

busy with two assistants in the museum, arranging the collection of educational appliances he had brought with him from the Toronto Normal School. This embraced a number of text-books, charts, anatomical models, philosophical instruments, &c., on which the Dr. on the following Friday evening delivered an interesting, but all too short lecture to the delegates.

At six o'clock the convention rose to meet next morning for the reading of certain papers, &c., of which, as of the other business transacted during the week, a complete *résumé* was given in last week's issue. In the evenings, when no third session took place, the visitors at the Institution indulged in a dance, which was heartily enjoyed by speakers and speechless alike, and which doubtless gave rise to much saying of soft nothings and finger flirting on both sides. There is, at least, good reason to believe so, from the fact that several young gentlemen present on these occasions, who at the time of their arrival at Belleville were totally ignorant of the sign language, on a future occasion developed an all-to-be-wondered-at proficiency therein, much to the envy and disgust of their less favoured brethren.

On Thursday evening, the 16th, the delegates and visitors were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation of Belleville and the County Council at the Town Hall. An address of welcome was delivered by the Hon. Billa Flint, and after a number of sentiments had been proposed and responded to the company adjourned to the covered market below the Hall, where refreshments were served.

On Sunday services were held in the sign language at the Institute, both morning and evening. These services consisted of prayer, discourses, and singing, all in the sign language. The last, hymn-singing, is performed by the audience signing the words of the hymn in time, following the conductor. As may be imagined, the effect is most singular to those who witness it for the first time. In the afternoon a special service was held in St. Thomas's Episcopal Church by the incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Burke, Dr. Gallaudet acting as interpreter. A feature of this service was the baptism of the child of a deaf-mute couple resident in Belleville; the infant, it is interesting to know, is not afflicted with the infirmity of its parents.

Monday, the 20th ult., was set apart for the crowning event of the visit to Belleville, viz., the excursion to Picton and the picnic at the Sand Banks. This was another of Dr. Palmer's 'happy thoughts' for the entertainment of his guests, and one in which, as in all others, he succeeded à merveille. At 7 a.m. the steamer "Rochester" left the wharf at Belleville, after having previously called at the Institution for the Principal's guests. The boat was crowded, and a great deal of quiet fun took place among the more lively passengers as she steamed swiftly down the Bay. Picton was reached shortly after eleven. The whole population of this lovely little town seemed to be collected on the banks to welcome the excursionists, and cheer upon cheer was given as the steamer reached her moorings. It was an understood thing that the entertainment at the Sand Banks was to be given by the people of the county of Prince Edward, but the visitors were certainly not aware of the length the Prince Edward people were prepared to go in their welcome. On reaching the top of the hill on which the town stands, the road was found to be covered for a half mile in length with vehicles—gigs, chaises, carriages, standing three deep. Into these the guests were drafted, and then the secret came out. All through the county the farmers had volunteered their services, with horses and carriages, free, gratis, and for nothing, to convey the visitors to the Sand Banks—a distance of fifteen miles—and back. And this, be it borne in mind, in the height of the haying season. Some of these good-hearted fellows were even disappointed that the number of visitors was not large enough to fill all the accommodation that offered. Others, again, were surprised at not getting a load of deaf-mutes. "They told me," said one of these last, (whom a little party of five will always hold in kindly and grateful remembrance) as his carriage stopped at Picton on the return—"they told me that I'd have to drive thirty miles without speaking a word or having a word spoken to me, but blame me if I've ever had better fun; and for deaf and dumb people I never saw such a lively crowd."

When all the visitors had been accommodated the carriages, some seventy-five in number, formed in line, with the Picton band at its head and a band from Belleville behind. In this manner did the procession parade through the streets of Picton, where all business seemed to have been suspended, and the people crowded to the doors and windows to see the show. At a little after one the long line of carriages reached the Sand Banks, after a pleasant fifteen mile drive through some of the most thriving country in the Dominion, and over roads that would put to shame the leading thoroughfares in many of our cities. More than one jaded dweller in cities felt like exclaiming: "It is good to be in Prince Edward; come, let us set up our tabernacle here." But it was of no use; Stern Necessity sat in the distance beckoning with her instruments of compulsion. So there was nothing for it but to drop the subject, and to follow the Epicurean poet's advice about enjoying the present. And a thoroughly pleasant present it proved to be. On alighting the visitor's eyes were greeted by the delightful spectacle of a pleasantly cool and shady grove under which a long table covered with good things stretched far away into the distance. The seats were soon filled, notwithstanding the length of the accommodation, and the table soon cleared. The truthful chronicler blushes to record the fact, but truth is mighty and will prevail. Three times was that long stretch of table laid by Prince Edward hospitality, and three times was it cleared by the famished guests. Fortunately the eaters were from all parts of North America, so it is impossible for any one State or Province to make invidious comparisons. Dinner over the visitors adjourned to the Sand Banks. These are one vast drift of fine white sand, extending for a distance of over half a mile along the shore of Lake Ontario, and running back a quarter of a mile. Everything, with the exception of one huge poplar, has been overcome by the sand as it drifts in across the lake. In some places it rises into hillocks sixty feet high, in others it sinks into hollows with a depth of only twenty feet. But it is constantly shifting, and consequently the conformation of the bank continually changes. Under the solitary poplar tree the delegates to the Convention had their last meeting, and having closed their business with several votes of thanks returned to the grove at the foot of the bank. Here a group of huxom Prince Edward lasses had gathered in evident expectation of a dance. For what else had the visitors brought two bands with them, to be sure? But they were doomed to disappointment. Speech-

making was the order of the day, and the Prince Edward belles—and well do they deserve the name, for prettier are not in the Dominion—were fain to content themselves with a pout at their visitors' unhandsome return for their generosity and their efforts to please. But their revenge was at hand. Long before the speech-makers were wearied of hearing themselves talk, their audience was tired of listening. The carriages were brought out and before eight o'clock the advance guard of the returning crowd had reached Picton. At nine the "Rochester" came in and the party of visitors embarked. There was some dancing on the return trip and a light repast had been provided by Dr. Palmer, but neither the one nor the other were very extensively patronized. Between twelve and one the boat reached the wharf at the Institution, and landed those who intended staying for the night. Here, however, she too was compelled to stay, for a thick fog suddenly fell, which completely obscured all the lights of the Bay. It was on this occasion that his Worship the Mayor of Belleville distinguished himself by a *bon mot*. "Am I," he cried indignantly, as he watched the fast falling fog, "Am I, or am I not the Mayor of Belleville, that this miserable fog dares to visit the city without my leave?" (N.B. The writer is not responsible for this story. He had it from a friend of the can't-see-a-joke-without-a-surgical-operation kind, who at the same time, while watching the fog, confided his opinion that the Mayor was a fool.)

Thus the proceedings of the Eighth Convention of the Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb came to a close, after a most successful and satisfactory series of meetings. Several of the visitors remained a day or two in the town to enjoy the hospitality of their friends, and the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood, as also to take advantage of the admirable fishing that the Bay affords. Certainly those who had occasion to be present in Belleville during the sitting of the Convention will not quickly forget the lovely little City of the Bay or the boundless hospitality of its inhabitants. The very places of public entertainment are more like homes than hotels. At the Dafeo House, where several of the delegates stopped, enough could hardly be done to make visitors comfortable, and the general verdict was that the city hotels would do well to take a leaf from this admirably conducted establishment. There is not that curse of caravanserai-life, the "gentlemanly hotel clerk," so called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, on account of the absence in his composition of any one gentleman-like quality. The Dafeo is fortunate in the absence of this being from between its walls, and is still more fortunate in the presence of a manager whose name is known among the travelling community as a sure guarantee for comfort and attention. Under Mr. Borradaile's proprietorship and with Mr. Benson as manager the Dafeo may be reckoned upon as a model house, where the guest will at once find himself on a home footing, and where the sportsman can make the best arrangements for seeking his pleasure. And, *en passant*, we may mention that some famous fishing is to be had in the neighbourhood, while the boating is not to be surpassed.

The next Convention of the Association of Teachers will be held four years from this. Next year a Convention for Principals of Institutions only will be held at some place yet to be fixed.

In the issue of the News of the 15th will appear the portraits of the new office-holders and of Dr. W. J. Palmer, and also a view of the Ontario Institution at Belleville.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The annual subvention of 800,000fr. is to be maintained to the French Opera.

Active efforts are again being made to provide the necessary funds for a monument to Mendelssohn at Leipzig.

The Boston Transcript says that Mr. Ernest Perabo, of that city, has received a note from the Rev. W. H. Beecher, enclosing a cheque for a handsome sum for the relatives of Beethoven.

Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdle. Albani, and Signor Bettini had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal Family on the 4th ult. at Windsor Castle. Mr. W. G. Cousins presided at the piano-forte.

At Strasbourg, for the first time since 1870, the Prussian authorities have permitted the performance of French plays. "La Fille de Madame Angot" was lately performed amid great applause. The house was crowded, although the prices for admission were high. The German plays, which had been performed previously at very low prices, had completely failed to attract the inhabitants.

A new opera has just been written by a Frenchman, M. Saint-Saens. The subject is "Samson," and there are three principal parts—Samson, written for a barytone, a Philistine priest, who is the tenor, and Delila, a contralto.

The Palais Royal Theatre is the only theatre in Paris in which the employés are benefited by the receipts of the theatre, they having a certain percentage on the moneys received, and it is stated that it is a profitable arrangement for the director of the theatre.

Madame Nilsson, after the completion of her Russian engagement, will come to Paris to open the new Grand Opera House, if it be finished, on the 1st of January, 1875, as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," with M. Faure in the title part.

It is stated that M. Marc, formerly director of the Strasbourg Theatre, has abandoned his establishment there, as he cannot submit to amuse a German public. To recompense him for his patriotic conduct, the Préfet of the Seine has offered him the lease of the Théâtre Lyrique.

Meyerbeer's "Camp de Silésie," composed for Berlin, with Madame Jenny Lind as prima donna, is to be revived, to celebrate the confirmation of the eldest son of the Imperial Prince. Frederick the Great is the hero of the "Camp of Silesia," the music of which the composer transferred to the "Etoile du Nord," when that opera was produced in Paris.

The fifth centenary of Petrarch's death was to have been commemorated at Avignon. The fêtes were to last three days, the 18th, 19th, and 20th inst., and begin by a formal reception of delegates from the French Académie and similar provincial bodies, and Italian literary societies. Subsequently the bust of Petrarch was to be carried in triumph to the Hotel de Ville. On the 19th there was a grand bull-fight, and on the concluding day a musical festival, where the prize poems on the great poet were read, and the prizes awarded.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE YACHT "FOAM."—This ill-fated vessel was lost in Lake Ontario, on the 11th ult. She has since been raised and found to be only partially injured. Seven young men were lost in her: Charles Edward Anderson, Weir Anderson, Robert C. Henderson, Jas. H. Murray, C. V. W. Vernon, V. H. Taylor, and Philip Braddon. Several of the bodies have since been recovered and buried at Niagara. We have expressed our opinion editorially on the build of the "Foam" in another column.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CONVENTION.—We give a series of sketches by our own artist of this interesting convention, held in Belleville, week before last, of which we gave a report in our preceding issue. For an explanation of the sketches we refer to a detailed account in another part of the present number. In connection with the same subject, we append a portrait of Thos. Wild, Principal of the Montreal Protestant Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and a view of that establishment, for full particulars of which the reader's attention is called to a paper by that gentleman printed elsewhere.

THE ORANGE PROCESSION IN TORONTO is a representation of the anniversary of the 12th July, as celebrated this year in the metropolis of Ontario.

THE RUINS OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.—The late fire in Chicago created an almost world-wide excitement, in view of the former disaster which almost ruined the Prairie City. Our sketch, obtained from an artist on the spot, gives an idea of the melancholy ruins.

TEMPORARY QUARTERS.—These animals are taking it easy in their snug quarters, under the delusion that the elegant new room was intended specially for their exclusive use. The housemaid will come along pretty soon, however, and her flashing broom-handle will speedily disabuse the intruders.

ODDITIES.

OFF 'CHANGE.—A financial speculator of great energy and enterprise, being stricken with a dangerous malady, said, sharply, "What's my chance, doctor?" "Not worth speaking of." "Oae in twenty?" "Oh, no!" "In thirty?" "No." "Fifty?" "I think not." "A hundred?" "Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred." "I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and walspering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just go in a smasher on that one chance!"

A Saratoga belle, who six months ago was so languid that she could scarcely support herself at the altar, now throws a flat-iron fifty-five feet, and hits her husband every time.

A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and, placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that "he wouldn't be greedy; he'd keep the littles."

When Lord Palmerston was asked to support the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he said that the only advantage of the change of law would be that the man who married twice under such circumstances would not have two mothers-in-law.

The unheard-of defence was lately set up by a young man who was sued for a breach of promise of marriage, that he broke off the engagement because the young lady was deficient in conversational powers. He couldn't make the jury, who were all married men, swallow any such nonsense, and they mulcted him in a verdict of a thousand pounds.

A temperance gentleman named Todd has sued a licensed victualler for addressing a letter to him as Mr. Toddy.

After dinner one day at a Liverpool table d'hôte, a young man was relating how he had miraculously escaped from a fearful shipwreck. "Yes," said he, "fifteen of my friends were on board. The vessel went down, and they were all lost." "But how," asked a listener, whose interest was painfully excited, "did you manage to escape?" "Oh," was the calm reply, "I was on board another vessel."

The St. Louis Globe wants its rural correspondents to be as brief as woman's love.

A spinster of the upper ten recently purchased an Egyptian mummy. She said it would seem better to have a man around, even if he was advanced in life and withered.

An American paper, looking at England through a microscope, exclaims—"England is so small that the late mail trains set these slips down at the newspaper offices at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and a score of other places before midnight, where the copy, being 'reprint,' is speedily and easily taken care of."

A popular preacher enriched his sermons occasionally with this jewel: "Remember, I beseech you, that we are sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably land in the ocean of eternity."

An American Jenkins describes a young lady at a ball as a graceful little toad.

"A new bustle, highly improved, is made of cork."—*Jennie June*. Conceive the unfortunate situation of that bustled woman if she should fall into the water.

Ardent lover: "Adeline, if I could only die at your feet what contentment! Then would I be happy!" Adeline (unappreciately): "I beg your pardon, but in that case the enjoyment would be wholly on my side!"

The editor of the *Golden Globe*, Colorado, informs his subscribers that neither he nor his paper has been suspended, and they are cordially invited to call and pay their subscriptions.

The San Francisco News Letter says: "Milton's masterpiece is undoubtedly his 'Paradise Lost.' Had he, however, in his day visited San Rafael, and put up at the Marin Hotel, he would have been so thoroughly carried away by his delightful experiences that his 'Paradise Regained' would certainly have surpassed his previous effort."

A Wisconsin barrister turns Cassio's lament, that "a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains," against one he calls a brainless rival, by saying: "He is one of the few barristers who can put an enemy in their mouths without a fear of its stealing anything."

A traveller stopping overnight with a Texan farmer whose estate was miles upon miles in extent, said to him, "You must have begun life very early to accumulate such an estate as this." "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

"I fear," said an Aberdeen minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will now prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."

A Scotch temperance lecturer thus impressively concluded his remarks: "Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home."