

Jewel (Mrs. A.M.)

PLEASE READ THIS.

638
20

A BRIEF NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

MRS. ADELE M. JEWEL,

(BEING DEAF AND DUMB.)

—•••—

"As you would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

—•••—

Mrs. JEWEL presents this little sketch of her life as a means of support, with the hope of meeting with friends, and some degree of sympathy from the benevolent and traveling public.

—•••—

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DR. CHASE'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 42 E. N. MAIN ST.

1889.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS.





PLEASE READ THIS.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

MRS. ADELE M. JEWEL,

(BEING DEAF AND DUMB.)

'As you would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'

MRS. JEWEL presents this little sketch of her life, as a means of support, with the hope of meeting with friends, and some degree of sympathy from the benevolent and traveling public.

ANN ARBOR, MICH :

DR. CHASE'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 41 & 43 N. MAIN ST.

1869.



A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H



I



J



K



L



M



N



O



P



Q



R



S



T



U



V



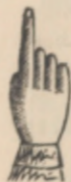
W



X



Y



Z



&

PREFACE.

Many years ago, I first became acquainted with Adele M. George. She was at that time a lovely and intelligent little girl of ten summers, with bright, laughing eyes, and an artless, winning manner that quite charmed us, and we soon became very fond of her, for the dear child was a mute. As she was the only child of her doting parents, nothing that could impart pleasure, or make her comfortable and happy was denied, to make up as far as possible for the great blessing of which nature had deprived her. Indeed, she seemed hardly to have a wish ungratified. Such is the beautiful picture our memory presents of her childhood. At length her family moved westward, and we lost sight, for a time, of the little deaf and dumb girl. And when we met, nearly fourteen years after, we were surprised and pleased at her improvement, and yet grieved at the change in her circumstances. She had become a lovely and accomplished young lady. Having acquired an education at Flint, she was interesting and communicative. Conversing rapidly, in the sign language, to those who understood that method of speaking, or writing in a clear and graceful hand with a pencil, to others. But sorrows had fallen heavily upon herself and home. Sickness had deprived her of the use of one eye—and death had robbed her of an indulgent father, and left her solely to

the care of an invalid mother. They had lost their property, and were now without even a home of their own. In their straightened circumstances, Adele conceived the idea of writing a little history of her life, and offering it to a sympathizing public as the only means afforded of supporting herself and mother. The plan succeeded, through the aid of a few interested friends, and for some years she thus secured a comfortable living, and might have continued in well-doing, but for an unfortunate marriage, which has left her again dependent upon her aged mother, with three little helpless children upon her hands, the eldest, a mute, like herself. Thus she is again thrown upon her own resources for support.

Friends of the unfortunate, I appeal to your sympathies and aid for this dear child of affliction. Let me assure you that she is *every way worthy* of your patronage and your kind wishes. By purchasing this little book, containing a brief history of her life, you may find something that will amuse or interest yourselves, and at the same time lighten the burden that lies so heavily upon her frail shoulders. Do not pass her coldly by. It is but a trifle in itself, but every purchaser lends a hand in making a sad heart happy; and that Heaven will bless and reward you is the sincere prayer of

A FRIEND.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

MRS. ADELE M. JEWEL.

The history of my life is made up more of thought and feeling than of incidents and events. It is brief and simple, and yet may be interesting to those who are curious enough to know how the world and its experiences are regarded by one who can neither hear nor speak. I know that there are many kind hearts ever open in sympathy for the sorrowful and afflicted, and those I am sure will give me a hearing, as I am one of the afflicted. It is the will of God that some of his children should be forever excluded from the sweet sights and sounds of earth. Why, we know not, only that it *is* so; and it remains for us who are thus, to "Be still and know that he is God." And though we cannot understand it, we must believe that it is all for the best. I was born deaf, on the 15th of November, 1834, in the city of Cincinnati, though I do not remember much before our removal to Detroit, in the year 1838. Among my early acquaintances, was a little girl nearly my own age,

Charlotte Monroe. We became warm friends from the first, and were seldom separated from morning till night. Our plays, our toys, everything we had, was shared in common; and by the use of our own signs—a language taught by nature—we understood each other very well. They tell me that she ran in to her mother, saying, in a voice of gladness, “Ma, I can talk deaf and dumb as good as Dellie.”

My father had a tame black bear chained up in the yard. He was harmless, at least, we believed him so, and were not afraid to play near him, and even sometimes to pat him on the head,—I and my little friend Lottie. But he soon taught us not to be quite so familiar. We used to feed him apples and cake, and were delighted when we could make him show his teeth, or climb the pole, or rear upon his hind legs. One day (I shall never forget that) I had a piece of cake in my hand, which I held temptingly before him, though I had no intention of dividing with him, and frequently disappointed him by drawing it back. He became enraged at last, and seizing me in his arms, he tore my clothes off in an instant, and would have killed me had not my shrieks brought me instant relief. My father dared not keep so dangerous a pet, and soon disposed of him.

Lottie and myself were up to a great many mischievous pranks, which caused our friends considerable troublesome times, I fear. I laugh now when I think of them; but I have not seen her in a good many years, and they tell me that she is married and the mother of four children. I can never think of her except as a little fun-loving girl.

When a few years older, my parents removed from Detroit to Grass Lake, on the Central Railroad. There I found myself among strangers, and longed for the friends of my other home. It seemed as if no one would ever understand me as Lottie did, and I missed her sadly. But I was not long left to pine in solitude. Dear Polly Ann Osgood, I soon learned to love her as well. We grew up together like sisters. How many delightful rambles we had about the fields and forests, gathering berries and other fruits, and weaving the sweet wild flowers into garlands to crown our heads; and although I could not hear the warbling of birds, my little friend did, and she tried to make me understand it.

I was always charmed with the scenes of nature, and have been out for hours alone watching with an exultant heart the skimming swallow, the green meadows, the rippling streams, the waving forest. The glad sunshine, the cooling breeze, and the flying clouds were all subjects to me of wonder and delight, and I longed to know more of them and their Author. Who made the beautiful world and who made *us*?

My young mind was filled with thoughts all unexpressed and inexpressible. Deep, fervent and glowing, I longed to worship *something*, I knew not who or what. My dear mother was constantly importuned with questions, who made the grass and the flowers and all the living creatures that throng the earth? The sky, with its shifting clouds, its glowing sun, its mild moon, and its myriad stars?

Oh how I yearned for the knowledge to illumine my darkened mind. My mother, as well as she was able, explained to me that One who dwells above made them all; and that I must kneel and raise my eyes, hands and heart in adoration. Oh, I thought "If I *could* only see him." But since I have been able to read His Holy Word, I have learned more of Him. I have learned to worship Him in spirit and in truth; the only true worship, for He is a Spirit and comprehends the language of the heart though the lips move not.

While dwelling in Grass Lake an event took place that I shall never forget, the remembrance of it even now fills me with horror. My father used sometimes to pour powder upon the hearth to make it flash for my amusement. I think he did not know what a mad-cap I was, or he would hardly have thought it prudent to set me such an example.

One day I was left at home alone, and I got the powder, and sprinkling it about the floor set it on fire. It flashed in earnest, setting fire to everything. I had on a flannel dress, fortunately, or I might have flashed with the rest. But I caught my little dog in my arms, and drew my father's trunk to the door. It was very heavy, and I could not lift it over the sill. So I was obliged to leave it and run more than a quarter of a mile to the house of the nearest neighbor to give the alarm.

When they reached the house the roof had fallen in, and the house with all its contents was consumed. When my mother and father came home, there was no home to receive them. My dear father had taught his foolish little dumb girl a

trick that had robbed him of it; though they did not know it then. I could not explain the cause of the fire, and they were so happy to find that I had not also perished in the flames, they thought little of their great loss in the house, though many valuable papers and other articles were destroyed which were never replaced. After I learned to write, however, I gave my mother a faithful account of my part in the affair.

When about twelve years of age I was sent to a common school. I tried as hard as I could to learn, but it was a dry, tedious process, as my teacher was not qualified to instruct the dumb, and I gave it up in despair; feeling, oh how bitterly, that I was not like the rest and could never hope to acquire as much knowledge.

I had an uncle who wished to take me to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in New York; but my father's health was fast failing, and as I am an only child, my mother could not endure the thought of separation, and that project was also relinquished. And I, much as I longed for a more enlarged and cultivated sphere, much as I hungered and thirsted for a high knowledge of the world in which I lived, was brought up wild and wayward, with no definite understanding of my relation to the world, or the duties required of me. My young heart was brimful of love and holy aspirations, and I fought and rebelled against the small compass of surrounding circumstances that hedged me about, yet knew not how the evil could be overcome.

About this time it became evident to all—all but me—that my father's days on earth were num-

bered. I had never seen a person die, and death to me was a subject upon which I had never thought. To *die!* what was it? I saw the change upon his face. I saw the last dying glance of his eyes as the film gathered o'er them. I felt the last grasp of his icy fingers—then he lay cold and motionless. It was a sight so terrible that I clung frightened to my mother. And yet I could not believe that I must give him up. I believed the change only temporary. It seemed to me that he would rise up again, and speak to us, and live as before. But long hours and days passed away and the change came not. Then they placed his rigid body in a long box, and screwed the lid down tightly, and buried him up in the earth.

What did it all mean? Was this death? Oh how terrible. How could people ever be happy when they knew that sometime they must die? They tried to explain to me that some part of him was still alive and gone to God. But I shook my head. No, God lives up in the sky, and I saw him buried in the ground, I said. They told me that it was "only the poor wasted body which was buried, that the part of man that *never* dies, the spirit, had gone to God." I thought it was cruel in God to deprive me of so beloved a parent, and I could not feel reconciled. That was my first sorrow. But after a little while my dearest friend, Polly Ann, sickened and died also. She was taken away and buried, and I became so hopeless and disconsolate that I hardly cared to live myself. I was sullen, gloomy and resentful. I refused to look upon the lovely face of nature and take heart for the future. All things had ceased to charm

me—"what are they all good for if we must die and leave them?" I thought. It seemed to me that if God could do as he pleased with all the world, he could not be good to deprive the poor little mute of some of her dearest friends, rendering her life so dark and cheerless. I visited the graves of my dead friends, mourned and wept over them with a sorrow that refused to be comforted.

A knowledge of God's love and what he has done for me was unknown to me then; but after I was taught to read his Holy Word, many things, once so dark and mysterious have been revealed to me. I have found it a fountain of living waters, from which I can drink deep draughts of light and truth, and my soul is satisfied. It fortifies my weak soul against the sins and sorrows of this life and enables me to do my duty with a cheerful heart.

I have confidence in God's love towards mankind, and in his wisdom and goodness which rules and directs all things. I have had many crosses in life to bear, but I will lean upon his Mighty Arm, so strong to save and he will save me. "Yes, though he *slay* me, yet will I trust in Him.

After my father's death, my mother and myself were left quite alone and found it hard to get along on the farm. So we sold it, and after paying all the debts contracted during his long sickness, there was little left for ourselves, and we moved to Jackson, where we endeavored to obtain sewing or any kind of work that would enable us to get an honest living. We lived in that city three years and during that time found several good, true friends who did all they could to aid us. Here I

formed the acquaintance of a young lady also deaf and dumb, who had been educated at an Asylum in Ohio. She was the first mute I ever saw and the mysterious ties of sympathy immediately established a friendly feeling between us. I was surprised and delighted at her superior attainments.

She could write a beautiful hand on her slate to those who knew not the use of signs, and in a little while taught me the sign language by which we conversed very easily together. We enjoyed many pleasant seasons together, and I shall always count among my dearest friends, Miss Almena Knight, the name of this young lady. Many of our readers doubtless are already familiar with her little history.

After I saw Miss Knight I grew very anxious to become a pupil at Flint. Some friends who felt interested in my welfare, obtained my mother's consent and assisted me to go. Thanks for the instructions received of Miss Knight, I succeeded in making myself understood, and from being an entire stranger, soon became as a member of one large family. My instructors found me an "apt scholar," and when I had been there ten weeks, I sent home a written article of my own composition. My friends were surprised and pleased at the rapid progress I had made.

Elsie Fairbairn was my especial friend among the pupils; we became warmly attached and seldom separated. The parents of friend "Eppy," as I called her, were also true friends to me, and did many things to show their kindness to myself and

mother. I shall always remember them with gratitude.

During my stay at Flint I was taken with inflammation in my eyes, causing me great suffering and destroying the sight of one. My health became poor, and I was obliged to withdraw from the school. I resigned my place with much regret, as I still felt greatly deficient in useful knowledge. The loss of my sight is a great loss to me, still I am thankful for the blessings I do enjoy; for though poor and with slender means of support. I have laid up my treasures in Heaven; looking forward to that glorious time when the mute tongue shall burst forth in strains of love and praise to its Creator in a world of peace and joy. When the lame can walk, the blind shall see, the deaf hear, and the dumb shall speak. All will be right there—no aching heart, no saddened countenance. What a comfort it is for me to believe thus!

“ We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest;
But what must it be to be there?

“ We speak of its pathway of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels so rare
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

“ We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

“ We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above.
But what must it be to be there?

"Then let us, midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we all shall know
And feel what it is to be there!"

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changes not, abide with me!"

"I heed Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
On to the close, oh Lord abide with me!"

PART SECOND.

DEAR READER:

Let me add a few more pages to the brief sketch you have just read of my life, which was written over four years ago. It was a great undertaking for me to publish for perusal by the public a history of my life, and then offer it for sale. I shrunk from it, and could never have done so, had it not been really necessary for me to do something for my own maintenance. But though sometimes chilled by averted looks and want of sympathy, I have found many ready and willing to extend the helping hand; many earnest, true friends who have aided and encouraged me. The son of Mr. BARNES, my former publisher, (who is a true gentleman, has also been afflicted with deafness, though not mute,) and the printers in the *Tribune* office, made me a present of the first thousand copies of my little book and a few dollars in money to help me on. Words fail to express my gratitude for this kindness, but I shall ever cherish for them the most grateful remembrance. By this means I was enabled to secure a home for myself and mother.

R. N. RICE, a gentleman widely known for his Christian virtues and his benevolence, has gained my gratitude by doing much to assist me.

And now I will tell you what I have seen in my travels. Many things very interesting and wonderful to me. Thank Heaven for sight, precious sight! To the deaf it is both hearing and speech. I have only the full enjoyment of one eye, —the other is still so dim that I cannot distinguish objects with it. But the sight I do have is invaluable to me. Some of my blind friends seem very cheerful, and even happy. Yet pleasures which sight secures can never be theirs. The faces of beloved friends, beaming with smiles of affection—the green fields—the beautiful flowers—the trees waving in the summer winds, white with blossoms or laden with ripe fruits—the broad, winding river sparkling in the sun, while boats of every shape and size glide over its bosom. How endless are the objects presented to the eye of a traveler. How I love to watch the changes in the beautiful blue sky bending so lovingly over us; now so clear that scarcely the softest shadow of a cloud is seen; then covered with white, fast-sailing clouds or clouds at rest, tinted with the hues of the rainbow. Then we have the fierce dark rain clouds, with vivid lightning passing through them. Then at night when the sky is clear how all ablaze it seems with its millions of stars. These objects are familiar with all, but I am afraid we do not think as much as we should of Him who made them. Oh how we ought to love and adore One whose wisdom and goodness is so manifest in all His works. The most wonderful sight I ever beheld, a sight that made me tremble and worship God, was the Falls of Niagara. Such a great river, pouring over such a descent! It makes me dizzy to look at it; and it

shook the earth far and near. What a dreadful thing it must be to go over the Falls. As I stood upon the bank and watched the foaming spray, and heard its awful thunder—for even the deaf can hear that—my guide pointed out the log just above the falls, that Mr. Avery clung to in despair, out of reach of all human help. Thousands of spectators gathered on the shore anxious and eager to extend assistance, but in vain. The tide was so rapid it would have been madness to attempt to reach him with a boat; no ropes could be thrown far enough, and after remaining there for many hours, the strength of the unfortunate man failed, and he went over, down, down, into the foaming cataract many hundred feet, and was never seen more.

My guide told me, also, of the fate of the steamer *Caroline*. Fired by the Canadians and sent over the Falls. He said it was enveloped in flames and it looked grand as it was plunged into the foaming abyss.

We saw Fereni walk a tight-rope across the river while at the Falls. A great many people assembled to witness the feat. Fereni walked away steadily until half way across—then he fell! We all thought he was gone forever. But by a dexterous movement he caught by one hand and saved himself. Then he got upon his feet again and walked across. I could hardly breathe until he was safe upon the ground again. I do not like to see people get into such dangerous places. It seems to me as if they were defying death. But this man had walked across many times without accident, and he had grown careless.

We saw many Indians and Squaws sitting about on the shore, with their little children playing about them. Many of them were nearly white and very pretty. They were employed with bead-work, which they wrought with great ingenuity, and offered for sale to visitors. I brought away several little relics which I prize highly.

The Suspension Bridge is a wonderful structure. In the distance it looked like a spider-web. It seems almost incredible that such a bridge could be built strong enough to bear up a heavily loaded train of cars. Yet it is true. It would be fearful to fall at such a time!

At the Suspension Bridge we found an Asylum for the deaf, dumb, and blind. It was a private school kept by Dr. Skinner and his wife. The Doctor had been blind two years—his wife, though she could see, was a mute. This worthy couple, though white themselves, were deeply interested in the poor colored children afflicted like themselves, and their pupils are all colored. Those who could see had bright sparkling eyes, and were quiet and respectful. The blind were very tidy and attentive. They all seemed very contented and happy, and it was interesting to see the dumb scholars converse with their blind associates.

The institution is supported partly by donations and contributions from those who sympathize in the good work, and partly by the publication of a paper—the work is done by the pupils who are printers and compositors.

We came away much pleased with our visit, and praying for the success and prosperity of the

Asylum, and for the welfare of the generous instructors and founders.

At the Suspension Bridge we took the cars for Portage, passing, on our road, Perry, Wyoming and several other little villages. When we left the cars and took a carriage, our way lay along a high ridge of hills. The carriage track was very narrow, with scarcely a foot space between it and a frightful precipice on one side, and a high, steep bank on the other. I trembled and clung to the side of the carriage, fearing every moment to be dashed to destruction—a single mis-step of the horses, or mismanagement on the part of the driver, making such a result inevitable. But we passed over safely. Every now and then entering some densely wooded dingle or tangled wild, which made it seem as if we were hundreds of miles from any human habitation, and then a sudden turn in the road would reveal the most enchanting little village imaginable, nestled in a warm valley at our feet; we could look directly down upon the roofs of some of them. It seemed to me like fairy land. Thus we were several times surprised and delighted during our ride.

The Portage Falls, though much smaller than the Niagara, looked very beautiful, flying and flashing in the sunlight, and pouring its sheet of white foam down the rocks.

Messenger's Hollow was another beautiful town, situated at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. Indeed, I could fill a large book, describing what I saw through that country, but I can only briefly allude to them here. All along this delightful tour I found much pleasure in conversing with some of

my fellow passengers, thanks to Monsieur Galaudet, the noble benefactor of his race, who first became interested in the happiness of the poor mute and invented a language by which we can converse with others, and be cheerful and happy. Those who could not understand the sign language could write, and I also made frequent use of my pencil.

Leaving Nunda, we pursued our way to the village of Mount Morris—the early home of my mother. She was much surprised at the great improvement and the changes everywhere so apparent. It was almost a wilderness then, with here and there a solitary farm house. Now, thriving little villages are scattered all along our way; and the place called Mount Morris was now a town of considerable importance. Here the cars and the canal afforded opportunities for travel. We took the cars far Cayuga at this place, passing through Bloomfield, Canandaigua, Geneva, and in view of Seneca Falls—another cataract worthy of note. It looked very beautiful, and the scenery around it passes my power of description.

At Cayuga village we rested for the night, and the next morning went on a steamer to Genoa, about twenty miles off. The Lake was only two miles wide, and we could very plainly see the shore on either side. On one side the shore was very near to us much of the way.

We passed a burial ground three miles above Cayuga Bridge. Its white monuments and tablets gleamed through the trees. It was a lovely, peaceful spot. Here, my mother told me, the body of

my grandmother had slept for many years. She died when my mother was very young.

Arriving at Genoa, we went to visit uncle's family, who received us with much joy, and my young cousins did all they could to make our visit pleasant. We remained a week, and when we set out on our return my aged grandfather and his wife accompanied us and spent the winter with us. My beloved Aunt Lucy—my mother's only sister—was very ill, and the following spring, hoping she might be benefitted by the change, we induced her to come to our home in Michigan. But she grew no better, and after watching and attending to her with great care and affection for several months, she died, and was buried but a little way from my home, where I have visited her grave often. My grandfather returned home in the fall, and my young cousin joined the army. So my mother and myself are left alone again.

Two years ago the Principal of the Indiana Asylum sent me an invitation to visit the institution and remain a pupil.

Miss Almena Knight accompanied me. We had a very pleasant visit, and were treated with great respect by the teachers. The process of teaching is similar to that of Flint; and the exercises in the schools were very interesting. We remained, however, but a few days, for I was not able to meet the expenses of tuition there.

And now for the present, dear readers, adieu. At some future time I may tell you more. My home is not yet free from incumbrance, and could I emerge from indebtedness, I shall be forever grateful to all who, by purchasing my little book,

enable me to do so. It is still a great trial for me to offer my book for sale, for though on one hand I meet with sympathy and kindness, on the other, coldness, slight and discouragement chill me. Still I will hope for the best. May the dear Lord, who was ever a friend to the poor, bless ever the tender, generous heart, is the sincere and constant prayes of

ADELE M. GEORGE.

And now, again, after the lapse of five years, I present you with a continuation of my simple history. I have drank bitterly of the cup of sorrow, since my marriage; but I cannot here speak of the trials that have fallen to my lot. I am a member of the Baptist Church, and my home at present is in Ann Arbor, with my mother, who is still spared to me.

She is my good, faithful—my *only* friend; and were it not for her I know not what would become of me and my little helpless children. She has charge of them while I do what I can to support myself and them. Please do not regard me with coldness and distrust. As truly as I hope for the protection and blessing of my Heavenly Father, I have always striven to do right in his sight, and to be worthy of the love and respect of my fellow-beings. I have a little son, also a mute, and two darling little girls who can see and hear; and all who will aid me to secure a comfortable living for them, will make the burden lighter for the afflicted mother.

MRS. ADELE M. JEWEL.

