

British connection, being appointed during Lord Gosford's administration to the Legislative Council. He manifested his feelings during the rebellion by acting as Colonel, we believe, of the *Loyal Volunteers*. After the union of the Provinces, Mr. DeBleury was not regarded with much favour among his own countrymen, nor was his popularity much enhanced by his becoming a candidate in conjunction with the Hon. George Moffatt in 1844, for the representation of this city. He was, indeed elected, but by a manoeuvre, which added, as may be conceived, to the strong unpopularity which his over-zealous advocacy of British institutions (such as we had then) at the time of the outbreak, and his active services in the field against his own countrymen had originated. After the Parliament of which Mr. DeBleury was a member had expired, he retired from public life, except on two or three recent occasions when he voted for the liberal candidates. Whilst he continued to practice his profession to a moderate extent, he enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* on his farm near St. Vincent de Paul. As an agreeable and polished gentleman, he was deservedly held in esteem by many personal friends. "*Requiescat in pace!*"—*Montreal Transcript*.

No. 40.—PAUL JOHN SALTER, ESQ.

Mr. Salter was born at Teignmouth, Devonshire, England, in the year 1812. He was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devonshire. This is one of the Endowed Grammar Schools of England. Amongst the well-known scholars who received their education at this school, we may mention Dr. Fulford, the Lord Bishop of Montreal. At school, Mr. Salter was celebrated for his open and manly character, and was much beloved by all, especially by the younger boys, whom he always took pleasure in assisting and defending from oppression. He was considered a clever scholar, and carried off numerous prizes at school. Some of his poems, in Latin, Greek, and English, were of such merit as to be published among the school "*Memorabilia*." He might have gone as Scholar to Balliol College, Oxford, but a slight impediment in his speech determined him to decline it. He left school at the early age of eighteen, and shortly after came to Canada, in the year 1833. On the resignation of his brother, Albert Pellow Salter, as Master of the Sandwich Grammar School, he received the appointment, after passing a rigid examination in which he excelled a large number of competitors, and acquitted himself so ably as to receive the highest praise from the Board of Examiners. He retained the Mastership of the school until 1856, when it was closed. In this capacity he educated most of the young men now in good positions in this country, all of whom look back upon the days spent under his instructions, with feelings of respect for his amiability and his hearty desire to forward them in their studies. During the time he held the Mastership of the Grammar school, and up to the time of his decease, he held the office of Secretary of the County Board of Public Instruction.—*Essex Record*.

No. 41.—SIR JOHN E. W. INGLIS, K. C. B.

"With deep regret, which will be shared by every Englishman, we have to announce the death of Major-General Sir John Eardly Wilmot Inglis, K. C. B., colonel of the 32nd Regiment, and commander of the troops in the Ionian Islands. From a private letter we learn that Sir John Inglis died on Saturday, September 27th, at Hamburg. It will be remembered that this distinguished officer was in command of the garrison at Lucknow, and defended that position with a very small force of English soldiers, already enfeebled by privation and the diseases incident to a hostile climate, against an enormously disproportioned force of mutineers. For that noble defence he received the honour of being made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Subsequently he was appointed to the important post of commander of Her Majesty's troops in the Ionian Islands; but his health, shaken by the long anxiety and desperate privation of the defence of Lucknow, languished until his medical advisers thought it their duty to recommend that he should try the air of Germany. Sir John E. W. Inglis was rather over fifty years of age, and was born in Nova Scotia. In the year 1833, Sir John received his commission as ensign of the 32nd Regiment, and it is a remarkable fact that he served in that regiment in every grade from ensign to full colonel, and that he was still colonel of that regiment when he was appointed to the command of Her Majesty's forces in the Ionian Islands. He continued to be colonel of that regiment up to the moment of his death."—*London Times*.

"Books are the Glasse of Conasell to dress ourselves by. They are Fee-lesse Counsellours, no delaying Patrons, of easy Access, never sending away empty any Client or Petitioner. They are for Company, the best Friends; in doubts, Counsellors; and in Damps, Comforters."—*Whitlock*.

VII. Miscellaneous.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

How blandly bright
Is the soften'd light
Of the dying autumn day,
As the golden west
By the sun is drest

In the robes of a regal sway:

And the birds are gone, and the winds are still,
And there floats no sound on the woodland hill,
Save the dreamy buzz of the distant mill,
And the murmuring streamlet's play.

How richly fraught
With the themes of thought
Is the dying autumn grove;
For the woof of its pall
Is the brightest of all

That the varying year has wove;
E'en the jocund glance of the dewy Spring,
As she brushed the earth with her fragrant wing,
Brought no such smile as these death hues bring
To the pride of the quiet cove.

In the thoughtful grace
Of her dying face
Is the glory of nature seen;
And the Autumn leaf
In its glory brief

Has more than its boasted green;
'Tis the highest lesson of earth's cold clime,
And the soul must soar with a flight sublime,
Afar from the mists and tears of time
To know what its beckonings mean.

'Tis a time of hope
When the buds first ope
To the south wind's quickening kiss,
And the teeming plain
With its waving grain
Has a burden of healthy bliss;
But a higher and holier hope may rise
From the fading leaf as it smiles and dies—
More dear than life to the truly wise
Is the scene of a death like this.

2. AUTUMNAL TINTS.

Europeans coming to America are surprised by the brilliancy of our autumnal foliage. There is no account of such a phenomenon in English poetry, because the trees acquire but few bright colours there. The most that Thomson says on this subject in his "*Autumn*" is contained in the lines,—

"But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown'd: a crowded umbrage, dusky and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green to sooty dark":

and in the line where he speaks of

"Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods."

The autumnal change of our woods has not made a deep impression on our own literature yet. October has hardly tinged our poetry.

A great many, who have spent their lives in cities, and have never chanced to come into the country at this season, have never seen this, the flower, or rather the ripe fruit, of the year. I remember riding with one such citizen, who, though a fortnight too late for the most brilliant tints, was taken by surprise, and would not believe that there had been any brighter. He had never heard of this phenomenon before. Not only many in our towns have never witnessed it, but it is scarcely remembered by the majority from year to year.

Most appear to confound changed leaves with withered ones, as if they were to confound ripe apples with rotten ones. I think that the change to some higher colour in a leaf is an evidence that it has arrived at a late and perfect maturity, answering to the