

SINGLE AND DOUBLE HAND ALPHABET.



Glory be to God for giving the Abbé de L'Épée the wisdom of inventing the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet. He was the benevolent Frenchman to whom the deaf mutes owe the first persevering, earnest, and successful efforts to instruct the deaf and dumb of which they have any certain accounts, and he has, consequently, been called the father of the art of instructing this class of unfortunates. He died in the city of Paris, France, 1789. He passed from this life with the pleasant recollection that God had made him the blessed instrumentality of shedding light upon the hitherto dark path of a numerous class of his fellow men.



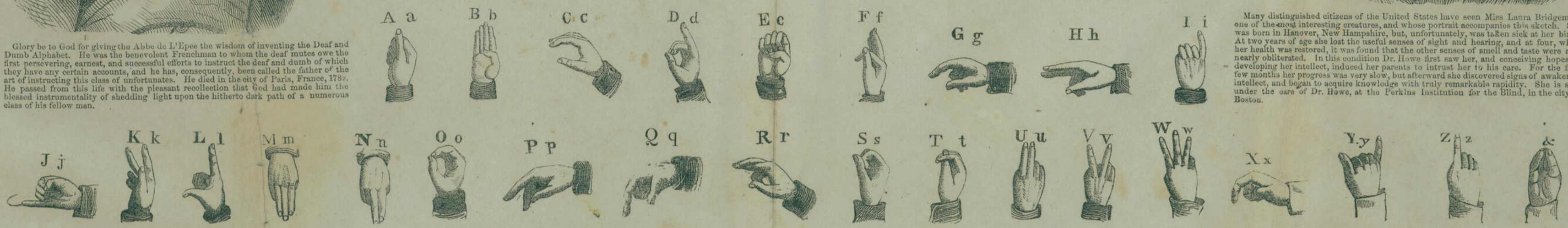
Many distinguished citizens of the United States have seen Miss Laura Bridgman, one of the most interesting creatures, and whose portrait accompanies this sketch. She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, but, unfortunately, was taken sick at her birth. At two years of age she lost the useful senses of sight and hearing, and at four, when her health was restored, it was found that the other senses of smell and taste were also nearly obliterated. In this condition Dr. Howe first saw her, and conceiving hopes of developing her intellect, induced her parents to intrust her to his care. For the first few months her progress was very slow, but afterward she discovered signs of awakened intellect, and began to acquire knowledge with truly remarkable rapidity. She is still under the care of Dr. Howe, at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in the city of Boston.

This Chart contains the Single Handed Alphabet, which is used in the Institutions for Deaf Mutes throughout the United States, France, Spain, and a portion of Italy; and the Double Handed Alphabet, which is used in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It also contains a simple method of expressing numbers on the fingers. The Single Handed Alphabet is the one to which persons who desire to converse readily with deaf mutes should turn their attention; for the other is fast becoming obsolete in this country. In spelling out sentences with this Alphabet, as the last letter of each word is formed, the hand should be slightly moved in a horizontal direction. By thus separating the words, confusion will be avoided. No regard need be taken of syllables. These twenty-six positions of the hand, to represent the letters of the Alphabet, are supposed to have been the result of the ingenuity of one Pedro Ponce de Leon, who flourished in Spain some two hundred years ago, and gave instruction to several deaf mutes of noble families. They were, however, introduced more extensively, through the labors of the Abbe de L'Épée, a century later, in Paris, where a school was founded, to care for the poor as well as the rich, hoping to induce others to attempt the acquisition of this very pleasant means of conversing with deaf mutes.

EXPLANATION.

Single-hand J is made by raising the little finger, and making a curved line in the air. Z is made by raising the fore finger, and drawing it downward in the shape of a Z. Double-hand H is made by drawing the right hand down the left hand. J is made by drawing the right hand backward of the left hand; also Y backwards.

Our eyes are the most important of all the physical organs of the senses, because the nerves in the eyes carry the sense of knowledge with greater rapidity and industry to the brain than those (other nerves) in the body. God gives us a great plenty of light, by means of which we can see anything else. I wonder why a great many people are not grateful to Him who has given them many rich blessings. Deaf mutes, from their natural condition of peculiar dependence upon the sense of sight, conceive a strong partiality for the eye, and are disposed to attribute to it a variety of superior powers, which, perhaps, others—particularly the blind—might be disposed to claim for the other organs of sense.



THE FOUR SEASONS.

The Spring is the pleasantest part of the year; as the buds are peeping out, and the little birds return from the South to the North merrily to sing. The farmer plows his land, and plants the precious seeds in the ground in this season, and in a few weeks they come up, and fill the land with fragrance, looking beautiful and lovely all around us. If he does not do so, it will soon be too late. So if, in youth, we neglect to cultivate our hearts and minds, by not sowing the seeds of knowledge and virtue, we shall be ignorant, wicked and unhappy. The human heart is naturally hardened to everything good—producing evil. When the Summer comes, oh! how beautifully and majestically the sun shines above the golden clouds. The refreshed farmers hurry to their labors, the whistling shepherd boy drives his flocks to the grassy hill, and the flowers cut down the sweet-smelling grass. The trees are filled with ripe fruits—with cherries all over ruddy and black—and the birds of castles are gathering in the orchards, where they can glance at the silvery water. Oh! look up and see the goodness of our God, who has created so many splendid things with such benevolence and compassion. Soon the Summer flies away, and then returns another Autumn, fading our pretty flowers; and the birds leave the boughs. The leaves that were green are turned red, and drop into their grave. We are employed in gathering the ripe apples and vegetables for our food during the winter. The wind blows wildly, and the branches wave, and the trees are all naked and bare. When the Winter comes to visit us in reality, and we feel again called upon to notice the peculiar labors and duties which it imposes, and the domestic comforts we can enjoy. Winter evenings are usually employed in reading or attending societies. It is in the and splendid sleighing which lingers around our dwellings in the country towns. Oh! what a change in the year, and how great and incomprehensible is God who created such works.

HYPERBOLE.

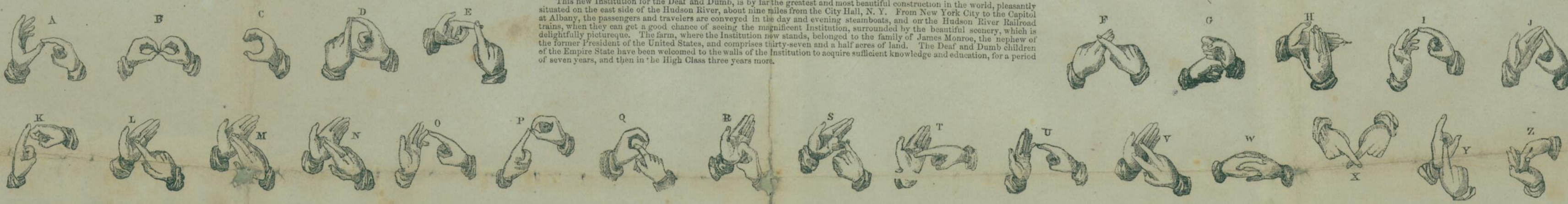
The roar of the lion is so great that it can easily crack the window-glass. By the intelligence received from the Crimea, that the Mamelon and White Tower were retaken, Napoleon III. was so much shocked, that the whole palace shook. The terror inspired by the sight of what is mistaken for a spirit returned in a shadowy form from the world beyond the grave, is often fearful. Each hair, electrified by fright, stands erect, undepending on its neighbor; the eyes dilate—protruding from their sockets; the face turns ashy pale; the limbs, nerveless and tottering, scarcely support the frame; and the uplifted hands—each finger outstretched as if to avert the evil so much dreaded—seem to deprecate its approach in vain; and the whole person looks far more like death itself, than the supposed visitant from the abode of shades. Prince Hamlet, on the occasion of the unfortunate fair Ophelia's burial, leaped into her grave, and grappled with her mourning brother with the fierceness of a madman, declaring to him, that forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up the sum of his affection for the unfortunate girl. RESIGNATION.—A deaf and dumb child was asked, if she knew why she was born thus. The tears rapidly filled the eyes of the afflicted child; but in a moment she dashed them away, and with a sweet smile playing upon her thoughtful countenance, wrote upon her little slate: "Even so, Father, for it seemed good in Thy sight."



This new Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is by far the greatest and most beautiful construction in the world, pleasantly situated on the east side of the Hudson River, about nine miles from the City Hall, N. Y. From New York City to the Capitol at Albany, the passengers and travelers are conveyed in the day and evening steamboats, and on the Hudson River Railroad trains, when they can get a good chance of seeing the magnificent Institution, surrounded by the beautiful scenery, which is delightfully picturesque. The farm, where the Institution now stands, belonged to the family of James Monroe, the nephew of the former President of the United States, and comprises thirty-seven and a half acres of land. The Deaf and Dumb children of the Empire State have been welcomed to the walls of the Institution to acquire sufficient knowledge and education, for a period of seven years, and then in the High Class three years more.

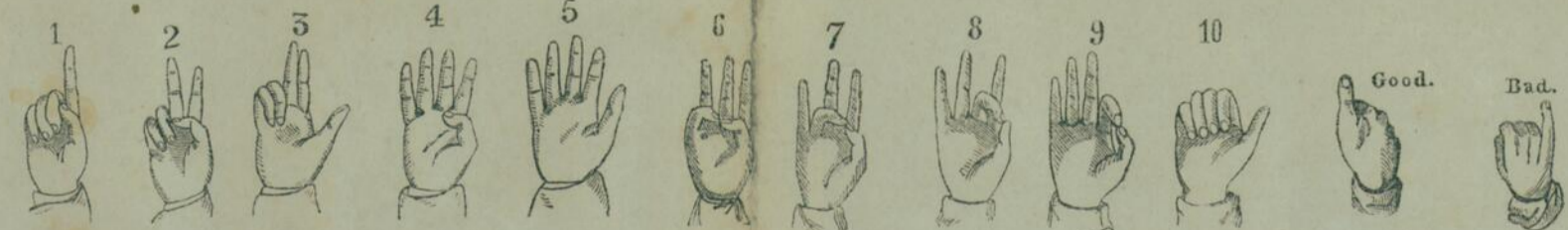
"Home is the resort of love, of joy, of peace, of plenty: whose—supporting and supported—polished and dear relations mingle into bliss." Oh! what a multitude of delightful, yet mournful thoughts rush over the mind at the mention of a single word. Home! What a volume of happiness, and what an amount of sadness are alternately concentrated in reflection upon the long pleasant years passed within its native surroundings, as among the rarest moments of enjoyment in the blooming morning of life, and the best smiling visions of vernal existence. A house is a consecrated spot, and seated on an open and tranquil space, surrounded by the picturesque sylvan scenery of nature, enriched by the waving fields, the smiling vineyards clustering upon the hills, and creeping amid the interstices of each garden bower, upon which the enamored flowers sleep, beautified by the undulating verdant elevations and white sheets of fresh-water lakes, an embosomed with the lofty emerald-headed palms, among which the delicate warblings of the nightingale, and the chirrings of flitting birds, from minute to minute, gently beat the drum of the listening ear, possesses those elements that fitly combine to make it a seat of true poetry, as on these varied beauties and wonders with which the garb of nature is richly embroidered, the vivid imagination feasts its swollen eyes to magnify the sublime glories of the Omnipotent. It is man's most sacred place of retirement, where he usually spends the greater portion of his time, where he seeks a refuge from the vexations and embarrassments of business, and an enchanting repose from exertion, and quiet scene of relaxation from care, wrought by the interchange of affection and social enjoyment. It recalls to the memory the days of our youth, once the spring of our joyfulness, of our light-hearted pleasure, and of our budding hope, and reminds us that our wild, free, and unshackled heart was, for a time, a stranger to trial or tribulation. The mind is enabled, by its fellow-traveler—reflection—by whom it is accompanied, to vivify the remembrance of the bright, young, merry faces.

As we can realize genuine happiness, emanating from a home, however humble, let us look back through the dim vista of the remotest ages, and imagine what a matchless and inimitable home our first parents once princely possessed—the fascinating paradise of Eden—assigned to them by their Maker, and ornamented by the magic hand of nature with her most gorgeous gifts, cheerfully adorned with floral halls, through which the splendid Adam and beauteous Eve frequently stalked, with a lordly air, as its king and queen. From such a home were they driven; but a far more glorious home is reserved for us, their descendants, if we accept the offers of salvation through Jesus Christ—"A mansion not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."



METAPHOR.

The bud of true patience will soon expand into the blossom of success, which will emit the fragrance of contentment. The tomb of our beloved Washington is the Mecca of many a weary pilgrim, where tears water the flowers of affection. The whale by which Jonah was swallowed was a marine house of correction.



SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

EXODUS 4: 11. The Lord said unto him, who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb or deaf or the seeing or the blind? have not I the Lord? LEVITICUS 19: 14. Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind: but shalt fear thy God:—I am the Lord.