

hemisphere, and which partly precedes and is partly accompanied by the "fall of the leaf," which change in nature may be said to have commenced generally in this locality under the cold and gusty wind of Sunday last, and has progressed rapidly to the present hour. Everywhere beyond the suburbs of the city do the fallen leaves—those annual mementoes of the mortality of every mundane creation—strew the pedestrian's pathway and course around, or flit before him as he pursues his meditative ramble. Yet even in their death are these fallen leaves beautiful beyond pencil's colors or painter's skill. Never was tassellated pavement of ancient or modern palace or temple equal in variegated beauty to our village streets, or country roads, as now strewn over with the departing and already fading glories of our forests, with their grotesque forms, their countless contrasts and innumerable hues.

And yet perhaps it is scarcely proper to say "the already fading glories," since in whatever direction the eye turns, the panorama is beyond all description gorgeous and beautiful. Along the shores of the lakes and rivers, and in the woods, through their very heart, does the foliage this Fall exhibit a rare and matchless magnificence. Taking a position at any of these points, how irresistibly does the exclamation arise, "How beautiful! how wonderfully beautiful." A contemporary truthfully remarks "No description can do justice to the brilliancy of the scene. No other objects in nature, not even rainbows, flowers, or sunsets, can outvie the tints that overspread the landscape, interspersed and relieved beautifully in some places by deep evergreens." Let us describe a scene familiar to us "about these days." In the picture to the left, stand three magnificent hickory trees, the foliage of which is a rare artistic blending of brown and gold. In the foreground is a scattering of sumach of all shades, from deep crimson tinged with sombre green to brilliant scarlet gradually shading into as brilliant yellow. Beyond, the dogwood tree interposes its straggling branches, clothed with almost primrose colored foliage, between the scarlet underbrush and the still dark green of a stately tree behind, through which again are seen the almost peach-hued leaves of the white birch and poplar, and so the varied hues, now contrasting, now blending, extend to the utmost line of view.

On the right is a giant cherry-tree, the outer leaves of which are yet bright emerald, while the inner leaves, which are of pure gold color, are ever and anon revealed as the branches are lifted or turned aside by the passing wind. Behind are compactly formed, isolated trees of deepest crimson or maroon, of bright orange red, of every hue, in fact, scattered over broad meads of emerald-hued velvet, while away again in the distance there is a perfect harmony of richest colors, skirted by a silver band of pellucid water. And this is but one scene among many, not a few of them even more gorgeous than the one we have inadequately sketched. It is possibly more in imagination than in reality, but it seems to us that we never have seen such truly gorgeous panoramas as we look upon this Fall. Yet the pre-eminence in beauty may be real and the consequence of the early frosts we have experienced, or it may be that the change from Summer to Fall is more sudden than usual. In many localities a day seems to have wrought a complete change, and where we so lately saw the more uniform shades of Summer, we now see here a broad sheet of vermillion, here a streak of yellow, deep and rich as gamboge itself; now a forest gleaming with purple and gold, then a dell flashing with almost all the hues of the rainbow: with perhaps in the centre of grove or dell, some aged venerable tree, in which the weary sap of life has almost ceased to flow, around which the ivy has climbed (youth relying upon old age for support) and now shrouds the staff on which it leans with a garb of intensest but brilliant ruby. Altogether, the country is now a thousand times more splendidly arrayed than was "Solomon in all his glory."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

#### 4. THE BRITISH SOLDIER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

To go out in the face of death, and hold one's own against all its bitterness, for that intangible something which a plain British soul calls by the modest name of duty, is a thing impossible to conceive without quickening of one's heart. The superficial opinion of untroubled times is sapient about the bloody trade, the wild passions, the hired slayers of war; but through all these shine the gallant old imagination, brave, honourable, devout and single-minded, the ideal knight and soldier, the Bayard of the heart. He who must meet without shrinking every evil thing which oppresses nature—he whose limbs may be frozen, whose brain may be scorched, whom fatigue, want, toil, and hardship may all assault, but must never subdue—he who must bear his arms and must hold on his march, after every faculty of his frame is exhausted, and only will and courage and a stout heart carry him on—he who must rush upon his death with a cheer, and rest upon the horrible field without a tear wept over him or a friend at hand,—and who does all this with the calmness, not of a stoic, but of a hero; he may be but a nameless one among many,

a heavy-witted and unremarkable individual, yet he is at once the simplest and the most wonderful instance of that triumph of spirit over flesh, which is the grand peculiar privilege of humanity.—*Blackwood for June.*

## VIII. Educational Intelligence.

### CANADA.

—SIR F. W. WILLIAMS' VISIT TO THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.—During his stay in Toronto, General Williams honored the Educational Museum with a visit. He was accompanied by Colonel Munro and Colonel Irvine. He remained about an hour in the Museum, and examined, with very great interest, the various objects of Art therein. He was much pleased with the entire collection, and expressed himself highly delighted to find that Canada had already provided herself with so powerful an agent for the diffusion of knowledge and a correct taste among her people.

—A VISIT TO THE EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM.—"A. W.," in a letter to the *Grand River Sachem*, thus refers to a visit to the Educational Museum during the Fair:—"An hour was now at my disposal, and to my old friends at the Educational Department I had to go; and I made a promise to go over the Museum next day. That I consider the greatest treat in Toronto. The rooms are admirably fitted up, filled with choice casts of many world-renowned statues—two large Halls entirely covered with capital copies of many of the greatest works of the old masters. Pictures, which to read about makes one delighted and astonished, are here to be seen. Truly the sight of these will richly repay a journey from the remotest part of the Province. I can declare, I tore myself away from the copy of Domenichino's picture, "the Communion of St. Jerome," with reluctance. That picture alone can testify that there were giants in those days, as far as Art is concerned. And then you have admirable copies of Raphael's greatest works—of the Transfiguration—of some of his Madonnas, those lovely creatures of this Master—the Holy Mother, &c.—the Sinless Child—live on the canvass. It is something surely to say that one has seen an excellent portrait of that strange parricide, Beatrice Cenci—her whose appalling story stands foremost in the records of Italian crime and mystery. That there hangs before you a capital copy of Raphael's portrait of that unmitigated ruffian, Cæsar Borgia, that crime-steeped monster, the worthy son of Pope (and poisoner) Alexander VI., and the brother of the shameless Lucretia Borgia. There the villain hangs, and who can doubt the fidelity of the painting. Is it not something for us Canadians to have the means of thus, as it were, coming face to face with those Historic wretches, and, far better still, with those whom the world will never let die—the famous men of bygone times. A long summer day can profitably be spent in these Halls, and I cordially echo Mr. W. L. Mackenzie's opinion, "go to the Education rooms, they are the most wonderful things in the Upper Province."

—SYNOD OF HURON AND SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—At the recent meeting of this body the resolutions proposed by the Hon. J. H. Cameron and published in the last number of this Journal, although proposed were withdrawn. The feeling of local Superintendents and other experienced men in the Synod was decidedly against them.

—TORONTO CITY SCHOOLS.—Libraries have now been placed both in the male and female departments of all the schools, carefully selected by the Secretary and the Superintendent. The evening school has been reopened in the Victoria Street School, and the attendance is pretty good. The Rev. Mr. Porter, Local Superintendent, submitted a scheme, which may subserve the purpose of transferring a limited number of such pupils as may be deemed qualified, from the several schools to the Model Grammar School, recently established. Jesse Ketchum, Esq., of Buffalo, has, with his usual liberality, granted, by deed of conveyance, May 7th, 1858, to the Upper Canada Bible Society and the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, the sum of £31 10s. annually, to be spent in books and tracts for gratuitous distribution amongst the scholars attending the day schools of the City of Toronto.

—UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Dr. George Lawson, of Edinburgh, has been appointed to occupy the chair of Chemistry and Natural History in that institution. The following, relative to the attainments of this gentleman, is taken from the *Kingston Daily News*:—Besides being a distinguished Chemist and Naturalist, Dr. Lawson is a Scientific Agriculturist, Horticulturist, and Arboriculturist. Dr. Lawson is also a