

**BLIND BOB: A
MATTER-OF-FACT
ROMANCE**

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Blind Bob: A Matter-of-Fact Romance by Frederic Robert Place

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FREDERIC ROBERT PLACE

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MATTER-OF-FACT
ROMANCE**



Very Sincerely Yours,
Frederick N. Price.

BLIND BOB

A Matter-of-Fact Romance

BY

FREDERICK ROBERT PLACE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
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1897.

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TO THE
STUDENT BLIND OF AMERICAN SCHOOLS
THESE PAGES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

In the following pages I have tried to present only a few of the more important facts concerning the education and life of the student-blind who have seemed to be living too much apart from their more fortunate seeing brothers, and whose accomplishments are well worthy of a better acquaintance among those persons who may not have had the opportunity of visiting a School for the Blind.

During my service,—in New York State, North Carolina, and Illinois,—among the members of this family of God's afflicted children, I have had the privilege of making observations which, at the suggestions of friends, I offer to the general reader who may care to review them.

We live in imperfect times, and, for the blind, this is truly a gloomy hour; but we may fondly hope that behind this night there will come a day whose sun will warm their hearts and brighten their souls, when the weight of human society will no longer press so heavily upon these crushed beings. The twentieth century will, it is hoped, yield to the expansion of this one phase of educational progress; day will embrace the night, and the cry of love by those who think will be heard and heeded by those who act.

FREDERICK ROBERT PLACE.

CALEDONIA, N. Y., November 1, 1897.

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Oh, loss of sight, of thee I most complain—
Blind among enemies, oh, worse than chains,
Dungeon or beggary, or decrepit age.
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me ;
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own ;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.

—Milton.



Man's great actions are performed in minor struggles. There are obstinate and unknown braves who defend themselves inch by inch in the shadows against the fatal invasion of want and turpitude. There are noble and mysterious triumphs which no eye sees, no renown rewards, and no flourish of trumpets salutes. Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment, and poverty, are battle-fields which have their heroes—obscure heroes, who are at times greater than illustrious heroes. Firm and exceptional natures are thus created ; misery which is nearly always a step-mother, is at times a mother ; denudation brings forth the power of soul and mind ; distress is the nurse of pride, and misfortune is an excellent milk for the magnanimous.

—Hugo.



More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on : yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side ;
The prayers of holy saluts and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

—King Richard III.