

elapsed since the boy sported on the heights of Castle Frank, and got his Indian pet-name of Tioga from the Iroquois of Niagara; and it had come to this. He was found a mangled corpse among the pile of England's dead which closed the breach at Badajoz.

Close by the forgotten cemetery, where the first governor of Upper Canada left his little daughter to her final rest, were the well-kept pleasure grounds of Vice-Chancellor Jameson, who in his younger days had been the familiar associate of Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge; and to whom Hartley Coleridge, the son of the latter, addressed the three sonnets "To a Friend," which first appeared in his collected poems in 1833. The poet reminds his friend of the time—

"When we were idlers with the loitering rills,"

and it seemed to him, as to the elder poets of the lakes, that Nature herself could make sufficient response for all their love. But when he returned alone to the scenes of their mutual sympathy with Nature, he exclaims:

"But now I find how dear thou wert to me;  
That man is more than half of Nature's treasure,  
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,  
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure."

Before his removal to Canada, Mr. Jameson had filled a judicial position in the West Indies. In Canada he was successively Attorney-General and Vice-Chancellor—virtually Chancellor—at a time when the chancellorship was vested in the Crown. His conversational powers were great, and are still recalled with admiration by Canadian friends who remember him in his best days. Nor is the interest slight which attaches to such reminiscences of one who in his youth had been admitted to familiar intercourse with Wordsworth and his brother poets of the lakes. Hartley Coleridge refers to him as "the favourite companion of my boyhood, the active friend and sincere counsellor of my youth;" and trusts that the sight of

his volume will recall his old friend back to youth, "though seas between us broad have rolled" since that pleasant time. But the young colony in which his latter years were spent did not prove a congenial soil for the poet's friend; and if his name is recalled by the outer world, it will be as the husband of Anna Jameson, the authoress of the "Characteristics of Women,"—one of the most delicately appreciative volumes of Shakespearean criticism; of the "Diary of an Ennuyé," "Christian Art," and other justly esteemed works, among which her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" claim special notice here for their graphic picturings of Canadian life and scenery of that early date. The Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Jameson both executed studies in water colours from nature with great skill; and the latter also transferred her drawings no less successfully to copper with the etching needle. In this way some pleasant glimpses of Canada in the olden time have been perpetuated.

It is sometimes startling to the stranger to find himself brought face to face with such literary associations, where he looks only for the matter-of-fact realities of a new clearing. It is surprising how many such relationships mingle with the other links which bind us to the mother land. The visitor from the Old World may see on the bench of our Supreme Court a son of the author of "Lawrie Tod,"—himself for a time a Canadian settler; may listen in the Normal School lecture-rooms to a nephew of the Philosopher of Chelsea; see amid the traders of our busiest thoroughfare a relative and namesake of the geologist of "The Old Red Sandstone;" and without travelling very far he might, in recent years, have held converse with a sister of the Ettrick Shepherd. Nor would it be difficult in other ways to multiply such literary associations. Dr. Scadding, among other reminiscences of the primitive wooden church which originally occupied the site of St. James' Cathedral, recalls among old military occupants of the

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