

(From one of his old school-fellows, E. Douglas Armour, K.C.,  
of Toronto. *under as follows:*

\* \* \* He had left the school in the summer of 1867, and I went there in the autumn term. When the cricket season opened in 1868, he used to come out to Weston where the school was then situate, to play cricket with us, and that was when I first met him. He was a lithe, swarthy, athletic, keen-eyed boy. I don't think I ever saw anyone with such piercing black eyes. He deserved the encomium bestowed by Horace on Lycus in Book I, Ode XXXII, both for his jet-black hair and beautiful black eyes. He had a peculiar forward inclination of the body as he walked, which caused his arms to hang slightly forward and gave them an appearance of being always ready to use. He was an excellent round-arm bowler, and a batter became distinctly conscious of the strength of his lithe arm, which seemed to acquire a great part of it from his determined and piercing glance as he delivered the ball. You may think it strange that I should enlarge upon this; but the fact that it is as distinctly impressed upon my mind after a lapse of fifty-three years as if I had seen it yesterday will indicate the strong personality that a boy of eighteen or nineteen possessed.