles in the darkness. A kind watchman took off his coat and put it on me; he then opened a store, lighted fire and gave us shelter for the night. The rest of the passengers got into a hotel. As the last was snatched off board, the steamer's fastening gave way, and it bounded back into the water. At daylight, I went alone, barefooted, not far below the store, and saw the fireman who threw the water on a fire which was nearly extinguished, about four o'clock. The cracking of the timbers in the steamer was dreadful. I met the passenger who, accompanied with the steward and passengers, and brought them to the store. They thought we had perished in the flames—and also gave me some clothes. Also my mother had saved my trowsers and one stocking in her carpet bag. We then proceeded to the hotel where I met the passengers. They were all delighted to see us, and we all rejoiced and were thankful that God had spared our lives, though we had lost all our worldly property, except a little money that my mother saved, and bought us clothes on Monday.

On Tuesday, at nine p. m., we started for Toronto, 333 miles by the railcars, and arrived at a quarter past two o'clock, afternoon, on Wednesday. Many friends in Toronto were glad to see us, but sorry to hear of our misfortunes. We stopped a few days here. Then visited Acton, Guelph and Norval. We returned to Toronto. We found it had been notified in the newspaper that my cork leg was found, it had not been badly burnt, but had been stolen from the boat during the fire. We left Toronto and returned to live with my uncle John in Tecumseth for some weeks. We are now residing on Church street in Bradford, and then to a house on a hill, right above the village of Bradford. I must not tell you any more at present.



